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A sketch from life at the studio in the royal palace, Morocco city, by Arthur Schneider, 1901

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO, MULAI ABD-UL-AZIZ

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVI MAY, 1903 No. 1

WITH THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO

BY ARTHUR SCHNEIDER

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

INTRODUCTION BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS

THE Sultan of Morocco, be he old or young, lives in a seclusion, as far as Europeans are concerned, common to Oriental sovereigns. The etiquette which surrounds him separates him even from his own court. Secluded from all women but those of his own harem, and without social life, as it is known in the West, no Oriental sovereign comes in contact with ministers and their households. Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz, the present Sultan of Morocco, has been still further separated by his youth and the anxious desire of those who ruled through him to keep him apart from intrigue. For months together he did not appear outside his citadel walls. He never moved freely in the capital where he was residing. He is still, even for European envoys to his court, a man unknown.

The American artist whose account of his experiences succeeds saw him daily for some sixteen months, from November, 1900, to March, 1902. Their contact was under the easy, intimate conditions which reveal the man; and it also shows the manner in which the typical youthful Oriental of a ruling caste and supreme power—his father masterful, his mother the charm of the harem—meets the revelation of the West. The accuracy of the portrayal will be recognized by all who know the East.

The Sultan was at this time an unchallenged ruler. He was still in his southern capital, Morocco city, but all resistance had vanished, and he had full control of his entire empire. At the close of 1901 he transferred himself, his court, and his forces from his southern to his northern capital, Fez, a march which still further assured his supremacy.

A host of diplomatic issues were settled, not always with success to Morocco, but

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with stability for his throne. He established closer and closer relations with the English legation, he was guided by English influence and advice to many reforms, and

Fez stands on an elevated plain, and the mountainous regions between it and the sea, as well as the mountains to the east, are dotted with the villages of semi-independent

Drawn by Arthur Schneider

A SOLDIER OF THE COURT

the execution of a progressive policy was confidently predicted; but in this work he had estranged those with influence in the cities, both officials and ecclesiastics, and he had greatly weakened the reverence with which he is regarded as the head of Islam, the descendant and successor of the prophet.

Berber tribes, fighting men all. The shock that all good Moslems must feel at a sultan keeping wild pigs in his palace yard, albeit less in Morocco than it would be farther East, was about that which would have been caused by a medieval Catholic king who habitually and flagrantly ate meat in Lent and turned his back on the host.

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Mr. Schneider's record has for readers new gloss and interest now, since all that he records has worked its sure result. The tribes last autumn rose all about the northern capital. They rose between Fez and the Atlantic, on the road to Rabat, between Fez and the Mediterranean, about Tetuan and east. In the great mountains about Tesa, a very considerable place seventy miles from the capital, all the tribes united in insurrection.

The young pupil of the pages that follow has for four months been facing the possibility of losing throne and life. The actual force in resistance was small. The disaffection was general and wide-spread. The leader of the tribes, Omar Zarhuni, better known as Bou Hamara, literally "father of the she ass," more nearly "donkey-man," in November had organized a royal state at Tesa, in December he defeated the column of two thousand men sent against him, and by January his rude camp was a few miles from Fez, watching the main road north. In the early part of February he was defeated by the Minister of War, who figures frequently in this narrative, but there remains the necessity of penetrating the mountains in the spring and subduing the rebels.

With the open chances all in favor of the Sultan, there remain the serious risks to which his reforms, the fanaticism of his subjects, and his own lack of the masterful qualities of his line have brought him. The issue will probably be decided before or soon after the following pages, which hold the fullest account of him yet penned, are read.

The Sultan has a mingled blood. His great-grandmother was an Irishwoman, wife of a Gibraltar corporal, who went from barracks to harem. There are so many negro women in the succession that his father, Mulai-el-Hasan, had pronounced negroid features. The original stem is Arab, direct in the male line from Fatima, daughter of the prophet, through a chain of thirty-six lineal descendants, and on this has been grafted a long line of Berber marriages.

Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz's mother was a Circassian of Turkish residence and origin. With this line, he became Sultan at fourteen, and when his mother and the vizir who made him Sultan died, he began to walk alone, that vanished thing an Oriental absolute prince playing an old part that will end with him. Before he is through with the pretty game of learning to rule by ruling to learn, Morocco will have gone the way of all other Moslem realms, absorbed, controlled, or protected by some European power. Either France will include it, or Europe agree on a division, or the empire be put into commission.

AN ARTIST'S REMINISCENCES

N the impenetrable gloom of a moonless African night our staggering animals brought us to the Beb el Hamees—Thursday Gate—of the city of Morocco.

At sunset all gates are closed, as a guard against night attacks by rebel tribesmen; but a sentry had been instructed to admit me, and a soldier, sent by the governor of the Kasbah to see these instructions carried out, had joined us a few hours before.

Riding up close to the gate, the man banged the heavy portals repeatedly with his rifle, and cried: "Booab! Booab!" ("Gateman!")

A grumbling sentry sleepily answered: "Shkoon?" ("Who?") like the weird cry of an owl.

"Open, in the name of the Sultan!" commanded the soldier.

"Not until the coming of dawn," came the echoing hoot.

The sham announcement that I was "El t' beeb" ("the doctor") to his Majesty, and must enter the city that night, met with the same response. Arguments, entreaties, epithets, proved alike unavailing.

So inky was the night that only the white garments of one or two of the men at my side could be distinguished.

Amid the uproar of my now thoroughly frightened henchmen the soldier's voice shrieked:

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"Upon thy head, gateman, thou—"

"Guard thou!" interrupted the invisible sentry. "God keep ye until morning!"

In a state of great agitation the men huddled together and excitedly exclaimed that death would be our almost certain fate should we attempt to spend the night in the neighborhood, infested as it was by robbers, whose victims' bodies might be found almost any morning under the very shadow of the gateway.

"Come with me," said the soldier.

So we proceeded along the wall, our tired beasts, exhausted by the four days' journey from Mazagan, stumbling over stones and through ditches, and frequently throwing their riders. After an hour of this rough work, we arrived at the Red Gate. Through this gate alone the Sultan enters or leaves the city walls, but here, as at the Thursday Gate, his name failed to prove an open sesame, the sentry refusing to admit any save the sacred person of the Sultan himself.

As a detachment of troops were encamped near here, we decided this to be a safe place to spend the night, pitched our tents, and prepared for rest.

But sleep was out of the question, for all night long the noise from the camp—the singing, shouting, and calling aloud to God—and the cries of the sentry could be heard. My mind, too, was busy with the events and circumstances which had brought me to the walls of this ancient Moorish city.

Some years before, after a short visit to Tangier, it had become my ambition to return to Morocco to work in this almost virgin field for the artist. Algeria, Egypt, India, are all more or less hackneyed subjects, but Morocco remains almost untouched by the ruthless army of modern innovations which are fast bringing all the world to a prosaic level.

Yet the difficulties are many. The problem of securing models is not an easy one among a people who fly before the evil eye of the camera as before a Gatling gun, and who shun the artist at his work as they would one unclean. In attempting to sketch the picturesque scene in one of the

Drawn by Arthur Schneider. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE ARTIST'S ARRIVAL AT THE THURSDAY GATE OF MOROCCO CITY

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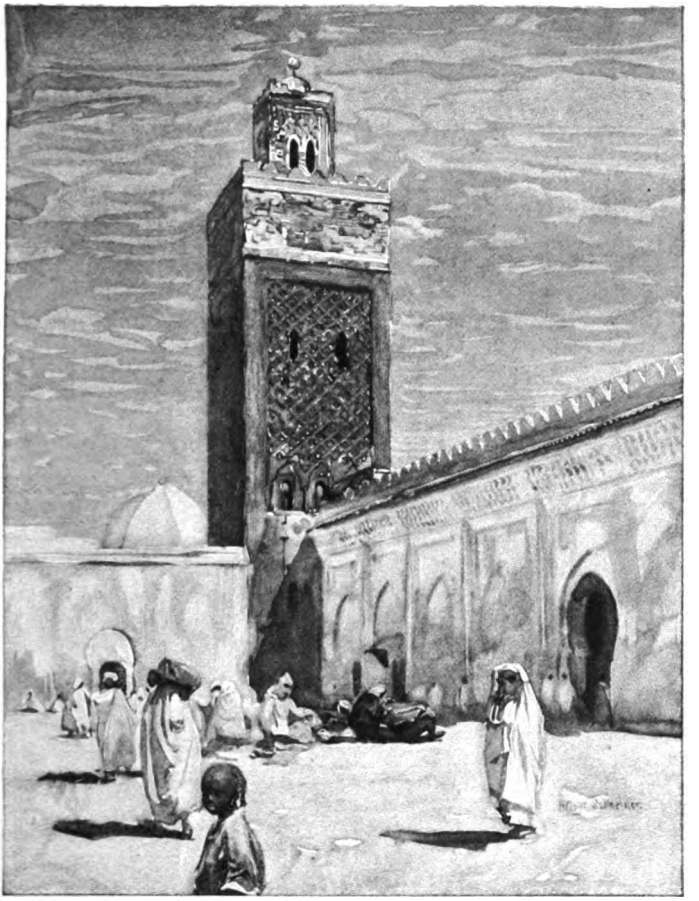

Drawn by Arthur Schneider. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Miller

THE KASBAH MOSQUE, MOROCCO CITY

narrow and crooked streets of Tangier, lined on each side by little shops or booths in which the merchants sit cross-legged, chatting with the people, who come to gossip rather than to buy, and who for hours at a time stand in groups and lean against the walls in the laziest, and therefore the most graceful, attitudes, I would no sooner begin my work than the loungers, though apparently unaware of my presence and purpose, would begin to disappear, the shutters would be up in all the little stalls, and the street would be deserted of every living thing, except perhaps a mangy dog or a small boy peeping around a corner to shy a stone at me.

At my approach, the carpenters at their work would drop their tools and flee to cover, the snake-charmer would cease to charm, the story-teller, reciting the tales of the "Thousand and One Nights," would break off, and his circle of listeners would scatter to the four winds. Even the beggars lining the Kasbah wall, too lazy to move, would cover their faces until I had passed. None so low as to lend himself to the sinful work of picture-making. In the months since I had begun my work there, I had been able to secure a single model, and she a creature of the slums.

One day while at work in my studio at Tangier I was approached by a mysterious stranger, a Moor, with the question: "Can you keep a secret?"

I replied with a common phrase in Arabic: "Try me and see."

He then informed me that a representative of the Sultan wished to see me. I arranged a meeting, and learned that this representative was commissioned to secure an artist—a master—who was to go at once to the court at Morocco city and to take all

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his pictures with him. Beyond this I could get absolutely no information. Knowing the Mohammedan prohibition to represent anything which has life, I was at a loss to know what could possibly be wanted of an artist at the court, unless (and the stipulation to bring all my pictures with me seemed to confirm the suspicion) it was the shade of the royal umbrella, the materials and models which I had before found impossible.

Two days later I embarked with my man Mohammed for Mazagan, the seaport on the western coast, four days distant from Morocco city. At Mazagan we made up our party, secured the mules and supplies

Drawn by Arthur Schneider

THE SULTAN ENTHRONED IN HIS TENT, ATTENDED BY THE MINISTER OF WAR

Mountain goats have the run of the palace grounds

Sultan's purpose to lure me into the interior and there to rid his dominion at one stroke of a rank offender against the law, together with the evidences of his crime. Would it not be the very irony of fate if I should now suffer imprisonment, torture, or even death for doing only too well that which, for doing so vilely, I was inclined in my modest moments to confess myself deserving of the extreme penalty of the law? If, on the other hand, the Sultan, acting in good faith and defying the religion and traditions of his race, desired to engage a painter for his court, here was the opportunity for which I had been looking, and which had come to no other man—the opportunity to secure, under the protecting for the journey, and engaged our escort of soldiers. One incident of the journey, which lay through stretches of almost desert country, I shall never forget. I had been told that the Atlas Mountains would come into view about a day's journey from our destination. So, eagerly, on the morning of the fourth day, I was on the lookout for the first glimpse of the highest peaks. For hours I scanned the horizon in vain. Only vast stretches of waste, some low hills in the distance, and the sky above greeted the eyes. We jogged on with our tired mules until about two in the afternoon, when, chancing to look up, for a moment my heart stood still as with an electric shock. There, high above the

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clouds, the blue peaks of the Atlas reared their snow-capped crests! How often do we miss the transcendental truth and beauties of the universe because our eyes are fixed upon the earth! That night we came to the gate of Morocco.

ing into soft and brilliant rugs, would guide me through numberless gates and intricate passageways, rich with mosaic and arabesque, gold-embroidered silken hangings, and all the wonderful products of the Eastern loom, into the very heart of the mar-

Drawn by Arthur Schneider. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

EL MAHEDI MINIBHI, THE MINISTER OF WAR

THE FIRST AUDIENCE WITH THE SULTAN

THE noises from the camp were dying out. One by one the soldiers seemed to be going to rest. I tossed about in drowsy thought: to-morrow I should enter the city, and probably in a day or two be ushered into the presence of the Sultan by slaves whose ebony feet, silently burrow-

velous Moorish palace of which I had long dreamed.

I was awakened by the irregular beating of many drums and the tramp of soldiers entering the gate. My mind had been so busy during the night, submissive to the wildest fancies, that I moved to the opening of my tent in a jaded condition. I beheld in the morning sun the most unique

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collection of soldiers ever seen off the comic-opera stage—boys of ten or twelve, carrying antiquated guns twice their own length; old and middle-aged men, armed with bayonets, swords, and drums, and dressed in uniforms of such variety of cut and color that "polyforms" would seem to be the better term. At intervals smart-looking soldiers, carrying quite modern weapons, passed by: these were the *harabba*, the Sultan's own.

However, as I was impatient to learn the fate awaiting me within the walls of the citadel, we soon passed through the Red Gate into the red city; for the walls, built of the earth upon which they stand, are all of a dull, faded red. As directly as the narrow, winding streets would permit, we made for the residence of the Amin,—Minister of Finance,—who expected me, and I was immediately shown into his presence. I had on the dress of the Moors, but not being at that time thoroughly familiar with the customs of the people, I had failed to remove my slippers upon entering the house. Soon realizing my mistake, however, I apologized for this breach of etiquette; but my genial host assured me that there was no offense, as he knew something of the manners of the English, having spent some time among them. After offering me refreshments—tea, almond-paste, and sweets of all kinds—he advised me to go at once to the house to which I had been assigned and prepare to meet the Sultan, who was impatiently awaiting my arrival.

I followed the soldiers, acting as guides, to my residence, which, upon inspection, I refused to accept. Small, old, and dirty, it was far from being the mansion promised me by the Sultan's representative in Tangier. My guides urged me to take this until a more desirable place could be found. This I would not do, knowing that if I once accepted it I should get no better, and I simply sat down on my baggage and told them that I would wait there until they found me a suitable house.

They left, and in about an hour's time returned, saying they had found me one of the best houses in the Kasbah. I followed them, and, upon entering the little garden, was met by a grand man, surrounded by soldiers, no less a personage than the governor of the Kasbah himself, who welcomed me to my house and assured me that I had but to mention m and they would be immediately s Taking me mysteriously aside, he a for medicines for various ailmen which he was afflicted, which I p gave him.

The place, he explained, was no best condition, but there were v houses to be had, and they were to turn out one of the Sultan's p attendants to secure me this. Then ing a truly magnificent attitude o mand (with which I hope I appear impressed), he sent the men scurryin to make the many changes which gested. The gardeners at the grounds were sent for, and presen peared, bringing plants and flowers penters and masons were set to wor soon the place began to take on a inviting look.

In the midst of this excitement court soldiers came running in, "Our lord wishes to see the ma and in spite of my protests for t make myself presentable, they hurri on toward the palace, saying: "Th tan waits for no man."

Passing through a number of gat tortuous passages, we reached an portal, which was opened in respo our knock by a very dignified Moor, perceiving me in the garb of a Mussu instructed me to return to my house a and put on my regular attire, as his M wished to see me in European dress. plained that I had been told to wea costume of the country, but he in that "our lord desires to see the clothes." I protested that I had none save the clothes I had traveled in, an I did not care to appear at court burlesque entertainer. Upon this he d peared, to return a moment later wit ultimatum that the Sultan would re me only in the dress of the Christian, reluctantly I went back to my hou make the change.

I was beginning to feel considerabl of sorts. Thinking this due, perha the fact that I had not as yet part of any breakfast, I proceeded to do s once. Now soldiers appeared, urging to make haste, and, as I continued meal, more soldiers arrived upon the sc until they came piling in like ants fro ant-hill. "The Sultan waits for no m

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From a water-color drawing by Arthur Schneider

THE SULTAN AND THE MINISTER OF WAR WATCHING THE ROYAL FIREWORKS IN THE PALACE GROUNDS, MOROCCO CITY

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they reported, and he would wait for me no longer.

While changing my dress, the secretary of the Amin appeared, breathless, exclaiming:

"God forbid that one should be so slow when the Sultan calls!"

Explaining that I wished to appear at my best before the Commander of the Faithful, I finished my toilet and issued forth into the now crowded streets, a dozen soldiers afoot clearing the way before me, running, thrusting men and donkeys to right and left, and crying: "Make room for the Sultan's master."

Again arriving at the inner portal, the soldiers having remained at the outer gate, I was at once admitted to a large walled inclosure or court, where I was again met by the pleasant-faced Moor, who, pushing open the portals of the gate and beckoning me to follow, suddenly jumped back with an exclamation, dragging me with him. At that moment, amid the rapid clattering of hoofs, a wild boar bolted through the gateway. Once more we ventured forth, only to return hastily at the sound of approaching danger.

Other beasts continued to scamper through singly, at spaced intervals, much the same as boys playing leap-frog. The Minister of War (for my guide was none other) shook his cloak and yelled at a few remaining inside, while he led the way toward a great gate, the only one through a long, otherwise unbroken, wall to our left. Opposite this, on our right, I beheld an immense tent. Instead of entering the gate, which I thought was about to admit me to the realization of those glorious dreams of Oriental splendor, my guide turned into the tent, of which the entire front facing the gate was open, and together we approached what appeared to be the figure of an idol seated at the farther end. The knees, upon which the elbows rested, allowing the hands to hang between, were thrown wide apart, and the entire image, save face and hands, was enveloped in a loose white garment. Presently one hand disappeared among the cushions to emerge a moment later with a watch.

The Minister of War hurried forward and took his place at the right side of the Sultan!

All my expectations had been centered on the great gate opposite, and I had come into the royal presence so unexpectedly that I had forgotten to remove a battered and weather-beaten cap. The next moment I stood, head uncovered, at the foot of the throne, if such it might be called. Five steps of varicolored tile led from the tiled floor upon which I stood to the divan which formed the royal seat.

The Minister of War stood at the right of the Sultan; upon his left was a far more brilliantly arrayed personage. Although his costume was that of a true believer, his boots and spurs were beyond question of the rank infidel variety. I therefore judged him to be there in the capacity of interpreter.

In previously rehearsing this scene, I had always introduced myself by a well-studied sentence in Arabic, but the situation now seemed to call for an American speech. So, after bowing low, I said in a loud voice:

"My lord, I have come."

He of the boots quickly put a hand to his mustache to conceal a smile. He proved to be an Englishman, and doubtless wished to add: "And you 're a sight."

Instead, he good-naturedly translated my words to the Sultan. As for the latter, I was surprised to notice in his looks and manner something that bespoke a feeling of awe. He was evidently awe-struck in the presence of a "master."

"Art thou able to make pictures by hand?"

As, in the light of a better knowledge of the man and his environment, I now recall this first meeting, which was the beginning of many months of more or less intimate association, it does not seem strange that he should be so affected.

All his life Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz had been shut up, virtually a prisoner in his palace, kept there by the old Grand Vizir, who ruled the country and the young Sultan with an iron hand and a knowing mind. That is, he knew how to keep the Sultan safe from rebels. Among slaves and attendants the young man spent his years in ignorance of the world, his mother and brothers his only companions, the Koran his only book. Upon the death of the old man, the young Sultan took the reins of government into his own hands, and calling the great men of the state before him, asked each of them to tell him what he knew of the great world outside of his dominions. The first one came and humbled himself to the dust, but could tell him

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nothing of what he was so eager to know. At every question he became more frightened, humbled himself, and answered: "Oh, our lord, I do not know."

Each in turn the wise men came, and at every question answered: "Our lord, I do not know."

pictured there, he would ask them to explain; and if it was something that could be brought to him, he would say:

"Send for this."

They told him of the wonderful discoveries and inventions of our civilization: of electricity, and he sent for an electrician

Drawn by Arthur Schneider

THE SULTAN AT PLAY

This was very discouraging to the young man. Ambitious and eager to learn, none of his ministers could give him the least inkling of what he was so anxious to be taught. Nor were they at all willing that any foreigner should come to enlighten him.

At last one of their number, not quite so narrow in his views, introduced at court two Europeans, at that time connected with the government in some official capacity. Instead of coming before his Majesty trembling with fear, they spoke in answer to all questions with great freedom and ease. This pleased him exceedingly, and he had them come every day. So his education began.

They brought him illustrated papers and magazines, and whatever of interest he saw

and electrical appliances; of photography, and he had cameras and photographic supplies brought by the case.

Then they told him of pictures made by hand, and he forthwith sent an agent to procure him a painter—a master. And I stood up, cap in hand, at his Majesty's service.

"Art thou able to make pictures by hand?"

I had left some of my pictures, together with drawing-materials, in case I should want them, in charge of servants at the outer gate. These were now sent for.

Looking at the pictures, the Sultan marveled much that a man should be able to reproduce men, animals, and houses without the aid of some sort of machine.

"Draw me a man," was his next request.

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This was a command, and I discerned a doubt as to my having done the pictures.

Arranging my easel, and taking charcoal and paper, I prepared to draw what was to be literally my "masterpiece"; for I knew that I should be expected in a few moments to demonstrate my claim to the title with which I had been heralded.

In full view of the audience I proceeded to draw the head of an American Indian.

I told my royal listener, in the short space of time and as best I could, with the assistance of my man Mohammed, who acted as interpreter, the story of the noble red man.

The situation was not wholly amusing, although the humor of it all appealed to me. It must be remembered that hitherto my acquaintance with mikados, shahs, and sultans had been chiefly through the comic opera, and it was hard to realize that my royal critic could take himself quite seriously and expect others to take him so.

I was in the midst of my work when the Amin, who had been sent for, arrived, and I was astonished to see the nervousness and fear in the presence of the Sultan of one evidently so influential at court. After prostrating himself until his forehead touched the ground, my genial host of the morning arose, and pointing to me, said:

"Yes, our lord, this is the master."

Abject in his humiliation before the Sultan, he now turned to me, and in an overbearing manner picked up one of my drawings and asked me if I had made it. I answered that I had. He then commanded me to draw one like it for the Sultan.

I was determined to recognize none but the Sultan himself as my superior here, so I paid no attention to him and quietly resumed my work.

I had introduced myself to the Sultan in English merely on the impulse of the moment, and not caring to trust myself to my rather limited knowledge of Arabic, had spoken thereafter through an interpreter; but I knew more of the native tongue than my royal listener gave me credit for, and I readily understood his praise of my work. With the Amin disposed of, I felt that I was indeed master of the situation, if not of my art.

Having finished my Indian, a rapid sketch, the Sultan took paper and pencil, and laughing heartily the while (we were getting acquainted), began reproducing, and in a very short time made, for one who had never before touched pencil to paper, a very fair copy of my drawing.

I complimented him upon this.

"No, no," he replied; "but by and by, God willing, I shall be able to do as you do. Now I am only a beginner."

He asked me how long it would take him to learn to draw and paint as I did. As he had shown some talent, I thought it well to encourage him, and said that, with hard study, God willing, he might hope to do so in a few years.

This seemed rather to disappoint him; but with the words, "To-morrow at ten," I was dismissed for the day.

THE soldier who had brought me from Mazagan now realized that I had actually penetrated sacred quarters, and taking his cue from the court soldiers, hurled the faithful from before my horse and guided me home.

While at the palace a droning chant, which often came to an abrupt stop, ascended from all directions, finally resolving itself, to my mind, into a religious rite. Now, while dismounting, there arose from my own garden the same abrupt tune. Hastening to see the weird ceremony, I beheld instead several men standing in a box on a low wall, who began a chant with the raising of heavy knobbed clubs, and brought them down with a thud, crying at the same time the name of Allah. By filling a wooden frame with earth and ramming it solid, these swarthy songsters construct their mud walls. But the summer sun dries; violent winds blow; rain means torrents; so these house-walls are thinly coated with cement, which prevents their blowing away like chaff or oozing into huge mud pies.

Pushed in the elbow of the walls lay my one-storied, L-shaped house of four windowless rooms. The rooms did not communicate, but opened into the garden. It was unpleasant when at times food became rain-soaked as it was carried from the kitchen to my room, at the door of which all eating, reading, and writing had to be done.

The largest of the heavy cedar doors, being unwieldy, was pierced and fitted with a smaller one, hung on hook-shaped nails. The rooms were long and narrow,

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as is common, and conformed with the shape of their brilliant rugs.

The singing on the wall ceased. "A royal summons must be answered at once," said the bashaw, entering. Pushing his expansive beard close to my ear, he whispered: "Good luck to thee, the first foreigner who has ever lived in the city's stronghold." Then he presented with sonorous gutturals my future soldier. "Throw him into the water, he comes out dry," the sportive bashaw said, and guffawed loudly, while the warrior bowed humbly before me.

O Gelalli, gentle soldier, why didst thou the very first night, by thy villainous face and absurd tales, lead me to believe thy heart and beard to be of the same color!

Before ten the following morning the envious eyes of the ever-present crouching beings, powerful chiefs who were silently waiting at the second gate, perhaps to be deposed or thrown into prison, glared maliciously as the impenetrable portals swung noisily to admit an unbeliever. Passing the cages of wild animals, crossing an open court, and finally interrupting the wrestling slave guards, I pierced the last barrier containing the royal tent, and again entered the presence of the youthful Sultan, while a few feet from me stood a vicious mountain goat.

"Saith my lord, peace," said the Minister of War. I bowed.

"Why," said his Majesty, in wonder, "has thy friend gone?" The besmudged drawing of the Indian was held aloft.

"It was done in charcoal," I answered, "and should have been fixed."

"The same we burn in the fire-pot?" he inquired, with widening eyes.

"Very like it."

"Adjäib!" ("Wondrous!") he exclaimed.

Again he spoke: "Canst make a likeness of one standing before thee?"

"Yea, my lord."

By the expectant settling into an easy position on the throne I divined a silent command, and made ready, when, in evident confusion, he hastily said, "Picture the doctor."

Oh, why was I not a dime-museum artist!

The doctor looked worried; posing is tiresome.

"Wouldst allow the doctor a seat in thy presence?" I asked.

"At thy pleasure," the Sultan graciously replied.

The doctor beamed.

Amid much questioning, I produced a passable likeness, sprayed the "medicine" with a shrill fizz, and passed it to the throne, where royal fingers streaked through, but did not remove, the charcoal.

Again he wonderingly said, "Adjäib!"

At once I was ordered to paint the portrait of the Minister of War, and as a search in the palace grounds revealed no suitable light, a secluded balcony of his house, which adjoined, was chosen, where, sitting on the floor and using the fingers of the right hand as both knife and fork, he ate of the huge dishes of joint and fowl placed at his feet by slave boys, pausing occasionally to pose for a few moments. Soon a voice from below called, "Answer our lord!" At once a slave poured water over his fingers from a hammered brass

Drawn by Arthur Schneider

THE GREAT GATE OF THE PALACE, MOROCCO CITY

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kettle, another followed with a towel, and the minister sped to court.

Hastily summoned from home immediately after the third sitting, I entered the *kubbah* to hear whispering from the throne, hidden by the freshly painted canvas which had been carried from the minister's house by a slave.

"How dost thou do this?" asked his Majesty. "And why but one eye?"

Suddenly a spot on the shaven pate of a slave now standing at the great gate opposite proclaimed itself.

Pointing to him, I said vexedly: "Yon slave, in carrying, besmudged his eye."

A burst of royal hilarity, quickly swelled by the minister, proved that, for the moment, the joke was of more consequence than the picture. While explaining my treatment of this painting, the Sultan's eager looks at a billiard-table being put into position betrayed a love of new toys. The dust-covered piano stood isolated, like a black tombstone.

AN INTERRUPTED RIDE THROUGH THE CITY

My servant, returning from the city, burst into my room that evening, exclaiming: "I think this the largest city in the world; the great clusters of shops and markets are an hour from here."

"Have the animals ready to-morrow," I said.

Winding through the serpentine streets of the Kasbah and passing the buff-colored mosque, with its tower of interwoven blue traceries, we continued across the barracks, along the beggar-lined walls, and coming out at a large open space edged with masses of heaped-up oranges,—gold in the morning sun,—we found ourselves in a market-place. Moving slowly before the tents of the barbers and blood-letters, between mounds of binding straw, and joining the horde, we pushed our way, jolting and jarring, amid the sharp warning cries, *Balaak! Balaak!* ("Make way! Make way!") through the dumpy gate. Behold a colossal kaleidoscope!

The noisy throng, submerged in the darkness of a low, tunnel-like street, dodged and darted in confusion and obscurity, while through the small openings of a latticed straw roof innumerable brilliant spots of sunlight pierced their way, striking the indefinite moving mass, and appearing in the gloom like myriads of flitting meteors entangled in a network of gold.

With the warning cry, *Balaak!* spurring and checking, we were soon in the midst of the swarm of arrogant, howling balaakers and loudly protesting balaakees, where a halt means to be buffeted about like a ship without a rudder.

"Canst not hear? *Balaak!*" shouts one, showing his teeth.

"Look thou before thee!" replies the other, crowding aside.

"Thou from the mountains art—"

"Move along!" a shopman yells excitedly. "Go to the market-place to talk!"

"Open! Make way!" A heavily laden mule, with the assistance of terrific screaming, opens a path through which that unrelenting juggernaut, the leading camel of a caravan, with slow-swinging head and resolute tread, thrusts himself. Woe to him who comes in contact with those wide-reaching bales!

We squirmed along, sniffing the streaked and rancid butter, for we were now among the busy shops where the tradesmen cluster together in their various pursuits. Here are the booths of fresh-smelling greens; there, the foul, dingy meat-stalls; beyond, lines of rude clay pottery, and everywhere the acrid odor of perspiring humanity.

Gelalli, shouting and warning, was a writhing pilot, while the constant flinging of his head right and left, in looking after my safety, caused the long silken tassel surmounting his peaked soldier's fez to dance distractedly. Soon turning into the less crowded street of sooty copper-workers, we caught glimpses of knife-grinders perched high, turning their stones with furious knee-action. Then we came to the leather districts, where are the varicolored slippers, the fancy belts, the bags made of wonderful Filali leather, or the cushions the designs of which are skinned off by a knife.

"Look at the beauty!"

I halted.

"How much the price?"

"There is no finer piece in the land," said the merchant.

"How much?"

"Yesterday one offered me seven duro."

"Well, your price is?"

"There is much work; take it for eight."

I turned to go.

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"Rich man," he called, "how much?"

"Two duro."

"Give me four; thou art a friend."

Moving away, I said: "It is worth what I offered."

Hastily throwing it to Gelalli, his fingers wigwagged: "Hand over the money!"

The tunnel shops were dingy, and the brighter street of the courtly saddle-merchants, sitting before their gorgeous wares, was soon brought in striking contrast by a lane dotted with boys holding in each hand a long cord which ran taut to some garment in the hands of their masters, tailors, who plied their needles around the cords in some mysterious way. A number of Jews were scattered along the walls, having come from their ghetto,—Mellah,—which occupies about one quarter of the city.

The fresh air coming from an opening tempted us through. What color! A rainbow, broken flaming amid the dismal dye-shops; each brilliant color of the palette hung dripping in the sun at the doorways! Farther on the shifting water-carriers at the fountain turned aside as we continued the way past slimy, sunken tanvats, under the "Gate of the Tanners," and into the open country.

In high spirits we bolted across the plains, and with a splash and a whoop crossed the ditches, riding straight to the hills.

Is this muddy monochrome lying behind us the city of Morocco—these earthquake-shattered walls and unroofed houses? Can that ragged patch contain the wonderful palaces, or these wandering latticed lines yield the shifting kaleidoscope?

The color of the surrounding country is red, the city's encircling walls are red, and the buildings are red. Come away, Gelalli; distance does not lend enchantment.

"But the Kutubiyah tower?" ventures Gelalli. My eyes wandered from this one lofty structure in search of the pearl-topped Atlas Mountains; a vast descending wall of gray mist had blotted them out.

Dejectedly descending, I turned to Gelalli at the sight of many hideous-looking Arabs isolated near a saint's tomb. "Who are these spotted creatures?"

Riding close, he whispered, "Lepers!"

Checking our speed as we swept through a gateway, we moved slowly, depressed and weary, through a street of dingy charcoal shops, between the city's vast stretches of, not earthquake-shattered, but rain-destroyed, walls. With indifference I watched an approaching soldier gesticulating wildly, until, pulling his foaming horse to his haunches before me, he cried:

"Answer our lord! I have been as one mad looking for thee!"

A SKETCH PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST MADE BY THE SULTAN

WALKING perspiring and breathless to the throne, I looked confusedly at a miserable, gloomy monarch. I waited his pleasure, but the royal mind was heavy.

The depressing silence affected my nerves, and for relief I went to the piano and began an accompaniment to the singing of a strongly rhythmic American darky song. A bounding swirl of white, and the suddenly agitated Sultan cried, "Stop!" at my side.

"Whence this tune?" he asked excitedly.

"It is of the free slaves of America."

All kindled, he begged: "Repeat! repeat!"

Again I sang, only to be interrupted by the exclamation: "That sounds very like our own. Proceed!"

"Where," he continued in ever-growing excitement, "do your slaves come from?"

I tried to make these things clear.

"How do they dress, and what is their work?" he hurriedly asked. That, too, I tried to explain.

RELATING PRINCIPALLY TO A NUMBER OF PALACE GATES

EACH day some time was spent in drawing, though his Majesty was tingling to quit the pencil for brush and color. I complained of the conflicting light under the kubbah, and feared a sudden descent from the throne, as, with head curved over his knees, the Sultan worked at the low table before him. After explaining in vain the

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mysteries of a skylighted studio, I constructed a miniature of cardboard, which he looked upon, saying, "Build one."

What manner of man was he quietly to continue his drawing, well aware that an escaped lynx was prowling within the court? Or was it cowardice that caused me to feel two glaring eyes, and unceasingly hunch my back, to stay the spring, until a triumphant slave tossed the raging beast into its cage, and unobserved kissed his master's foot?

Soon the studio, being built against the palace wall, would afford a peaceful shelter.

I had paced off the dimensions of this studio to an admiring audience of masons. In fine flourish the master mason bared an arm, and placing his elbow upon the ground against the wall, slowly allowed his arm to descend, shouting, "Here 's one"; then he moved his arm along several more lengths. When it came to "Here 's eight," a workman cried: "No, nine." A tumult of voices; then the master began afresh, and in due season had mastered the dimensions of the proposed studio, in arm's-lengths, spans, and hands. Later the cry of the apprentice boys arose: "Uslanbihi" ("God will complete"), uttered just as a stone was laid or a nail was driven.

"Uslanbihi!" cried a slave, running from the great gate opposite the kubbah. All tools were dropped, and all the workmen scampered to the outer world; for the Sultan was about to appear.

At all times flitting, half-wild boars roamed the palace grounds and dashed by outside the iron fence surrounding the kubbah. Before this fence, at times, lay a secured boar fresh from the wilds, and when the Sultan entered the kubbah from the great gate, the iron fence-gates were closed. A burly slave stood upon the beast's head, cut the rope fastenings, and jumped upon a large box for safety. Upon one occasion, the maddened boar, instantly arising, discovered us within the inclosure; like a streak, he charged halfway through the fence. During the panic which ensued some one clambered up the tiled steps, seeking safety in the place of all places least secure—a throne!

Thinking shortly that mingling with the semi-domesticated herd had quieted the beast, we ventured out, the Sultan on a bicycle, which, although a diamond-frame, he rode in flowing robe and heelless slippers. At the moment he turned for the tent, the boar darted from his fellows and charged the royal rider. Just missing the rear wheel, a shower of stones dazed the tusker, while his Majesty reached the inclosure.

A MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD SKETCHED BY THE SULTAN

The wicked streak came on once more, and urged by the oncoming clatter, I ran for the kubbah, but the iron gates had been closed. Before me loomed the great gate—*open*. Sacred or not, my legs were speeding toward it; but my hands grasped a beam projecting from the unfinished studio, and I pulled myself to the roof.

From this perch I saw a summoned court-member saunter from the outer gate. At once we cried an alarm; but he collected his wits, and a moment later had disappeared through the great gate, the boar at his heels.

Fairly tumbling from the roof, I hurried with the Sultan, slaves, and all, into the great gate, and turning sharply along the wall, we rushed through another opening. There before us, in the center of a many-pillared unfinished patio, in a deep, dry fountain basin, stood the bristling boar, while at its edge, shaking his fist, stood the strategic Briton, for he it was. Close at his back was *another* gateway in another wall.

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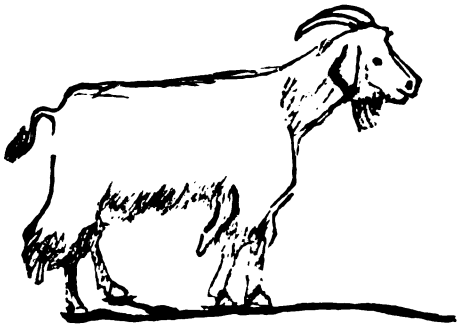
Later, as I often heard and saw the portals of this gate mysteriously swing by invisible hands at the command, "Hal!" ("Open!"), and as mysteriously close after the slow-striding Sultan, the thought came to me: "How many gates does he pass through before arriving in the heart of the palace?"

Secretiveness, the dominant character of the Moors, is well expressed in the building of their palaces; they hide their treasures well in a perfect maze of passages, doors, and open gateways screened by blank walls, just as their women cloak their charms from the curious.

Called one evening, I joined his Majesty at the newly found gate. Near by stood a cinematograph expert, surrounded by his paraphernalia. A slave whispered to me: "Thou art about to enter." The bolts creaked when the command rang out, and, preceding the burdened slaves through a double-turned passage to a cemented walk lying between two far-reaching walls, we passed along. Now and then, as the echoing talk waned, the peaceful murmur of running water arose.

I breathed deep. Ah, how deliciously cool it was! Here a fountain stood recessed in the wall; yonder was another. The light of our little guiding star, imprisoned in a huge fretted frame of glass, flitted on and on; and finally, through the inevitable maze, we came to a room sliced in two by a white screen, while the walls were likewise bare and white.

A COPY BY THE SULTAN OF A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST



A COPY BY THE SULTAN OF A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST

The Sultan left, while we prepared the machine. Presently the shuffling of slippered feet was heard, and from the gloom seven powerful eunuchs emerged, who arranged themselves as a barrier along our side of the screen, where, amid a softer patter, we faintly distinguished the rustling of women's garments, and a very audible titter of suppressed excitement. Presently all was quiet.

"Is all in readiness?" called the Sultan's voice.

"Yes, my lord," I answered, being there as interpreter.

At the sound of Arabic with an American twang, there arose a volley of joyous giggles. Aha! Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz, thou art sitting in the midst of thy treasures!

What a treat to those peas in the pod! The world opened to them by whirring a film and a lens, that they might see, without leaving the pod, that all was not green. Now they beheld the great cities of the world, vast armies, monster vessels, all moving; why, even the latest creations in bonnets passed before them. They saw with amazement their own lord ride into the plaza under his umbrella; they saw his soldiers crowding through the city gates. "There you are, our lord!" they cried in chorus, as his pictures moved before them.

A perpetual grin, save when the light sputtered, on the face of each eunuch was repeated by a fair face which appeared frequently between the wall and the screen; I gazed enraptured, until I saw its shaven head. By and by the owner emerged; he proved to be a companionable lad of about ten, the Sultan's youngest and favorite brother, Sidi Mohammed. The show had pitched him into a boy's paradise, and he wanted to know everything in a moment.

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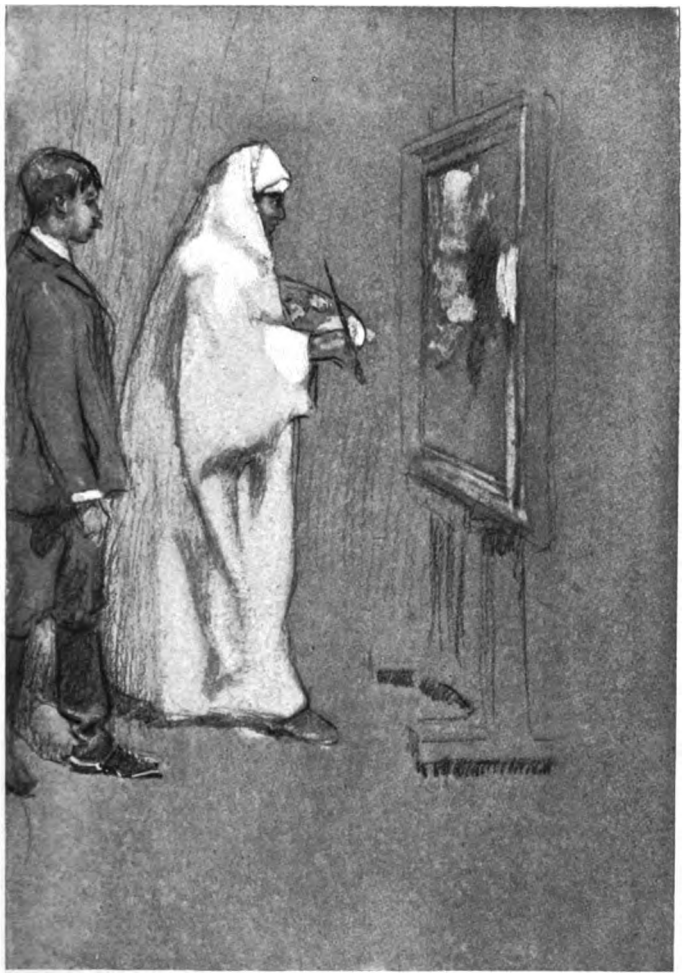
The Sultan's mother, who has since died, was also there. She was a Turkish woman, and was largely responsible for his longing after modern ideas. She lived at the palace with three other sons, who led the different cavalcades when the court journeyed. One to bid us good night, which is more than I would do if I were Sultan.

Matrimony is as serious a matter to him as it is to his people, and to them it is much more enigmatical than with us, as to accept a bride in a palanquin is too much



Drawn by Arthur Schneider

THE SULTAN AT THE EASEL

other, a dangerous antagonist, with a large following, was banished to Mequinez at the time of the present ruler's accession to the throne.

Film after film was reeled off until, tired, we begged a postponement. The Sultan readily agreed, as the pictures were old to him, and it was only out of kindness to the women that he had not before escorted them to some unseen gate. He returned

like buying the proverbial pig in a bag. Friends secretly arrange the match, and the husband makes the acquaintance of his wife only after the ceremony is performed.

I had supposed his Majesty to be blessed with wives whose numbers would require a census,—something unknown in Morocco,—until one day he opened the subject thus:

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Drawn by Arthur Schneider. Half-tone plate engraved by J. Tinkey

A STRAW-ROOFED STREET, MOROCCO CITY

"Why dost not have a wife sent from America? Thy life is a lonely one."

"I do not know just whom to select," I replied, assuming that the several million fair Americans would be overjoyed at my choice.

"Dost expect to see and choose her thyself?" he asked, astonished.

"Why, to be sure; perhaps daily for two or three years before deciding." I spoke further of having heard of men known to salute their sweethearts on the lips before marriage.

"Oh, Mulai Idris!" he interrupted, calling upon his guardian saint.

"Pardon, I do not mean that it is a national custom," I explained, "although it does seem to be gaining in favor. Still, with all these advantages, we regard matrimony as very much of a lottery."

"Adjäib!" he exclaimed. "Do the wives ever wear the breeches?" or words to that effect.

I answered that, being single, I was forced to believe, from what my married friends said, that in America only one's neighbor's wife was so attired.

He laughed heartily, and said: "Thou and I are single; it is better thus."

What! the Sultan single? It staggered me.

Then *this* is why he appeared lighthearted and jovial; he had only the more trivial cares of a monarch.

PAINTING WITH THE SULTAN

THE completed studio was a favorite haunt of his Majesty, and my aim was to keep him from color until he understood something of drawing light and shade. Sometimes while working, drawing a slave, a burst of royal laughter brought me from my work, to discover that the Sultan had exaggerated some peculiarity of his model by distending the nostrils or making huge

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lips—a royal caricaturist. In the earlier days, when a pencil or knife was asked for, it was passed to his Majesty on the back of the hand, or laid on the table before him; for rumor says that knives are used to kill, and bullets are made of lead. The Moor never cuts his bread with a knife. Bread is sacred, broken by the hands, with the words "Bismillah" ("In the name of God"), and never thrown away. I have seen the Sultan point to a stray crumb, the size of a cherry, lying on the earth, and call a slave, who devoutly picked it up, kissed it, and gave it to the leopard close by. At home it became necessary for me to throw the heaps of dried crusts from the kitchen myself.

The sentiment concerning the bread is too beautiful for ridicule, though in time we handled knives and pencils between ourselves just as do all enlightened people.

The Sultan's impatience was the hardest nut to crack. "My lord must absorb knowledge gained by careful work before rapid achievements are possible; he should work a few hours each day. It 's like studying the Koran," I told him.

What his thoughts were at these words I do not know, but he said with apparent sincerity, "I shall do it," and he forthwith began a drawing very carefully. In a few moments impatience seized his pencil. "Slowly, as at first." Repeating this a number of times steadied him, but the prospects of an astonishing result were shattered as his pencil suddenly swerved in fantastic lines over the work. Endurance had been overwhelmed. Although his powers of persistence improved steadily, he still aimed for the trick without the labor. As I walked over to see the work being done with pencil or charcoal, his eyes often wandered to the great palette on my arm, with its splashes of color. Why should he, Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz, be trifling with a toy, while one of lower grade worked with beautiful colors?

It was sure to come; eventually he said: "I would picture a head with colors."

"When?" I asked.

"At once."

"Painting a head is difficult; try something simple."

"Very well; choose thou."

Drawn by Arthur Schneider. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

IN THE CHARCOAL MARKET

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While arranging a still-life of half a dozen oranges which I had sent for, the Minister of War, coming in, tossed up his hands.

"What!" he exclaimed indignantly, "these few for our lord?" Turning, he muttered to a slave, who scampered away, and returned tottering under a load of oranges. The fresh quantities of fruit which arrived each day kept the slaves in good humor until the study was cast aside.

"Hast thou a fresh canvas?" he asked some time later. "To-day I shall make a head."

"Very difficult," he groaned, after ing awhile, and dropped the palett "In time. By and by, God willing.

The royal brush had been charged, and the paint was loade

Drawn by Arthur Schneider. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

IN THE JEWISH QUARTER

the canvas in a very impressionistic mar ner. While, like all of his race, decorativ lines appealed to him, the problem of ligh and shade was most difficult. To explai this, I painted the head of a slave in broa masses, and my placing it in a gold fram caused him to show great displeasure whereupon I explained that beautifu

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frames were placed about even the pictures of beggars, as we call weather-beaten faces and rags picturesque. His features had run the scale of displeasure, astonishment, amusement, and approval.

We were now in the midst of summer, and as the heat became oppressive, I abandoned my room, and lived altogether in the garden.

The desire to make a memorandum sketch of the slave-market awakened me in the morning, and the heat hurried me to the studio, cooled by an electric fan. In searching for a canvas to work upon, I stopped to look at a neglected study of a lion. The slave-market was forgotten in a moment, and soon I was at work upon a larger canvas, painting with wide brushes from the lion's sketch. After a few hours' work, a shadow crept through the entry, and I turned to salute my pupil; but the vision of a lion had enchained him.

"Ah-h!" He stood agape. "When didst thou picture him? Finished?" The last word was in English.

All day, at intervals, royal excursions were made to the studio to inquire, "Finished?" and the work was removed to the palace that evening.

The word "finished," I learned in time, was meant to express laconically, "The work pleases me; when finished, send it to the palace."

From that mysterious region he sometimes issued with a guilty look and a drawing from life. Although some of the drawings showed costumes strange to me, his vehement assurance that there were such inside, together with the rather firmly drawn lines, convinced me that this was the case. He was now quite content to work with charcoal or pencil, and not at all squeamish about soiling his fingers or garb.

An undefiled canvas was placed upon the easel. I stood ready, for we were about to desecrate the sacred features of Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz for—a whim or posterity?

Why should he wish it? Even the common Arabs considered it sacrilegious. They knew me as doctor, master, merchant, and chief, who made pictures for diversion.

His Majesty entered, and seated himself.

"Turn thy head this way—not so stiff—back a trifle—just a—"

"Schneider, this is difficult!" He was tiring before being posed; there was no time to lose.

"There, that is good."

I began hurriedly to lay it in. In a few moments he said, shifting uneasily, "I tire."

"But my lord said he would be patient."

He smiled slyly. "Very well." I worked rapidly.

"Finished?" he suddenly cried.

"Finished? Just began!" I answered.

He must be held, as his nature is a very restive one, so I at once related an incident of having seen a fakir in the market-place who held a dagger to his throat while with a stone he pounded it into the flesh.

"Many times have I beheld the like," he said, "but, more wonderful still, at Mequinez were a few who dug into their eyes with daggers, and, wiping the blood away, revealed those organs uninjured. This I beheld with mine own eyes. There was another,—where he is now I know not,—with whom one sat, while certain feverish charms were uttered, and caused the eyes to close, and the subject to be carried to another city,—Fez, Tetuan, anywhere,—and after visiting friends or relatives, be returned to one's home."

"And the Aisawa?" I questioned, working away, hoping also to hypnotize my sitter.

"A great saint of the Aisawa," he continued, "is able, if a live sheep be thrown from a house-top to a crowd in waiting below, by simply making the motion, so,"—he swung an arm through the air,—"from a distance, to cause the sheep to fall, severed in two, among the crowd. Ah! in a few days the Hamadusha will leave on a pilgrimage to Mequinez, each chopping his own head, as a penance, as they dance through the streets."

"Very good for a picture," I ventured, losing no time at my painting.

"Yea, make one"; and then, realizing that he had been sitting for some time, he said, "Finished?" stretching himself and coming to me. His first words were, "Remove them," pointing to the two locks of hair hanging from over his ears. "Each day I shall come and sit for a while, until thou sayst it is finished," he said, leaving the studio.

A saint himself, the Sultan naturally shares the faith of his people in saints, but concedes that most of the others are dead ones.

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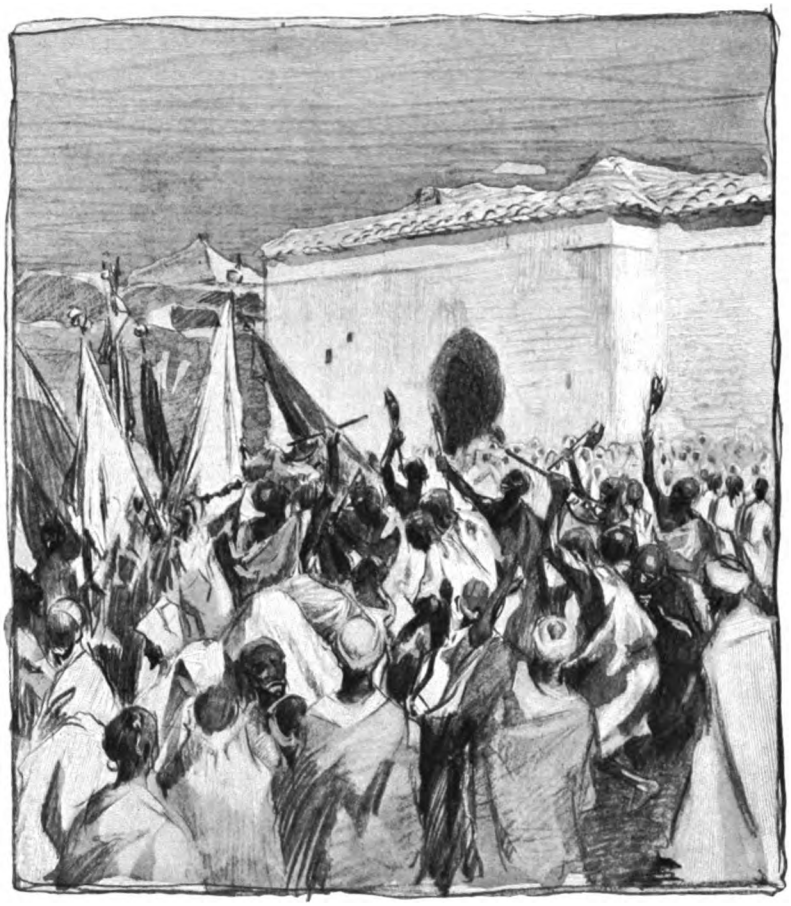

Drawn by Arthur Schneider. Half-tone plate engraved by T. Schussler

THE HAMADUSHA

A picture of the Hamadusha required close observation from life. I knew that, when once in their dancing and head-chopping frenzies, they regarded a Christian as an evil spirit who should be destroyed. My position with the government seemed to offer a safeguard. So, on the morning of the pilgrimage, two court soldiers, for whom I had applied without stating the purpose, were sent to my house. Directing them to the kitchen, one of the servants was sent to the streets to return at the approach of the Hamadusha. At the first opportunity the soldiers escaped; a servant had advised them of my intentions. They quickly spread the news among the court soldiers, and my message for others resulted in nothing, as all craftily declined to accept the responsibility.

Deciding to trust to my own resources in whatever danger might be encountered, I drafted my household. With Gelalli, who had "won the battle of Prickly Pears," as a seasoned fighter, and a servant whom I had released from prison in Tangier as a grateful ally, and with another servant whom I had added to increase our forces, I was ready for the undertaking. The third had been sent on scout duty, and soon returned with word that the procession was on the streets.

With Gelalli at my stirrup, we made our way to the holy banners. "Not too close to the banners," begged the servants. "No," I said, and moved through the scowling throng of onlookers packing the streets, over whose heads we now saw the flash of bloody, crescent-shaped axes. Each self-tormentor gazed fervently at the one in his hand, thrust high in the air; some drew them down impulsively and kissed the clotted blade. One seized a

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huge clod of earth and crushed it over his hacked scalp. Bounding up and down, side by side, others danced, with gory heads flopping loosely, in time to the drumming of tom-toms, till the brain reeled, when the dancer leaped into the air, swept his blade aloft, and brought it down upon his head with a sickening rattle. One fell like a log; he was picked up by two old men, who mercifully took his ax away; he shrieked for it like a demon, while a man jumped from among the onlookers, mopped the oozing scalp with a piece of bread, and as he sprang back was pounced upon by the eager crowd, who tore off bits of the blood-soaked bread and devoured them, a blood-atonement indeed!

I gasped as this overwhelming dream developed. It was a hideous nightmare. Stealthily, with dripping ax, one approached, his eyes immovable, glaring at me, streams of red trickling over his face and chest. Never before had he seen a devil at such a time! The wily crowd opened for him. Why did not my followers say or do something?

"Come away! he sees you!" came a cry. Some one must stop that monster, so I gathered my scattered senses and said to those surrounding me, and as coolly as was possible: "This is a street. My business carries me here."

Loud murmuring arose. "Go home!" they shouted, "Government doctor," "Sultan's master," "Friend of the Moors," while a few good souls blockaded the path of my nightmare, who was now grunting and snorting and shaking his ax.

My impressions of victory died away when the confused glimmer of other bedaubed heads plowed forward. A man, their chief, thrust himself in my direction, and shrieked excitedly:

"Begone! Begone!"

"I am with the government," I called. "Thou art responsible."

"These people are madmen now," he growled.

"Under thy protection I put myself," I replied.

All was confusion; some were urging the Hamadusha on, while others protested. Those with axes uttered no word, a bad omen.

"Quick! Come!" cried the voices of my followers.

The chief, realizing his position should anything befall me, did his utmost to drive the men back; but the vision of a devil in the shape of a Christian overpowered them, and they tugged at those who held them. In this predicament I moved to one side, backed my horse against a shop, and looked for my faithful army. Alas, it had dwindled to one! It pained me to note that the man at my side was not Gelalli; it was the servant added to increase our numbers. But the move was a good one, for the poor devils swerved, and were soon chopping their own heads with increased fury, and after dancing before the mosque, disappeared from view.

Exaggerated reports had reached the bashaw, for shortly after my return home three soldiers of recognized authority arrived, who, when they learned the state of affairs, took me into the very midst of the gruesome spectacle, where I could closely see the axes—a thin, wide blade of steel, shaped like a quarter-moon, with a number of loose rings, which rattle ominously, fastened near the two-foot handle. The torture is often fatal, although there are men present who restrain those inflicting the penalty too furiously. Upon receiving a silver piece, each soldier said: "Thy mirror is my brother."

These head-hacking Hamadusha are the followers of Sidi Ali bel Hamdush, upon whose death, as one version goes, his disciples became so crazed with grief that each seized the nearest implement—knife, stone, or club—to torture himself. Many years have developed this impulse into a yearly torture by the more zealous followers.

Another sect are the Aisawa, said to be poison-proof, for which reason all of the snake-charmers sing the praises of Sidi Mohammed bin Aisa, the founder. Each year the Aisawa swarm, dancing the streets in procession, tearing limb from limb the live sheep thrown to them, and madly eating any portion which comes away in their hands. This is said to have originated through Sidi Mohammed bin Aisa suddenly causing a number of sheep to appear among his famine-stricken followers, who seized and devoured them alive. These two sects are peaceful ordinarily, and are not at all responsible for their doings while raving. The silent Darkawi and the black Ginawa are less numerous sects.

Though the mosques are open for prayer

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day and night, and services are held five times a day, the Friday midday prayers (just as ours of Sunday morning) are the most largely attended. Previous to the prayer, a short sermon is delivered by the fakir, who also reads any communication which the Sultan may desire to circulate among his people. Once facing Mecca and the prayer begun, the Mussulman cannot be induced to shift his feet or move his head right or left. The Mohammedan grows in piety and zeal with advancing years; many of us pray in our childhood, and become too wise or too busy as we grow older.

September 18, 1901, was a strangely memorable day, by reason of what follows.

The royal portrait was nearing completion, as my sitter, tired of posing, was anxious to remove it to the palace. A knock was heard at the gate, interrupting the slave page bobbing in prayer before the studio door.

A moment later a message was read, saying that a courier had arrived from Tangier with the news that President McKinley had been shot.

"Who could have shot him?" the Sultan asked.

"This is the first news I have had," I replied, astounded.

Drawn by Arthur Schneider

A SLAVE CLEANING THE ARTIST'S PALETTE

"I thought the people of America were all good."

"All kinds of people are there."

He then asked how a man came to be President, and who succeeded him in case of death. We were looking at his Majesty's portrait, but our thoughts were elsewhere. A number of times he used the hopeful expression of the Moors, "La bas" ("No harm").

On the 20th of the month, while we were playing billiards, word came that the President had died.

In striking contrast to the news of the shooting, the Sultan showed great concern. "God forbid!" he cried in aları though previously in good spirit aside his cue and left abruptly palace.

AFTER TWELVE MONTHS AT (

As my royal pupil entered the stu the Minister of War, his gracefu recognition turned my thoughts the day when I ried to the presei authentic sultan a change from t Incongruous and ly disturbing to t of dignity were th and cuffs and which now look from beneath l ments, but they ı an effort to esca the trap of tradit talked with a amount of suret was not at all timi asserting his viev beard was trimme the two locks (which had long from above his ea missing. I well rem the day they passe sight. The Sulta wished them ba from the portrait, a removal of his locl lowed close upon tl moval of his pictu the palace. Plainly the comparison bet himself and the po which caused their downfall.

He so handled the governors as t duce the awful consequences of impr ment, and the decapitated heads of r were, for the first time, no longer po upon the gates of Morocco city. practice of customs officials buying t positions and exacting exorbitant toll f the merchants, and of the governors squeezed the people to pay a heavy t ute, were on the verge of being abolish a regular percentage of duty charged, a his people taxed according to the amo of their property.

All this passed through my mind as

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Sultan drew at the table for a few moments; then he said, "Come, let us play billiards."

Both he and the Minister of War were in extremely good spirits. When it came my turn to play, I made a fluke, and used the Arabic equivalent for "chance shot."

I had used this common expression often before, and nobody expressed any surprise, but this day the minister, pointing skyward, solemnly said:

"Allah wahid" ("There is but one God").

Both looked at me inquiringly as I completed the passage from the Koran by adding: "Wa la ushareku bihi aheda" ("And no other one linked with that").

"Not two?" the Sultan asked, astonished.

"Only one God," I replied.

They looked at each other in perplexity, and asked if all Americans believed the same. In reply I said: "They do, and always did."

Subjects of a private or religious nature are never pried into by the courteous and well-bred Moors, though they prove eager for information if the subject is brought about in a casual way, as in the present case. Although the workings of the Oriental mind are a puzzle, I believe Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz does not look upon Christians as infidels.

THE SULTAN

SITTING upon his throne, Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz appeared to be very large and fleshy. When he descended, he proved to be of a more shapely, though substantial, build.

Enveloped in a loose white robe, or *gelab*, with the hood over his head, only his face, hands, and slippers were to be seen. He undoubtedly wore garments beautiful in texture and color underneath, as occasionally a bit of color would peep out at the neck. He wore his turban as I had seen no other Moor wear that part of his dress—low down on the forehead, with just a narrow ribbon of brilliant red fez showing beneath.

Two locks of long black hair hung like pendulums from above his ears. He had very large, dark-brown, protruding eyes; eyebrows black, broad, and almost continuous; a solid nose, full lips, and a large expanse of double chin, beneath which—for there was no beard to speak of on his face—grew a black beard. It was a face readily giving expression to the thoughts and feelings of the man, but was as inscrutable as a mask when the Sultan rode in state before his people.

He carried a watch, usually laid in the folds of a silk handkerchief, which he held in his hand, or hid among the cushions of his divan. He wore no jewelry except occasionally a diamond ring, which he would remove after wearing an hour or two. Almost every day he appeared in a new gown and slippers.

Apparently never quite sure of himself, having as yet developed no style of gesture or of breeding, he was exceedingly embarrassed under the scrutiny of one trying to take his measure. Full of boyish enthusiasm and the exuberant spirits of a child, his admiration and wonder were for a time centered upon fireworks. Eager to learn and quick to understand, and possessed of a remarkable memory for the most trivial details, he yet lacked the power of concentration and the perseverance to acquire a thorough mastery of the many accomplishments he was anxious to attain.

This was Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz when I arrived at the court of Morocco, as undeveloped as the first preliminary "laying in" on my canvas. During the year of my residence there I watched him develop in force of character, in self-reliance and moral contour, and grow in values and tone, even as my picture of him grew under my brush, and almost as perceptibly. The greatest obstacles to his progressiveness were the traditions and the fanaticism, rather than the religion, of his race.

One day, trying to accomplish the pedal-mount on his bicycle, he found the feat impossible, hampered as he was by the loose, long skirt of his gelab—the garment of the Mussulman, which the custom of centuries had made a thing as sacred to him as his religion itself.

So at every step this broad-minded young monarch found some hoary superstition of his people entangling his feet. But as his ambition to master the pedal-mount has induced him to don riding-breeches beneath the folds of his Moslem robe, so, screened from the eyes of his people by the Moorish gates and the protecting walls of his palace, Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz is fast discarding ancient traditions and adopting many of the ideas and customs of our civilization.

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Democratic at heart, he has little respect for the trumpery of court etiquette; yet he realizes the necessity of "pomp and circumstance" to keep his people duly awed.

During the court journey from the capital of Morocco to that of Fez, upon which I accompanied him, before the people of the interior he assumed always an expression of stolid indifference. On arriving at Casa Blanca, on the coast, where the people had come in contact with Europeans and the outer world, he laid aside this mask and appeared among them without restraint, even indulging in the luxury of an occasional smile.

Although the Sultan boasted a court jester among his retinue, I soon learned that my duties were as much to entertain and amuse as to instruct. My work with the brush must be spectacular, or his interest soon lagged. Many amusing incidents occurred. Often I would be sent for at my house in great haste. His Majesty was waiting to see me at once. Mounting my horse, I would go at a gallop to the palace, and while kaid and governor, who had been summoned before the Minister of War, lined the passages, haunted with fear, I would at once be admitted into the royal presence, only to be asked some trivial question as to a certain line or color in one of my pictures. He seemed to regard me as a magician who, by some mysterious method, which I would not divulge, achieved the results which he himself was eager to accomplish. For a long time he appeared to feel that there must be some royal road—some secret door—through which, if I would but open my heart, I might at once admit him to the fulfilment of his hopes, just as I felt that he might, by a word, open to me the remaining palace gateways, beyond which, I fondly believed, lay the realization of glorious visions.

THE RECENT UPRISING

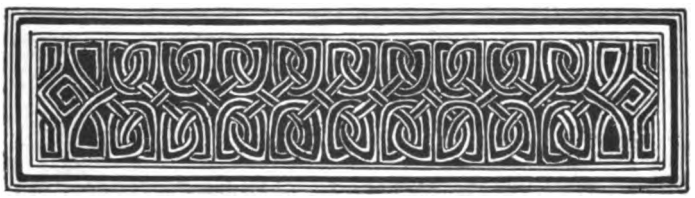
SINCE the writing of this article the Sultan has taken his court to Fez, where a revolutionary war is being fought.

The inhabitants of the Fez district are a fanatical set, and by keeping up a constant flow of wild rumors regarding their unconventional Sultan, they reduced themselves to a condition for which a supreme fakir is ever ready. As usual, one was forthcoming. He appeared one day among the ignorant tribesmen, and after performing several feats of magic as a proof of supernatural gifts, said that Allah had ordained that he should be Sultan, and furthermore that the people of Fez who were anxious for the overthrow of Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz had sent him among them.

At once his army took shape, and, incredible though it seems, the news comes that the Sultan's army has just been routed near Fez, fleeing in confusion to that city; the city's gates have been closed, while the Sultan is shut up in his fortified palace.

Those who do not know the Moors with their seeming loyalty to whoever is supreme, or the tremendous jealousies of the foreign powers, may venture an opinion as to the outcome. Undoubtedly, were the Sultan to resort to the former custom of savage warfare, with decapitated heads posted about, he could put a speedy end to it, as the Arabs have no respect for a humane sultan: they think him weak.

Knowing how poor the tribesmen are, it would be interesting to know who is supplying the pretender and his followers with arms and ammunition. It must be remembered that several European powers are deeply interested in obtaining a foothold in Morocco, especially that part just opposite to Gibraltar.



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(BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER)

THE YELLOW VAN

BY RICHARD WHITEING

Author of "No. 5 John Street" and "The Island"

XX

IT is mid-August, and the family is returning to Allonby. The poor season in town has flickered out, but this new one in the country is to give due compensation. There is more cheerful news from the seat of war; the nation is in better spirits: society is expected to rise to the occasion.

For weeks the four hundred people attached to the service of the castle—agents, stewards, grooms of chambers, gardeners, keepers, the little army of the stables—have been on the move. The miles of walks in the great deer-park, trimmed with spade labor, have the precision of lines on a map. The dappled herds, scudding without sound of footfall through the glades, yield effects of low-lying cloud. The very river flowing through the domain seems to have been washed for the occasion. You may count the pebbles in the shallower parts of the bed, and the fish in the deeper. The mere osiers and river-grasses are organized schemes of color, intensified by the clearness of the stream. A fleet of tiny pleasure-boats, spick and span like all the rest, stands at its mooring in the lake.

Not a pond but can give an account of itself. The frogs are unmistakably on the establishment; the squirrels, the birds, and all the other living things exhibit the freedom from fear which may be supposed to have characterized their kind in Eden. The trees have the cleanliness which is the coquetry of age. Their parasites are trained for sentimental effects of dependence, and where the withering limbs threaten collapse under the burden of centuries, their crutches are at hand. The same perfection of artificial conditions is seen in the great vineries as in the peach-houses and the apricot-houses, that are to be measured by substantial fractions of a mile, and in the tropical house a perfect university of floriculture, with a head-gardener as its principal dean of the faculty, and distinguished professors in the several chairs. Every tree, plant, flower, beast of the field, and fowl of the air, as a retainer of the house, seems to glory in its cultivated and individualized perfection.

The preserves especially are in magnificent order. A large party is expected for the shooting, and some are already busy with the grouse on one of the duke's moors in the North. The partridges positively languish for the 1st of September. The pining pheasants will have to wait for a month more before the head-keeper can redeem his promise of whole battalions of slaughter

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in well-stocked preserves. With these, and with the ground game, there is every hope of sport for the autumn and winter. When the birds have been silenced, the death-squeal of the rabbit will take up the wondrous tale. The ferrets, whose business it is to serve these shy creatures with notice of ejectment, are already longing to be at them. Meanwhile an occasional rat tossed into their cage saves them from the lapse into vegetarian diet, and keeps them wicked for their work.

Nothing is left to chance: it is the note of management in this lordly pleasure-house. When the guns are ready for the game, the game must be ready for the guns. The ferret winds into the burrows and drives the rabbits into the open. The beaters drive them on to the line of fire, as they perform the same kindly service for the birds. This last ill turn, indeed, might seem to be enough to frighten all animated nature from Allonby as from a place accursed. But such creatures, being untroubled by school histories, which keep alive the memory of grievance, are incapable of bearing the malice of tradition.

The cultivated completeness of it all makes a profound impression on the American visitor. "And what may his name be?" he asks the head-keeper once, in a moonlight ramble, as a hare crosses their path.

"His name, sir?"

"Yes; surely you have him somewhere on the register. Shall we call him Leopold, just for the sake of the argument?"

Mr. Gooding's sole experience of sport is an occasional bear-hunt, by preference in the Carolina mountains, where the beast looks after himself, and the man follows his example: a blanket and a camp-fire for one, a cave for the other, and let the best win. So they hunted the boar in Calydon. The fox-hunting of the Genesee valley may set all that right in time for the younger community. Meanwhile, if you want sport as a fine art, you must seek it in a country which is too small and too thickly peopled to let anything happen by accident, even a hen's egg.

The art of producing that egg in pheasantry, and rearing it to its maturity of flight in whirring feathers, is one of the triumphs of civilization. The sacred birds govern the empire. Parliament rises for them; the professions make holiday to await their good pleasure. The partridges are supposed to be wild, but that is only their fun. The main difference between them and the others is that they are watched in the gross, while the pheasants are tended in detail. Both have to be guarded day and night, and not merely against the poachers. Stray dogs must not come near them, nor even stray cats. No footfall of the wandering lover of nature may render them uneasy in their minds. You can hardly get a country walk, for the birds. Even when you have the liberty of the manor, the keeper expects you to skirt his fields, lest you flutter the game.

"I suppose you don't insist on their going to church Sundays?" Mr. Gooding asks.

The keeper rises to the occasion. "Well, if they did, they 'd hear summat to their advantage in the exhortation to 'all ye fowls of the air.'

"Fact is, sir, you must have it so, or do without your sport. The pheasants has to be nussed like babies from first to last, leastways them as is hand-reared. Some tries to manage it for theirselves, but they 're ontidy mothers. All I ask them to do is lay their eggs. After that it 's like the advertisement—'we do the rest.' If they get that business over nice an' early in the year, that 's all we want of 'em. My men 'll go through the bracken an' pick up the eggs, an' I 'll see to the hatchin'. That great clearin' close to my lodge is where the hen sits on 'em—common barn-door fowl, that 's your motherin' bird, ready to lay on anything, from a duck's or a pheasant's egg to a lump of plaster of Paris. Pity we can't put 'em on to some of the poor wizened babbies born in the cottages."

It is a pregnant saying in these days, when there is some danger that mere human mothering may become one of the lost arts, crowded out, as it were, by societies for the improvement of the mind, the development of the individual, and other equally pressing concerns. Perhaps the European cuckoo is destined to be the emblem of the womanhood of the future, with her startling invention of mothering by deputy. The cuckoo dames of social life, who are mothers last, whatever else comes first, should include a bird of this variety in their aviaries. It would be interesting to learn from closer observation how the bird employs the abundant leisure

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which she derives from the neglect of her offspring, and, incidentally, from the destruction of that of her neighbors. It is probably devoted to the more intelligent contemplation of nature, the more refined care of her plumage, the improvement of her voice, and the power of visiting at seasons when so many other birds are kept at home.

Arthur sticks close to the keeper by day and often by night, wondering at the variety of life in the world. Sometimes, in their wanderings through the woods, they come upon huge gibbets whereon the withered bodies of weasels, stoats, rats, hawks, and what not that prey upon the game, swing high and dry in the wind as an awful warning to their kind. And ever at intervals, from distant clumps in the prospect, comes the sharp crack of the gun as some new offender falls.

All day long the under-keepers are on the watch to keep these marauders off the rearing-grounds. And one night Arthur goes out with two of the men to look for poachers. It is a ghostly round. No one speaks as they stalk through the awesome woods in Indian file. No one carries a lethal weapon; the law forbids: the gun is for the day alone. But a stout sapling of oak or blackthorn is still arguable as a walking-stick, and with that they have to be content. "Poachers 'll use their guns soon as look at ye," says a keeper, bitterly, "but us may n't. That 's English law for ye!"

For miles they wander through the dewy grass, with no incident but an occasional snare set by the poacher's jackal in the daytime and as yet unvisited by his employer. The jackal is the vague man, the most familiar figure of the country-side. You may see him every day taking mild refreshment in a corner of the Knuckle of Veal, while his female mate squats outside on the sack which contains all their belongings. Nothing is known of the vague man but that he is one who "won't do a day's work when there is mushrooms about." It is insufficient as a characterization. Mushrooms do not grow all the year round, and the vague man seems to be out of work at all seasons. He looms particularly large now that the game is coming to maturity. He is untroubled by self-respect, and therefore by rancors. When the keepers warn him off their fields, he climbs the fence without a word, and seems to dissolve over its remoter side. But he has left his snare, perhaps, for all that, and the poachers know where to look for it on the moonless nights.

Suddenly, as the three walk, one of them stumbles over something in the grass, and a shape rises, only, however, to be instantly pinned to the ground again. A timely oath serves to establish its identity with humankind. Three others come to the rescue in a twinkling from behind trees, and the poachers stand confessed. Arthur grasps his cudgel and advances to the assistance of the struggling keeper, but the other holds him back.

"Ware stones, sir! Tim's all right. He's got a look at un, an' that 's all he want. We 'll know where to find un to-morrer mornin'."

The words are hardly out of his mouth when some heavy missile makes a close shave of Mr. Gooding's ear, and rebounds, with a thud, from a tree to the ground.

"Get behind the tree, sir! They 'll smash your face in. They got their pockets full o' that ammynition, you lay your life."

The next thing is a volley of oaths and stones together; and under cover of it the gang makes off.

"Who was they, lad?"

"Jinkins's lot."

"Wust lot in all this county, sir, bar none. Nearly did for yours truly last year in a public where I was havin' a glass to myself in the tap-room. A put-up job, but they was at the bottom of it. Three fellers, perfect strangers to me, comes in, all of a sudden locks the door, turns out the light, an' then makes tracks for me in the dark. I caught it, I do assure you, sir; but I slipped under the table, an' that kep' off the wust of the shower. When they thought they 'd settled me, they let theirselves out, leavin' me to guess the riddle of a broken rib. The table suffered wust—two legs kicked to splinters."

"You hunted 'em down?"

"'Ow could I, when there was no swearin' to 'em? They come from another part—p'r'aps forty mile away. The gangs work together for little things o' this sort. Aye, an' they put up the money to defend when we prosecute at the 'sizes, an' keep the families o' them as gets lagged. It 's a great business, poachin' is."

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"So is sport," said Mr. Gooding—"trust *versus* trust." And as he made his way home in the dawn he mused on a passage from one of the historians which he had been expected to turn into Latin prose as part of the examination for his degree: "What a fearful price is paid by the English people in order that this splendid aristocracy, with their parks, castles, and shootings and fishings and fox-huntings, their stately and unlimited hospitality, their lettered ease and learned leisure," etc. He made a mess of the Latin, but the attempt served to fix the English in his memory, and that was the main point.

XXI

THE duke and his wife—the "family," as Slocum always called them on these occasions—arrived in a few days.

Augusta's sense of responsibility for her second and decisive county season was deepened by a keener sense of her husband's importance. In London he was still, in a sense, one of the crowd. At Allonby he commanded homage as well as respect. The very porter that opened the door of his railway-carriage hurried through the operation as though in sign of a duke's exemption from the toll of tips. Seen in his proper setting as noble, as lord lieutenant of his county, and as only Burke and the recording angel knew what besides, he was manifestly a magnate of the first rank. You would have found his territorial mark of occupancy on maps of the planet in which they think nothing of crowding a settlement of five millions into a dot. His grandeur seemed to be heightened by the quietism which, on his return, he had resumed as a sort of second nature, and which was in impressive contrast to the strenuousness of Augusta's spirit. He seemed to belong to some fabled race that moved without friction of the nerves, and prevailed only by the irresistible compulsion of silent and hidden forces.

The bustle of stately business that ensued on their arrival was still something of a new experience for the duchess. She was, of course, not wholly ignorant of the peculiarity which makes our older societies, seen from above, but a descending scale in parasitism, and, from below, a Jacob's ladder leaning on the stars. But here was the system in full view. Only one or two of the highest officers of the household were admitted to the ducal presence, and these, again, vouchsafed personal notice to hardly as many more. The agent who had just had the honor of audience passed through the antechamber without deigning a glance to right or left. It was impressive, no doubt; and so, Augusta thought, was that court of the first king of the Medes, where all were forbidden to laugh.

The duke seemed to find a certain comfort in it. He was at least among his own people. Everybody knew him at Allonby, though he was not always able to return the compliment. In London he was still as obscure, in most part, as the calif in a midnight ramble. Lordship is sometimes too impersonal in these days. He had once been much amused, when taking the number of an impudent driver, to find his own cipher and coronet on the door of the cab. As figurehead of a hackney-carriage company, he owned this insignificant person, and could have crushed him with a word. He did not speak the word, because his good nature shrank from the thought of its devastating effects. But the offense was grave. He might have extended his drive by at least thirty yards for the shilling which he had tendered in payment of his fare. Yet, as he alighted at the door of his club, he was followed by the scornful cry, "There yer go, to enj'y yerself at my expense!"

Augusta turned with still fuller relief to the more human associations of the village. The Herions were naturally first in her thoughts. She had more than once determined to hear the other side of the story of their exodus. As it stood in the casual notice of Mary Liddicot's postscript, it was an act of rebellion. George had been "disrespectful to the agent,"—as though a midge had wantonly arraigned the splendor of the sun,—and he had rashly thrown up a profitable calling for the fatuous dream of a "fortune in London." So had Mr. Raif reported, and so, without giving a second thought to it, had Mary written. What was the truth?

Augusta soon found her way to the cottage in which the two mothers had clubbed their fortunes to make a home for Rose and George. They received her with the profoundest respect, yet at first, characteristically, without a single word on the subject which was nearest to their hearts. They were too much afraid of her for that. After

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all, she was still one of the "betters" who had dealt the blow.

"It do seem a powerful long time sence your Grace went away, sure-ly."

"Yes, and what changes!"

"Aye—at the war, loike?"

"No, at Slocum; the village seems hardly the same."

"Oh, that parish council! They 'll niver get beyand the well-water. Your Grace need n't be afraid."

Tabby Edmer, as she was called, had held the parable hitherto; but now old Phœbe Herion broke in with vehemence:

"I wish they was at the bottom of the well! They bin the curse o' the place."

"Hush!" said her mate, reprovingly, and then burst into tears.

"Tell me all about it," said the duchess, taking a chair.

"Oh, your Grace," cried Tabby, "they 're gone, they 're gone—out of all sight and knowledge—lost i' London! Look 'ee here." She drew from her pocket a returned letter, marked officially, "Gone away."

"What, your children? That 's nothing—only a change of lodging. They 'll soon write again."

"It 's bad luck, your Grace. I know my gell. She 's 'shamed of some trouble; that 's her sperrit."

"Shame for you!" said Phœbe, turning like some vexed animal on her mate. "Shame for you, to think your own flesh an' blood would n't have no feelin' for your trouble, too."

"Then she 's ill or dead," returned the other, quickly. "There, now; you 've said it yersel'!"

"An' my boy, too, then," faltered Phœbe, yielding to the pitiless logic of the case. Whereat the two bereaved Rachels lifted up their voices together in a lamentation that filled their little four-square world with woe.

"There may be some mistake," said the duchess.

"No mistake, your Grace," wailed Tabby. "Read the prenting, 'O.H.M.S.'—'On Her Majesty's Sarvice'; it 's from the Queen. The first letter in all my loife I 've iver 'ad thrown back at me in that way. I know she was hidin' somethin' all along. But that 's her sperrit—never give in. Oh, they 're lost! they 're lost!"

"We 'll find them again," said Augusta. And she added gently: "But why did they ever go away?"

"Because they was druv," cried the old woman, simply, and with a touch of revolt in her tone.

"Oh, no, I assure you," said Augusta, in her haste to console; "I know all the facts." And then she stopped and bit her lip with the mortifying reflection that she did not know a single one of them for which she could vouch.

"You see," she went on, by way of groping toward the light, "George was dissatisfied with his life here, though I thought he was doing so well."

"Dissatisfied! Your Grace, he was makin' his fortune. Saved eighteen bright sovereigns 'n less 'an half a year."

"But he wanted to make more in London, it seems."

"God forgi'e me! but some un 's bin tellin' lies," said Tabby.

"I want the whole story from the beginning," said Augusta, sternly. "Right here."

Still they could not tell it; they were too much in awe of their visitor. These acquired habits of deference often cut clean athwart nature's rights. It is sometimes easier with this class to die than to offend a superior with a too intrusive claim.

So Augusta had to proceed by cross-examination.

"Was he not disrespectful to the agent?"

"Never spoke a word to the agent, or about un, all the days of his loife."

Augusta was still stern. "Please do me the favor to treat me as a fellow-creature, if we are to get on."

Plain speaking being now the line of least resistance, Phœbe said: "Then you 'd better have the truth about it—duchess as y' are. He wur clean hunted out of the place for raisin' 's voice at the 'lection. Gentlefolks won't stand that in their 'earts, though they make believe not to mind. You can't understand—how should ye? You 're a woman from over the sea. George wur a fool, an' spoke up, an' they 've ruined 'im. Now turn me out on the road-side, if you like, 's well 's 'im. I doan' much care."

Augusta jumped up, and, kissing them both where they stood in dutiful pose before her, drew them to her side on the old dimity-covered sofa. And there, duchess no longer, but just woman to woman, she heard the whole dismal story—Kisbye's

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"mark" on George because of his little outburst on the night of the visit of the van; the agent's "mark" for the crime of leavening the parish council with a Radical candidate. The pair had well-nigh all the talking to themselves; their visitor hardly spoke a word, except to ask for a name or a date. And she was still as sparing of speech when the tale was done. She merely hurried back to the castle, and went straight to her husband's room.

XXII

SHE was imperious no longer. On the contrary, the duke thought he had never seen her so radiantly cheerful since they rambled through the European cities on their honeymoon tour. He was up to the eyes in business, as a matter of course, but he gladly suffered her to make a feint of sweeping all his papers aside.

"Henry, you are going to make this the happiest day of my life."

"And why not every day after it, too?" he said gallantly. It was inevitable, with his feeling for her and his breeding combined. His brief training as a husband, however, had not left him free from misgivings of a kind. "A blue diamond is a vain thing, my Augusta, but still—"

"A blue diamond?"

"You 've been reading that nonsense in this morning's paper."

"No; only listening to two old women."

"Much the same thing, I should say. It 's an heirloom; and how do we know it is in the market?"

"True enough," she said, by way of taking him in his humor. "But something else may do."

"Well, let me know the worst."

"A little act of justice—of reparation," she said; "a poor insignificant thing—smaller than the diamond, I dare say. You see, I want to let you down as gently as I can."

"Perhaps I 'm going to wish it was the diamond, after all. Reparation for what?"

"You remember the Herions, Rose and George? You know I told you about them—the village wedding?"

"I remember everything you tell me, of course; only sometimes I 'm a little dense about names. Anybody wanting a place?"

"That 's just it. Oh, you do guess things so beautifully! They 've been driven out of their place in Slocum, and I want to bring them back."

"My dear Augusta, my finite intelligence can hardly take note of the fall of a sparrow. 'Driven out'! I thought they were here still—if I thought anything about it, I am obliged to say. What is it—want of house-room or anything of that sort? We can soon set that right, if it will please you."

"Henry, they have managed to offend the agent, from no fault of theirs, and they are ruined."

His face darkened slightly. "That 's rather a different matter. I don't like to interfere."

"Yet if it was all a wretched mistake?"

"Of course; but—what the deuce is it all about, I wonder?" he added a little peevishly, and pushing the papers back in real earnest this time.

"Something about the election."

"What election? There are so many of them."

"The—the parish council, don't you call it?"

"Scent recovered," he said, with a smile of relief. "My dear, what do I know about that? Yes, I do know something, after all. Was n't your swain the one who had his hand to the plow and looked back in his pride to organize an 'opposition to the castle'?"

"I dare say."

The words meant a good deal, and they both felt it. But she added nothing to them, and he saw that it was his turn next.

"He might have contrived to be civil to the agent."

"Henry, he never spoke one word to the agent, or about the agent."

"I am obliged to leave these matters to Willocks," he said, looking wearily at his papers again. "One thing I am quite sure of: he acted for what he thought the best in the interests of the estate."

"Do you think I would have troubled you with all this if I had not convinced myself that the mistake was on our side?"

Her tone betrayed a secret and a more searching pang. The sense of injustice was bad enough; but, human nature being what it is, here was something worse. She had expressed a wish, and a man had hesitated to gratify it. She had never before been thwarted in that way. It was a new experience for her, both as bride and as woman.

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"It is hard," she said coldly.

He could not wholly miss her meaning, though the more intimate part of it escaped him still.

"'Pride goeth before a fall,'" she added; "but I thought I had been so careful."

This quickened his apprehension. "Augusta, what is it you want me to do?"

"To stand fair between them and the man who has wronged them in your name." Her very pride now forbade the slightest allusion to the more delicate point.

"Augusta, you don't quite understand. There is more in it than you think. We must know our own minds."

"We must do justice."

"As much as you like, but the larger justice. What are we here who have England in our charge—ten thousand, or a hundred thousand, I don't care which? A handful. Where should we be, and the country with us, if we could be made to sing small by any bumpkin fresh from his first pamphlet on the right way to govern about a fifth of the human race? That 's what it comes to, in the long run, though this one 's only beginning with his own parish. We hold on just by mere prestige. I am not now talking about what the penny papers call society. I 'm talking of the whole thing, if you will have it so—the fabric of a thousand years. It is still a government for the people instead of by them—with all imaginable respect for the Parish Councils Act."

She was bitterly disappointed. So this was one of the implications of the part to which she had been disposed to take so kindly! This was the romance of the feudal relation on its business side.

"Oh, Henry, we want air here. It can't last."

"It has lasted pretty well," he said.

"Yes, too long, I 'm afraid. We are still playing at being in the middle ages, and without conviction, too. We 're grown-up children now: we must change our toys with the times."

"Toys!"

"These heights of worship and honor, those depths of reverence and submission. Do let us help people to feel that they 're alive."

"You seemed to like the toys, Augusta, when you began the game."

The reproach stung her, for it was true. Had she not taken a little too readily to her feudal part? There seemed so much to be said for paternal government when it was of the right sort. The duke's duchess had naturally liked to think so, since it gave her her opportunity (dear to every woman) as earthly Providence. The contrast with what she had left behind was so refreshing. How exquisite to have about one fellow-creatures trained for the petting, instead of a set of wild things of the wood whose only wish was to have you out of the way! So she had come to hold place and power in the Primrose League, to patronize local charities, to be a sort of mother of her people within the domain.

"I never thought of that," she said, more to herself than to him.

"Another riddle, Augusta?"

"Well, that our power to keep meant so much power to hinder and hurt."

"Power, I take it, is a sort of all-round thing. And, you know, you 're a greater aristocrat than any of us, if you care to look at it in that way."

"Henry!"

"In your sense of the claims of mind, manners, character—that 's all I mean."

"You are very complimentary this morning."

"Give us a little share in that praise, too."

"Oh, but—"

"Well, be as generous as you can."

"I suppose we 've got to be everlastingly trying to master people in this weary old life. Still, we might all start fair. It 's such a wayward sort of handicap here!"

"Which the same you might rise to explain."

"The inherited deference—the peak of the cap an institution, almost an act of faith! The paltry village education in manhood and womanhood! The social system a sort of worship of ancestors, and mostly other people's ancestors at that! The pettiness of it all—my God, the pettiness! Anything rather than that, even the fierce millions all straining at the leash for they know not what, but at least for the good of muscle and nerve."

He was nettled. "Why not? Authority must be maintained, worse luck for those who are rather tired of their share of the work. Is it really different, do you think, anywhere else in the world?"

She took up the challenge. "Perhaps there are places where they leave both

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sides to fight it out more according to their strength, without calling in the catechism."

"No doubt," he said, answering her according to her parable: "the best and the worst of places, where both sides, good and bad, are at it for all they are worth, with the powers that be as a mere bottle-holder. Can anybody be sure which side is going to win?"

"Can anybody doubt it?" she said.

"A free fight of that sort might shake some of us to pieces. If all are born to the conflict, they are born to the weapons, too."

"What a reason for ruining a man—because he has shown want of respect!"

"If you come to that, what a reason for ruining him—because he wants brains!"

"It is a step forward in ruling castes, at any rate, poor as the step is. One day I suppose we shall have all the strength in the world at the service of all the weakness. But, Henry, we are talking at one another, and where are the Herions meanwhile?"

They both laughed.

This sally helped him to recover his temper, by restoring Augusta to him in all her glory. The curious by-play of their little scene was that the more he opposed, the more she insisted; and as she insisted, the more he felt the charm of the almost coquettish wilfulness of self-respect with which she had originally won him. Say, if you like, that he was the more ready to be impressed by it in matters of this sort because, in others, he was perfectly tired of the claims of his blazon.

He yielded a point. "I can't always do as I please. Who could, standing in my shoes?"

She felt for him, yet she could hardly bring herself to say so there and then. She knew that at times, with the solitary exception that was the all in all for her, he was doomed to be almost as free from personal longings, personal initiative, as the hero of the Bhagavad. It was his business, as a patron of his portion of the human race, to like what ought to be liked in rigid social convention, to do what ought to be done. Since her marriage she had been a silent but sympathetic observer of these trials of a fellow-creature who was everlastingly doing his duty. He was not merely lord lieutenant of his county: with his birth, his wealth, his position, there was no escaping that. He was a commanding officer of volunteers and of yeomanry; he held the commission of the peace, and frequently sat in the chair of justice at quarter-sessions. He patronized justice as he patronized the auxiliary forces, and as, in another and a more technical sense, he patronized the church by nominating to some four-and-twenty pulpits. He bred impartially for the course and for the cattle shows. It seemed all one to him, since the region in which his lot was cast was above that of personal tastes. It was his pride that one could never tell what he liked best from his manner of doing it. The only clue to his preference was to be found when he happened to travel beyond the circle of social obligations. Thus, while foundation-stones were hardly to be attributed to him as creature comforts, there was a certain taint of relish in his freemasonry. He bought pictures, statuary, curios, without caring a fiddlestick about them, and simply by way of being civil to the arts. His wife's after-knowledge of all this showed her by what a mighty effort he must have broken one link of his chain when he stood forth before all the world to say: "This is the woman of my choice."

But he had said it; and how could she fail in grateful remembrance of it now?

"I understand everything," she said with great tenderness. "I leave it in your hands."

In spite of claims that, with her, were as those of birthright, she was still ready to yield to love what she might have refused to principle—full of most delicious contradictions in that way, and therefore the true woman still, or perhaps, after all, only the true human being. Her whole anxiety now was to save him from the pain of the conflict which she had raised in his mind.

"See these poor old people," she said; "hear their story. If you are satisfied, leave the rest to me. You need not appear in it at all."

But he was now, if possible, keener than herself.

"Better find the young people at once, and get it at first hand. The rest will be my part." And he led her to the door.

It was Augusta's triumph, whatever the issue. With all the higher claims, luckily, it is the greater the sacrifice the greater the joy. The smug religions perish: the faiths that are to supplant them wisely begin by calling for volunteers for martyrdom. Happy the nation whose women are never afraid to ask!

(To be continued)

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JOSEPH

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

"I DO love they stuckit plants," said Mr. Joseph Hannaford.

He waved his hands toward some lettuces of a fat figure and plump proportions.

"Doan't want no work—that 's why," answered Matthew Smallridge. "The straggly sort be better, but they axes for tying up an' trouble."

"Ezacally so. An' a man as goes out of his way to sow trouble be a fule, Matthew," retorted Joseph, triumphantly.

The two old gardeners met every day, and every day differed on affairs of horticulture and life. Joseph was stout, with a red face set in a white frill of whisker. He had a rabbit mouth, a bald brow, and a mighty constitutional capacity for idleness. He loved to talk. He had a fine theory that we do not leave enough to nature in matters of the garden. He himself treated nature like a gardener's boy and overworked her shamefully.

Mr. Smallridge, the squire's gardener, enjoyed a different habit of body and mind. He was a man who lived for work and loved it; he read the journals proper to his business; he kept his subordinates up to their labors from morn till eve; and idleness he loathed as the worst sin to be laid at the door of any agriculturist, great or small. Mr. Hannaford also alleged that the literature of his business was agreeable to him, but no man possessed sure proofs that he could either read or write.

These two were ancient men, yet not old for Dartmoor, where those of hardy stock who have weathered the ordeal of infancy usually advance far into the vale of years before their taking off. Joseph attributed his excellent health and spirits to a proper sense of what was due to himself in the matter of rest; while Matthew, on the other hand, assigned his physical and mental prosperity to hard work and temperance. Now the men stood together in Joseph's little garden and discussed general questions.

"If us was all your way of thinking, theer 'd be no progress, an' never a new pea growed an' never a new potato taken to a show," said Mr. Smallridge.

"I hate shows," answered Joseph. "'T is flying in the face of nature an' God Almighty, all this struggling for size. If he 'd 'a' meant to grow twenty peas in a pod, an' all so big as cherries, he 'd have done it wi' a turn o' the wrist. He did n't do it, an' for us worms to try an' go awver the Lord in the matter of garden-stuff be so bad as bad can be. 'T was that very thing I fell out with the Reverend Truman awver. 'I be gwaine to show grapes, Joseph,' he said to me last year; an' I nodded an' said, 'Ess, sir,' an' went my even way. Us did n't show. Then 't was chrysanths. Weern't satisfied wi' a nice, small, stuggy bloom, as nature meant, but must be pinching, an' potting, an' messing with soot an' dirt, an' watering twice a day—ten months' toil for two months' pleasure. Then what? A gert, ramshackly auld blossom like a mop dipped in a pail o' paint. However, I let un do the work, an' what credit was about I got myself. Not that I wanted it."

"As true a Christian your master was as ever walked in a garden, however," declared Mr. Smallridge. "I hope the new parson will prove so gude."

"I be gwaine to see him this very day," answered Joseph. "'T is my hope he 'll take me on to the vicarage, for the plaace would n't be the plaace without me up theer. I knaw every blade of grass an' gooseberry bush in it—a very beautivul, shady kitchen-garden 't is, too."

"An' well out of sight of the sitting-room windows," said Matthew Smallridge, grimly.

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"As a kitchen-garden should be," assented Joseph. "Gude times they was," he continued, "an' I only hopes the Reverend Truman have got such a fine garden an' such a' honest man in it as he had here."

"But no li'l' maid to go round with him, poor soul!"

"A bright child Mary his darter was. Impatient also—like youth ever is. Her 'd bring me plants to coddle, an' expect me to waste my precious time looking after her rubbish. Then a thing would be struck for death, along of want of water or what not, an' her 'd come to me wi' her li'l' face all clouded. 'Can't 'e make it well again, Joseph?' her 'd say; an' I 'd say, 'No, missy; 't is all up wi' thicky geranium,' or whatever 't was. ''T is gwaine home.' An' her 'd stamp her li'l' foot so savage an' ferocious, an' say: 'But it *must n't* go home! I don't *want* it to go home! 'T is your business not to let it go home!' Poor little maiden!"

"An' now she 've gone home herself."

"Ess. Did n't mean to be rude to an auld man. But of course I could n't be bothered with such trash. As to watering, I always leave it to nature. Who be us that we should knaw better what things want than her do?"

"Nature caan't water green stuff onder glass, can her?"

"No; then why put it onder glass? All this here talk 'bout glass houses is vanity an' flying in the face of Providence. If 't was meant that grapes an' tree-ferns an' 'zaleas an' hothouse stuff was to flourish in England, they 'd be here doing of it on every mountain-side. Us takes too much 'pon ourselves. Same with prayers. What be prayer most times but trying to get the A'mighty round to our way of thinking? We 'm too busy,—most of us,—an' that 's the truth."

"Jimmery!" exclaimed Matthew. "I never did in all my born days hear tell of the like o' you! You won't work an' you won't pray—'t is terrible. All the same, if you don't get the vicarage again, an' come as onder-gardener to the squire, as he 've offered you, I tell you frankly, friends though we be, that you 'll have to work."

"I know it very well, Matt," said Mr. Hannaford. "Your way an' mine be different, root an' branch; an' I pray God as I may not have to work onder you, for I 'd hate it properly, an' that 's the truth. An' I do work, an' I do pray likewise; an' I 'd back my chance of going up aloft with my last shirt, if there was any to take the bet. You 'm too self-righteous along of your high wages—"

"Joseph! 't is time you put on your black," cried a voice from the cottage door.

Here grew a feeble honeysuckle that had been nailed up four years before, and still struggled gamely with a north aspect and neglect.

On the other side of the doorway was a thrush in a cage. It appeared too spiritless even to mount its wooden perch, but sat on the floor of its prison, listlessly pecked at nothing, and sympathized with the honeysuckle.

Mrs. Hannaford had a thin, flat figure, a hard mouth, keen eyes, and a face like a fowl. Tremendous force of character marked her pale visage. The curls that hung three on each side of her narrow forehead looked like steel shavings.

"Dress," she said, "an' be quick about it. Ah, Mr. Smallridge—helping Joseph to waste his time."

"Not me, ma'am; that 's about the only job he does n't want helping with. I 've just been telling your man that if Mr. Budd to the vicarage doan't need him, an' he takes squire's offer an' comes to me, theer must be more work an' less talk."

"The new parson will want him," said Mrs. Hannaford, decidedly. "Who should stick a spade in that earth after forty years if not Joseph?"

"Very plants would cry out if anybody else was put awver them," said Mr. Hannaford, sentimentally.

"Cry out for joy, I reckon," murmured Matthew, but not loud enough for his friend's wife to overhear him. "Theer 's wan thing you should know," he continued, changing the subject. "Parson Budd be a tremendous Church-of-Englander, so I heard squire say. He 've got his knife into all chapelers an' free-thinkers an' such like."

"'T is a free country," answered Mrs. Hannaford, and her curls almost clattered as she shook her head. "He 'd better mind his awn business, which be faith, hope, an' charity, an' not poke his nose into other people's prayers!"

"As for religion," declared Joseph, "the

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little as I 've got time for in that line be done along with my missis an' the Plymouth Brethren. But theer ban't no smallness in me. Room in the Lard's mansions for all of us; an' if the roads be narrer, theer 's plenty of 'em, an' plenty of gates to the Golden Jerusalem."

Mrs. Hannaford frowned.

"You 'm too free with your views, Joseph Hannaford," she said. "You 'd best call to mind what pastor said to chapel last Sunday, 'bout the camel an' the needle's eye. Many be called an' few chosen, so theer 's an end of it. The Brethren's way be the right way an' the strait way; an' ban't your business to be making gates into heaven for them as do wrong, an' think wrong, an' have n't a spark of charity, an' be busy about the dowl's work in every other cottage in this village. I know what church folks be—nobody better."

Mr. Smallridge, himself of the established religion, retreated before this outburst.

"Pest of a female that," he said to himself. "How the man can keep heart after all these years be a mystery. Yet she sits light upon him, seemingly."

Then Joseph, with some groans and grumbles, went to decorate himself, that the new incumbent might smile upon him and reappoint him to the care of the vicarage garden. He shaved very carefully, washed, showed Mrs. Hannaford his finger-nails,—a matter he usually shirked,—donned his best attire, and finally started beside his wife to appear before Mr. Budd.

"'T is a grievous choice," he said; "an' if the man doan't take me on, I 'll have to go to the Hall onder Smallridge—a very oneasy thing to think upon."

"'T is a matter of form, but better the Hall than any paltering with what 's right; an' better be onder Smallridge than against your conscience."

"My conscience is very well, an' always have been since I was a bwoy."

"You 'm a deal tu easy, however," she answered sternly—"a deal tu easy, an' you 'll very likely find that out when 't is tu late. Your conscience be like proud flesh, I reckon: don't hurt 'e 'cause 't is past feeling. I wish it pricked you so often as your rheumatics do. 'T would be a sign of grace."

"You 'm like poor Parson Truman's li'l' maiden wi' her flowers, you be," he retorted. "Her was always dragging up the things to see how they prospered, an' you 'm always dragging up your conscience by the roots, same way, to see how 't is faring. I let mine bide."

"You can't," snapped back Mrs. Hannaford. "Conscience ban't built to bide—no more 'n a growing pear upon a tree. It goes from gude to better, or else from bad to wuss. You ban't so righteous-minded as I could wish 'e, Joseph; but I 've done a deal for you since we 've been man an' wife; an' if you 'm spared ten year more, I lay I 'll have your conscience to work like a man saving his own hay."

"Pity you can't live an' let live, my dear," answered the gardener. "Even the weeds was made by God for his own ends, as I always told Truman. You 'm a very religious woman, an' nobody knaws it better 'n you; all the same, if folks' consciences ax for such a power of watching, 't is enough for every human to look after theer own, surely."

"Why for don't you do it, then?"

"Here 's the vicarage," he answered. "Us better not go in warm—might be against us. I 'll dust my boots, an' you 'd best to cool your face, for 't is glistening like the moon in the sky."

Presently they stood before a busy newcomer. He proved a young, plump, and pleasant man—a man fond of fishing and fox-hunting, a man of rotund voice and rotund figure. Joseph's heart grew hopeful. Here was no dragon of horticulture, but one, like himself, who would live and let live, and doubtless leave the garden in the hands of its professional attendant.

"Your servant, sir," he said. "I hope your honor be very well an' likes the church an' the hunt—also the garden."

"Mr. Joseph Hannaford, I suppose, and this is Mrs. Hannaford—good parishioners both, of course. Sit down, Mrs. Hannaford, please."

"'T is in a nutshell, sir, an' we won't keep a busy gentleman from his business," said the old woman, very politely. "Joseph here have been gardener at the vicarage, man an' bwoy, for forty year—ever since theer was a garden at all. He helped to cut out the peat an' make the place, as was just a new-take from Dartymoor, though now 't is so good stuff as ever growed a cabbage."

"Ess fay; all rotted manure an' beautivul

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loam, so sweet as sugar, an' drains like a sieve," declared Joseph.

"I want a gardener, of course, and cannot do better than Mr. Hannaford, though I 'm not sure if it is n't too much for one elderly man."

"It is!" almost shouted Joseph. "Never a Bible prophet said a truer word! Too much by half. Not that I 'd demean myself to ax for another man, but a bwoy I should have, an' I hope your honor will give me a bwoy, if 't is only to fetch an' carry."

"What wages did you get from Mr. Truman?"

"Pound a week; an' another shilling would be a godsend, if I may say it without offense."

"An' up to squire's they only offered him seventeen an' sixpence, with all his ripe experience," said Mrs. Hannaford. "'T would be a fine lesson in Christianity to squire, I 'm sure, if you seed your way to twenty-one shilling."

"Better than a wagon-load of sermons, if I may say so," continued Joseph.

"A sight better, seeing squire 's not greatly 'dicted to church-gwaine, best of times," chimed in Mrs. Hannaford.

"You 'd be under-gardener there, no doubt?"

"Ezacally so, dear sir. Onder-gardener beneath Smallridge—a man three year younger than me. But ban't for me to tell my parts. All the same, I would n't work onder Smallridge, not for ontold gold, if I could help it. Very rash views he 've got 'bout broccoli, not to name roots an' sparrowgrass."

"Terrible wilful touching fruit, also, they tells me," added Mrs. Hannaford.

"Well, you must come, I suppose. I could hardly turn you out of your old garden; nor is there any need to do so."

"An' thank you with all my heart, your honor; an' you 'll never regret it so long as I be spared."

"The extra shilling you shall have. As to a boy, I want a stable-boy, and he 'll be able to lend you a hand in the summer."

Mr. Hannaford nodded, touched his forehead, and mentally arranged a full program for the boy.

"Enough said, then. On Monday I shall expect you, and will walk round with you myself and say what I 've got to say. Good-by for the present."

Mr. Budd rose, and the old pair, with many expressions of satisfactio about to depart when their vica again.

"One more matter I may m though doubtless there is no nece do so with two such sensible people. are more sects and conventicles he I like to find in such a small pari course you come to church every S Mr. Hannaford?"

"As to that, your honor—" beg seph; then his wife silenced him.

"We 'm Plymouth Brethren fro science," she said. "You ban't gw object, surely—you as have come h preach charity an' such like?"

Mr. Budd flushed.

"I 've come to do my duty, ma'a don't need to be told what that is parishioners, I hope. All servants vicarage will, as a matter of course, church twice every Sunday, and week-days also, if I express any w that effect."

"Let 'em, then," answered the woman, fiercely. "You can bind 'e chains of iron, if you will, an' the feeble-hearted enough to let 'e. B won't. Us be what we be, an' Plym Brethren have got somethin' better than go hunting foxes an' week-day s whether or no. I 'm a growed woma Joseph 's my husband, an' he sha'n't bondage to no man. To squire's ga he shall go, an' save his sawl alive, so then! Gude evening, sir."

"If I may have a tell—" began Jos in a tremor of emotion; but his wife him short.

"You may not," she cried sternly. " come home. Least said soonest men Awnly I 'm sorry to God as a Cæsar o the Roosias have come to this here p instead of a Christian creature."

So saying, she clutched Joseph and him away. But on their silent jour homeward Mr. Hannaford pondered tremendous circumstance deeply. Th at his cottage gate, he rallied and sp his mind.

"We 've done wrong," he said, "an be gwaine back again to confess to it af I sleep this night."

"We 've done right. You 'll save y sawl an' take seventeen shilling an' s pence. You 'll be a martyr for conscien an' I be proud of 'e."

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"Martyr or no martyr, I knaw a silly auld woman, an' I ban't proud of 'e at all, nor of myself neither. Anything in reason I 'd do for you, an' have done ever since I took 'e; but being put to work in cold blood under Smallridge is more 'n I will do for you or for all the Plymouth Brethren as ever bleated hell-fire to a decent man. I won't go onder Smallridge. He 'd make me sweat enough to float a ship; an' at my time of life 't would shorten my days."

"The Lord 'll help 'e, Joseph."

"Lord helps those who help theerselves."

"You 'm gwaine to the Hall, however, for I 've said it."

"Not me."

"You be, Joseph Hannaford, as I 'm a living woman."

"No. Not for nobody, Jane! I 've never crossed 'e in my life; I 've knuckled onder like a worm for five-an'-thirty year, an' shall henceforward just the same; but wheer Smallridge be in question I 'm iron. I go to church next Sunday."

"You never shall!"

"I always shall—an' glad to get back. 'T was a very silly thing to leave it."

Mrs. Hannaford put her fowl-like nose within two inches of her husband's.

"I dare you to do it."

"Ban't no use flustering yourself, my old dear. Every human man 's got one kick in him. An' kick I 'm gwaine to this instant moment."

He turned and left her with great agility, while she, the foundations of her married life suddenly shaken by this earthquake, stood and stared and gasped.

Joseph quickly vanished into the dusk, and soon stood once more before the new vicar. Mr. Budd thereupon raised his eyes from his desk and asked a question without words.

"Well, your honor, 't is like this here: I 'll go back to church again very next Sunday as falls in."

"Ah! But I thought that Joseph would be in bondage to no man?"

"Nor no woman neither," said Mr. Hannaford.

ACROSS THE BORDER

BY SOPHIE JEWETT

I have read somewhere that the birds of faery-land are white as snow.—W. B. YEATS.

WHERE all the trees bear golden flowers,
And all the birds are white;
Where fairy-folk in dancing-hours
Burn stars for candle-light;

Where every wind and leaf can talk,
But no man understand,
Save one whose child-feet chanced to walk
Green paths of Fairy-land:

I followed two swift silver wings;
I stalked a roving song;
I startled shining, silent things;
I wandered all day long.

But when it seemed the shadowy hours
Whispered of soft-foot night,
I crept home to sweet common flowers,
Brown birds, and candle-light.

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MODERN MUSICAL CELEBRITIE

BY HERMANN KLEIN

II. ADELINA PATTI

A HAPPY, if fortuitous, circumstance was that which brought upon the same scene, toward the end of 1888, the two most illustrious lyric artists of their time. The rising star of Jean de Reszke had displaced no more familiar planet; it simply filled a vacant foremost position in the constellation of operatic favorites. For four years Adelina Patti had ceased to appear regularly in opera in London, but in the concert-room and upon the Continental stage she still enchanted vast audiences, and, in every sphere alike, the brilliant orb of the "Queen of Song" continued to blaze with undimmed splendor. Now, in my opinion, there would have been ample space for these famous stars to shine in company at Covent Garden without detracting in the smallest degree from the brightness of each other. Yet, with all his pluck, Augustus Harris never ventured upon this "great emprise." Whether from motives of economy or for some more obscure reason, I cannot say; albeit, if the former, he had before him the striking example of the "coalition season" of 1879, when Gye and Mapleson united their wonderful array of forces at Covent Garden and made between them a net profit of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

Strangely enough, it was Paris that was to make the attempt. That highly favored institution, the Académie Nationale de Musique, was to have the honor of including in its bill, "for a few nights only," the distinguished names of Adelina Patti and Jean de Reszke. They were no strangers. They had known each other in the earlier days when the tenor was singing as a barytone; and the diva had given much friendly advice and encouragement to the young whom she was wont to address by hi *nom* of "Giovannini."

The occasion that brought them to again was the first performance a Grand Opéra of Gounod's "Rom Juliette." Curious had been the histo this work in the two capitals. It wa produced at Paris, at the Théâtre Ly in 1867, the part of *Juliette* being then by Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, the or *Marguerite* of Gounod's "Faust." In when the Théâtre Lyrique disappe "Roméo et Juliette" was transferred t boards of the Opéra Comique, and at a the same time it was given at Covent den in Italian, with Mario and Patti i title rôles. Later on, the renowned p donna (then the Marquise de Caux) peared in the same version, with the h some French tenor Ernest Nicolini, was subsequently to become her se husband. Notwithstanding these inte tative advantages, neither in Paris n London did "Roméo et Juliette" take real hold upon the affections of the pu "Faust" was by far the most popular o of the day. "Roméo et Juliette" see to be tolerated merely because it wa the same composer and had a Shakspe subject, rather than for any intrinsic m of its own. I know not which were unkinder toward it, the French or the E lish critics. The latter plainly called dull, tedious opera. One of the for complained that the "symphonic elem dominated it too much"; that the *du l'alouette* required "more naïve emoti fewer heartrending dissonances and viol cries, more art and more nuances"; fina that the composer had "preferred to ma concessions to the doctrine of the music

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the future, whilst discarding the exigencies of taste and ear, and making of it a realistic drama [*drame réaliste*]." [1]

Autres temps, autres mœurs! During the eighties a distinct change of attitude began to manifest itself in Paris toward "Roméo et Juliette." I recollect a performance at the Opéra Comique in 1886, with Talazac and Adèle Isaac, that delighted not only me, but a crowded and demonstrative house. At last Gounod, still hale and hearty, arranged for his work to be transplanted from a stage that was too small for it to the opera-house, where it ought originally to have seen the light. The directors, MM. Ritt and Gailhard, had the discrimination to foresee a valuable addition to their repertoire, and determined to mount it with a superb mise en scène and the finest cast obtainable. Gounod himself undertook to conduct the first performance, and, in compliance with the stupid traditions of the Paris Opéra, he consented to furnish the music for a ballet, without which at that time no work, whatever its source, could obtain admission to this law-ridden stage.

I went to Paris expressly to attend this most interesting *première*, which took place on November 28, 1888. Seats were not only at a high premium, but virtually unobtainable, and I owed mine to the courtesy of M. Jean de Reszke. Many a time have I looked upon the heavily gilded and slightly somber interior of the Paris Opera-house, but never when it contained such a collection of famous men, such a gathering of elegant, jewel-bedecked women, as assembled there on that memorable night. The *grandes dames* of the French aristocracy were present in an array of sartorial splendor that recalled the halcyon days of the Second Empire, and what that implied I can only leave my fair readers to guess. On taking the conductor's seat, Gounod was overwhelmed with acclamations. His calm, serene countenance wore an encouraging smile, and no one would have dreamed that the veteran composer was as anxious as though it were the first performance of a brand-new opera.

At the outset, indeed, every one was nervous. Many years had elapsed since Mme. Patti had appeared at the Opéra, and, often as she had enacted *Juliette*, this was the first time she had sung the part in French. In the waltz air, long one of her favorite concert-pieces, she did what was for her the rarest imaginable thing, namely, made a slip that carried her four bars ahead of the accompaniment. ("Elle sautait quatre mesures!" as Gounod subsequently put it.) Yet, thanks to her extraordinary presence of mind, the great prima donna regained her place so quickly that probably not twenty persons in the audience noticed the error. Moreover, she sang the whole waltz with such grace and *entrain* that an encore was inevitable, and on the repetition her rendering of it was the most brilliant I have ever heard her give. The youthfulness and charm of her assumption were astounding, while her fine acting in the more tragic scenes made manifest a startling advance in histrionic force upon her effort of ten years earlier in the same opera.

The new *Roméo* proved worthy of association with this perfect *Juliette*. The mere fact that it was Jean de Reszke may be deemed sufficient guaranty of that to-day; it is less easy, however, to convey an idea of the striking revelation which his impersonation offered as, step by step, scene by scene, it unfolded itself for the first time upon the same plane with Patti's exquisite conception. Every attribute that distinguished the one arose strong and clear-cut in the other. Never before, at least in their operatic mold, had the hapless Veronese lovers been so faultlessly matched. Where was "monotony," where was "tedium," now? The interest of that delicious sequence of love duets acquired a fresh intensity, and became "cumulative" in such a degree that the final scene in the tomb formed a veritable climax of musical as well as dramatic grandeur. The genius of Gounod stood in a new light, and his personal triumph on this occasion was a fitting corollary to that of the great artists who were his chief interpreters. Again and again did they appear before the curtain, hand in hand, an illustrious trio, to be converted into an illustrious quartet after Édouard de Reszke had invested with his unique organ notes the grateful phrases of *Frère Laurent*. From first to last it was a historical performance.

In August, 1891, I paid my first visit to Craig-y-nos Castle, the lovely Welsh home

[1] "Dictionnaire Lyrique," by Félix Clément and Pierre Larousse.

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CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE, YSTRADGYNLAIS, WALES

E. NICOLINI

From a photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn

MME. PATTI AT HER WELSH HOME

From a photograph by Alfred Ellis & Walery

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of Mme. Adelina Patti. I had known the distinguished cantatrice personally for half a dozen years, but somehow I had always been content to worship from afar one who filled, by right of unrivaled gifts, the highest place in the temple of vocal art. The greatest vocalist of her sex that the world had brought forth since the middle of the nineteenth century, the brilliant "Queen of Song" honored by monarchs and princes, sought by aristocracy and wealth, quoted by poets and novelists, fêted and applauded alike in the Eastern and Western hemispheres—small wonder if this strangely unique being had inspired me from youth upward with feelings of the deepest veneration and amazement. Nor were those feelings to undergo the slightest modification in the period of ripening friendship and often close association that was now to follow. "There 's such divinity doth hedge" queens as well as kings, and Patti is one of those in whom familiarity may exercise a charm, but can never "breed contempt."

The immediate occasion of my first journey to Craig-y-nos was the opening of the elegant little theater which Mme. Patti-Nicolini had recently had built in the new wing of her castle. It had been settled in the spring that I was to be present. In July came the following note:

Craig-y-nos Castle, Ystradgynlais,
July 13, 1891.

DEAR MR. KLEIN: I promised to send you a line with itinerary for journey from London to Craig-y-nos Castle,[1] which I inclose, and trust you will be good enough to let me know on which day we are to expect you, so as to send the carriage to the station to meet you. With our united very best regards,

Most sincerely yours,
Adelina Patti-Nicolini.

P.S. The opening of our theatre takes place on the 12th of August.

I went down on the 8th, as it was much pleasanter to be there for three or four days before the function. One could study the castle and its environs, and become accustomed to the ways of the household. The welcome bestowed upon me was of the utmost cordiality. Mme. Patti's fame as a hostess did not belie her; she kept an eye open for the comfort of all of her guests. The house-party was a numerous one, including as it did the Spanish ambassador, Sir Edward Lawson, Sir Augustus and Lady Harris, poor William Terriss, the actor (who was to deliver the inaugural address in place of Sir Henry Irving, who could not come), the Eissler sisters, Signor and Mme. Arditi, Antoinette Sterling, Giulia Valda, Durward Lely, Tito Mattei, Wilhelm Ganz, Franco Novara, and others.

The place has been described so often that I take almost for granted that the reader knows something of Craig-y-nos and its beauties. Enough that the scene is a bit of fairyland, a veritable "oasis in the desert," as some guide-books have called it, amid the long tracts of uninteresting country that constitute the watershed of the Swansea valley. The castle itself is fitted up with every contrivance that modern luxury can afford. The winter garden, with its wonderful electric fountain, is of huge dimensions, and in summer the conservatory makes the most picturesque dining-room I have ever seen. In the French billiard-room stands the famous orchestrion, probably the finest instrument of its kind ever built. It possesses a rich, mellow organ tone, and executes the most complex compositions with extraordinary clearness. I may say, without exaggeration, that it was by the aid of her splendid orchestrion that Mme. Patti first began to comprehend the intricacies of Wagner's more advanced works. She now knows them by heart and enjoys them.

But, after all, the gem of the castle, apart from its mistress, is the theater. It has been called "a Bayreuth theater *en miniature*," and justly. There are no side boxes or seats; there is a single gallery at the back, with stalls sloping down to an orchestra, so that the musicians are nearly out of sight. The system of stage lighting is worked by electricity. The pure Renaissance of the architecture is set off to advantage by a singularly delicate scheme of color,—pale blue, cream, and gold,—to which the deep sapphire of the curtains supplies a most effective contrast. The walls and proscenium are taste-

[1] It was then an eight hours' affair, involving two changes of railway and a journey from one station to another at Neath, followed by a drive to the castle from the station in Swansea valley, by the road which Mme. Patti had had cut along the mountain-side. The present journey by the Brecon route is much shorter.

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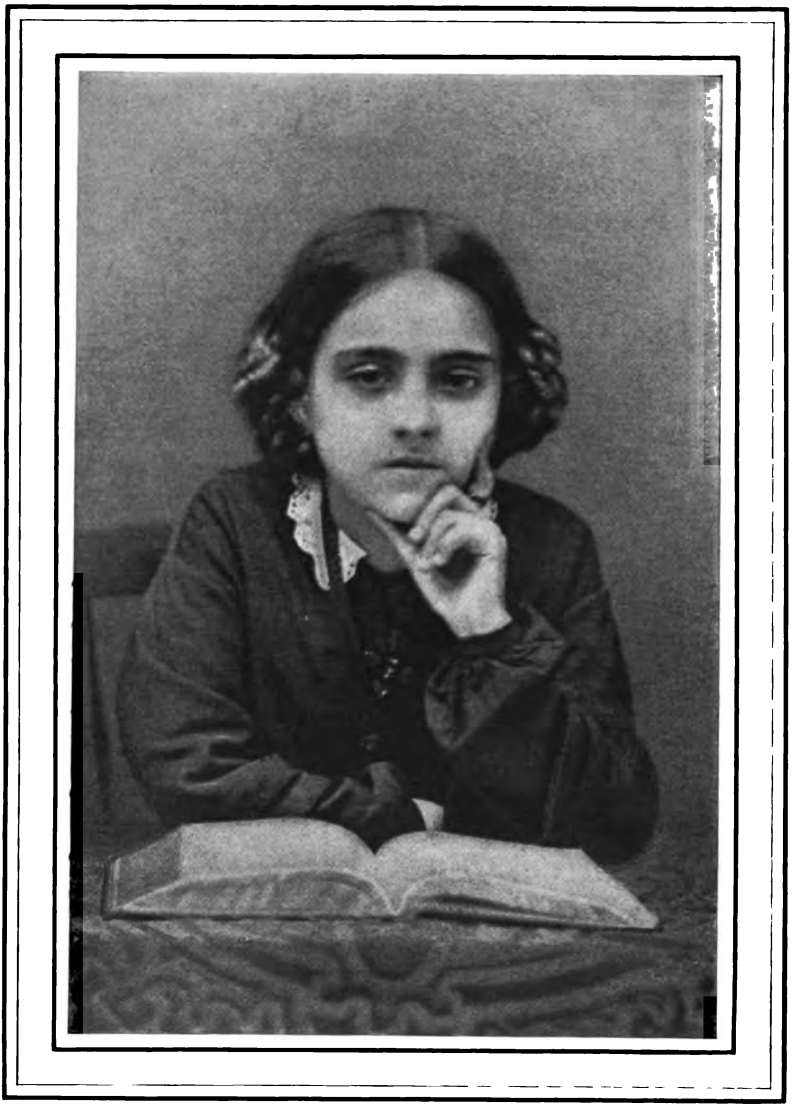

From a daguerreotype owned by Mme. Patti. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ADELINA PATTI AT THE AGE OF NINE

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fully decorated, and between graceful columns are inscribed in panels the names of the great composers. The scenery is painted by the best theatrical artists, while the act-drop, representing Semiramis driving her war-chariot, is a spirited achievement, besides furnishing an excellent portrait of the queen of the castle. Also to be noted is a novel mechanism for raising the floor of the auditorium to the level of the stage, whereby the hall is converted into a handsome ball-room. It is here, every Christmas eve, that Mme. Patti bestows her annual gifts upon the servants and tenantry of her estate.

What, it may be asked, can have been the object of a great artist, with a busy career (yet unfinished) of many years behind her, in enriching her home with such a structure as this? To practise and perform operas? Certainly not. True it is that on the memorable opening night of twelve years ago she sang, a picture of grace ablaze with diamonds, the first act of "La Traviata," followed by the garden scene from "Faust," with her husband, M. Nicolini, in his old part. Again, three days later, a performance was given of the balcony scene from "Roméo" and the third act of Flötow's "Martha," this being attended, like the first, by a crowded audience of privileged friends and neighbors. But these were the baptismal representations. They consecrated the theater, as it were, without precisely foreshadowing the main purpose of its existence.

The answer to the question was supplied by Mme. Patti herself early in that very sojourn at Craig-y-nos Castle: "I love the stage. I love to act and to portray every kind, every shade of human emotion. Only I want freedom—more freedom than opera, with its restricted movements and its wear and tear on the voice, can possibly allow the actress. I care not if it be comedy or tragedy, so long as I feel that I can devote my whole energy, my whole being, to realizing the character that I have to delineate. Even words trouble me; they take time to commit to memory, and their utterance fatigues a singer too much. Yet I want to act, to feel myself upon the boards, playing to amuse myself and a few chosen friends on each side of the footlights. What does there remain for me to do? What but to enact scenes and plays in pantomime—to utilize the ancient art of the Italian mime, and express every sentiment by means of gesture, action, and facial expression? I must have music, of course. I cannot do entirely without my own art and all its wealth of suggestive force. Give me only a dramatic idea with music that aids in depicting it, and I will play you any part you choose, from one of Sarah Bernhardt's down to *Fatima* in 'Bluebeard.'"

I understood. There was something more in this than mere whim or caprice. That Mme. Patti had already been demonstrating her marvelous talent for "dramatic pantomime" upon the stage of her new theater I knew quite well. In a word, her histrionic powers, which had so conspicuously developed during the later years of her career, were now asserting their strength to a degree which, in this case, demanded active exercise. Knowing that I was an "old hand" at amateur stage work, she asked me if I would like to assist in one of the entertainments. I inquired which particular kind—the Sarah Bernhardt or the "Bluebeard."

"Both," she replied, laughing. "We already have a capital arrangement of 'Bluebeard.' We can do that to-morrow or next day. Then if you like to write out a scenario of one of Bernhardt's plays, we will put it in hand and give it later in the month."

I suggested "La Tosca," little dreaming that Puccini was then thinking of composing an opera upon Sardou's play. My hostess agreed. The casts were arranged, and we set to work forthwith. In "Bluebeard" I played the lover. In "La Tosca" young Richard Nicolini, a professional actor, enacted the painter *Paul Cavaradossi*, and I took the part of *Scarpia*. The rehearsals were a delight. They frequently took place in the afternoon, and Mme. Patti entered into them as seriously as if they were for a public performance, interesting herself in every little detail, and suggesting countless bits of effective "business." It was in the course of these rehearsals that I began to see what a consummate mistress she was of the art of the stage.[1] A bare idea, a mere hint,

[1] In matters concerning scenery, costumes, and lighting it was the same, though herein Mme. Patti relied greatly upon the able assistance of Frank Rigo (the second *régisseur* of Covent Garden and the Metropolitan Opera House), who used regularly to spend his summer holiday at Craig-y-nos.

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AS "JULIET"

ABOUT 1863

AS "MARGUERITE"

AS "NINETTA"

Half-tone plates engraved by H. C. Merrill

PORTRAITS OF ADELINA PATTI

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would suffice; whether comedy or tragedy were the theme, she would work upon it and elaborate it with wonderful skill. Once while we were rehearsing "La Tosca," Sir Augustus Harris quietly slipped in and took a seat in the dark auditorium. He watched the proceedings with the amusement of a master of the game who is enjoying a holiday. Soon Mme. Patti perceived him. She called out to him:

"Gus, what are you doing there? Why don't you come on the stage and help us?"

"My dear Adelina," answered Sir Augustus, "if this were an opera or a play, I would with pleasure. But it is neither, and whatever it may be, there is no need of my help so long as you are there. I am just beginning to realize that if you had not been the world's greatest singer you could have been one of its best actresses."

He meant it, and it was true.

The "Tosca" performance did not come off until August 29, after the impresario had left the castle. At the last moment we found it was too long, so we determined to omit the dramatic action and give it as a series of tableaux vivants, in which form it vastly pleased a large audience of friends from the "Valley." They missed, however, the thrilling effect of Mme. Patti's gliding, serpentine movements in the supper scene, where she stabs *Scarpia;* and they could not guess that the dead *Minister of Police*, in the person of myself, was positively shuddering while he lay prone between the two lighted candles. I had been told to keep my eyes open and stare; but that tragic look upon the countenance of *La Tosca* as she placed the crucifix upon my breast was so terrible that if I had not shut out the vision I should have had to jump up before the curtain fell. Patti's attitudes throughout were a wonderful study, and I feel sure Sarah Bernhardt and Ternina would both have given a great deal to witness her remarkable impersonation.

A week prior to this event Mme. Patti had been honored by a visit from the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, who was staying at Clyne Castle, and came out to lunch, accompanied by Count Gleichen, Lord Royston (now the Earl of Hardwicke), and other friends. The Queen's son-in-law witnessed a repetition of the garden scene from "Faust," and altogether spent a most agreeable afternoon. A few days later we all went over to Swansea to take part in the annual concert given by Mme. Patti in aid of the local charities. The journey each way assumed the character of a triumphal progress, the entire route from the station to the concert-hall being lined by dense crowds. It was touching to witness the eagerness of the humble folk—men, women, and children—to catch a glimpse of the illustrious vocalist who once every year came from her mountain home to aid the institution that succored their needy and suffering. The concert itself was memorable because on this occasion the famous songstress for the first time in her life delivered as an encore the soul-stirring strains of the Welsh national air, "Land of my Fathers"; and when, at her request, her enthusiastic auditors joined in the chorus, the effect was simply electrifying.

Altogether that delightful month at Craig-y-nos Castle was replete with excitement and bustle. It was my privilege during the next few years to spend many weeks there—visits not less merry and gay, but not so eventful, and far more restful. In the evenings we would sit and listen to the orchestrion, and when it had exhausted its round of Wagnerian excerpts, I would occasionally supplement the selection upon the piano with fragments from "Die Meistersinger," "Tristan," and the "Nibelungen." It was extraordinary to see the pleasure Mme. Patti took in this music. One year August Wilhelmj was there, and to please her he played his own transcription of the "Preislied" upon Nicolini's fine Guarnerius, Clara Eissler executing the accompaniment upon the harp. To reward him, Patti sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" to his violin obbligato, Clara Eissler again playing the harp part, while I took the harmonium. Never did the familiar piece go better. But the real reward came later, when some one brought a copy of Wagner's "Träume" to the castle, and the diva, for the first time in her career, wedded her golden tones to one of Wagner's long-drawn melodies. By her request we worked at it together; but her German accent and phrasing were faultless, and, beyond marking the breathing-places, I had virtually nothing to suggest.

In the following season she sang "Träume" in London at one of the concerts at the Albert Hall, and so rapturously was it

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applauded that we subsequently took up the study of Elizabeth's Prayer ("Tannhäuser"). This suited her to perfection, and she rendered it with a depth of fervid expression and a wealth of glorious tone that have never been equaled. Further than this, however, Mme. Patti has not yet consented to pursue her active alliance with the music of Wagner. She loves to listen to it, but hesitates to impose upon her delicate organ the strain of singing it in public. During our Wagner chats she would often ask me about Bayreuth, and I begged her to seize the first opportunity of attending the festival. She did not do so, however, until after her marriage with Baron Rolf Cederström, who is extremely fond of traveling, and, besides taking his wife to Sweden every summer, introduces her to many interesting European resorts. The following letter tells its own tale:

Fåhrens Villa, near Saltsjöbaden, Stockholm, August 5, 1901.

DEAR MR. KLEIN: We have just arrived at this lovely place after spending a very pleasant time in Switzerland and at Bayreuth, and I must send you first these few lines to tell you how immensely I was impressed by the Bayreuth performances. I never could have imagined anything so perfect as the mise en scène, and I thought the "Ring" simply divine. There are no words to express it; it is all so wonderful and beautiful. I thought "Parsifal" was *glorious*, especially the last act, and I am indeed glad to have heard all these marvelous works.

After a three weeks' stay at Schinznach we went to Lucerne, where we had a most delightful time, taking long excursions every day. Can you imagine *me* going up the Righi, Pilatus, the Bürgenstock, and similar places? I was well rewarded for my courage in mounting those perpendicular heights, for the view from the top was simply beyond description. . . .

We expect to remain here until the beginning of September, when we shall return to England, as my concert tour commences the first week in October. The Baron joins me in sending you kindest remembrances.

Yours very sincerely,
Adelina Patti-Cederström.

Many are the pleasant recollections of Craig-y-nos that I could commit to these pages did space allow. The days there were always full of interest and variety. It was an inestimable privilege to enjoy the daily society and conversation of Adelina Patti, to hear her ever and anon burst into song, to catch the ring of her sunshiny laugh, to come under the spell of a personal charm such as few women possess. She converses with equal facility in English, French, Italian, and Spanish, speaks German and Russian well, and by this time, I dare say, can carry on a fluent conversation in Swedish. Her memory is extraordinary. She tells a hundred stories of her early life in America, dating from the age of seven, when she made her first appearance in public.[1] She tells how they used to stand her upon the table to sing; how she first rendered "Casta Diva" by ear without a single mistake; and how, when her eldest sister, Amelia, was striving hard to master the shake, the tiny Adelina stopped her and asked, "Why don't you do it like this?" therewith executing a natural and absolutely irreproachable trill.

Patti says that she never studied the art of producing or emitting the voice. Nature, alone and unaided, accomplished that marvel. To keep her voice in perfect condition, it suffices for her to run over the scales ten minutes every morning. Her vocalization is one of those miracles that cannot be explained. Its wondrous certainty and finish are assuredly not arrived at without some labor, but in the end the miracle seems to have accomplished itself. Her "ear" is phenomenal. She never forgets a tune, and will instantly name the opera or composition in which it occurs. Another mystery is the perennial freshness of her voice, which, after half a century of constant use, retains well-nigh unimpaired the delicious sweetness and bell-like timbre of early womanhood. No other such example of perfect preservation stands on record in the annals of the lyric art. To analyze its secret one can only say, Here is surely a singer of marvelous constitution,

[1] The accompanying portrait of Adelina Patti at the age of nine is taken from a daguerreotype in her possession, which she showed me at Craig-y-nos Castle a few years ago. The complete picture shows three little girls seated together at a table—Adelina in the center and a playmate on each side. I was so much struck by the intelligence of the expression and the extraordinary maturity of the features generally—so like, even at that age, to the familiar face of later years—that I begged Mme. Patti to allow me to have a photographic enlargement made of the central figure. She kindly consented, and three copies were executed. Of these she herself owns one, the widow of Sir Augustus Harris has another, and I possess the third.

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heaven-gifted with a faultless method, who has sedulously nursed her physical resources, and has never, under any circumstances, imposed the smallest undue strain upon the exquisitely proportioned mechanism of her vocal organs.

And the triumphs of this incomparable artist have not spoiled her. The homage of kings, the adulation of friends, the applause of multitudes, have not robbed her of that unaffected simplicity, that absence of ostentation, that yearning for home life and domestic tranquillity, which are among her most characteristic attributes. As evidence of this fact, I quote a portion of a letter which Mme. Patti wrote me from Nice in the spring of 1895. It was obviously not "intended for publication," but herein lies its chief value as a communication emanating from the friend rather than the artist.

When I gave my extra performance of the "Barbiere," my triumph was, if possible, even greater than usual, but on each occasion the success has been so enormous that it would be difficult to say which performance excited the greatest enthusiasm, or when I received the biggest ovation. It has indeed become a succession of triumphs the whole time. Do you not feel proud of your little friend, who was fifty-two last month, and has been singing uninterruptedly every year from the age of seven! I am really beginning to believe what they all tell me—that I am a wonderful little woman!

It is no exaggeration to say that every one without exception has been running after me and loading us with invitations, in fact to such a degree that I must honestly confess that I am getting decidedly tired of all the parties and gaieties we have been going through during the past few weeks. It has been an incessant lunching out, dining out, and receiving visitors from morning till night. I shall be very happy to see my dear Castle again and have a little peace and quietness.

It was just prior to this visit to the south of France that negotiations, in which I had the honor of acting as ambassador or intermediary, were concluded between Mme. Patti and Sir Augustus Harris for the diva's reappearance in opera at Covent Garden during the season of 1895. I had long devoutly wished for this consummation; but there were many obstacles to be removed, not the smallest of these being concerned with Messrs. Harrison of Birmingham, the managers of the "Patti Concerts" throughout the United Kingdom, who were naturally doubtful lest her return to opera should interfere with the financial success of the customary concerts at the Albert Hall. Ultimately the fears of Mr. Percy Harrison were allayed, and Mme. Patti confided to me that she would not be unwilling to consider an offer on certain terms from her old friend. I immediately set about arranging an interview between them in London. This was not altogether an easy matter. The great prima donna was to spend only one evening in town on her way to the Riviera, and the busy impresario, with whom minutes reckoned as hours, was not readily to be moved on an uncertain mission, as he chose to deem it, from one quarter of London to another. But eventually I persuaded him that Mme. Patti was really in earnest, and he consented to accompany me to Paddington station to meet the express from South Wales.

It was a bleak January evening, and of course the train was late. This was the more unlucky because it so happened that Tennyson's "King Arthur" was to be produced at the Lyceum that night, and we were both anxious to be at the theater at the time the curtain went up, I having to write a notice of Sullivan's incidental music to the new play. We were already in evening dress, and as Harris was suffering from a cold, I took care not to let him stand upon the drafty platform. We waited, therefore, by a warm fire at the station hotel, and discussed current events. My companion was not in his usual spirits, while that his mood was not sanguine was palpable from his frequent remark: "Klein, I can't believe Patti means to sing at Covent Garden this season." So I felt heartily glad when the train was signaled and the youthful little lady, as vivacious as ever in bearing, but silent under a mountain of wraps to protect her from the biting air, stepped buoyantly out of her saloon carriage and took Harris's arm to walk into the hotel. Not a word was spoken until we got to the private sitting-room. Then, greetings over, Mme. Patti, with an arch smile, asked Sir Augustus if he would like a little quiet conversation with her. He bowed graciously. The rest of us discreetly retired. Ten minutes later he came out of the room beaming with pleasure. "Make haste and say good-by. Adelina would like us to stay and dine, but we must n't;

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From a photograph by Benque & Co. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

JEAN DE RESZKE AS "ROMÉO"

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we must get a snack somewhere, and then hurry to the Lyceum." In the hansom he added: "It 's all right. She sings at six performances, beginning the second week in June!" And we both felt as happy as school-boys.[1]

In the late summer of 1895 I was at Craig-y-nos once more. Work was all over for the season, and the indefatigable mistress of the castle, satiated with triumphs surpassing any that she had ever previously earned at Covent Garden, was thinking only how she could best amuse her guests and herself upon the stage of her beloved theater. It was decided to do a new "play without words." Several subjects were proposed, but the choice eventually fell upon Mrs. Henry Wood's "East Lynne," which, as every one knows, was dramatized many years ago and makes a most effective play. The scenario was soon prepared, and the rehearsals started. There was ample talent available for the rather lengthy cast. Mme. Patti, of course, played the heroine, *Lady Isabel* (afterward *Mme. Vine*); that talented amateur actor, C. P. Colnaghi (since deceased), was the *Archibald Carlyle;* another well-known amateur, Augustus Spalding, played *Captain Levison;* and I undertook the part of *Richard Hare*. Music for the *mélodrame* was expressly composed (at lightning speed) by our hostess's distant relative André Pollonnais, the clever French musician who afterward wrote for her the pantomime play "Mirka," in which she appeared at Nice for the benefit of the charities there. M. Pollonnais also set to music the lines of a lullaby which I especially wrote for Mme. Patti to sing in the scene where the supposed governess watches over her dying child in the nursery at East Lynne. This lullaby she afterward sang in public in London and elsewhere.

The performance of the wordless "East Lynne," on August 17, was perhaps the most complete artistic achievement in this direction accomplished at Craig-y-nos Castle. Certainly it yielded the finest piece of acting on Mme. Patti's part that I have known her to give at her own theater. It was also notable for a curious incident. Readers familiar with the novel or play will remember that when *Mme. Vine* revisits her former home she is dressed in widow's weeds. Such a costume was worn by Mme. Patti, and very charming she looked in it. One person, however, objected strongly to her having donned a crape dress. That person was M. Nicolini. After the curtain had fallen he expressed himself on the subject in no measured terms, declaring that such attire "portait malheur," and that he did not like to see his wife in a costume which she might one day be compelled of necessity to wear. I pointed out to him that he might make the same complaint about the *peignoir* worn by *Violetta* when dying, or the prison garb of *Marguerite* in the last act of "Faust." But he refused to see it, and remarked: "Elles n'étaient jamais veuves, cettes femmes-là!" Which was perfectly true; and, having regard to subsequent events, his objection would appear to have been not altogether unjustifiable.

It was in the June of the succeeding year that Mme. Patti honored me by being the center of attraction at a dinner-party which I gave at Whitehall Court, followed by a large reception whereat some three hundred guests, well known in the musical, theatrical, and literary worlds, were bidden to meet the diva. The peculiarity of this function was that it united a good many celebrities who, for various reasons, are seldom brought together. For this, no doubt, good luck was largely responsible. One may know and invite many famous folk to dine or sup during the London season, but it will rarely happen that ninety-five per cent. are disengaged and willing to come. In the present instance I cannot have received more than twenty refusals, all told. Thus it fell that when I took Mme. Patti in to dinner she found on her right her old friend Jean de Reszke, whom she had not met since the glorious "Roméo" time in Paris, eight years before. Édouard was of course there, facing his old *confrère* Nicolini, who chatted about his pet Cremona violins with the evergreen Alfredo Piatti. Among others present were my father's old friend and pupil, Lord Suffield, with Lady Suffield (now lord and lady in waiting to King Edward and Queen Alexandra), Sir Edward and Lady Lawson, Sir Augustus and

[1] Her six appearances (as *Violetta* and *Rosina*) resulted in an unparalleled triumph for herself and a handsome profit for her old friend. Excepting on one occasion when she sang for a charity, she has not since appeared in opera at Covent Garden.

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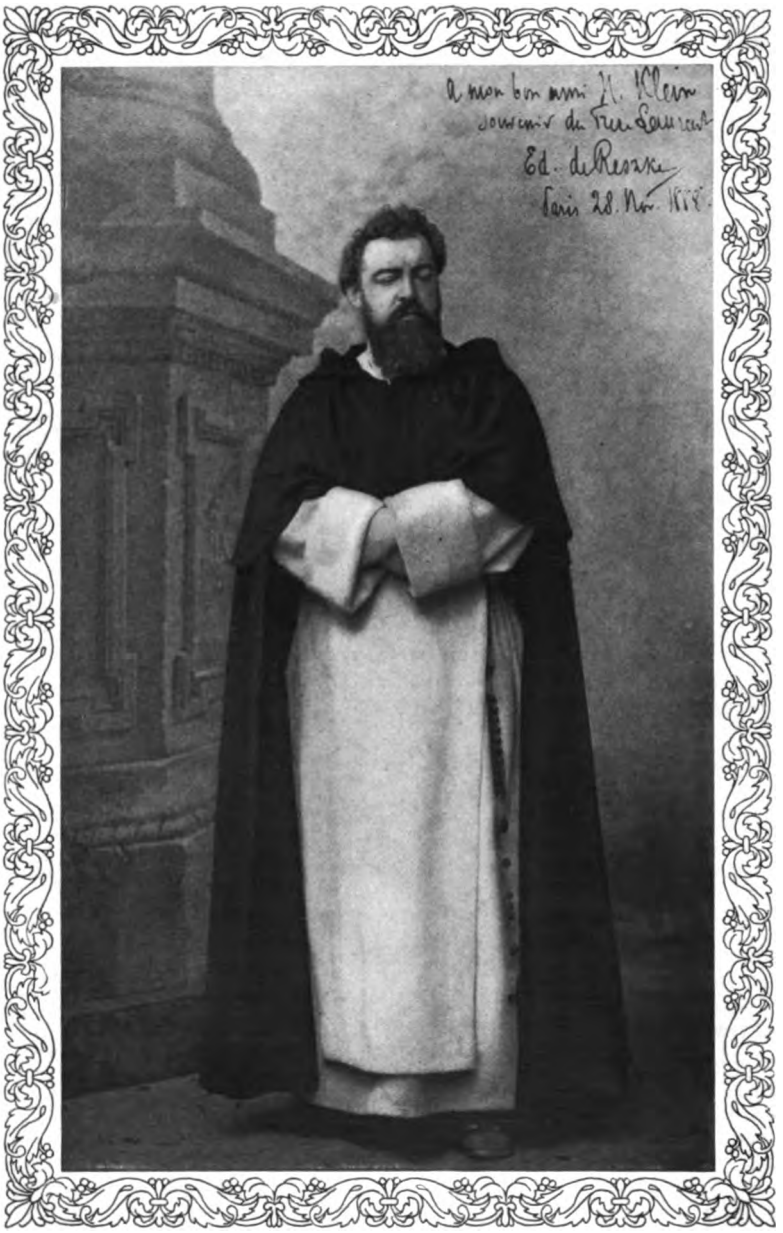

From a photograph by Benque & Co. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ÉDOUARD DE RESZKE AS "FRÈRE LAURENT"

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Lady Harris, and Miss Zélie de Lussan. Mr. (now Sir) Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore came later on, and with them the young American actress Miss Fay Davis (not yet known on the stage), who recited some pieces with great piquancy and grace. The feature of the musicale, however, was a performance of Schumann's pianoforte quartet (Op. 47) by four distinguished artists, to wit, Fanny Davies, Sarasate, Hollander, and Piatti—a combination rare even at the "Pops," and, above all, to be appreciated for the honor therein conferred upon me by the great Spanish violinist, who seldom took part in a chamber-work beyond the "Kreutzer" or some other duet sonata. Altogether it was an interesting night.

To-day, perhaps, Craig-y-nos Castle is the scene of fewer festive entertainments upon a large scale. Nevertheless, the Baroness Cederström is as dearly attached as ever to her mountain home, and when she is not traveling abroad or professionally, she spends virtually the whole of her time there. She sings regularly at some twenty or twenty-five concerts every year (three or four in London, the remainder in the provinces), and is received everywhere with the old-time ecstasy and enthusiasm. Nor can one feel astonished at the vast assemblages which gather at these peculiar functions, seeing that Adelina Patti yet retains her title, "The Queen of Song," by virtue of tones still pure, rich, vibrant, and exquisitely musical; by the magic of an art which no other singer of her day has exemplified with the same wondrous measure of beauty and perfection. This extraordinary survival of power and popularity makes it difficult to tell even approximately when the great prima donna will bring her unexampled career to a close. She has now agreed to undertake a farewell tour in the United States during the coming winter; but it is not her intention to appear here in opera. Thus the American public will not have an opportunity to realize the full extent of that amazing development of her dramatic genius to which I have more especially made reference. But Patti is always Patti; and, whatever the conditions, her final coming will be the occasion of a rapturous welcome from the citizens of the country in which she was reared and which can almost claim the honor of having given her birth.

(To be continued)

THE OLD, DEAR FACE

BY R. K. CRANDALL

A FACE wherein is read a great reward
Of suffering and patience purified,
Unto whose sight our trodden ways accord
A glimpse of heavenly vistas arching wide.

And looking there I lay my care aside,
As one who sees, with sudden peace restored,
The star above low hills at eventide
Or lilies on the altar of the Lord.

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Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

AT THE FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE BASKET-BALL GAME, SMITH COLLEGE

ATHLETICS FOR COLLEGE GIRLS

BY ALICE KATHARINE FALLOWS

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

AS the athletic subfreshman, on her last day at home, polishes her golf-clubs and packs her racket among her chiffons and muslins, she has her own pet dream of college glory: a multitude of eager faces focused upon her, tense dramatic moments, a breathless climax, and a tumult of applause.

It is a good dream. Nowadays this out-of-door young person, glorying in her strength and muscular skill, is frankly welcomed at any woman's college. Her influence is recognized as a balance that keeps the intellectual emphasis from swinging past the danger-line. In the composite of college ambitions hers plays a vital part.

There is small danger that the athletic freshman's brain will not be exercised. Incentives to its activity meet her wherever she turns. The matching of wits in class and out of it, the necessity of keeping up with the intellectual stride the college has set, the new impressions crowding in upon her —all give her mind occupation enough and to spare. Even if she wastes her hours and plays too long, and refuses to taste deeply enough the delights of pure study, the faculty has a quick way of opening her eyes. Presently she will find herself in the plight of

> "Little Jill Horner,
> Who sat in a corner,
> Wiping her weeping eye;
> She 'd been with the horde
> To the faculty board,
> And she wailed, 'A condition have I!'"

Now a condition, or even a low grade of work, in a woman's college usually shuts the athlete out of paradise. With that blight upon her she is a pawn, a nobody—hers only to watch with wistful eyes, while others win or lose the athletic laurels for her class.

Such a possibility gives the muscular and ambitious freshman no encouragement to mental naps. Her classmates, who regard her as the star of their athletic salvation,

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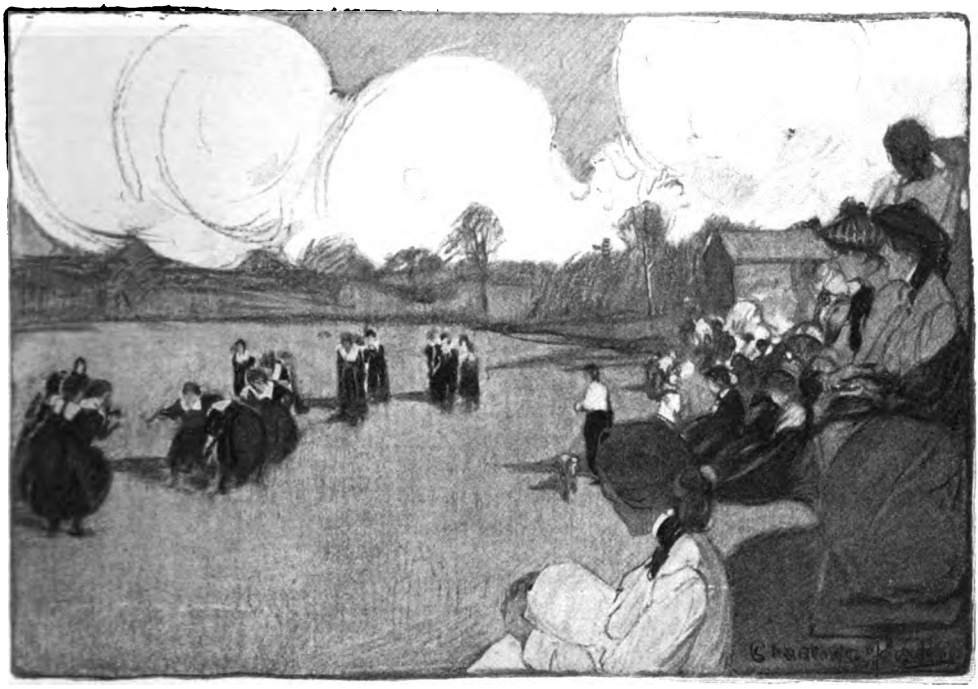

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

BASKET-BALL, BRYN MAWR

as well as her own desire, spur her on to keep above that fatal level of "poor work."

But the bookish girl is another kind of problem. With an ancestral sense of duty behind her and a serious purpose before, she looks on college as an intellectual opportunity. She is fear-ridden with the thought of not giving "every flying minute something to keep in store." Intellectual Oliver Twist that she is, she takes all the work she is allowed, and cries for more. She cannot grasp enough of this transient feast of reason to satisfy her appetite. Students warn her, teachers warn her, the college doctor protests. Then one day her doom is pronounced—"overwork, nervous prostration"; and during a period of enforced idleness she adds a new proverb to her working philosophy: "Half a loaf is better than none."

As colleges for women have grown in years and experience, they have come to recognize more and more the need of physical training for their students, to keep pace with the mental. While the catalogue of requirements and electives has been growing from three pages to twenty, physical development has had its due share of attention and expansion.

As a result, courses on hygiene have become a compulsory part of the curriculum. The ladylike gymnastics of an earlier period, which did no harm and little good, have given place to departments of physical culture, and to scientific exercise administered by instructors as expert in their own line as professors of Greek are in theirs.

Whatever her college, the bookish girl may not sweep into a breakdown unchecked. Required "gym" work meets her at the outset, and only providence in the guise of the doctor's excuse can save her from it. So much of a safeguard every college provides. But in forming the normal young person who works well and plays well, experienced faculties now realize that required gymnastics, however valuable they may be, will hardly arouse, of themselves, the enthusiasm for physical activity which makes preëminently studious girls healthy as well as wise.

That is why all the colleges for girls provide opportunities for physical recreation as well as for physical work. The

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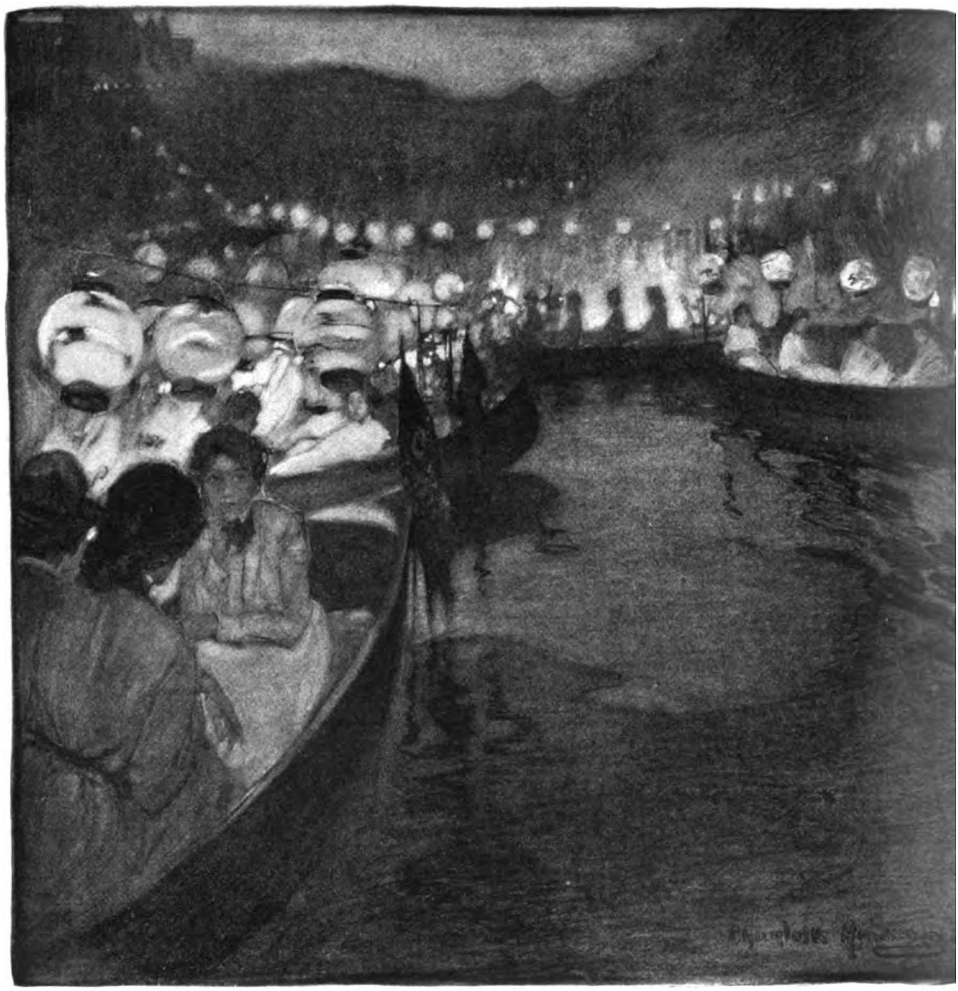

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by John Tinkey

FLOAT-DAY, WELLESLEY

strong young freshman, with her racket and her golf-clubs and her enthusiasm, finds not only courts and links, but a dozen other ways besides of working off her muscular exuberance, unconscious that her mission is to act as leaven on her less energetic companions.

In the larger significance of athletics for girls each college has developed its own picturesque climax and test of physical ability. At Vassar, field-day in the spring is the focus of many athletic hopes and ambitions. Interclass basket-ball matches set the whole college on tiptoe with excitement, and the championship is a prize indeed; but field-day, with the sanction long custom upon it, seems to outsiders, least, even more the characteristic expre sion of Vassar's athletic spirit. It falls on certain Saturday in late spring. The gras Circle, hedged in with evergreen, is tl arena, and gathered to watch the strugg are throngs of chattering college girls bra dishing their class colors, dozens of alumr hardly less excited, and a sprinkling of m thers, little sisters, and other feminine gues

One-hundred-yard dash, 220-yard das relay race, running high jump, runni broad jump, standing broad jump, fen vault, basket-ball throw, base-ball thro putting the eight-pound shot—all the things are on the Vassar field-day pr gram. The records are surprising as

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illustration of what girls can accomplish; but the physical achievement of the day is not all. In the scheme of college development that interclass struggle for the championship has another significance.

A pink V on a Vassar girl's sweater means that she has broken a record. Symbol of ability, key to many of the good things of life, the athletic freshman longs for this letter with all her soul. She works for it by day and thinks of it by night. At last the dream of her subfreshman days comes true. On field-day she makes her début. She stands for one dreadful moment, with the emerald of the Circle, the waving flags and streamers, the hundreds of figures, blurring into one mass of color before her frightened eyes; then she shakes off the weakness and faces the ordeal with tightened lips and paler cheeks. She takes the hurdles one by one. With brain of fire, throat of parchment, feet of lead, she makes a last spurt into the arms of her friends beyond the tape, and breaks the record. The freshmen let loose pandemonium. The class cheer bursts forth, and the winner's name rings out at the end. But in the moment of her triumph, with the excitement and enthusiasm surging about her, her first exultant thought is not, "I 've won my V," but, "I 've helped my class."

An ambition wider than one's ego—that is what a college contest helps to teach its girl participants. It is a charge as old as Plato that a woman is inclined to look at the universe in terms of herself, to bound her horizon by a personal point of view. If athletics, then, can teach a girl to work for her class first and herself afterward, it is not a small achievement.

This development of class loyalty is one of the incidental blessings, also, of the great basket-ball game at Smith between sophomores and freshmen, which, like field-day at Vassar, is the characteristic athletic event of the college. The game takes place on a Saturday afternoon in the gymnasium, just before the spring vacation. The result of months of work is staked on a single throw, and the climax is fittingly dramatic. No girl appears without her colors, and the gymnasium galleries blossom like a garden with flags, ribbons, flowers, and sashes. Even silk curtains are appropriated with the eagerness of class zeal, and the class animals in various guises give humorous touches to the decorations. The freshmen and their junior friends are on one side, the sophomores and seniors on the other. Original songs, appropriate and eulogistic, set to familiar tunes, are sung first by one half, then by the other, in a merrily taunting antiphonal. Even the cross-beams are fringed with eager spectators. There is not an inch anywhere except down-stairs on the platform, where the faculty sit, the president in the middle, adorned impartially with a huge rosette of each contestant's color. Then the teams file in, with the most original thing they have been able to find in the line of mascots. The whistle blows and the game begins. Very often the sophomores, by virtue of their better endurance from the extra year's practice, are the victors; but the contest is close and the issue by no means certain. As the second half rounds to a triumphant finish, the excitement is at fever-heat, and breaks into jubilant songs at the end. With a mighty rush from the gallery, eager classmates lift the winning captain to their shoulders, and not until after the supper for both teams that night does the enthusiasm cool to sober joy.

Basket-ball at Smith is the straight road to athletic distinction. Happy is the freshman or sophomore who makes her class team. But it is not an empty honor, as any Smith girl will tell you. She must work like a Trojan to get her place, and to keep it when she has won it. After the first of November she must trudge over to the gymnasium four times a week for a half-hour's practice. If she is ambitious to be on the team, the game with her gymnastic division on Fridays is only the beginning. She plays basket-ball on Wednesdays and Saturdays when "gym" is not required; she plays on scrub teams, and she has bouts with the big ball by herself; she thinks about it between-times, and dreams out new manœuvers.

As soon as the teams are chosen by the head of the gymnastic department, with the help of the interested upper-class girls, work begins in earnest and in secret. No outsider can even get an eye at a crack when the teams are playing, and they practise signals, new ways of passing the ball, and all the lawful tricks they can contrive without fear of interruption.

Constant practice is not the only obligation put upon a member of the team. No one watches what she eats, but she is

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FIELD-DAY, VASSAR

on her honor to confine her diet to wholesome food. She must forswear candy, desserts, and all other indigestible luxuries. She must go to bed at nine o'clock; and if she is literally conscientious and faithful, like one of the captains a few years ago, no temptation will keep her up beyond hours. Even when all the college world and their adopted brothers are at the opera-house enjoying the Glee Club concert, which is one of the great social events of the year, she will rise and march out when the clock strikes nine, and commit herself to dreamland cheerfully.

Bryn Mawr, like Smith, is a special devotee of basket-ball, and around that game centers the ambition of every athletic girl who is not barred from playing by the careful doctor. The difference in rules makes Smith basket-ball and Bryn Mawr basket-ball very unlike. Smith plays indoors, keeps each group of players in its own section, and does not permit grappling for the ball. Bryn Mawr plays out of doors, without intercourt bounds, after the unmodified rules which allow taking the ball from one's opponent. The Smith game is very swift, and develops excellent team work. The Bryn Mawr game, on the other hand, is less rapid, and relies more on the individual player.

Basket-ball at Bryn Mawr is played in the fall for the fun of it; but in the spring serious practice begins on the wide, ample field at the foot of the hill. The competition is open to the whole college, and the champion class must prove itself the best of four. Game after game is played in the basket-ball tournament. Interest grows more and more intense as the choice narrows, until the final game, when one team makes the struggle of its existence and wins the championship. Then the storm of enthusiasm bursts. Cheer follows cheer until throats are hoarse and breath is exhausted. At last the triumphant team is carried away to celebrate, and the defeated classes gather themselves together and hope for better luck the next year—unless they are unfortunate enough to be seniors, with no hope of retrieving themselves.

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At Wellesley, field-day in the fall is a fillip for the enthusiasm of the girls whose interest is in field-sports. Basket-ball is popular among the seven "organized" sports, which collectively claim a membership of three hundred and fifty students. Tennis, golf, field-hockey, low hurdling, relay-racing, and basket-ball, six of the magic seven, all have their enthusiastic supporters. But rowing is preëminently the Wellesley specialty. "Float" is its climax and reward, the picturesque water contest which has been the pride of students and the joy of beholders from the earliest days of the college.

The preparation for float is arduous. It means winter exercise in the gymnasium, tiresome preliminary practice at the rowing-machine before the candidate is permitted to touch an oar to water, and, lastly, practice on the lake. But practice plus ability wins a girl the right to row with the other seven for the glory of her class. On a June afternoon comes the beautiful sequel of all these toiling hours—that rhythmic procession of boats that sweeps up and down while thousands of friendly eyes watch from the bank. The winning crew is judged by its skill and form rather than by its speed. Afterward the best of the individual oarsmen in all the crews are chosen to row in the varsity crew, and proud indeed is the class that has the most representatives.

Holyoke's well-equipped gymnasium, one of the best provided for college girls anywhere, holds out strong inducements to athletic students. All kinds of apparatus tempt them to try feats of strength and skill, and an indoor meet, when all these exercises are performed before an appreciative audience, gives point to their efforts. An indoor basket-ball tournament between the classes, with the usual class-color displays and the accompanying war of song, is sufficiently absorbing to keep college attention at a high pitch until the game between the two final contestants decides the championship. An out-of-door meet, also, is usually one of the events of a Holyoke spring, and although it is not so formal an affair as the one at Vassar, it represents the same encouraging interest in athletic activity, and has the same lively attraction for spectators and contestants.

To the student mind in general the various stirring contests which decide the superiority of one class over another are the goal of all athletic desire; but to the physical directors of the colleges, field-days, indoor meets, outdoor meets, basket-ball games, float, and the rest, are only the dramatic recognition of work the value of which lies in the doing rather than in the reward. They make the spur and incentive for the exercise which stores up, for the faithful, health and strength as well as athletic honors.

About this required exercise, which is made the preliminary for all athletic events, each college has its particular theory, its own method of practice. Three half-hour periods a week for gymnasium work is the allowance which the Holyoke girl must make in her schedule. A combination of the German and Swedish systems leads her in the athletic way she should go until she is a senior, when she is released from compulsory work, with the reasonable hope that she will take what she needs. Recently the requirements have been widened to include four periods of out-of-door exercise in the early fall and in the spring when there is no work in the gymnasium. At Vassar the Sargent system is in use, and for the first two years of her course, from Thanksgiving until the spring term, a girl is required to take one half-hour period each week for class work, and two for individual work with the apparatus; correcting her defects and strengthening her good points. Three periods weekly are required also of juniors and seniors, but the kind of work is left optional, and they may substitute basket-ball or swimming for gymnastic drill.

At Smith the Swedish system of gymnastics holds sway. Beginning with the simplest exercises, it carries the student on to the most complex, with the inevitable logic of physical evolution which makes the great excellence of the system. Through the fall and winter four periods a week of gymnasium work are required of the first two classes. Juniors and seniors are now obliged to take out-of-door exercise. They are exempt from required gymnastics, but many of them show their appreciation of the work by electing it or by entering the classes in fencing or esthetic gymnastics. An interclass competition for a cup and banner puts a premium on the achievements of this department, and keeps the interest of the students fresh and effective.

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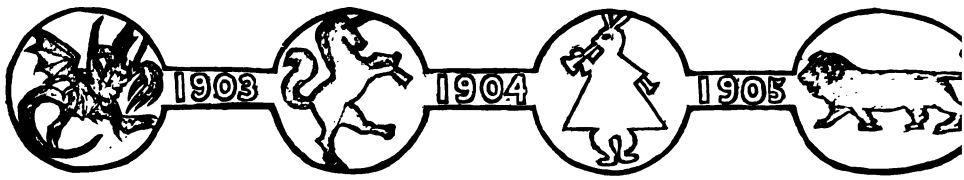
Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

A HOCKEY GAME

Bryn Mawr, in its early days of trustfulness and inexperience, decided to exact no required gymnastics of its students. "We will rely on their common sense," was the thought of the faculty, if not their comment. "They will know what exercise they need, and take it." But alas for their belief! Bryn Mawr's daughters sat the day through with no uneasy pangs of their athletic consciences, and a system of compulsory exercise was forthwith introduced. The system is, however, a special Bryn Mawr invention. One hour a week in the gymnasium for corrective work is obligatory; but by a theory of substitution the rest of the periods may be worked out as a girl's athletic fancy dictates. Driving, walking, skating, basket-ball, tennis, hockey, or swimming are the alternatives. The time value of each is graded according to the violence of the exercise. Every day's equivalent must equal a period, and gymnastic work is raised to the dignity of the intellectual part of the curriculum by a rule that "gym" cuts shall be made up like any others.

Wellesley requires gymnastic drill of its students, as other colleges do, for the first year; but of late it has been laying special stress on the recreative side of athletic



ANIMAL EMBLEMS, SMITH COLLEGE

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"Girls who don't know how to play must be taught to play," is the motto. The athletic director, believing heartily in the benefit of self-forgetful exercise, has been making a determined effort to infuse enjoyment into this particular performance of Wellesley duty, and to wake up those in her charge to the pleasure of sport for sport's sake. The trustees have begun to see the matter from the same point of view, and have provided not only a gymnasium and an athletic field with a fine cinder track, a boat-house, and tennis-courts, but playgrounds and a bath-house as well. They also provide instruction in the various sports, as they do in gymnastics, and examiners to look out for the health of the participants in the games, just as they do for the members of the gymnastic classes. This is an interesting development of girls' athletics, and a phase in which Wellesley is the pioneer; for while other colleges have recognized the benefit of enjoyment in exercise, they have not made an organized effort to secure it.

However colleges may differ in athletic creeds and doctrines, the aim of all is the same—to make girls stronger and healthier. Unless carefully gathered statistics are to be utterly discredited, all colleges are at least partly accomplishing this aim; for the average of health throughout the women's college world is vastly better than it ever was in the days of nondescript, take-it-as-you-please exercise.

The increase of interest in voluntary exercise and athletics among girl students should be most encouraging to those who desire their symmetrical development. No college now feels itself complete without a student athletic association, usually a strong, robust organization, and a center of encouragement for all forms of physical activity. Tennis and golf, with tournaments to lend spice to practice, are so inevitable in any college calendar that their absence alone would cause remark. Since an enthusiastic Englishwoman made a pilgrimage to the colleges to preach the joy of field-hockey, Holyoke, Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, and Bryn Mawr have all succumbed to the spell of the game. Wells College provides ample opportunities for exercise. Radcliffe has a flourishing athletic department, Barnard one in embryo. The girl students as well as the men of Chicago University, the University of California, and Leland Stanford have a vigorous interest in gymnastic work, in basketball, and in other sports.

College girls sometimes break down. So do society butterflies, and wage-workers, and hundreds of other girls who have not the wisdom or experience to establish a just relation between their physical incomes and outgos. But it is overworry much oftener than overwork that sends the college girl or her non-collegiate sister into nervous prostration. Just here is the saving grace of athletics, that sugar-coated ounce of prevention that prevents the bitter pound of cure. In the rush and whirl of some exercise that uses every muscle and requires each instant the judgment of an alert mind, there is no room for the little blue demon of worry that eats into the foundations of health; the perplexing problem is forgotten; the player gains her poise and takes up the next task with a freshened brain.

The physical benefits of judicious athletics are almost axiomatic. But they are not all. In the education of girls the incidental lessons of college contests are not to be despised—the value of patient work for an uncertain end, the sweetness of effort for the class, the grateful weariness of victory, and the pleasure of a just reward.

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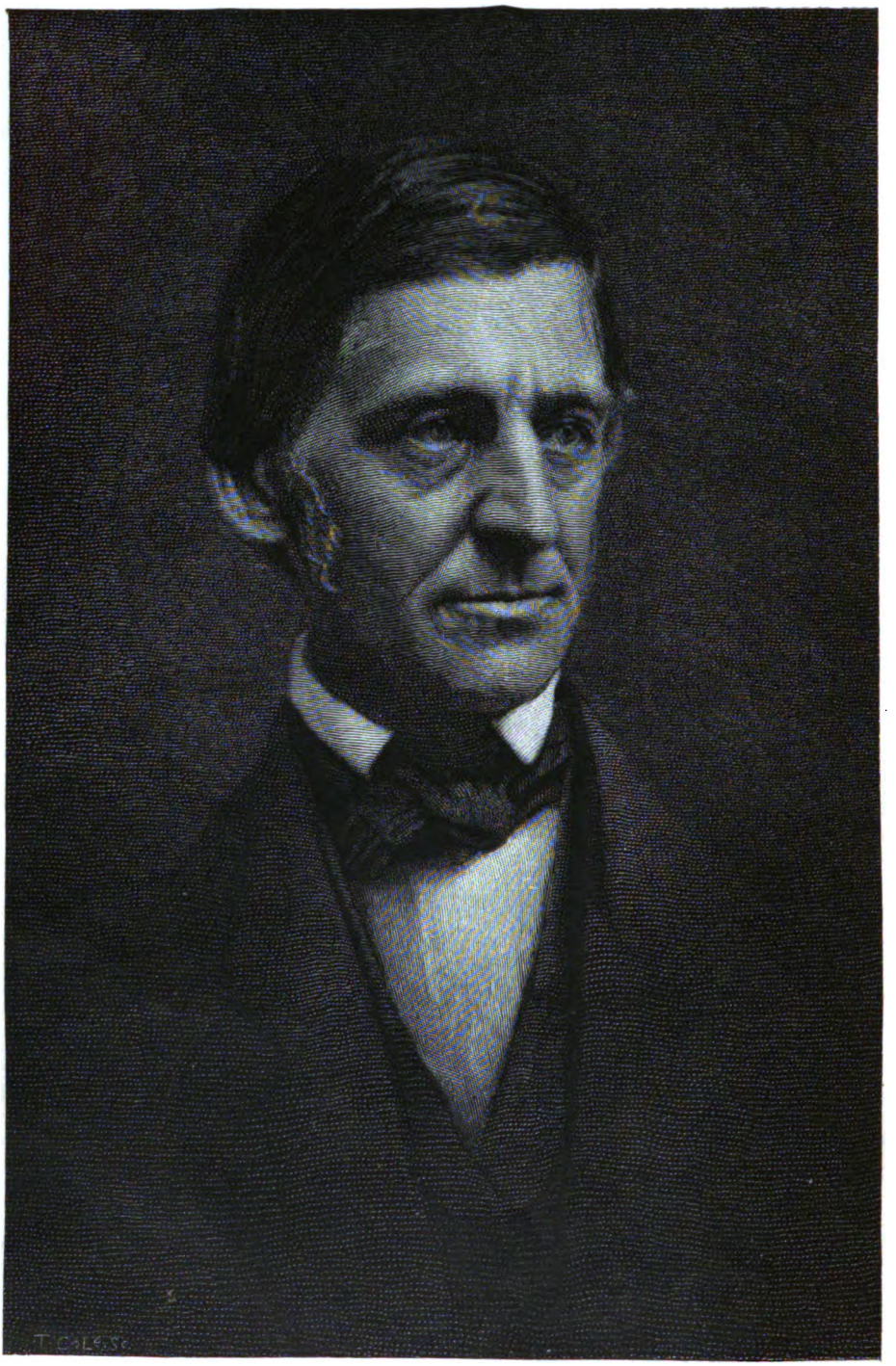

From a photograph | Engraved by Timothy Cole | See "Topics of the Time"

R. Waldo Emerson

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THE POOL IN THE DESERT

BY MRS. EVERARD COTES

(SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN)

Author of "An American Girl in London," etc.

I KNEW Anna Chichele and Judy Harbottle so well, and they figured so vividly at one time against the rather empty landscape of life in a frontier station, that my affection for one of them used to seem little more or less than a variant upon my affection for the other. That recollection, however, bears examination badly. Judy was much the better sort, and it is Judy's part in it that draws me into telling the story. Conveying Judy is what I tremble at; her part was simple. Looking back, and not so very far, her part has the relief of high comedy with the proximity of tears; but looking close, I find that it is mostly Judy, and that what she did is entirely second, in my untarnished picture, to what she was. Still, I do not think I can dissuade myself from putting it down.

They would, of course, inevitably have found each other sooner or later, Mrs. Harbottle and Mrs. Chichele, but it was I who actually introduced them. My palmy veranda in Rawalpindi, where the tea-cups used to assemble, was the scene of it; I presided behind my samovar over the early formalities that were almost at once to drop from their friendship, like the sheath of some bursting flower. I deliberately brought them together, so the birth was not accidental, and my interest in it was quite legitimately maternal. We always had tea in the veranda in Rawalpindi. The drawing-room was painted blue—blue for thirty feet up to the whitewashed cotton ceiling. Nothing of any value in the way of a human relation, I am sure, could have originated there. The veranda was spaced and open; their mutual observation had room and freedom; I watched it to and fro. I had not long to wait for my reward; the beautiful candor I expected between them was not ten minutes in coming. For the sake of it I had taken some trouble, but when I perceived it revealing, I went and sat down beside Judy's husband, Robert Harbottle, and talked about Pharaoh's split hoof. It was only fair; and when next day I got their impressions of each other, I felt single-minded and deserving.

I knew it would be a satisfactory sort of thing to do, but perhaps it was rather more for Judy's sake than for Anna's that I did it. Mrs. Harbottle was only twenty-seven then, and Robert a major; but he had brought her to India out of an episode too color-flushed to tone with English hedges: their marriage had come, in short, of his divorce, and as too natural a consequence. It is well known that in India the eye becomes accustomed to primitive pigments and high lights; the esthetic consideration, if nothing else, demanded Robert's exchange. He was lucky to get a Piffer[1] regiment, and the Twelfth were lucky to get him; we were all lucky, I thought, to get Judy. It was an opinion, of course, a good deal challenged, even in Rawalpindi, where it was thought, especially in the beginning, that acquiescence was the most the Harbottles could hope for. That is not enough in India; cordiality is the common right. I could not have Judy preserving her atmosphere at our tea-parties and gymkhanas.

Not that there were two minds among us about the "case"; it was a preposterous case, sentimentally undignified, from some points of view deplorable. I chose to make my point of view, on Judy's behalf, merely

[1] Punjab frontier force.

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Drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"JUDY . . . SAT, CLASPING HER KNEES, ON THE EDGE OF THE VERANDA" (SEE PAGE 74)

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Quixotic, preferring on Robert's just to close my eyes. There is no doubt that his first wife was odious to a degree that it is simply pleasanter not to recount, but her malignity must almost have amounted to a sense of humor. Her detestation of her cousin Judy Thynne dated much further back than Robert's attachment. That began in Paris, where Judy, a young widow, was developing a real vein at Julian's. I am entirely convinced that there was nothing, as people say, "in it." Judy had not a thought at that time that was not based on Chinese white and permeated with good-fellowship. But there was a good deal of it, and no doubt the turgid imagination of the first Mrs. Harbottle dealt with it honestly enough.

At all events, she saw her opportunity, and the depths of her indifference to Robert bubbled up venomously into the suit. That it was undefended was the senseless mystery; decency ordained that he and Judy should have made a fight, even in the hope that it would be a losing one. The reason it had to be a losing one —the reason so greatly criticized—was that the petitioning lady obstinately refused to bring her action against any other set of circumstances than those to which, I have no doubt, Judy contributed every indiscretion. It is hard to imagine Robert Harbottle refusing her any sort of justification that the law demands short of beating her; but her malice would accept nothing of which the account did not go for final settlement to Judy Thynne. If her husband wanted his liberty, he should have it, she declared, at that price and no other. Major Harbottle did indeed deeply long for his liberty; and his interesting friend Mrs. Thynne had, one can only say, the most vivid commiseration for his bondage. Whatever chance they had of winning, to win would be, for the end they had at heart, to lose; so they simply abstained, as it were, from comment upon the detestable procedure which terminated in the rule absolute.

I have often wondered whether the whole business would not have been more defensible if there had been on Judy's part any emotional spring for the leap they made. I offer my conviction that there was none, that she was only extravagantly affected by the ideals of the Quarter,—it is a transporting atmosphere,—and held a view of comradeship which permitted the reversal of the modern situation filled by a blameless co-respondent. Robert, of course, was tremendously in love with her; but my theory is that she married him as the logical outcome of her sacrifice, and by no means the smallest part of it.

It was all quite unimaginable, as so many things are, but the upshot of it brought Judy to Rawalpindi, as I have said, where I, for one, thought her mistake insignificant compared with her value. It would have been great, her value, anywhere; in the middle of the Punjab it was incalculable. To explain why would be to explain British India; but I hope it will appear, and I am quite willing, remember, to take the responsibility if it does not.

Somers Chichele, Anna's son, it is absurd to think, must have been about fifteen then, reflecting at Winchester, with the other "men," upon the comparative merits of tinned sardines and jam roll, and whether a packet of real Egyptians was not worth the sacrifice of either. His father was colonel of the Twelfth, his mother was still charming. It was the year before Dick Forsyth came down from the neighborhood of Sheikh-budin with a brevet and a good deal of personal damage. I mention him because he proved Anna's charm in the only conclusive way, before the eyes of us all; and the station, I remember, was edified to observe that if Mrs. Chichele came out of the matter "straight,"—one relapses, I find, into the simple definitions of those parts,—which she undoubtedly did, she owed it in no small degree to Judy Harbottle.

One feels this to be hardly a legitimate reference, but it is something tangible to lay hold upon in trying to describe the web of volitions which began to weave itself between the two that afternoon on my veranda, and which afterward became so strong a bond. I was delighted with the thing; its simplicity and sincerity stood out among our conventional little compromises at friendship like an ideal. Anna and Judy had the assurance of each other; they made upon each other the finest and often the most unconscionable demands. One met them walking at odd hours in queer places, of which I imagine they were not much aware. They would turn deliberately off the maidan and away from the band-stand to be rid of our irrelevant bows. They did

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their duty by the rest of us, but the most egregious among us, the deputy commissioner for selection, could see that he hardly counted. I thought I understood, but that may have been my fatuity; certainly when their husbands inquired what on earth they had been talking of, it usually transpired that they had found an infinite amount to say about nothing. It was a little worrying to hear Colonel Chichele and Major Harbottle describe their wives as "pals," but the fact could not be denied, and, after all, we were in the Punjab. They were pals, too, but the terms were different.

People discussed it according to their lights, and girls said in pretty wonderment that Mrs. Harbottle and Mrs. Chichele were like men—they never kissed each other. It was a poor negation to describe all that they never did; there was no common little convention of attachment that did not seem to be tacitly omitted between them. I hope one did not too cynically observe that they offered these to their husbands instead; the redeeming observation was their husbands' complete satisfaction. This they maintained to the end. In the natural order of things Robert Harbottle should have paid heavily for interfering, as he did, in Paris between a woman and what she was entitled to live for. As a matter of fact, he never paid anything at all; I doubt whether he ever knew himself a debtor. Judy kept her temperament under like a current, and swam with the waves of the surface, taking refreshing dips only now and then, which one traced in her eyes and her hair when she and Robert came back from leave.

Ten years later Somers came out. The Twelfth was at Peshawar. Robert Harbottle was lieutenant-colonel, and had the regiment. Distinction had incrusted, in the Indian way, upon Peter Chichele, its former colonel; he was general commanding the district, and K.C.B. So we were all still together in Peshawar. It was great luck for the Chicheles, Sir Peter's having the district, though his father's old regiment would have made it pleasant enough for the boy in any case. He came to us with the interest that hangs about a victim of circumstances. We understood that he was not a "born soldier." Anna had told me, on the contrary, that he was a sacrifice to family tradition, made inevitable by the general's unfortunate investments. Bellona's bridegroom was not a rôle he fancied, though he would make a kind of compromise as best man: he would agree, she said, to be a war correspondent and write picturesque specials for the London half-penny press. She conveyed it, I remember, in exactly the same tone with which she had said to me, years before, that he wanted to drive a milk-cart. She carried quite her half of the family tradition, though she could talk of sacrifice and make her eyes wistful in contemplating for Somers the limitations of the drill-book and the camp of exercise. Anna Chichele saw things that way. With the most delicate sense of all that was involved, if she could have made her son a poet or a commander-in-chief, she would not have hesitated for an instant.

Judy, with her single mind, cried out, almost at sight of him, upon them both—I mean both Anna and Sir Peter. Not that the boy carried his condemnation badly or even obviously: I venture that no one noticed it in the mess; but it was naturally plain to those of us who were under the same. He had put in his two years with a British regiment at Meerut,—they nurse subalterns in that way for the staff corps,—and his eyes no longer played with the tinsel vision of India; they looked instead into the arid stretch beyond. This preoccupation conveyed to the surgeon-major's wife the suggestion that Mr. Chichele was the victim of a hopeless attachment. Mrs. Harbottle made no such mistake; she saw simply, I imagine, the beginnings of her own hunger and thirst in him, looking back, as she told us, across a decade to remember them. The decade was there, close to the memory of all of us; we put, from Judy herself downward, an absurd amount of confidence in it.

She looked well the night she met him. It was English mail day; she depended a great deal upon her letters, and I suppose somebody had written her a word that brought her that happy, still excitement that is the inner mystery of words. He went straight to her, with some speech about his mother having given him leave, and for twenty minutes she patronized him on a sofa as his mother would not have dreamed of doing.

Anna Chichele, from the other side of

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the room, smiled on the pair. "I depend on you and Judy to be good to him while we are away," she said. She and Sir Peter were going on leave, at the end of the week, to Scotland, as usual, for the shooting.

Following her glance, I felt incapable of the proportion she assigned me. "I will see after his socks, with pleasure," I said; "I think, don't you, we may leave the rest to Judy?"

Her eyes remained upon the boy, and I saw the passion rise in them, at which I turned mine elsewhere. I have no children of my own, and it is a thing I cannot bear —that look.

"Poor old Judy!" she went on. "She never would be bothered with him in all his dear hobbledehoy time; she resented his claims: the unreasonable creature used to limit me to three anecdotes a week; and now she has him on her hands, if you like. See the pretty air of deference in the way he listens to her. He has nice manners, the villain, if he is a Chichele."

"Oh, you have improved Sir Peter's," I said kindly.

"I do hope Judy will think him worth while. I can't quite expect that he will be up to her, bless him! She is so much cleverer, is n't she, than any of us? But if she will just be herself with him it will make such a difference."

The other two crossed the room to us at that, and Judy gaily made Somers over to his mother, trailing off to find Robert in the billiard-room.

"Well, what has Mrs. Harbottle been telling you?" Anna asked him.

The young man's eye followed Judy; his hand went musingly to his mustache.

"She was telling me," he said, "that people in India were sepulchres of themselves, but that now and then one came who could roll away another's stone."

"It sounds promising," said Lady Chichele to me.

"It sounds cryptic," I laughed to Somers, but I saw that he had the key.

I cannot say that I attended diligently to Mr. Chichele's socks, but the part corresponding was freely assigned me. After his people went I saw him often. He pretended to find qualities in my tea, implied that he found them in my talk. As a matter of fact, it was my inquiring attitude that he loved, the knowledge that there was no detail that he could give me about himself, his impressions and experiences, that would not interest me. I would not for the world imply that he was egotistical or complacent; absolutely the reverse: but he possessed, the dear fellow, an articulate soul, which found its happiness in expression, and I liked to listen. I feel that these are complicated words to explain a very simple relation, and I pause to wonder what is left to me if I wished to describe his intercourse with Mrs. Harbottle. Luckily, there is an alternative: one need not do it. I wish I had somewhere on paper Judy's own account of it at this period, however. It is a thing she would have enjoyed writing, and more enjoyed communicating, at this period.

There was a grave reticence in his talk about her which amused me in the beginning. Mrs. Harbottle had been for ten years important enough to us all, but her serious significance, the light and the beauty in her, had plainly been reserved for the discovery of this sensitive and intelligent person not very long from Sandhurst and exactly twenty-six. I was barely allowed a familiar reference, and anything approaching a flippancy was met with penetrating silence. I was almost rebuked for lightly suggesting that she must occasionally find herself bored in Peshawar.

"I think not anywhere," said Mr. Chichele. "Mrs. Harbottle is one of the few people who sound the privilege of living."

This to me, who had counted Mrs. Harbottle's yawns on so many occasions! It became presently necessary to be careful, tactful, in one's implications about Mrs. Harbottle, and to recognize a certain distinction in the fact that one was the only person with whom Mr. Chichele discussed her at all.

The day came when we talked of Robert; it was bound to come in the progress of any intelligent and affectionate colloquy which had his wife for inspiration. I was familiar, of course, with Somers's opinion that the colonel was an awfully good sort; that had been among the preliminaries, and had become understood as the base of all references. And I liked Robert Harbottle very well myself. When his adjutant called him a born leader of men, however, I felt compelled to look at the statement considerингly.

"In a tight place," I said,—dear me,

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what expressions had the freedom of our little frontier drawing-rooms!—"I would as soon depend on him as on anybody; but as for leadership—"

"He is such a good fellow that nobody here does justice to his soldierly qualities," said Somers, "except Mrs. Harbottle."

"Has she been telling you about them?" I inquired.

"Well," he hesitated, "she told me about the Mulla Nulla affair. She is rather proud of that. Any woman would be."

"Poor dear Judy!" I mused.

Somers said nothing, but looked at me, between two whiffs of his cigarette, as if my words would be the better explanation.

"She has taken refuge in them—in Bob Harbottle's soldierly qualities—ever since she married him," I continued.

"Taken refuge?" he repeated coldly; but at my uncompromising glance his eyes fell.

"Well?" I said.

"You mean—"

"Oh, I mean what I say," I laughed. "Your cigarette is out. Have another."

"I think her devotion to him splendid."

"Quite splendid. Have you seen the things he brought her from the Simla art exhibition? He said they were nice bits of color, and she hung them in the drawing-room, where she will have to look at them every day. Let us admire her—dear Judy."

"Oh," he said, with a fine air of detachment, "do you think they are so necessary, those agreements?"

"Well," I replied, "we see that they are not indispensable. More sugar? I have given you only one lump. And we know, at all events," I added unguardedly, "that she could have had no illusion about him."

The young man looked up quickly. "Is that story true?" he asked.

"There was a story, but most of us have forgotten it. Who told you?"

"The doctor."

"The surgeon-major," I said, "has an accurate memory and a sense of proportion. As I suppose you were bound to get it from somebody, I am glad you got it from him."

I was not prepared to go on, and saw with some relief that Somers was not, either. His silence, as he smoked, seemed to me deliberate; and I had, oddly enough, at this moment for the first time the impression that he was a man and not a boy. Then the Harbottles themselves joined us, very cheery after a gallop from the Wazir-Bagh. We talked of old times, old friendships, good swords that were broken, names that had carried far, and Somers effaced himself in the perfect manner of the British subaltern. I noticed when the three rode away together that the colonel was beginning to sit down rather solidly on his big New Zealander; and I watched the dusk come over from the foot-hills for a long time, thinking more kindly than I had spoken of Robert Harbottle.

I have often wondered how far happiness is contributed to a temperament like Judy Harbottle's, and how far it creates its own; but I doubt whether, on either count, she found as much in any other winter of her life, except, perhaps, the remote ones by the Seine. Those ardent hours of hers when everything she said was touched with the flame of her individuality came oftener. She suddenly cleaned up her palette, and began to translate in one study after another the language of the frontier country, that spoke only in stones and in shadows under the stones and in sunlight over them. There is nothing in the Academy of this year, at all events, that I would exchange for the one she gave me. She lived her physical life at a pace which carried us all along with her; she hunted and drove and danced and dined with such sincere intention as convinced us all that in hunting and driving and dancing and dining there were satisfactions that had been somehow overlooked. The surgeon-major's wife said it was delightful to meet Mrs. Harbottle, she seemed to enjoy everything so thoroughly. The surgeon-major looked at her critically and asked her if she were quite sure she had n't a night temperature. He was a Scotchman. One night Colonel Harbottle, hearing her give away the last extra, charged her with renewing her youth.

"No, Bob," she said; "only imitating it."

Ah, that question of her youth! It was so near her still, she told me once, she heard the beat of its flying, and the blood in her veins leaped to answer the false signal. That was afterward, when she told the truth. She was not so happy when she indulged herself otherwise, as when she asked one to remember that she was a middle-aged woman with middle-aged thoughts and satisfactions.

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"I am now really happiest," she declared, "when the commissioner takes me in to dinner, when the general commanding leads me to the dance."

She did her best to make it an honest conviction. I offered her a recent success not crowned by the Academy, and she put it down on the table. "By and by," she said; "at present I am reading Pascal and Bossuet." Well, she was reading Pascal and Bossuet. She grieved aloud that most of our activities in India were so indomitably youthful, owing to the accident that most of us were always so young. "There is no dignified distraction in this country," she complained, "for respectable ladies nearing forty." She seemed to like to make these declarations in the presence of Somers Chichele, who would look at her with a queer little smile, half-protesting, half-solicitous, and plainly uncomfortable. She gave herself so generously to her seniors that somebody said Mrs. Harbottle's girdle was hung with brass hats. It seems flippant to add that her complexion was as honest as the day, but the fact is that, the year before, Judy had felt compelled, like the rest of us, to repair just a little the ravages of the climate. If she had never done it, one would not have looked twice at the absurdity when she said of the powder-puff in the dressing-room, "I have raised that thing to the level of an immorality," and sailed in to the dance with an uncompromising expression and a face uncompromised. I have not spoken of her beauty; for one thing, it was not always there, and there were people who would deny it altogether, or whose considered comment was, "I would n't call her plain." They, of course, were people in whom she declined to be interested, but even for those of us who could evoke some demonstration of her vivid self her face would not always light in correspondence. When it did, there was none that I liked better to look at; and I envied Somers Chichele his way to make it the pale, shining thing that would hold him lifted, in return, for hours together, with I know not what mystic power of a moon upon the tide. And he? Oh, he was dark and delicate. His common title to charm was the rather sweet seriousness that rested on his upper lip, and a certain winning gratification in his attention; but he had a subtler one in his eyes, which must be always seeking and smiling over what they found—those eyes of perpetual inquiry for the exquisite which ask so little help to create it. A personality to button up in a uniform—good heavens!

As I begin to think of them together I remember how the maternal note appeared in her talk about him.

"His youth is pathetic," she told me, "but there is nothing that he does not understand."

"Don't apologize, Judy," I said. We were so brusque on the frontier. Besides, the matter still suffered a jocular presentment. Mrs. Harbottle and Mr. Chichele were still "great friends." We could still put them next each other at our dinner-parties without the feeling that it would be "marked." There was still nothing unusual in the fact that when Mrs. Harbottle was there he might be taken for granted. We were broad-minded, also, on the frontier.

It grew more obvious, the maternal note. I began positively to dread it, almost as much, I imagine, as Somers did. She took her privileges all in Anna's name; she exercised her authority quite as Lady Chichele's proxy. She went to the very limit. "Anna Chichele," she said actually in his presence, "is a fortunate woman. She has all kinds of cleverness, and she has her tall son. I have only one little talent, and I have no tall son."

Now it was not in nature that she could have had a son as tall as Somers, nor was that desire in her eyes. All civilization implies a good deal of farce, but this was a poor refuge, a cheap device; I was glad when it fell away from her sincerity, when the day came on which she looked into my fire and said simply, "An attachment like ours has no terms."

"I wonder," I said.

"For what comes and goes," she said dreamily, "how could there be a formula?"

"Look here, Judy," I said; "you know me very well. What if the flesh leaps with the spirit?"

She looked at me, very white. "Oh, no," she said—"no."

I waited, but there seemed nothing more that she could say, and in the silence the futile negative seemed to wander round the room, repeating itself like an echo, "Oh, no—no." I poked the fire presently, to drown the sound of it. Judy sat, with her feet crossed and her hands thrust into the pockets of her coat, staring into the coals.

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"Can you live independently, satisfied with your interests and occupations?" she demanded at last. "Yes, I know you can. I can't. I must exist more than half in other people. It is what they think and feel that matters to me, just as much as what I think and feel. The best of life is in that communication."

"It has always been a passion with you, Judy," I replied. "I can imagine how much you must miss—"

"Whom?"

"Anna Chichele," I said softly.

She got up and walked about the room, fixing here and there an intent regard upon things which she did not see. "Oh, I do," she said at one point, with the effect of pulling herself together. She took another turn or two, and then, finding herself near the door, she went out. I felt as profoundly humiliated for her as if she had staggered.

The next night was one of those that stand out vividly, for no reason that one can identify, in one's memory. We were dining with the Harbottles. Judy and I and Somers and an intelligent globe-trotter had drifted out into the veranda, where the scent of Japanese lilies hung heavy on the spring wind, to trouble the souls of any taken unawares. There was a brightness beyond the foot-hills, where the moon was coming, and I remember how one tall clump swayed out against it and seemed in passionate perfume to lay a burden on the breast. Judy moved away from it, and sat, clasping her knees, on the edge of the veranda. Somers, when his eyes were not upon her, looked always at the lily.

Even the spirit of the globe-trotter was stirred, and he said, "I think you Anglo-Indians live in a kind of little Paradise."

There was an instant's silence, and then Judy turned her face into the lamplight from the drawing-room. "With everything but the essentials," she said.

We stayed late; Mr. Chichele and we were the last to go. Judy walked with us along the moonlit drive to the gate, which is so unnecessary a luxury in India that the servants always leave it open. She swung the stiff halves together.

"Now," she said, "it is shut."

"And I," said Somers Chichele, softly and quickly, "am on the other side."

Even over that depth she could flash him a smile. "It is the business of my life," she gave him in return, "to keep this gate shut." I felt as if they had forgotten me. Somers mounted and rode off without a word; we were walking in a different direction. Looking back, I saw Judy leaning immovable on the gate, while Somers turned in his saddle, apparently to repeat the form of lifting his hat. And all about them stretched the stones of Kabul valley, vague and formless in the tide of the moonlight.

Next day a note from Mrs. Harbottle informed me that she had gone to Bombay for a fortnight. In a postscript she wrote, "I shall wait for the Chicheles there, and come back with them." I remember reflecting that if she could not induce herself to take a passage to England in the ship that brought them, it seemed the right thing to do.

She did come back with them. I met the party at the station. I knew Somers would meet them, and it seemed to me, so imminent did disaster loom, that some one else should be there, some one to offer a covering movement or a flank support wherever it might be most needed. And among all our smiling faces disaster did come, or the cold premonition of it. We were all perfect, but Somers's lip trembled. Deprived for a fortnight, he was eager for the draught, and he was only twenty-six. His lip trembled, and there under the flickering station lamps suddenly stood that of which there never could be again any denial for those of us who saw.

Did we make, I wonder, even a pretense of disguising the consternation that sprang up among us, like an armed thing, ready to kill any further suggestion of the truth? I don't know. Anna Chichele's unfinished sentence dropped as if some one had given her a blow upon the mouth. Coolies were piling the luggage into a hired carriage at the edge of the platform. She walked mechanically after them, and would have stepped in with it but for the sight of her own gleaming landau drawn up within a yard or two, and the general waiting. We all got home somehow, taking it with us, and I gave Lady Chichele forty-eight hours to come to me with her face all one question and her heart all one fear. She came in thirty-six.

"Have you seen it—long?"

Prepared as I was, her directness was demoralizing.

"It is n't a mortal disease," I answered.

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"Oh, for heaven's sake—"

"Well, not with certainty for more than a month."

She made a little spasmodic movement with her hands, then dropped them pitifully. "Could n't you do *any*thing?"

I looked at her, and she said at once:

"No; of course you could n't."

For a moment or two I took my share of the heavy sense of it, my trivial share, which yet was an experience sufficiently exciting. "I am afraid it will have to be faced," I said.

"What will happen?" Anna cried. "Oh, what will happen?"

"Why not the usual thing?" Lady Chichele looked up quickly, as if at a reminder. "The ambiguous attachment of the country," I went on, limping, but courageous, "half declared, half admitted, that leads vaguely nowhere and finally perishes as the man's life enriches itself—the thing we have seen so often."

"Whatever Judy is capable of, it won't be the usual thing. You know that."

I had to confess in silence that I did.

"It flashed at me—the difference in her—in Bombay." She pressed her lips together, and then went on unsteadily: "In her eyes, her voice. She was mannered, extravagant, elaborate. With me! All the way up I wondered and worried. But I never thought—" She stopped; her voice simply shook itself into silence. I called a servant.

"I am going to give you a good stiff peg," I said. I apologize for the "peg," but not for the whisky and soda. It is a beverage, on the frontier, of which the vulgarity is lost in the value. While it was coming I tried to talk of other things, but she would only nod absently in the pauses.

"Last night we dined with him,—it was guest night at the mess,—and she was there. I watched her, and she knew it. I don't know whether she tried—but, anyway, she failed. The covenant between them was written on her forehead whenever she looked at him, though that was seldom. She dared not look at him! And the little conversation that they had—you would have laughed—it was a comedy of stutters. The facile Mrs. Harbottle!"

"You do well to be angry, naturally," I said; "but it would be fatal to let yourself go, Anna."

"Angry? Oh, I am *sick*. The misery of it! The terror of it! If it were anybody but Judy! Can't you imagine the passion of a temperament like that in a woman who has all these years been feeding on herself? I tell you she will take him from my very arms. And he will go—to I dare not imagine what catastrophe! Who can prevent it—who can prevent it?"

"There is you," I said.

Lady Chichele laughed hysterically. "I think you ought to say 'There are you.' I—what can I do? Do you realize that it 's *Judy*—my friend, my other self? Do you think we can drag all that out of it? Do you think a tie like that can be broken by an accident, by a misfortune? With it all I *adore* Judy Harbottle. I love her, as I have always loved her, and—it 's damnable, but I don't know whether, whatever happened, I would n't go on loving her."

"Finish your peg," I said. She was sobbing.

"Where I blame myself most," she went on, "is for not seeing in him all that makes him mature to her—that makes her forget the absurd difference between them, and take him simply and sincerely, as I know she does, as the contemporary of her soul, if not of her body. I saw none of that. Could I, as his mother? Would he show it to me? I thought him just a charming boy, with nice instincts and well plucked; we were always proud of that, with his delicate physique. Just a boy! I have n't yet stopped thinking how different he looks without his curls! And I thought she would be just kind and clever and gracious to him because he was my son."

"There, of course," I said, "is the only chance."

"Where—what?'

"He is your son."

"Would you have me appeal to her? Do you know, I don't think I could."

"Dear me, no. Your case must present itself. It must spring upon her, and grow before her out of your silence and, if you can manage it, your confidence. There is a great deal, after all, remember, to hold her in that. I can't, somehow, imagine her failing you. Otherwise—"

Lady Chichele and I exchanged a glance of candid intelligence.

"Otherwise she would be capable of sacrificing everything—everything. Of gathering her life into an hour. I know. And, do you know, if the thing were less impossible,

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less grotesque, I should not be so much afraid. I mean that the *absolute* indefensibility of it might bring her a recklessness and a momentum which might—"

"Send her over the verge," I said. "Well, go home and ask her to dinner."

There was a good deal more to say, of course, than I have thought proper to put down here; but before Anna went I saw that she was keyed up to the heroic part. This was none the less to her credit because it was the only part, the dictation of a sense of expediency that despaired while it dictated. The noble thing was her capacity to take it, and, amid all that warred in her, to carry it out on the brave, high lines of her inspiration. It seemed a literal inspiration, so perfectly calculated that it was hard not to think sometimes, when one saw them together, that Anna had been lulled into a simple resumption of the old relation. Then from the least thing possible, the lift of an eyelid, it flashed upon one that between these two every moment was dramatic, and one took up the word with a curious sense of detachment and futility, but with one's heart beating like a trip-hammer with the mad excitement of it. The acute thing was the splendid sincerity of Judy Harbottle's response. For days she was profoundly on her guard; then suddenly she seemed to become virtually, vividly aware of what I must go on calling the great chance, and passionately to fling herself upon it. It was the strangest co-operation, without a word or a sign to show it conscious, a playing together for stakes that could not be admitted, a thing to hang upon breathless. It was there between them, the tenable ground of what they were to each other; they occupied it with almost an equal eye upon the tide that threatened, while I from my mainland tower also made an anguished calculation of the chances. I think, in spite of the menace, they found real beatitudes; so keenly did they set about the business that it brought them moments finer than any they could count in the years that were behind them—the flat and colorless years that were gone. Once or twice the wild idea even visited me that it was, after all, the projection of his mother in Somers that had so seized Judy Harbottle, and that the original was all that was needed to help the happy process of detachment. Somers himself at the time was a good deal away on escort duty; they had a clear field.

I cannot tell exactly when, between Mrs. Harbottle and me, it became a matter for reference more or less overt—I mean her defined problem, the thing that went about between her and the sun. It will be imagined that it did not come up like the weather; indeed, it was hardly ever to be envisaged and never to be held; but it was always there, and out of our joint consciousness it would sometimes leap and pass, without shape or face. It might slip between two sentences, or it might remain a dogging shadow for an hour. Or a week would pass while, with a strong hand, she held it out of sight altogether, and talked of Anna, always of Anna. Her eyes shone with the things she told me then; she seemed to keep herself under the influence of them, as if they had the power of narcotics.

At the end of a time like this she turned to me in the door as she was going, and stood silent, as if she could neither go nor stay. I had been able to make nothing of her that afternoon; she had seemed preoccupied with the pattern of the carpet, which she traced continually with her riding-crop; and finally I too had relapsed. She sat haggard, with the fight forever in her eyes, and the day seemed to grow somber about her in her corner. When she turned in the door I looked up with sudden prescience of a crisis.

"Don't jump," she said; "it was only to tell you that I have persuaded Robert to apply for furlough. Eighteen months. From the 1st of April. Don't touch me." I suppose I made a movement toward her. Certainly I wanted to throw my arms about her—with the instinct, I suppose, to steady her in her great resolution.

"At the end of that time, as you know, he will be retired. I had some trouble, he is so keen on the regiment; but I think I have succeeded. You might mention it to Anna."

"Have n't you?" sprang past my lips.

"I can't. It would be like taking an oath, to tell her, and—I can't take an oath to go. But I mean to."

"There is nothing to be said," I brought out, feeling indeed that there was not. "But I congratulate you, Judy."

"No; there is nothing to be said. And you congratulate me, no doubt."

She stood for a moment quivering in the

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isolation she made for herself, and I felt a primitive angry revolt against the delicate trafficking of souls that could end in such ravage and disaster. The price was too heavy. I would have denuded her, at the moment, of all that led her into this, and turned her out a clod with fine shoulders, like fifty other women in Peshawar. Then, perhaps because I held myself silent and remote, and she had no emotion to fear from me, she did not immediately go.

"It will beat itself away, I suppose, like the rest of the unreasonable pain of the world," she said at last; and that, of course, brought me to her side. "Things will go back to their proportions. This," she touched an open rose, "will claim its beauty again. And life will become—perhaps—what it was before."

Still I found nothing to say; I could only put my arm in hers and walk with her to the edge of the veranda, where the sice was holding her horse. She stroked the animal's neck. "Everything in me answered him," she informed me, with the grave intelligence of a patient who relates a symptom past. As she took the reins she turned to me again. "His spirit came to mine like a homing bird," she said, and in her smile even the pale reflection of happiness was sweet and stirring. It left me hanging in imagination over the source and the stream, a little blessed in the mere understanding.

Too much blessed for confidence, or any safe feeling that the source was bound. Rather I saw it leaping over every obstacle, flashing to its destiny. As I drove to the club next day I decided that I would not tell Anna Chichele of Colonel Harbottle's projected furlough. If to Judy telling her would be like taking an oath that they would go, to me it would at least be like assuming sponsorship for their intention. That would be heavy indeed. From the 1st of April—we were then in March. Anna would hear it soon enough from the general; would see it soon enough, almost, in the "Gazette," when it would have passed into irrecoverable fact. So I went by her with locked lips, kept out of the way of those eyes of the mother that asked and asked, and would have seen clear to any depth, any hiding-place, of knowledge like that. As I pulled up at the club I saw Colonel Harbottle talking concernedly to the wife of our second in command, and was reminded that I had not heard for some days how Major Watkins was getting on. So I too approached Mrs. Watkins in her victoria to ask. Robert Harbottle kindly forestalled her reply. "Hard luck, is n't it? Watkins has been ordered home at once. Just settled into their new house, too—last of the kit came up from Calcutta yesterday, did n't it, Mrs. Watkins? But it 's sound to go; Peshawar is the worst hole in Asia to shake off dysentery in."

We agreed upon this, and discussed the sale-list of her new furniture that Mrs. Watkins would have to send round the station, and considered the chances of a trooper,—to the Watkinses, with two children and not a penny but his pay, it did make a difference not to have to go by a liner,—and Colonel Harbottle and I were half-way to the reading-room before the significance of Major Watkins's sick-leave flashed upon me.

"But this," I cried, "will make a difference to your plans. You won't—"

"Be able to ask for that furlough Judy wants. Rather not. I 'm afraid she 's disappointed—she was tremendously set on going; but it does n't matter tuppence to me."

I sought out Mrs. Harbottle, at the end of the room. She looked radiant; she sat on the edge of the table, and swung a light-hearted heel. She was talking to people who in themselves were a witness to high spirits, Captain the Hon. Freddy Gisborne and Mrs. Flamboys. At sight of me her face clouded, fell into the old weary lines. It made me feel somehow a little sick; I went back to my cart and drove home.

For more than a week I did not see her except when I met her riding with Somers Chichele along the peach-bordered road that leads to the Wazir-Bagh. The trees were all in blossom, and made a picture that might well catch dreaming souls into a beatitude that would correspond. The air was full of spring and the scent of violets, those wonderful Peshawar violets that grow in great clumps, tall and double. Gracious clouds came and trailed across the frontier barrier; as blue as an idyl it rose about us; the city smiled in her gardens.

She had it all in her face, all the spring softness and more, the morning she came, intensely controlled, to announce her defeat. The wonderful telegram from Simla arrived—that was the wonderful part—at

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the same time; I remember how the red-white-and-blue turban of the telegraph peon bobbed up behind her shoulder in the veranda. I signed, and laid it on the table; I suppose it seemed hardly likely that anything could be important enough to interfere at the moment with my impression of what love, unbound and victorious, could do with a face I thought I knew. Love sat there careless of the issue, full of delight. Love proclaimed that between him and Judith Harbottle it was all over,—she had met him, alas! in too narrow a place,—and I marveled at the paradox with which he softened every curve and underlined every vivid note of personality in token that it had just begun. He sat there in great serenity, and though I knew that somewhere behind lurked a vanquished woman, I saw her through such a radiance that I could not be sure of seeing her at all.

"And now," she said, "it is so dear to me and so lovely in my eyes—for a long time I would put it away and could not; now, if I could, I dare not say I would."

"And you go all the way—to the logical conclusion?"

She hardly hesitated. "To the logical conclusion—what poor words!"

"May I ask—when?"

"I should like to tell you that quite definitely, and I think I can. The English mail leaves to-night."

"And you have arranged to take it?"

"We have arranged nothing. Do you know,"—she smiled as if at the fresh colors of a dream,—"we have not even come to the admission. There has been between us no word, no vision. Ah, we have gone in bonds, and inarticulate! Hours we have had, exquisite hours of the spirit, but never a moment of the heart. It was mine to give, that moment, and he has waited, I know—wondering whether perhaps it would ever come. And to-day—we are going for a ride to-day, and I do not think—we shall come back."

"Oh, Judy," I cried, catching at her sleeve, "he is only a boy!"

"There were times when I thought that conclusive. Now the misery of it has gone to sleep; don't waken it. It pleases me to believe that the years are a convention. I never had any dignity, you know, and I seem to have missed the moral deliverance. I only want—oh, you know what I want. Why don't you open your telegram?"

"It is probably from Mrs. Watkins about the victoria," I said, feeling its profound irrelevance; "I wired an offer to her in Bombay. However—" and I read the telegram, the little solving telegram from army headquarters. I turned my back on her to read it again, and then I folded it up very carefully and put it in my pocket. It was a moment to take hold of with both hands, crying on all one's gods for steadiness.

"How white you look!" said Mrs. Harbottle, with concern. "Not bad news?"

"On the contrary—excellent news. Judy, will you stay to luncheon?"

She looked at me, hesitating. "Won't it seem rather a compromise on your part—when you ought to be rousing the city?"

"I don't intend to rouse the city," I said.

"I have given you the chance."

"Thank you," I said grimly; "but the only real favor you can do me is to stay and lunch." It was then just on one.

"I 'll stay," she said, "if you will promise not to make any sort of effort. I should n't mind, but it would distress you."

"I promise absolutely," I said, and ironical joy rose up in me, and the telegram burned in my pocket.

She would talk of it, though I found it hard to let her go on, knowing and knowing and knowing as I did that for that day at least it could not be. There was very little about herself that she wanted to tell me; she was there confessed a woman whom joy had overcome. It was understood that we both accepted that situation. But in the details which she asked me to take charge of it was plain that she also kept watchful eye upon fate—matters of business.

We were in the drawing-room. The little tin clock in its Amritsar case marked half-past three. Judy put down her coffee-cup and rose to go. As she glanced at the clock the light deepened in her eyes, and I, with her hand in mine, felt like an agent of the destroyer; for it was half-past three—consumed myself with fear lest the blow had miscarried. Then, as we stood, suddenly the sound of hoofs at a gallop on the drive, and my husband threw himself off at the door and tore through the hall to his room; and in the certainty that overwhelmed me even Judy, for an instant, stood dim and remote.

"Major Jim seems in a hurry," said Mrs. Harbottle, lightly. "I have always liked your husband. I wonder whether he will say to-morrow that he always liked me."

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"Dear Judy, I don't think he will be occupied with you to-morrow."

"Oh, surely, just a little, if I go to-night."

"You won't go to-night."

She looked at me helplessly; her eyes filled with tears. "I wish—"

"You 're not going—you 're not! You can't! Look!"

I pulled it out of my pocket and thrust it at her—the telegram. It came, against every regulation, from my good friend the deputy adjutant-general, and it read:

Row Khurram 12th probably ordered front three hours' time

Her face changed,—how my heart leaped to see it change!—and that took command there which will command trampling, even in the women of the camp, at news like this.

"What luck that Bob could n't take his furlough!" she exclaimed, single-thoughted. "But you have known this for hours"—there was even something of the colonel's wife, authority, incisiveness. "Why did n't you tell me? Ah—I see."

I stood before her abased, and that was ridiculous, while she measured me as if I presented in myself the woman I took her to be. "It was n't like that," she said.

I had to defend myself. "Judy," I said, "if you were n't in honor bound to Anna, how could I know that you would be in honor bound to the regiment? There was a train at three."

"I beg to assure you that you have overcalculated," said Mrs. Harbottle. Her eyes were hard and proud. "And I am not sure,"—a deep red swept over her face, a man's blush,—"in the light of this, I am not sure that I am not in honor bound to Anna."

We had reached the veranda, and at her signal her coachman drove quickly up. "You have kept me here three hours when there was the whole of Bob's kit to see to," she said as she flung herself in. "You might have thought of that."

IT was a more than usually tedious campaign, and Colonel Robert Harbottle was ambushed and shot in a place where one must believe pure boredom induced him to take his men. The incident was relieved, the newspapers said,—and they are seldom clever in finding relief for such incidents,—by the dash and courage shown by Lieutenant Chichele, who, in one of those feats which it has lately been the fashion to criticize, carried the mortally wounded body of his colonel out of range at conspicuous risk of depriving the Queen of another officer. I helped Judy with her silent packing,—she had forgiven me long before that,—and she settled almost at once into the flat in Chelsea which has since been credited with so delightful an atmosphere. For months after, while the expedition still raged after snipers and rifle-thieves, I discussed with Lady Chichele the probable outcome of it all. I have sometimes felt ashamed of leaping as straight as I did with Anna to what we thought the inevitable. I based no calculation on all Mrs. Harbottle had gone back to, just as I had based no calculation on her ten years' companionship in arms when I kept her from the three-o'clock train. This last was a retrospection in which Anna naturally could not join me. She never knew, poor dear, how fortunate as to its moment was the campaign she deplored, and nothing to this day can have disturbed her conviction that the bond she was at such magnificent pains to strengthen held against the strain as long, happily, as the supreme need existed. Her distress about poor Robert Harbottle was genuine enough, but one could not be surprised at a certain ambiguity—one tear for Robert, so to speak, and two for her boy. And she laid down with some emphasis that Somers was brilliantly entitled to all he was likely to get, which was natural, too.

I HAD been from the beginning so much "in it" that Anna showed me, a year later, though I don't believe she liked doing it, the letter in part of which Mrs. Harbottle shall finally excuse herself.

Somers will give you this [I read], and with it take back your son. You will not find, I know, anything grotesque in the charming enthusiasm with which he has offered his life to me; you understand too well—you are too kind. And if you wonder that I can so render up a dear thing which I might keep, and would once have taken, think how sweet in the desert is the pool, and how fevered are the environs of Balclutha.

Anna had her own interpretation. "Dear Judy!" she said with sentiment. "She could n't exchange me for a mother-in-law."

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Drawn by Granville Smith

OUT OF MY PORTFOLIO

MY OLD MAID'S CORNER

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

Author of "Hezekiah's Wives"

HOW it rains! The streets are running rivers, and the torrents that fall from leaden skies divide each man from his fellows and shut us all indoors.

At home, on a day like this, it was our delight, when young, to go into the attic, that we might delve there among the treasures of some old horsehair trunks and some of red deerskin, that had stood under the cobwebbed rafters for nobody knew how long.

What accumulations they held! The jetsam and flotsam of many a gay transport that had once borne beauties long since dead and beaus of another fashion out on to seas of glory, and sometimes on to reefs, alas! We would come across white satin wedding-slippers without heels, and high-crowned hats with uncurled plumes, satin waistcoats of a wonderful cut, knee-buckles studded with brilliants, and fans with pictures after famous French painters. Sometimes, carefully folded away with a knot of golden hair or a faded rose, there would be a pair of tiny blue kid shoes, with the date of the baby's death in faded ink. Once we found one of its muslin caps, and used it for our dolls; but we were only children then.

Deep down at the very bottom of some trunk there would be such queer silhouettes and miniatures—pictures of women, their hair all puffs, and men with high white stocks and dog-eared collars. And then, what letters—yellow-stained and faint with age, but still breathing of past joys and past despairs! Nobody's letters, when we found them, the very names of their writers forgotten, but each showing a heart wide open for the instant, giving up glimpses of innermost chambers, and then, with all their other history, fading away into the past again, like those glimpses that we catch through open doorways or over garden walls, which fade behind us just as we have caught them through the windows of a railway-train that whirls us by.

But in a town on a rainy day there are never any attics with their treasure-trove of old hair trunks to delve among; and yet the instinct to delve into something is as

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strong. It belongs preëminently to women, I think. Some of those whom I know will take such a day for an upheaval of closets, some for bureau drawers. Some will use one for going through a desk, or through a wardrobe with its laces. Some who are spinsters, like me, will take it, as girls often do, for sorting out and arranging their different souvenirs. Every old maid's corner is full of them—curious mementos and keepsakes that have lain there for years: pictures of faithful lovers; stories of people with names left off; hints of a tragedy dropped by several people, and which, all at once, as we look them over, we suddenly find fitting together. And tucked away among this driftwood out of others' lives how many of our own half-forgotten possessions we discover: ambitions and purposes long since abandoned as out-of-date; plans of kind deeds which we meant to perform, but for which there was never a convenient moment. Then, the thoughts that were to be our daily companions, but which we were always too busy to take counsel with. What an assortment! Every old spinster has them, I say. They often prove posthumous records.

I like to go over mine when a rainy day comes. Then I spread before me a huge portfolio, between the ample pages of which I have slipped various odds and ends. Here, for instance, is a little thing, a mere fragment that I have had for years. A dear old lady gave it to me. This is the story it tells: They were both young. She was of our own people and beautiful. He was in the Prussian army, for everything was Prussian then. They were married, and after that the war with France broke out. This was in the seventies of the century that has gone. When his orders came, he made a galloping detour one night at the head of his cavalry troop, and, riding up the stone-paved street of the little town where he had left his wife, he stopped before her door. She was up-stairs in a room filled with shaded candle-light, their eight-day-old baby, which he had never seen, nestled under her arm. He stooped and kissed the mother, and then, with the ardor of a boy, he lifted his first-born, his son, and running with him down-stairs, mounted his horse, and held the baby up before his troop. High over his head he held the child, and each man in the long line of horsemen trailing down the dimly lighted street broke into a cheer. When this baptism into loyalty was over, the young father ran up-stairs again,—he had but the moment,—and laying the little fellow by his mother, told her, with another kiss, how soon he would come back—very, very soon, next week perhaps. When he left she could hear the hoofs of the horses clattering over the stones, he at their head, galloping off into the night—off still farther to where a battle was to be fought next day. Straight into the cannon's mouth he rode, they told her afterward, and so saved the day; but even his body was not to be found when the battle was done.

No; there is nothing else with which this fragment could fit, unless I knew what became of that baby. Did she, being but a woman, and all alone, know how to make him such a man as his father would have had him? Sometimes I wonder if, from very dread of courage and its cost, she kept the lad a weakling all his life. Not to every mother is given the power so to rear her son that, Theseus-like, he may step into the sandals an heroic father has bequeathed.

Next in my portfolio I come across a picture at which I always like to look. It is a picture of two lovers, not young, however, like those we oftenest see. These had been married for forty years, and their anniversary fell on her sixtieth birthday. Her hair, which had been golden and full of curls, had never turned gray. There was still in it a suggestion of the gay abandon of its youth, as there was in the joy one read in her face. The hair had only grown to be a darker shade, as the hair of blonds should grow. To him who loved her this was still a halo round her head. If she were older than when they married, I doubt whether he had ever stopped to think. But she had. For fifteen years at least she had been taking note of changes in herself, having her tea-gowns cut higher and higher in the neck, so that he would not see what she mourned, until now the collars bound her close about the throat. Then, being a man, he did see at last, but without understanding, for he asked her if she would not dress again as she used to dress for dinner. This was just before their fortieth anniversary, which came on a Sunday. When he was taking his afternoon nap she arrayed herself. And how pretty she was! I saw her afterward—that very night, indeed—in her black velvet gown cut square at the

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throat, a bit of old Venetian lace turned back over the shoulders, and some soft tulle across the bust. I saw her, as I say; but her husband, to whom the dress was to be a surprise, saw her first. While he slept she crept into his room, and taking a chair, drew it up beside the sofa where he lay, seating herself with folded hands. And there, smiling, she waited, without moving, until he waked and saw her and the gown. Sometimes it seems to me that no picture of young lovers was ever half so sweet.

And here is still another picture, sent me by some friend. The man and woman in it are old—very old indeed; and he wears knee-breeches, and big buttons on his coat. You cannot see his face, but from the way in which one thin hand falls over the arm of the chair and his feet are placed upon the floor, you know him to have been a gentleman all his life. He sits beside a big four-post bedstead in the twilight, and on its pillow, in a lace cap, there is the face of a woman. You can see hers clearly, and how old and white and very still it is. The man holds the woman's hand. He has always held it in this way of late when in the afternoon she slept, because he has never let her know what it was to be without his hand, as they walked together in their youth, through all the middle years, and into age. But this afternoon, though his grasp had been as close, he had felt her going, and without him—beginning that long journey upon which we must all set out alone. He did not summon any help, expecting to follow himself in a little while,—who knows?—for they had always been so near in all they did. It was only after many hours, when night had come, that the great-grandchildren opened the door, worried by a silence that had lasted longer than its wont. When they looked at her and spoke to him, he only lifted his head to say:

"Yes, I know; but I wanted to hold her hand and be alone with her for just a little longer."

I find that I have a great many of these pictures of old lovers put away, gathered together because I like them, but put away because they would not interest young people. Love, to them, is all a thing of youth, and wide horizons, and sparkling summer skies of dazzling glory. They think that when age comes the fires must have burned out in the heart, leaving nothing but a bed of ashes. But how can the flames ever be out, I say, so long as one face can be lighted by the joy of looking into the face of the other?

But this! My favorite title,—"One of the Gift-Bearers,"—and tucked away here among all these half-forgotten things! I cared for it at one time more than for anything that I had—this title of a story that I meant to write. Everybody has one, but mine was inspired by the illumined look that I once caught on the face of a woman wearing a widow's cap who passed me hurriedly in the street. It was full of such radiance that it haunted me for days, and I asked her history. She was to be "One of the Gift-Bearers" in my story, since love with her was always the gift that she bore, not that which she prided herself on receiving. I gathered as much from all that her friends told me from time to time, she in her own eyes being only such a bearer as a king would choose to send his message by—the casket, perhaps, in which the gem was sent, but never the jewel itself. Nothing in her life showed that she confused the two, or that she claimed for herself as bearer that which belonged only to the gift she carried. And as she proved this in the love she gave her husband (it was all for him), so she felt it about the sons she bore. They were gifts to her, and from her, too. She never murmured when they both perished as heroes, their names on all our lips during the war with Spain. In those days when I was thinking altogether of her, and never went anywhere without carrying my title with me, I used to wonder why every other woman could not be a Gift-Bearer as well, like this one with the radiant face. And I knew that every other woman might be, whatever her place in life, whether she were given a child to rear, a book to write, a house to put in order, or only a cheerful hint to carry to some stumbler. For to be a Gift-Bearer, like this one who had passed me in her widow's cap, it needs only that one be willing to remember that the bearer is not the gift, and that one should think more and more of the gift one carries, and what that gift means, and less of one's self who had been chosen to bear it.

I found the theme too big for me. I might have caught and given the tragic notes of the woman's story, for every one knows the notes of tragedy. But

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her radiance! One must have the fires one's self to give radiance, to know that the highest giving is being—as one must be all poet to be lyrical in song. I know now that I shall never write "One of the Gift-Bearers," although I meant to have made that story my best.

Next to this title, as I turn the page, I come upon two emblazoned paragraphs like those painted texts it was once the fashion to hang over our beds. One text reads: "The perfect balance in life is found by supplying deficiencies in others. They never find it who are only on the lookout for perfect equalities." The other runs: "Those who are forever seeking for others whose moods will exactly match their own will find it safer to carry their own moods with them."

I know just how these two found their way here, the very day and hour, in fact, of their coming. He, as men sometimes will, had lifted his hands over his head and cried out in an agony of despair. The soul of another had failed him: that great nature in which at first he had seemed to find his other self, all his hopes, his aspirations, his great and lofty purposes matched with equal ardor—a nature that, in the great enthusiasm of his young affections, he thought so deep because, like the shallow basin of a fountain, it could reflect whatever of greatness was spread over it, even that of the blue vaults on high. Beautiful and alluring mirrors, these shallow basins, as I know. No wonder he was deceived. Beautiful mirrors in which we who look can read the very secrets of the stars brought down within our reach, but against which we only break our heads and hearts when we try to plunge into them.

I think, being like every other spinster with an explanation and a remedy for every woe, that I tried to tell him something of this, insisting that, after all, it was *she* who might have been defrauded, he having failed to come to her as he had done before their marriage, bringing the same enthusiasms with him; and I suggested that if he brought just as much to her now he might find just as much reflected as he had seen at first. For he was not the only man I had known who, entranced by seeing only his own image filling another's soul, has sometimes, when he tried to see another and a deeper in its stead, been pained by as rude an awakening. It is safer to be a Gift-Bearer, I think, than to be too greatly concerned with what other people fail in.

"That which wins a man will wean him." I have not thought of this for years, nor do I remember why I thought of it then. It might have gone at the end of those other texts I just had in my hands. I will pin it to them when I put it back, as I mean to put everything in a moment, now that the clouds outside are lifting. Perhaps I ought to destroy it. I would send it to a woman whom I know, except for its hopelessness, and nothing that has hopelessness in it ought to live or be sent about among one's friends. Besides, would it help her? Her husband is long since weaned, and by that very devotion of hers to children which had won him to her in his youth. Before they were married, he found it alluring to watch her caring for her sister's children, neglecting her own pleasures for them. He thought he had never seen so lovely a girl, nor one with so few frivolities—just the woman he wanted as his wife. But when their own babies came, and she was no less devoted to her own, carrying them in her own arms rather than let a nurse have them, her devotion took on a different color in his eyes. For her back rounded under the strain, her figure was ruined, and none of her clothes fitted, which worried him. "Why don't Betty's dresses look like yours?" he once said to a younger sister of hers, a girl who never permitted anything to interfere with the perfection of her toilets. Now, when the wife is in the nursery, he goes out of the house, twitching his shoulders with impatience. Yet this wife is exactly the same person he married, loving the same things which he loved her for loving in those days when he persisted in believing that she was the only woman in the world for him.

There, indeed, is the hopelessness of it all: "That which wins a man will wean him." The butterfly nature before marriage and the butterfly nature afterward. Altruistic tendencies in the maiden and altruistic sympathies in the wife. I wish I had not found it here to-day. It is like our coming across those tiny blue kid shoes with the date of the baby's death that we used to see in the old trunks long ago, bringing us back with a sudden shock to knowing how even the sweetest of dreams may end. Yes, the hope-

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lessness of it all! But why the hopelessness, I ask myself, even as I still hold the hopeless sentence in my hands. Of course there is a vulnerable spot in all earthly happiness, else it would not be earthly. But I have never believed that it was meant that we were to prepare only for destruction coming to us through our vulnerable places. I believe that our weaknesses are our opportunities, and our vulnerable spots are often made irritating simply to show us in what quarter our recuperative energies might be directed to most profit.

Sometimes I go even farther than this, and believe that our greatest temptations lie along the line of our greatest strength, and not along the line of our greatest frailty. It all depends upon our point of view whether we regard temptations as sent by malignant powers to assail us, or ourselves as sent out by a righteous power to meet them. There is a thought of valor included in the last idea, and of hopefulness in the possibility it suggests of our developing in stature and girth, like the soldiers whom we train to meet a danger. But perhaps there is too little of comfort in it for most people. Growing pains are an affliction when they once begin. Then, too, there are some of us to whom the whole question is confusing, as it must be to that poor friend of mine who clings so persistently to the one supreme virtue by which her husband was won. What more natural for her than to cherish that which he had loved? It was he who taught her the value of that which he now spurns.

Certainly it seems to me that if we did understand more clearly what it was to grow, we would at least understand something of the principles of adjustment and of readjustment, and what the constant, unending need of adjustments is among people to whom growth is not natural—not an unfoldment, as it should be, with the outworn dropping away, as petals from seeds. For if the power of adjustment were acquired, there never would be any insanity or madness. Unhappiness would endure but as a momentary shock, and every conflicting current in married life would be but a blending to make the great streams stronger.

It may be, when the necessities for readjustment arise, that we are all thinking too much of what we were and too little of what we want to be. The disappointed married ones, like the faded beauties, seldom, I know, think of anything else. That is why most of them remain so closely tied to their miseries, never far enough away to look them in the face. I know one exception. "We are growing old," this one said to her husband. "Do not let us settle into ways, thinking nothing so important as our symptoms and nothing worth cultivating but our own peculiarities. Since we have to be old people, let us be nice and agreeable old people, the very nicest whom we know." And how enchanting they became, in fact, everybody's children loving them! They had none of their own.

This is the woman who once said to me: "If we would all regard the marriages we entered into as we would our professions, bending all our energies to making a success of ours, there would be fewer failures in domestic life."

I am glad that I thought of her to-day, for I like things to end cheerfully, especially old age, and more particularly marriages. And I know nothing better able to insure a cheerful ending than that idea of growth which keeps us always to the inner truth of things, so that the ugly and uncomfortable fall away of themselves, and the new and the beautiful are welcomed as an unfoldment. For I think of what the love of the man and woman might mean who understood it, even the love of such a hopeless one as she whose husband is now weaned by that which had won him: how the ideal would carry them on together through the very eternities, lovers always and to the end, like those at whose pictures I looked first to-day, and which I now lay away in my portfolio.

Yes, I like things to end cheerfully, and most assuredly a rainy day like this one. The sun is shining, and everywhere outside there is the freshness of an atmosphere washed clear of dust. The streets are filling with people, for men and women who live in town are like robins after a storm: each quits his cover on the instant, and the ground is covered with a moving throng.

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The Conquest of the Forest

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER
PICTURES BY
ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHEIN

HERE, at last, was the deep forest. Since dawn we had been climbing the foot-hills of the Cascade Mountains, first on the flat-car of a logging-train running up from Puget Sound,—the air nimble with cold, the sun not yet risen,—twisting around perilous side-hills, across burned slashings thick with colossal stumps, over mountain streams, through stretches of virgin wood, towering and dark, where we ran as in a cañon of verdure; then still more perilously upward on a mountain locomotive, geared for just such gorges and bold climbs as these, past logging-camps squatting low in the thick, moist undergrowth, the landings piled high with new logs; and then to a still steeper skid-way worn with the downward rush of ponderous, shaggy logs. Thus we came to the opening where the axman, the swamper, the barker, the bucker, the sniper, the dog-chain tender were at work in the forest, where the donkey-engine, fuming with the spicy, ever-to-be-remembered odor of fresh cedar-smoke, was dragging the logs by resistless steel cable from the unwilling wood. Still upward, through the green ruin of the fresh cutting, the scarred earth where fir and cedar had fallen, the broken and tangled undergrowth, we came at last to the deep forest.

Now the head feller lays his hand on the fir, looking up along its mighty bole, a hundred and fifty feet to the first limb. The head feller is without awe in this place—a ruddy young Swede with tobacco in his cheek and holes in his hat. To him a forest is so much merchantable lumber, lath, shingles; a tree, three or four matter-of-fact logs, sound or shaky. They call him Chris.

"We 'll take this feller, Ay tank," he says. "Make 'im fall over dare."

It seems irrational that two men alone should attempt such a task, two pygmies with toy axes, a toy saw, a sledge, a bottle of kerosene-oil. For where the ridged and rugged butt of the great fir sets into the earth, it is thirty feet in circumference, a massive column rising two hundred and fifty feet in air. Its very bark is a foot thick; its flesh is solid and hard.

Chris and his partner clear away for a space the tangle of wild sweet clover and Oregon grape; then they cut stepping-notches in the bark of the giant. Ten feet above the earth they fasten two spring-boards, narrow planks on which they now stand perilously balanced, their spiked shoes clinging fast, their double-bladed axes in hand. Even at the height of this enormous prospective stump the tree is over seven feet through. Chris spits on his hands, shifts his tobacco, and takes a nick from the brown bark. Jack follows: the tree stands as firm as the ages, towering to the sky. For hours they swing steadily, the knocking of their axes echoing through the silent forest. A fine drizzle of rain sets in, darkening all the wood; they do not pause, except now and then to wipe their

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Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE SAWYERS

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dripping faces. Far below from the valley come occasionally the rattling, tinny sounds of the donkey-engine as it winds in on its cables, and less frequently the whistled signal of some invisible log-boss in the woods. A kerf, or notch, three feet deep in the clean white wood is finished at last, the earth underneath it covered with pitchy chips. Skilfully has this notch been made, for it is this that governs the fall of the tree.

Chris makes no errors. Where he says a tree will fall, there it falls. Set a stake a hundred feet from the foot of a fir, and he will so cut the kerf that the falling tree will drive it into the ground.

Now they have had their lunch: for each one a heaped pyramid of cold beans, three cups of coffee, three boiled eggs, five or six wedges of bread, cold ham in quantities, cake, and crackers—a meal there in the rain in proportion to the work. They shift their spring-boards to the other side of the great tree, and the long, double-handled saw rasps into the rough bark. Back and forth they sway, balancing perfectly on the narrow boards, Jack at one side, Chris at the other. Their heads are bare in the drizzling rain, their sleeves rolled up over their hairy arms; through their wet shirts one sees the play of the muscles in their shoulders. So, steadily, unrelentingly, the back-breaking task goes forward for hours. Occasionally, as the saw cuts deeper, they pause to change the spring-boards, and pour a little kerosene from their flat pocket-flasks on the saw, to clean it of pitch. They shout their signals, for the tree is so huge that they work without seeing each other.

Through nearly five feet of solid green timber have they thus cut their way, little jets of sawdust following each withdrawal of the saw; their trousers and shoes are yellow with it. But the fir has given no sign of yielding, still towering mighty among the smaller hemlocks and cedars. One's interest grows acute. It is nothing less than a tragedy that this majestic tree should be laid low; it seems impossible, indeed, that it can be made to fall from its wide-spreading foundation, after five hundred years of the stout survival of storm and shock.

Chris and Jack have been discussing in brief scraps the vagaries of a certain camp cook, who, it seems, had served a baked mouse with the beans. Now, still unconcerned with the impending catastrophe, they withdraw the hot saw. Wedges they place in the saw kerf opposite the undercut, sledging them in.

"Watch out there!" roars Jack. "Watch out over the hill!"

His voice echoes through the hushed distances of the forest. Strange sound here, this human cry; strange and full of portent. We withdraw far up the hill, for, in the ruin which follows the fall of one of these giants, branches are sometimes hurled for hundreds of feet.

"If you stay too clost," warns Chris, "you get killt pooty qvick."

We hear the *crack, crack* of the sledge on wedge metal, then suddenly a sharp, penetrating, unearthly snapping, rending, tearing, which thrills through the dripping forest. Away plunge the fellers, shouting: "Watch out below! Watch out! Watch out!"

The great fir, for the first time, gives sign of distress, of yielding; a shiver passes through its mighty bulk; there are other sounds of rending wood, far-reaching, overpowering; then, slowly, with stately majesty, the noble tree sways aside, with matchless dignity even to the last. Its lofty head, gray, gnarled, stupendous, gives way, and opens a wide space of leaden sky, letting in a garish light to the wood. Faster it falls, striking the earth with a hollow roar, jarring the whole forest as with an earthquake, the sound of it reverberating through the valley, deep, hoarse, appalling—the death-cry of the fir!

Though the earth is moist with rain, the air fills with dust, followed for seconds afterward by a shower of falling branches, some as large as a man's body. And such ruin as the fall has wrought in the wood! Here is a young hemlock, a magnificent tree in any forest but this, stripped clean on one side of every limb and all its bark. Lightning could do no worse. Here are a dozen young cedars crushed to splinters; smaller shrubs are driven into the soft earth, where the giant now lies as in a trough.

Silence again in the forest, except for the dripping of rain on the leaves, the occasional snap of a twig as the fir settles in its resting-place. Then the calm, matter-of-fact voices of Chris and his companion, coming leisurely forward:

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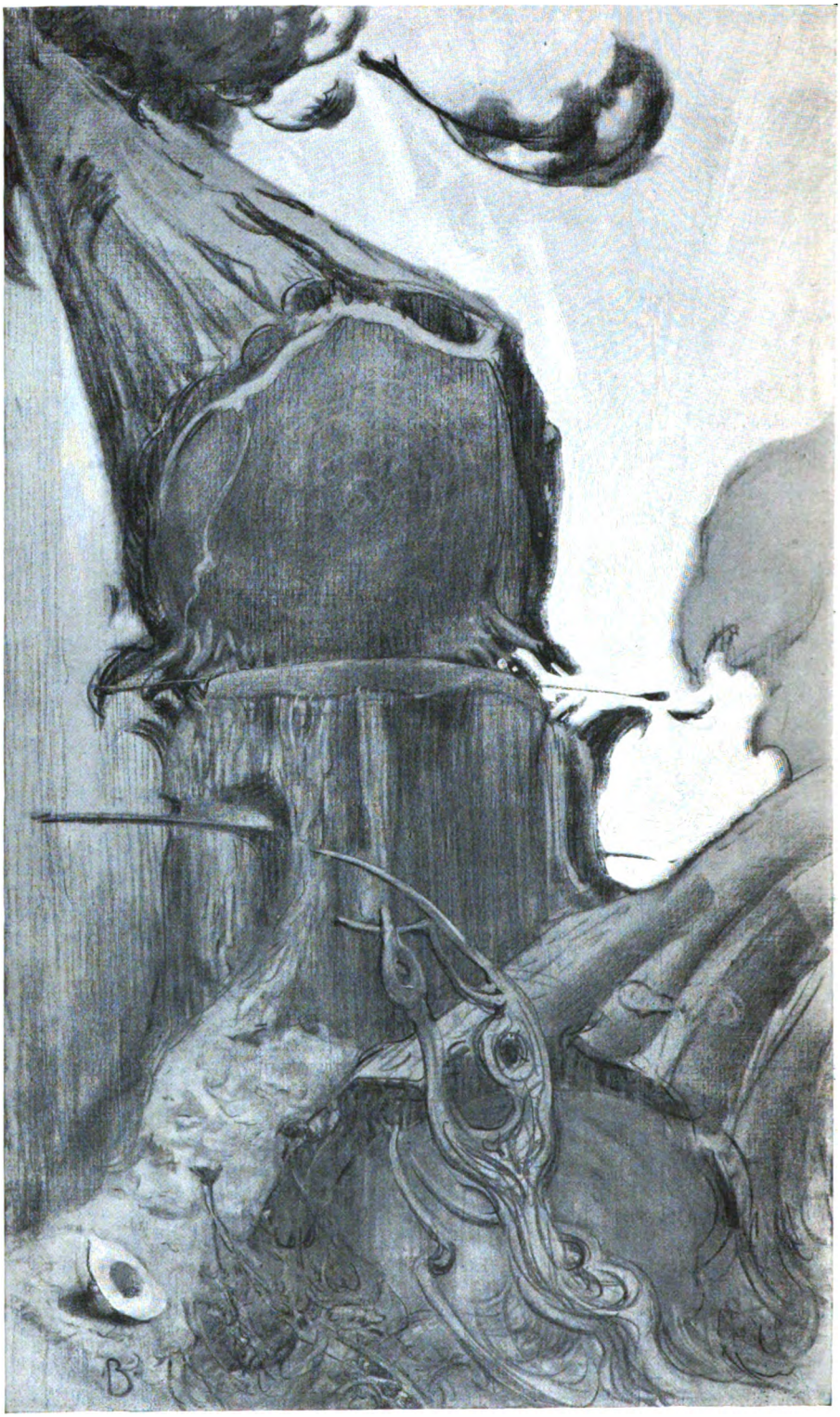

Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'WATCH OUT BELOW! WATCH OUT!'"

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"Better make thirty-sixes and thirty-eights out of it."

They are taking a fresh chew of tobacco; they reek with the odor of toil.

We walk along the body of the prostrate fir, seemingly even more immense now that it has fallen, lying like a bridge through the wood. It is bare in places fifty to four hundred dollars, and sometimes more.

While we speculate on the lumber possibilities of a single tree, the swampers have been at work on the forest hillside, clearing a trail through the thick undergrowth, and here and there, where necessary, laying down a pathway of short

Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

THE BOSS OF A WASHINGTON LUMBER CAMP

where the bark has been torn off in the catastrophe. The bucker—he who is now to cut the tree into log lengths—comes measuring and notching, making ready for the saw. And he finds that the fir, noble as it had looked in life, was decayed at the top, so that, in falling, a hundred feet of the mighty summit was splintered and broken.

"Rotten as a pumpkin," he comments. "It 'll make only three logs."

But such logs—six feet through and thirty-six and thirty-eight feet long! Lumber enough to build a small house. One good tree of this size will yield from fifteen to eighteen thousand feet of good lumber, besides shingles, lath, and fire-wood, a money value of from two hundred and timbers or skids along which the logs can be dragged out of the wood. Other Chrises or Jacks in overalls and with spiked shoes come to "snipe," or bevel, off the ends of the logs, and to clean the bark from the "riding side," so that the logs will slip easily along the miles of skidways which they must now travel. All this work is done with splendid system and despatch, the buckers following the sawyers, the snipers and barkers following the buckers, and so on.

Now painfully up the hill they drag the heavy wire cable from the donkey-engine, assisted by a pulley-horse in the valley below, and attach it by means of hooks set in notches near the end of the

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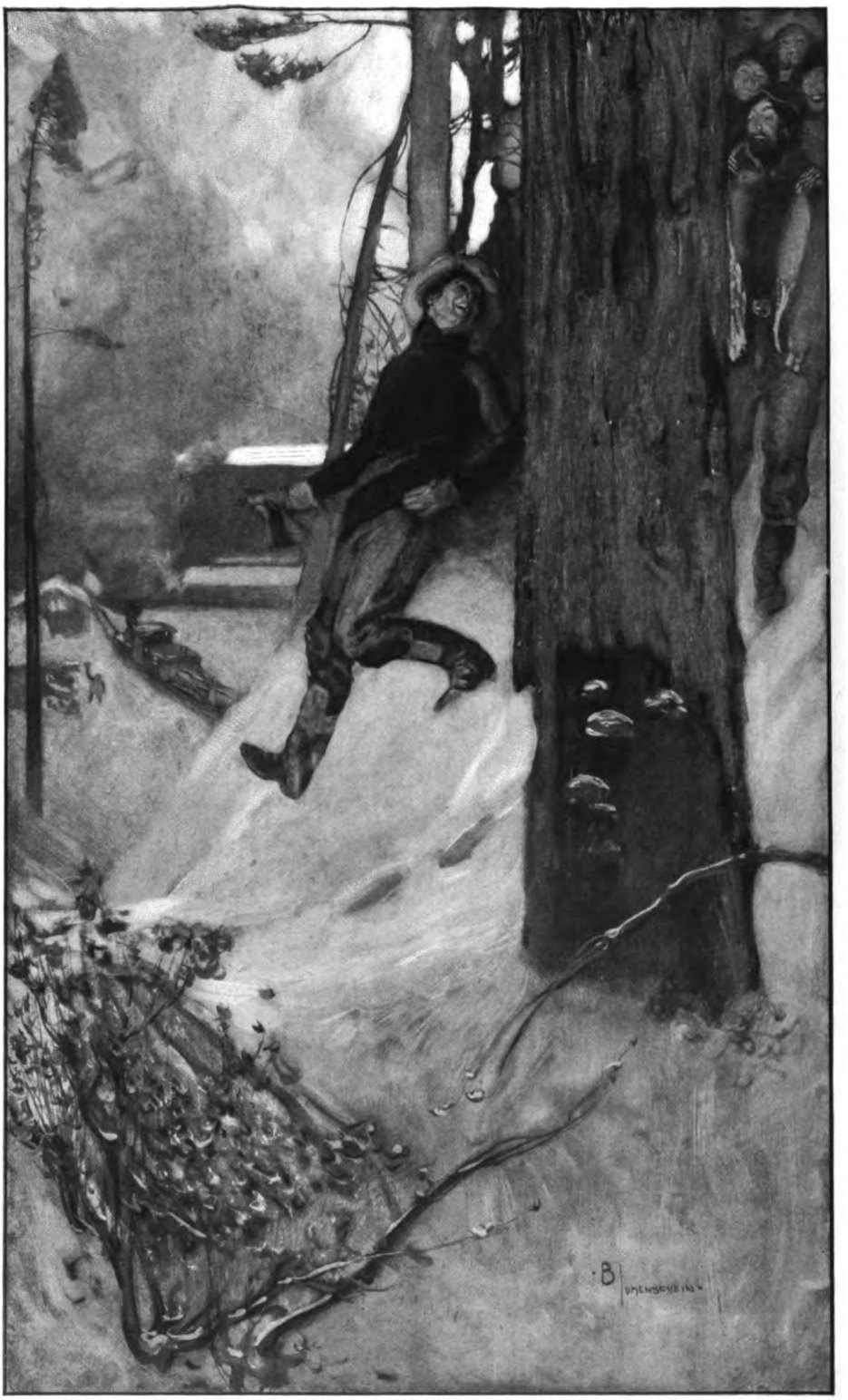

Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

THE DINNER-CALL

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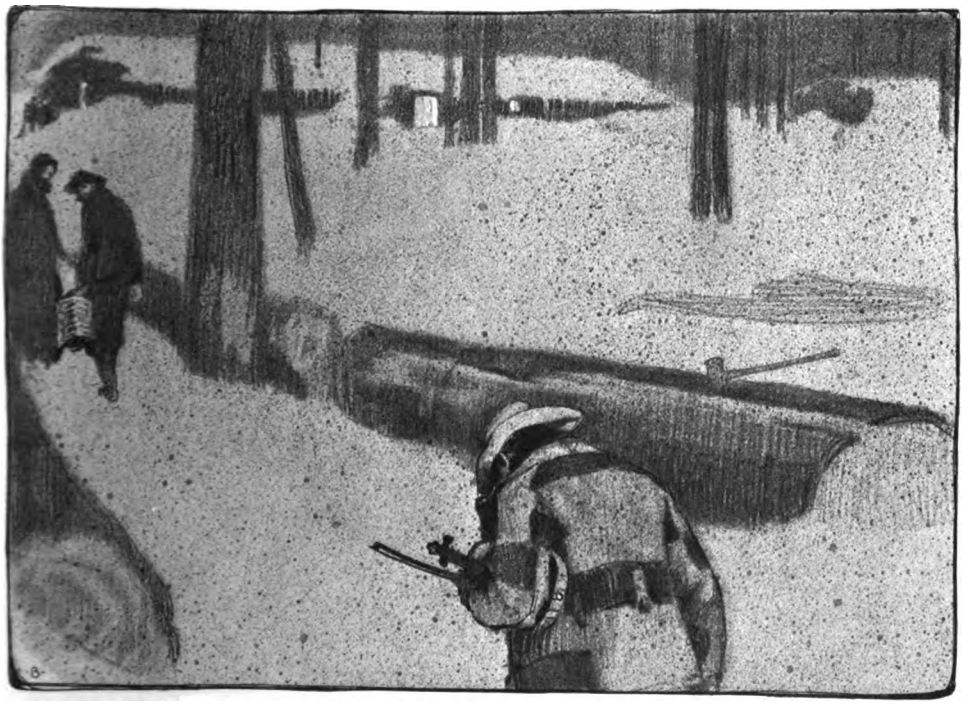
leviathan. The boss whistles; Jimmy of the engine—that greasy man in the "dinky" cap—toots in return. The drum revolves, growling and rattling, the cable tightens, and the log begins its momentous journey. Down the hill it plunges, rooting through the earth, tearing up shrub and tree, now slipping willingly over the skids, now sulking behind a rotten windfall, until at last it reaches the main skidroad, a long, carefully engineered path or trough made of logs laid endwise and winding off down the mountain-side for over a mile. Sometimes this trough is made slippery with grease, and sometimes a liberal watering is sufficient. Five or six logs are now fastened together, end to end, with dog-chains. The cable from the lower donkey-engine is attached to the leader, the signal is given, and the train of logs slips forward faster and faster down the hill, bounding, jerking, swinging around the curves of the skidway, and finally, with rush and roar, their under sides hot with friction, they plunge past the lower engine and out on the tracks of the mountain railroad. A man has followed them all the way, sometimes even riding, dangerously, on the bounding logs, dancing a lively measure with spiked boots on the rough bark. Sometimes, too daring, he falls, and there is a broken leg, and often worse; for these are perilous operations.

Now the geared mountain locomotive takes hold. The track is planked from rail to rail, and the train of logs, chained to the engine, is dragged wildly down the hill. We rode on the engine, watching the logs twisting and bounding after us, around curves where it seemed they must certainly jump the track, down grades where we expected the logs to rush upon us and crush us, locomotive and all. Yet we always maintained our distance, the ponderous logs, many of which were as wide as the track itself, miraculously keeping to the narrow space between the rails. Sometimes, indeed, the logs do jump the track, —we saw in places the signs of such ruin, —and sometimes they carry the locomotive with them; but for the thousands of logs that are thus brought down the mountain-side there are remarkably few accidents.

At the end of the mountain railroad we



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MUSIC IN THE CAMP

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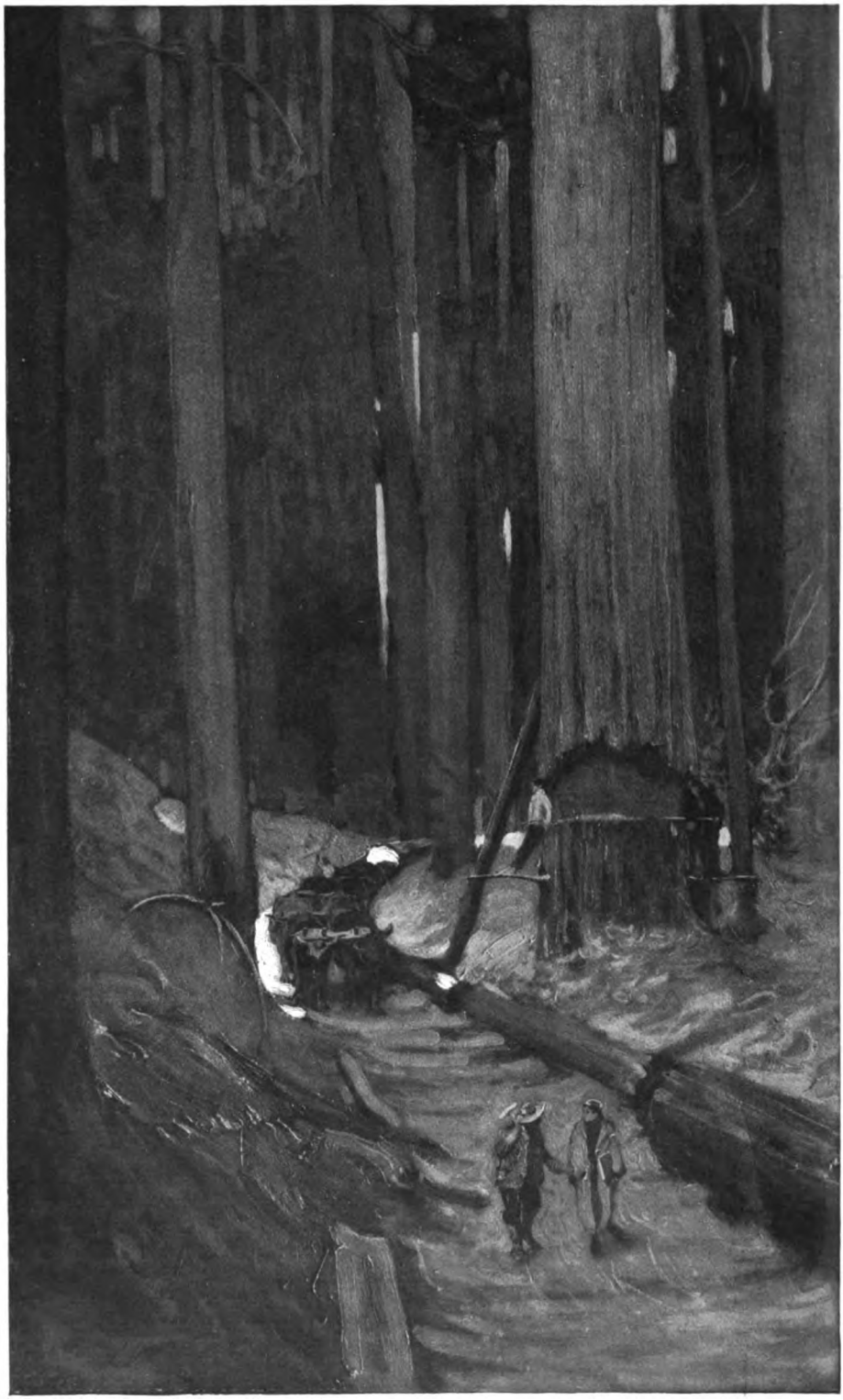

Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

SNAKING LOGS WITH TEAMS OF CATTLE

The cable and donkey-engine do most of this work, but cattle are still used in some camps

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came to the level landing-place where the logs were rolled across a narrow platform and out upon ordinary flat-cars, another donkey-engine assisting in the work of loading, so that many logs, piled pyramid-wise, could be placed on each car. When a dozen cars or more were loaded, a standard locomotive came and pulled them to the mills, thirty miles away in Tacoma, downhill all the way.

NOWHERE else in the world is there such a forest as this. A few steps in any direction from the roads of the loggers bring one at once to the primeval wood.

Turn to the north. A thousand and five hundred miles you may wander, if you will, and never escape the inclosing silences of this wood. Across the British possessions, through endless reaches of mountains, snow-capped, inaccessible, and onward to Alaska, nothing but trees and trees—cedar, fir, hemlock, pine, spruce. Turn to the south. For a thousand miles of Sierra, through the heart of California, where grows the sequoia, the monarch among trees, to the very deserts of the Mexican border, and you will find this forest still covering all the hills, thick, silent, and all but undisturbed. A continent long is this wood, facing the Pacific, here two hundred miles wide, from the water's-edge across the heights of the Cascades and the Sierra, there narrowing to a thin, straggling, yet persistent growth along the mountain-tops.

This tree before you, rising two hundred and fifty feet in air, straight and strong, thick-coated with brown bark, its mighty base setting firmly in the earth, its roots gripping deep, was growing before Columbus saw America. Five hundred years has it been standing here, raising its head to the sky. What storms has it bent before; under what ages of sunshine has it gained strength; what lightning strokes have threatened it, what sweeping fires! And still it stands with the sublime majesty of age and strength, fearful of nothing—and the sound of axes knocking in the valley below!

But long before the seed of this hoary giant was sown in the wind, forests were old on these hills. For fifty thousand years and more have these mountains been forest-clad, one forest rising five hundred years from youth to maturity, sinking away in ripe old age, and giving room to another generation of trees. Deep in the earth to-day lie some of these ancient forests, changed by the slow chemistry of the ages into coal, and now at last beginning to give out for men the sunshine which they stored up centuries before the beginning of history.

During all these ages nature has favored the growth of forests on the Pacific mountains, providing the peculiar conditions which make them far different, much greater in size, more luxuriant, than any other in the world. Of all the creations of the living world none is so great in size, so majestic in presence, as the mighty trees of the Sierra and the Cascades. For here the air is always fertile with moisture; clouds blown in from the Pacific Ocean rest among the mountain summits, even crowning the tops of the trees themselves, and here discharge their rain. The soil is deep and spongy with centuries of decomposing vegetable matter, furnishing an unequaled nurturing-place for vegetation, and there are no extremes of heat in summer or depths of cold in winter. Every condition has been favorable to unexampled exuberance of growth not only of the larger trees, but of all manner of undergrowth, vine, shrub, and brake. A huge tree falls, decays, and is yellowed with thick moss; immediately scores of young firs and cedars spring up along the top of it—the first chance of a bare spot in the wood. Old burned stumps, gathering soil in their hollow interiors, are nurseries for colonies of young trees, some strong individual finally shouldering out the others, growing larger, and, as the mother stump drops away, sending its roots downward into the earth through the disintegrating textures, until it, in time, becomes a great tree. Even where the lumberman has laid the country waste with ax and fire, the new growth, creeping in silently from all directions, clothes the naked land with green within a year or two—a tangle of verdure almost impassable. Some of the old cuttings of Wisconsin and Maine have become all but barren wastes, the new growth coming in slowly or not at all; but here reforestation, unless prevented by continued fires or cultivation, goes forward immediately. There is no hindering the work of the fertile earth and the moist winds, and if these hills, when cut over, could be pro-

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tected, they would again produce a great forest, though none of us might wait to see the harvest.

We hear much of the magnitude of Western lumbering operations. Truly they are great and wonderful, and yet so vast are the forests that men have barely notched the edges. An eye that could see the continent length would hardly perceive the puny cuttings of the few loggers among the great trees, though he might see the blackened evidences of the forest fire.

Yet the logger is there at last, the sign of the consuming human builder. Five hundred years has the forest been preparing for his advent; he comes now, heedlessly, to reap his crop, unmindful of the wonders of the place. Long ago he sent down most of the forests of Maine to build Boston and New York; he has consumed the timber of Pennsylvania; he has nearly swept away the noble Lake Superior forests; he is fast subduing the ranges of the Southern pine; and now surely, slowly, inexorably, wastefully, he is gnawing his way into the greatest of all forests. Years it will take him, but he will finally subdue it —he and that other more destructive agency, his own ungoverned servant, the forest fire. Already, comparatively small as his beginnings are, he has built up scores of towns in the forest region; hundreds of miles of his railroad penetrate its solemn depths; he has absorbed the services of scores of ocean vessels; and his product is now being used in every part of the world: his masts on ships built in Maine; his shingles on houses in the ancient lumber stronghold of Michigan; his timbers in the mines of Australia and South Africa. His business to-day makes up a large share of the total commerce of the ports of Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, to say nothing of a score of other towns along the Pacific from Alaska to California.

BUT the waste of it all! Nothing impresses the visitor more strongly than the almost reckless despoliation of the forest. Here they have left to rot or burn a stump twelve feet high, seven feet across; here is the entire top of the tree, a hundred feet or more in length, in places over a foot through, with great branches forty feet long. It would yield a large amount of good lumber, lath, shingles, and scores of cords of wood. If only that forest could be gleaned for the East Side of New York! Presently, when the loggers have finished their cutting, they will burn over the land, destroying everything that is left, even killing all the young and growing trees, some of them fifty years old or more, and large enough for good lumber, but left to waste in this forest where there is so much other and better timber. You travel over miles and miles of such blackened, desolate waste, in some cases the earth having been sown with grass-seed so that no new forest growth will appear. Much more than half of the actual bulk of the timber (sixty or seventy-five per cent.) is ruthlessly wasted, burned, lost, in the process of lumbering.

Yet the lumbermen say helplessly:

"What can we do? We don't like the waste; we are the greatest losers. But it does not pay us to cut any closer or save any more. We must watch our ledgers. We can find sufficient market for only the best and choicest lumber, so we save only the best logs. Freight rates to the East are so high that we cannot manufacture common-grade stuff and sell it to compete with Michigan and Georgia, and the population here on the coast is not sufficient yet to absorb a tenth part of it. As the country settles up and the demand grows, we shall cut closer and save more, as they are now doing in the Eastern lumber woods. As for the fires, we must burn over our old cuttings, else they furnish material for forest fires which would sweep into and destroy the green timber."

So the waste goes ruthlessly onward. The loggers are only one element in the wholesale destruction. Every year great fires break out, sweeping through the mountains, licking the very earth bare of its timber, and leaving it hopelessly desolate and forlorn, sometimes wiping towns out of existence, destroying railroad property, and taking toll of human life. For weeks during the summer of 1902, while we were among the forests, all Oregon and Washington lay under a pall of smoke: towns, sawmills, farms, logging-camps were burned; settlers were driven from their homes; millions of acres of forest were burned, the timber being utterly destroyed, representing the loss of millions of dollars. The result of a single fire in Washington is thus described in a newspaper despatch:

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TACOMA, WASHINGTON, September 16, 1902. Thirty-eight bodies were found to-day in the Lewis River valley, indicating that the devastation there by forest fires was worse than supposed. The search is still in progress. The burned district was settled by five hundred prosperous farmers, who lost all they had. Sixty persons camping out at Trout Lake, near the base of Mount St. Helens, saved themselves by taking to the water on improvised rafts of poles and logs. One hundred and forty sections of the finest timber in Cowlitz County were destroyed. The total losses in western Washington cannot be less than two million dollars, without counting the cessation of the logging industry of southwestern Washington.

Henry Gannett, government lumber expert, is authority for the statement that while about twenty per cent. of the merchantable timber of Washington has been cut by lumbermen, over twenty-two and a half per cent. has been destroyed by fire. And there seems no way to stay this criminal wastefulness and loss, the very robbery of coming generations; there is no concerted action, no thought for the future. While the fire burns, the people talk, as at the burning of a neighbor's barn; the newspapers agitate: but with the first rain the fires are forgotten until another year.

Everything connected with the lumbering industry of the Northwest is built on larger lines than in the East. The timber is greater, the distances more extended, the country far more mountainous and difficult, the waste more appalling. Consequently the Northwest has had to develop new methods of lumbering, using a maximum of machinery and steam, a minimum of man-muscle and horse-power. Naturally, the practices in different localities vary slightly according to local conditions. Sometimes oxen are employed to haul the logs out of the woods; sometimes, where a mountain stream is convenient, they are shot down steep hillsides in water-chutes, landing at the bottom in a pond or river. In one locality, Bridal Veil, Oregon, where the forest is in the depths of an inaccessible cañon, the logs are lifted up hundreds of feet by wires suspended from the top of the cañon, sawed on the hills, and the lumber sent down in water-chutes. But, in the main, the methods are everywhere the same, and very different indeed from the operations in the Maine and Wisconsin woods—more daring, and on a much larger scale.

In these older lumber States the trees are not so large by far, nor do they grow usually in such difficult mountain places. There is more room for the work of men and oxen, for pevee and pike and ax. The Eastern logger commonly cuts his timber only in the winter, lands the logs on the ice of some stream or lake, and in the spring utilizes the freshet waters for driving them out and down to the sawmill, often many miles below. The lumberman chops in winter, goes "on the drive" in the spring, and lies idle, spending his money, in the summer. But these new loggeries of the Pacific coast never rest, cutting, hauling, sawing all the year round, except for a week at the Fourth of July, the greatest time of the year for every lumberman, and another week or more at Christmas. Nowhere else in the world has timber-cutting reached such a science as it has here in the West. The Russian government has had two separate commissions, for weeks at a time, inspecting these operations with reference to duplicating the machinery and methods in the forests of the Caucasus and Siberia.

The loggers in these camps live much as they do in Wisconsin, as they have for years in Maine—the same rude shacks set in the deep woods; the same long, low dining-room, with the same advertisement girls on the walls; the same fat cook in oil-cloth apron bringing in the same huge pans of beans, potatoes, soda-bread, pork, and prunes. Yet there are many and important differences. Working all the year round in one place, some of the men bring their wives and families to the camps; others build separate shacks, where they can secure privacy and a few comforts that they cannot find in the big, smoky bunk-houses. The camps are often more like little villages than temporary lodgings, and they are correspondingly more comfortable, attracting a better class of men. In the Eastern camps the management supplies the bed-clothing and the food. Here every man owns and cares for his own bedding, and has pride in keeping it clean; and he pays for his board from his wages at so much a day. Wages in the West are also higher. In one camp that I visited ordinary workingmen received from two dollars and a half to three dollars and twenty-five cents a day, with a deducted charge of sixty-five cents for board. A fine, healthy,

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hearty lot of men they were, too, from Mr. Wilbur, the "old man," down to the water-boy. Singularly enough, logging seems to go by latitude. A large proportion of men in these winter camps are from Maine, Michigan, and Wisconsin,—Northern logging districts all,—or else they are Swedes or Norwegians from the lumbering country of northern Europe, mostly young men, and unusually intelligent.

Sitting about the fire of an evening, one can find men with whom to discuss almost any subject under the sun, and with wit and intelligence, too: the poet who can repeat "The Lady of the Lake"; the man who knows Dickens to the last character; the inevitable Scotchman, with his Bobbie Burns; and one is certain of his fill of politics and religion. Rough fun and cards there are, too, in plenty; and on the Fourth and Christmas, wild hilarity and the reckless disposal of hard-earned dollars. The food is good and astonishingly abundant, yet not more astonishing than the appetites of the men who gather at the long tables.

At Tacoma I visited a sawmill said to have a greater capacity than any other in the United States, and, with one exception (in Norway), the greatest in the world. It is, in fact, two separate mills, covering a wide, low flat, with docks on the sound where ships can be loaded at the door of the yards. Here the logs from the camp which we visited are sawed. They are dumped from the railroad-cars into ponds of water and held until the mill is ready to cut them into lumber. Mr. Royce showed me through this great establishment, with its devices for handling the enormous logs of fir and cedar, hemlock and spruce, which come to it daily. Nearly every step in the long process is performed by some human-like machine. Logs weighing many tons are handled like jack-straws, pulled out of the water, whirled over, lifted about, gripped, slabbed off, turned again easily, and, directed by the swift and sure judgment of the expert sawyer, driven through band-saws or great gang-saws, cutting twenty boards or more at once, and finally trimmed to certain lengths—everything moving at once, smoothly, with absolute exactitude. In fifteen minutes from the time the log enters the mill it has been reduced to lumber of several grades; the poor parts have been whittled up into lath and shingles, the slabs have been shot out on a great pile for fire-wood, and the remaining bark, sawdust, and refuse have been carried away to the fire-heap. This mill cuts 100,000,000 feet of lumber and 90,000,000,000 shingles a year, and its product goes the world over—to Australia, Hawaii, China, South Africa, South America, and Europe.

Washington, Oregon, and California are now the chief sources of the world's supply for all timber of extraordinary size, length, and fine quality. I saw two single timbers a hundred and ten feet long, twenty-four inches square, weighing over eight tons each, loaded on a row of three flat-cars, ordered for the mines of Butte, Montana. The Pacific forests have supplied the masts for the great sailing-ships of Maine, a recent order being for a stick, clear and straight, one hundred and thirty-two feet long, five feet in circumference at the bottom, and three feet at the top. It required four flat-cars to carry two such spars, and they could hardly be got around some of the curves and through the tunnels of the railroad lines over which they were shipped. These mills supplied the flooring, sixty-three feet long, clear lumber, for Emperor William's yacht, an order that could not have been filled outside of the Pacific forests.

And the supplies of timber in the Pacific Northwest seem all but inexhaustible. A large proportion of the States of Washington and Oregon and the northern and central parts of California are to-day densely forested. Though the figures are too great to convey much of an idea, Washington has 47,700 square miles (seventy-one per cent. of the area of the State) of forest, a considerable portion of which is merchantable lumber; and Oregon 54,300 square miles (fifty-seven per cent. of the area of the State). Four counties in Oregon have timber valued at (rough lumber prices) $578,000,000, or about four times the entire assessed valuation of the State. Washington has more lumber to-day than the combined States of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. One of the best lumber authorities of the Northwest told me that there is standing in Washington 200,000,000,000 feet of timber,—*billion*, be it understood,—red fir, hemlock, and cedar mostly; in Oregon, 225,000,000,000 feet, mostly red fir and yellow pine; in California, 200,000,000,000 feet, mostly redwood and

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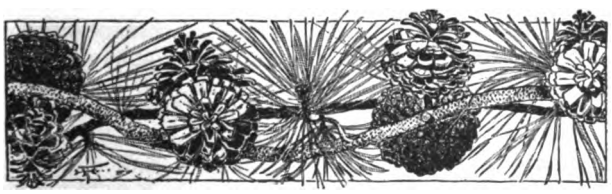
yellow pine. It has been estimated that cutting at the present rate may go forward for upward of one hundred and twenty years before the forests are exhausted. It is probable, however, that the rate of cutting will increase enormously within a very few years. The forests of the East are rapidly disappearing; population is everywhere growing, with a consequent increased demand for lumber, so that the United States must come to lean more and more heavily on the Pacific coast forests for its supplies. Indeed, the increase in the lumbering business of the Northwestern States has been phenomenal. Twenty years ago the Oregon product was worth $2,000,000. In 1900 it was five times as much—over $10,000,000. In the same time Washington's product showed even a more extraordinary expansion, leaping from $1,734,000 to over $30,000,000, while California rose from $8,794,000 to $13,764,000. About one fourteenth of all the lumber of the United States now comes from Washington and Oregon.

But the forests of these States will not all be sacrificed to the logger and lumberman, fortunately. Some remnants of the great Pacific wood will be saved for future generations. During the last few years the United States government, pursuing a policy new in its history, has stepped in and set aside vast areas of forest lands along the summits of the Cascade Mountains in both Washington and Oregon, and west of Puget Sound in the former State. The chief purpose of the reserves is to protect the head-waters of the various rivers, which now play such an important part in the irrigation development of the arid regions east of the coastal mountains. A broad strip of these forest preserves from twenty to a hundred miles wide extends almost continuously from the Canadian boundary southward nearly to the line of California, a distance of some five hundred miles, embracing, with the great reserve west of Puget Sound, a seventh of the entire area of Washington and over a thirteenth part of Oregon—a vast park for the people forever. Most of this land is now well wooded, little of it, however, with the best timber, and no cutting is at present allowed. In the future, when the better, privately owned forests are stripped, these great reserves, carefully logged under governmental supervision, only the mature trees being sacrificed, will supply immense quantities of valuable lumber without injuring the forest in the least as a water-conservator or as a park wilderness. These reserves are protected by rangers, who attempt not only to prevent timber-cutting and the invasion of sheep, but do their best to check the spread of forest fires, a nearly impossible task. Never has the United States government exercised more wisdom and forethought than in the reservation of these timber-lands, although as yet they are very insufficiently patrolled and protected. And it is to be hoped that the area of the reserves will be constantly extended; for it is only by this means that the country can be saved from deforestation, and the waters so much needed in the irrigation country conserved and protected.



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FIVE HUNDRED FARMERS

AN ECONOMIC EXPERIMENT IN IOWA

BY W. S. HARWOOD

IVE hundred Iowa farmers, chafing under the restraints of virtual monopolies, have gone into business for themselves, dealing in many staple articles used upon the farm, and buying all kinds of farm produce. In 1901 they transacted business to the amount of $620,000, at an outlay of about $4000, inclusive of salaries, taxes, and insurance. In 1902 the volume of business was approximately $630,000. Since these farmers organized their company thirteen years ago the business transacted has amounted to over $4,000,000, and the expense of carrying it on has averaged $3000 a year.

The company was not organized to demonstrate any economic theories, to make a fight upon capital, or to vent spite upon individuals, although the immediate cause of the organization was the persistent refusal of the chief tradesman in their vicinity to sell them goods and buy their produce at fair rates. Below this immediate cause was a deep-rooted conviction that as a class the farmers were not being fairly treated.

These men had been successful farmers in one of the richest agricultural regions on the continent. If they could be successful farmers in a day when it is difficult for the farmer to succeed, then why not, they argued, become successful business men?

Their only contention was to have an opportunity, unhampered by monopolies or trusts, to buy in the lowest and sell in the highest market. In carrying on their business they have met with powerful opposition. They have had sharp encounters with the railroad and certain combinations, yet they have won against all opposition by force of honesty, common sense, and pluck.

If a railroad or grain-elevator official comes into their little town, the center of their farming community, where they have established a grain-elevator and cattle-yards, and threatens to place an agent in their town to outbid them unless they cease buying in opposition to the "legitimate" traders, they answer: "Come, and welcome. If you can pay our members more for their produce than our company can, so much the better for us." If the representative of a farm-implement dealers' association threatens boycott, threatens to prevent any one of the companies of the association or trust from selling machinery to the members of the farmers' company, the manager rejoins: "Very well; we will try to compel you to sell to us; failing in that, we will try to buy in the open market; failing in that, we will begin the manufacture of machinery ourselves."

In spite of harsh, merciless opposition, although less than $100,000 worth of business was transacted the first year, they never faltered.

The company is unique among organizations of the people. It is not coöperative, as the long lines of industry which stretch out from the home of modern coöperation in the English town of Rochdale are cooperative. It is not communal in any sense, like the Amana, the Oneida, and similar societies. It is not held together by any political, religious, or sociological tie. Its only bond is that which maintains every

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successful business organization in the world. These farmers have turned business men, and they have been so extraordinarily successful that they stand ready to become manufacturers whenever they find that they cannot buy in a fair market. It appears to be the first commanding proof that the common people in country place or town or city have in themselves the power to apply a remedy to the diseases of such trusts or combinations of capital as are inimical to the welfare of the general public.

It is worthy the attention of the student of present-day problems, as well as of the investor, that, in this day of enormous inflation of capital stock, the business of these Iowa farmers, running now well on to $1,000,000 a year, has been conducted on a capital never larger than $25,000. Still more significant, it requires the assent of two thirds of the five hundred members of the firm before any money may be borrowed, and no more than $5000 may be borrowed at any one time. At no time may the total indebtedness of the firm rise above $5000. The by-laws of the company's articles of incorporation provide that no shareholder shall sign any bond, or sign, indorse, or guarantee any note, bill, draft, or contract, or in any way assume any liability, verbal or written, for the benefit or security of any person, without the written consent of a majority of the directors. The by-laws also provide that none of the funds of the company shall be loaned to any person.

It should be noted, in considering this latter provision, that no funds accumulate beyond a few thousand dollars used in the transaction of business. The reason for this is that there are no profits. The farmer receives cash for his produce at the highest market price; he buys his supplies at the lowest wholesale price, plus four per cent. added to cover expenses.

Some of the features of this business firm of farmers are so simple as to seem almost childish, but they are powerful because of this very simplicity.

No man may become a member of the firm, or company, unless he is actually a practical farmer, and the by-laws define a practical farmer to be one "who makes his living by farming, or one who has retired from his farm and is not engaged in any other business that will conflict in any way with the business carried on by the company." If a majority of the shareholders so vote, a man who is not a practical farmer may become a member, but he may never hold office, and he may be expelled at any time by a majority vote of the stockholders. Any practical farmer may become a member by buying one share, at a cost of $10. He cannot buy more than ten.

The company does not come into competition with the retail dealers of small articles, but buys agricultural machinery, fence wire, salt, flour, fuel, and other bulky articles. The agent of the company buys at the lowest wholesale rates large quantities of the materials needed, selling these in turn to the farmers at cost, plus the small percentage noted. From the farmers he buys cattle, hogs, sheep, oats, and corn, paying year in and year out higher prices than are paid in other towns in the State. As he is the agent of the company, the curious fact appears that the members through him buy of themselves and sell to themselves. Others than members of the company may buy of the agent, but not at the same figures as those granted to members.

Once each year, in the month of March, the company holds a general meeting, during which reports are made. There is but little actual business to transact, however, for the members of the firm have been transacting the business day by day all through the year. There is no large sum of accumulated profits to administer, no surplus to tempt to peculation. There are no profits in the business save the profits which accrue to each individual farmer month by month as he buys his necessities at wholesale and sells his products at figures uniformly higher than the surrounding markets. Mark the fact, too, that it is not a trust; that it is not for the segregation of profits, but for their distribution; that it does not stifle competition, but stimulates it.

The following statement of the business transacted in a single year by the company gives a concrete illustration of the scope and character of the enterprise. The agent handled for the company: oats, 540,310 bushels; corn, 220,700 bushels; barley, 56,335 bushels; wheat and rye, 7810 bushels; flax, 7635 bushels; timothy-seed, 2450 bushels; coal, 3165 tons; salt, 912 barrels; flour, 5130 sacks; oil-cake meal, 46,000 pounds; binding-twine, 50,100 pounds; barbed wire and nails, 51,900 pounds; mill feed, 145,000 pounds; lubricating-oils, 19 barrels;

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linseed-oil, 18 barrels; lumber, 965,000 feet; lath, 90,000; shingles, 757,000; grain-sacks, 1700; posts, 12,540; paint in value, $542; machinery, $2422; sash and doors, $1250; a total of $624,251 for the year.

The five hundred members of this company are worth about five million dollars, not an insignificant sum to fall back upon in case of a protracted fight with a monopoly. The farmers are located in four contiguous townships embracing about ten square miles of territory. The farms average one hundred and sixty acres in size. As information showing the success of these farmers has slowly spread from farm to farm across adjoining States, other farmers are organizing similar companies. Naturally, no such company will succeed, even with all the fine faith and honesty and pluck of these Rockwell farmers, unless the manager of the firm be a man of strict integrity and sound business principles; neither will a steel trust or a railroad corporation or a dry-goods establishment succeed without proper direction.

When the company was organized, the town to which they went to do their trading was a small place, having two or three hundred inhabitants. As soon as the company was established in business, the town began to increase in size, until it now has over a thousand inhabitants, with nothing whatever in the line of manufacturing or the like to help it. The inhabitants are mainly German, Scotch, and Irish in origin. The town is supplied with nearly all the modern public utilities. It is admirably lighted, and has adequate waterworks, telephone system, etc. There are excellent public and church schools, and the various religious denominations have comfortable houses of worship. More than half of the population of the town is composed of retired farmers, many of them members of the company who have leased their farms to others and have moved into town to live. They have built pleasant modern town houses out of their surplus means. They not only have the staple necessities of life, but not a few of its minor luxuries as well.

This firm of farmers is carrying on what appears to be a significant pioneer work in a field where some vital tests are going to be made before the present decade ends. Their success under a heavy burden of opposition should appeal to that vast body of Americans, the common people, upon whom the burden of monopoly falls heaviest. They are of all people on earth the most patient, and sometimes the most deplorably apathetic, but, when once aroused, sweep everything before them.

BEFORE DAWN

BY ELSA BARKER

WHEN in the lone and silence of the night
I wake bewildered with desire and dread,—
Peering among the shadows round my bed
For something that eludes me in the light,—
I harken for those echoes from the Height
That thrilled the dreams still hovering overhead,
In that dim land where longing lures the dead
To lend our earth-blind eyes their clearer sight.

Then, then for one brief heart-beat there appears
To me the vision of mine austere Soul,
Godlike and pure, with storied aureole,
And eyes that burn with memories of lost years,
And finger pointing my forsaken goal—
Oh, hide me, God, in the blind deep of tears!

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THE DROUGHT

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

THROUGH sun-scorched pastures a small man led and drove a dozen thin cattle to the few remaining spots where hidden springs kept alive a bit of grass or weed. The September sunshine was hot, its glare brassy and unnatural. In tree- and shrub-hung waterways the baked ground was cracked and gaped open. There were ominous rattling sounds in the air from the breaking branches of trees in the hedge-rows and dry stalks in the corn-fields. The earth, shamelessly gaunt and repellent, showed everywhere. What grass remained was but wispy strings of brown, and the weed stalks were seedless. At this season the birds should have been noisy and joyous, riotously social. They had deserted the Long Valley as if it were a place accursed. It was the ninth week of utter drought, and certain it was that there would be no corn crop or any provender for man or beast even if the very floodgates of heaven opened.

To save the cattle, in the hope of rains and late pastures, was the problem that confronted Pa Gladden and a hundred Valley farmers. The hardships of the future, the provision of food for the winter months, were wholly forgotten in the terror of the present hour, that, unless rain soon came, the cattle would die of hunger and thirst, and men and women be forced to leave their homes.

The farmers' wives faced the fact that there was at hand a winter without a food supply and reserve. There were no well-filled shelves of neatly labeled preserves and jams and jellies, no barrels of apples, no earth-cellars filled with potatoes, cabbages, beets, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, and sweet-smelling bunches of savory herbs. These women had been through like experiences, though never to such an extent. They were sturdy-hearted and contriving, and devised ways and means to fatten their porkers and fowls on the scanty beech-mast of the woodlands.

Day after day passed with no relief. Sabbath after Sabbath the aged Father Wister rose in the Crossroads Settlement church and exhorted his flock to patience and resignation under severe discipline. Through the wailing Valley rode Elder Becks of Pegram, always anxious and earnest. After the incredible labors of the day, nightly prayer-meetings were held in isolated neighborhoods, and every petition sent heavenward bore the burden and cry for rain. Rain to freshen the late pastures was all that could be expected—rain to fill the creeks and start the springs flowing throughout the Valley. The water-supply was the sole topic of gossip since the early drying up of the northern creeks.

Cattle and children were the first to feel the effects of a scarcity of water. The day before Pa Gladden drove his cattle across the fields, the cry of fever on Little Dutch had gone up and down. Utterly cast down, that night Pa Gladden bowed his soul in humiliation before his Maker until the strange moonlight of those times gave way to darkness.

His sole salvation had been the Indian Spring, a place hitherto considered only "purty," in Valley parlance. It bubbled up from under a shelf of limestone, rock-bound by great slabs, and overhung from the cliff by sycamores and willows. In other Septembers the slope down which the cattle now ran was lovely with wild ageratum and

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wood-asters, with joepye-weed, red-purple ironweed blossoms, and goldenrod standing up as a gorgeous embroidery to the cliff. Now the pool flashed defiance to the sun-glare, unembellished, yet dimpling, and bubbling up a plentiful supply.

Pa Gladden's dark mood fell from him. With the uplift of the fountain from under the rock his soul soared on spiritual pinions. He blessed the water before his creatures drank:

"God—God bless the spring! God keep the spring!"

Among the brownness of the rank weed-stalks a woman stood expectant. She had scrambled down a footpath off the cliff, leading a stubborn pony with a strong arm. A wood-nymph, she stood there, frank-eyed, rough of garb, broad, red-cheeked, and cheery. A mouth, curved and scarlet, added sweetness to features otherwise a little pronounced. This girl looked at Pa Gladden with a wonderful light in her eyes.

"Ye 're Pa Gladden."

"Waal, I shorely air, my darter. Howdy, howdy? I hain't met ye afore, hev I?"

"I could n't miss ye much arter Elder Becks laid ye off so well."

"Oh, the elder sent ye, did he? I 'm shorely 'bleeged ter him fer drawin' me so plain-like. Wull ye stop up an' see yer Ma Gladden a spell?"

"Mebbe I would n't like ter rest awhile," cheerfully replied the girl; "but it don't 'pear ter be a time fer visitin', Pa Gladden. I 'm a-ridin' down the Valley. The elder sent me. Thar air lots o' sufferin', ain't thar?"

Pa Gladden took off his hat and wiped his brow in amazement. Who was this young creature, breathing life and health, who rode afar to seek the suffering? His doubtful look amused the girl.

"Ye don't know me, do you? The elder does. I live over Olive Ridge. I 'm Dellybella Smoots."

Pa Gladden broke into a comfortable laugh.

"Shorely, shorely, I am losin' my wits, if ever I had any. I 'm proud to know ye, hearin' o' ye an' yer heart o' grace. We know ye over here, an' we air allers yer friends, cl'ar from Pegram ter Sinai way. Did ye run off?"

"In a sort o' way. Pa hev been ript'arin' all week, an' I keeps outen hearin' much ez I kin. He says lots o' things ter market erbout breakin' me in same ez a colt. It makes the elder opsot, an' I promised him ter ride up here to keep myself busy. Natchully I come airly an' rode quiet-like."

Further explanations were unnecessary, for the old man's heart yearned toward her. Like a message of cheer the word had gone through the Long Valley, the week before, of the spirited deed of Dellabella Smoots. All the Valley—indeed, all the county—knew the miser, Keppel Smoots. He was the only man who had held over thousands of bushels of corn, and who would not now sell a bushel even to save his tenants' cattle.

"Hit 'll be vorth its veight in goold afore spring," he cackled in the market.

But his only daughter had opened up a crib, and she herself helped to load and drive a wagon-load of corn to a woman whose husband was dying and who had hungry children. More, she had stood at the cabin-door when the old man came post-haste for the recovery of it, and the tale of that encounter was told by the frightened hill woman herself.

"Her hed a gegollager an' her held 'im up, ye bet—tell he turned yeller-white an' turned tail laike a skeert dog, 'im did!"

Which gave a graphic picture to the Valley folk of the girl Dellabella's defiance with a revolver; of the neglected little maid, whose French mother had died at her birth; of the untutored girl, the old man's heiress, who had nothing to make her a marked figure save her heart of love and her splendid courage.

Before her present cheerfulness Pa Gladden's spirits rose. If ever fate seemed hard upon a woman, that one was the daughter of the greedy and miserly hill farmer. In his mind Dellabella had no right to existence because she was born a woman. Until she was old enough to rebel, he used her strength unsparingly; but after an experitence or two with her at sixteen, he allowed her to rule the household, and found that rule more saving than his own, if she did feed the hill people now and then. He could not understand, nor could any one else, where she had acquired ideas of kindness, liberality, and humanity. Why had the daughter of Keppel Smoots a tender heart that responded to any cry of human or animal suffering? Why did she regard with indifference the accumulation of gold or broad acres, and ever raise her voice for

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honorable deeds and good intentions? No womanly upbringing had she, the only other female in the Smoots household being a stuttering negro mammy who always stood in mortal fear of her employer. No neighbors had they, for Keppel wanted no interference. High on Olive Hill, in the sunshine, wind, dew, and rain of summer, and in the storms of winter, grew up a bright creature with her mother's name, and surely guarded by that mother's pure spirit to the noblest impulses of charity.

So roughly clad was the girl that she rarely mingled with the Valley people, confining her long rides and her ministrations of kindness to the needy ones of the hill slopes. It was from these people and among them that Elder Becks came to know her and to wonder at her. Almost as rough in speech as were they, there was always about Dellabella that splendid redeeming cheerfulness that lifted her above the world and was the reflection of her heart. It was years before the elder fully realized the strength of her character. He heard that she sometimes brought her father home from riotous revels in the county town, respectfully assisted thereto by every masculine being within hail. He learned that she took abuse patiently and without resentment, and ordered well the ways of a once slovenly household. Suddenly there drifted through the Valley a tale like a bit of farce—how Keppel Smoots had bargained with Inskeep Amrine for Dellabella, and even took up a justice of the peace and a marriage license; how the girl snatched at and tore up the license, derided the justice, and picking up Inskeep Amrine bodily, lifted him over the porch-railing, and dropped him ten feet. Thereupon the wedding was declared off by Inskeep himself, and Dellabella uttered some such decisive words upon the subject of matrimony that no other suitor for her hand had ever come forward, at least publicly.

This was the young woman with whom Pa Gladden now walked in desolated pastures. He glanced at her now and then to note the clear color in her rounded cheek, the smooth, plentiful braids of dark hair, the lovely dewiness of her large brown eyes. Her cheap gown, rough jacket, and cap but emphasized the rustic freshness of her beauty. It was her atmosphere that charmed Pa Gladden; so openly wholesome and hearty, yet so womanly and gentle was it, that his heart went out to her with a great yearning and pity.

"I want to ride cl'ar through this Valley up ter Sinai way," she said decidedly. "Air things purty bad, Pa Gladden? How air they up Marrerbone?"

"Wholly onaccountable," quoth Pa Gladden; "the fust time in a hull cent'ry thet crick hez run bone-dry. The sufferin' air everywhere, but the folks on thet crick hain't no wells, ye see, dependin' ontirely on them upper springs, an' now air ez bad off ez the cattle. Some o' them hez to drive three mile fer a leetle bit o' water. It air boun' ter breed sickness, fer man must hev water, ye see, ter live at all."

"An' Bear Camp, Pa Gladden?"

"'Bout gin out the day afore yestidday. Thet air pecoolier worryin', ez Father Wister hisself declares thet Bear Camp brung down water fer all the county in thet dry spell in the thirties."

Dellabella raised her face to the northern hills. They stood gaunt and withered. Her voice was less buoyant.

"An' Leetle Dutch, Pa Gladden? How air Leetle Dutch doin'?"

"Layin' wide open in cracks," responded Pa Gladden. "Water so skeerce over thar thet Jake Borger hed ter sell one o' his cattle inter market, an' lose a heap 'count o' their bein' so thin. It air not for us to question, my darter; but oh, ef the Lord God 'd only order the rain, it would be a movin' thing! He air in the cloud an' the whirlwind an' the rainfall. Some one's cries must move him, darter; but the hull Valley air tormentin' Heaven ter fill the hill springs with rain an' send us down water."

A queer spasm passed over the girl's face.

"It may rain any day—any day."

"Please the Lord, thar 's awful sufferin' right ter hand to-day. I hev ter let Salmon Ritter drive in his cattle here to drink, an' to-morrer this spring may run dry, ez other springs hev," continued Pa Gladden, sadly enough. "It air plumb bad enough to keep me wide awake all larst night thinkin', but it may rain to-morrer, ez ye say."

They stood sorrowfully together a few moments; then the girl, flushing painfully, spoke in hesitating sentences:

"Brother Becks sets great store by yer lifted-up prayers, Pa Gladden. Would ye mind sayin' one now for rain? I 'm jes

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like you, Pa Gladden. My mind air workin' all the time on these folks an' the cattle. Law, Pa Gladden, I 'm only a gal, an' it 'pears laike I never could speak up in any meetin'. I hain't uster Valley folks, an' don't git to prayer-meetin's none. 'Pears laike a prayer 'd do me a heap o' good jes now."

In the sullen and brassy glare of the sun Pa Gladden's face looked white and pinched as he lifted it.

"Lord, who withholdeth the rain, look down on the sufferin' to-day. Let us hev assurance thet ye remember man in his affliction. Bless us all, an' this young sister thet air so brave to do in thy speerit o' justice an' marcy! Wrop her in the arms o' thy redeemin' an' onfoldin' love! Amen."

Dellabella's eyes were wet.

"Ye don't know how much good ye hev done me, Pa Gladden. Ye made me feel strong to do anything. I 'm ridin' down the Valley to see fer myself, to jedge fer myself. I may need some help from the Valley folk, Pa Gladden, an' I wanter ast ye ef ye wull come to me when I send fer ye. It won't be no fool's errant, but a solemn aim to do good to the people down here."

Long Pa Gladden gazed at her, his shrewd mind groping about for a clue to her words. Suddenly he looked to the north, suddenly he gasped and grew pale. A great wonder was born; something like a great terror followed. He whispered hoarsely:

"Air it true?"

She shook her head, a trifle saddened.

"I think so, but I must make sure, Pa Gladden—must make sure. Ef it air true, I must make it right ter oncet. I can't let people suffer. You understand it. The elder knows."

Pa Gladden gazed at her with something like awe.

"Dellybella, yer pa wull most suttinly hurt ye ef ye interfere with him. Thet air my solemn belief."

"Not ef I gits all ye men to stand by me," she announced as cheerfully as ever; "not ef he air afeard of the lor, an' I hev witnesses. Ye see, thar air lor-breakin's a-goin' on continooal in the out-o'-the-way places up yon. Some on them pore men an' women don't know whut air right an' whut air wrong. I hain't been taught nothin', but I jes feels it somehow. I can't stand fer wrong-doin'. I can't let folkses suffer. I wull share the larst bite with any one, anyhow."

Pa Gladden choked up as he tried to speak.

"Dellybella, ye air more the Lord's child than yer daddy's. I don't hold with disobedjunce to parents, but it 'pears to me yer paw war in the hands o' Satan in this contrivin'. It explains all them fearsome happenin's with the cricks, it do. I 'm feelin' more hopeful a'ready, darter. Wull ye stop ter rest a leetle, Dellybella?"

She was mounting her pony at the fence corner.

"No; I can't rest with the sufferin' goin' on. Ef I must holp, I must holp to oncet. Pray—pray fer rain when whut I kin do air done."

Something in Pa Gladden's breast seemed to give way as he watched the last flutter of the faded skirt out of sight. He sobbed dryly and blew his nose vigorously and long.

"The fust time I ever felt the burden o' years," he sighed; "an' it air jes from kerryin' sech ongodly sin on my mind. But the Lord"—here his martial spirit awoke—"the Lord God Almighty, the Onspeakable, air shorely raisin' up deliverance. He air armin' Dellybella to fight the wrong. He air workin' out the etarnal word in thet gal frum the hills. I can't tell whut she air aimin' to do, but I 'm standin' at her right hand when she gives the call. I hain't ez young ez I oncet war, but I kin foller the trumpet sound o' the Lord's hosts."

"Hev the gov'ment seen any rain comin'?" queried Ma Gladden, anxiously, over hot biscuit and sorghum molasses at the dinner-table. "Ye look 'sort o' uplifted."

"It 'pears to me," returned Pa Gladden, "thet same old ache in my lef' knee thet means rain air twistin' round a leetle. I 'm hopin'. I hain't heared how the gov'ment air comin' out huntin' rain fer us, but I hev heared somethin' thet sounds like a message from heaven. I b'lieve we air goin' ter hev rain."

"We shorely do need it," said Ma Gladden, wearily. "The hand air pressin' heavy to-day. Salmon Ritter brought word, in passin', thet thar 's fever over on Leetle Dutch, an' Billy Borger's third died at sunrise."

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II

THE parched earth lay white in the strange moonlight. Fast and furiously a gipsyish hill boy rode a good horse like the wind past farms and through woodlands for many miles. He stopped at Pa Gladden's stile with wild clatter and savage whoop, and surveyed with scorn the farmer's scantily clad figure at the front door.

"I got a word fer yer ear," he hallooed, "an' I hain't lightin' none, 'cause yer fox-dog 'll eat me, stranger."

Pa Gladden went barefooted over the crackling turf to the fence.

"Miss Smoots warnts ye airly to-morrer up to Marrerbone Head—ye an' yer friends. Bring yer guns, an' hesh up. Thet air the word."

Pa Gladden looked the ragged tatterdemalion over.

"Yer a nice limb, ain't ye? Whar ye boun' now?"

"Ter the big physicker at the Cross-roads. Elder Becks sent me. Hit air shorely a long night ridin'"; and with another whoop the rider was away.

There was little sleep for Pa Gladden after that. He rose before the dawn and performed his morning chores with expedition. Ma Gladden heard of the proposed ride with suspicion, especially as it involved the oiling of the old shot-gun and the loading of a revolver.

"P'rhaps ye air goin' to shoot rain out o' the hills," she said dryly; "an' in these times o' trouble I don't keer to be alone an' the guns away."

"Fer oncet I 'll shorely hev to leave ye," stated the farmer, tersely; "an' ef I don't bring down rain on this errant o' mine, I may be able to bring down water. It air other folks' business, Drusilly, an' we air boun' to consider other folks er the Lord 'll not consider us."

THE Olive Hill Ridge ran well out of Long Valley to a great cone called Marrowbone Head that had upon its northern sides Keppel Smoots's broad acres, vineyards, pastures, orchards, and fields. These were entirely shut off from the view of the Long Valley by a fringe of heavy woodland and also by an abrupt bit of cross ridge. From these heights came the head waters of Marrowbone, Bear Camp, and Little Dutch creeks, those watercourses that freshened the whole northern side of the Long Valley. Of these Marrowbone was the largest and the most important. Never, in the memory of man, had it or Bear Camp gone dry in times of drought; but along its banks were now unlooked-for discomfort and even suffering. The Valley folk were ever unsuspecting of evil, but of late the people in the county town slyly remarked that Keppel Smoots was buying up the Valley cattle that had to be sold, and that his horses were as sleek and fat as ever. The hill folk knew many things, but between them and the Valley people was a great social gulf, one bridged alone by the vigilant earnestness and ministrations of Elder Becks.

Seven men the hill boy guided up Marrowbone's bridle-path the next morning—seven men of the elder's own choosing. There were the two Adam Imbodys, Elder Becks, and Caius Stamats of Pegram. From the Crossroads settlement came Pa Gladden, Doc Briskett, and young Henry Norman, who was to read law in the winter. The men, even to the elder, carried shot-guns, and most of their hip-pockets bulged suspiciously. They were a martial troop, but Elder Becks relied more on the weight of public sentiment that they represented than on shot-guns.

The bridle-path was steep and stony. Near the top another rider stood in wait. Tall, serious, narrow-shouldered and lantern-jawed, he sat upon his horse as one early bred to it. He wore a uniform with a large number on the cap, and presented to the eyes of the Valley men a most imposing figure.

"Thet air shorely Ben Dyke!" exclaimed Pa Gladden. "I hain't laid my eyes on him afore this fer a month o' Sundays. Regimentals on, hain't he? Must hev struck somethin' big up in Chicagy, elder."

"He came home on a short visit," replied the elder, smiling a little; "and I sent him up to look after Sister Smoots until we could gather together. Well, Brother Dyke, is all prepared?"

The lean jaws worked nervously, a red flush came over the long face.

"It air a rank blamed shame!" he exclaimed savagely. "An outrage on every one in that Valley down thar. I could n't believe that any one wanted to be so mean. Jes come round here, friends an' strangers, an' see what old Kepp Smoots has been

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doin' fer himself an' takin' off ye all this summer."

He led the way about the thickets, and soon rode in where the trees were thinner. In a few moments there spread before the astonished gaze of the Valley men a large pond, deep and full. About it the grass was green and birds caroled gaily. Down the slope on the other side were splendid green pastures, deeply ditched and fed from the pond. Here many cattle grazed.

"Thar air the hull black secret!" cried Pa Gladden. "It air no wonder thet our cricks air bone-dry. The water from them big springs hev all been turned in here, an' run over t' other way."

"And they have kept his pastures up," said young Adam Imbody, furiously, "while our cattle suffered and we had to sell. He ought to be hung!"

"It's nothing short o' criminal!" shouted Doc Briskett. "Smoots is a rascal, if ever one lived."

"I 'm sure it must be against all the law," broke in Henry Norman.

"Lor or no lor, it air ag'in' the right," added Pa Gladden; "an' no sech wrong hev ever been done man by man sence this Valley war settled. He hez both corn an' water, an' we hev to starve our beasts an' actoolly suffer."

"Don't say anything harsh before Sister Smoots," warned the elder; "for hers is the sorest heart here. She is waiting now to undo this mischief as well as she can, an' we must consider her feelings."

True it was that Dellabella stood waiting for them. There was a cloud over the usual brightness of her face—one of grief and pain. It spoke more than words to the men who dismounted about her in silent sympathy; but only Pa Gladden laid his hand upon her arm.

Elder Becks was more nervous and earnest than his wont.

"My brethren," he began, "we have gathered together to witness what Sister Smoots and myself believe to be a destroying but righteous act. She believes that God meant the waters of these hill springs for the people below as well as for her father's cattle. She means to break the dams in the old waterways, and to let the water here run down once more. What has been done here has caused the fearful drying up of Marrowbone and Bear Camp and Little Dutch creeks below. She believes she has the right to send down the water. It is n't a legal question with this young sister, but a moral one. She has asked us here to consider this deed as one of right, and may the Lord bless the hand o' mercy!"

Dellabella took an ax from the hill man nearest her and looked bravely about her. Then she hesitated.

"'Pears like I should hev somethin' ter say, men," she hoarsely observed; "fer my pore mother hed all the money daddy paid fer this land, in the fust place. So it wull come to me in the end. I don't keer fer any money coming wrong—none at all."

"Her don't," echoed a savage-looking hill man behind her—"her don't!"

The girl took the ax from him and struck a firm and not unskilful blow at the top log of the dam in the old channel of Marrowbone. A young man sprang into the gully with a pick and pried out stones and clay. Down they came, and Dellabella's eyes grew bright.

"Come on, men!" she cried. "Come on, now, all o' ye!"

Axes and picks flashed in the sunlight. Ben Dyke and Henry Norman worked with the rest, while the hill men tore and tumbled logs with strong hands. In twenty minutes the pond water poured over, and at last leaped down the hill, a broad stream, into its old channel, chattering over dry rocks and sweeping before it shriveled and shrunken leaves and seed-pods. No sound had ever been as sweet in the ears of Pa Gladden as that falling water. He fairly sobbed as he danced here and there and thought of the people and the cattle below. They would deem it a miracle at first, but soon they would know that it was only the miracle of God's love in the heart of a brave girl.

Dellabella's excitement grew.

"Come, men!" she cried, running before them through the woods. "I hev found all them dams; I hev hunted them all out. We must open up Bear Camp and Leetle Dutch, and mebbe before nightfall some o' them big empty pools wull hev water in 'em. The springs hain't dry. It hev been rainin' some'er's."

Her cap was off and in Ben Dyke's pocket, her hair was tumbled, her cheeks were scarlet.

"Dellabella, you are a real soldier!" cried Doc Briskett, moved out of his stolidity.

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"I swanny!" added Pa Gladden; "ef I jes had a darter like ye, I 'd be the most sot-up man in the settlement."

"She 's got trouble ahead o' her," gasped Ben Dyke. "I know old Keppel, fer I worked fer him. Think about to-night."

"Not ter-night!" cried the excited girl. "Not ter-night, but ter-day. I 'm goin' ter sell the old corn ter make up. Pa wull find out thet the Smootses air not ter be shamed in this county for ever and ever. Keppel Smoots's darter air goin' ter sell Keppel Smoots's corn at a fair price ter all the Valley folk."

A roar—who could call it a cheer?—went up. Only Ben Dyke grumbled somewhat.

"It 's right enough," he said brokenly; "but it means war—reg'lar war, men!"

"But we will see her through," asserted Doc Briskett; "we will see her through it. Such deeds are only done in centuries, Ben. Our children will tell of Dellabella as long as these hills endure. Go on, Dellabella; sell the corn and open up the dams. It will even up things—by the eternal right, it will. Jee Whillikins! I never knew you had it in you."

"I know that old man," sullenly added Ben Dyke.

"The water air runnin' down Leetie Dutch a'ready!" cried Dellabella, hysterically. "Oh, Pa Gladden—oh, elder, and ye all! think o' them women an' children an' cattle an' colts down below! I kin jes feel their feelin's in me, an' I jes hev to cry, ef ye 'll excuse me."

And cry Dellabella did, with the grave men standing over her as uncomfortable in their minds and hearts as possible. Only Pa Gladden seemed to understand that the weeping was out of sheer excitement. He jumped about, no whit anxious.

"Let 'er cry it out, doc. Let 'er cry it out, Ben."

"Who 's holdin' 'er back?" roared Ben Dyke. "No one 's got a better right ter cry than she hez."

In a few moments, during which the gurgle and plash of falling waters was heard, Dellabella looked up with an April face of smiles and tears.

"Thar, I 'm all right now!" she exclaimed. "I hev thort erbout this proceedin' so long it kind o' dammed up my ideas. I kep' wonderin' ef I hed spunk enough to kerry it through. It air orful bad to go ag'in' all the folks ye hev—even in meanness. Daddy air all I ever had."

Pa Gladden choked.

"The hull endurin' Valley loves ye now, Dellybella," he said very tenderly; "an' when this story rides cl'ar through—waal, I do think they wull all be namin' ye in public prayer."

Dellabella's great eyes lighted up.

"Then I 'd be sot up accordin'," she said solemnly. "Why, it would be 'mos' enough ter make a pusson nooky, would n't it?"

"Your head is on your shoulders too squarely for that to happen," replied Doc Briskett, decidedly. "We don't think now that any praise or blame will ever upset the mind of such a soldier as you are. Well, captain, what comes next?"

"Dinner," promptly replied the girl. "Ye see, I laid this hull thing out larst night. Ye air to hev yer dinner, an' long erbout thet time them fust wagons 'll be comin' fer corn. I left word all 'long when I rode down the hull way t' other mornin'. I said thet I 'd sell the corn at a fair price to them thet kim up. Thet wull help even things up."

"Yer paw wull kill ye, Dellybella," warned Ben Dyke. "He meant ter hold till midwinter, anyhow, fer the biggest price. He 'd git it."

Dellabella scorned him with a look.

"I declar', I b'lieve ye 're turnin' coward, runnin' them street-keers," she flashed. "An' why did n't ye stay in Chicagy, Ben, 'stead o' botherin' an' spendin' yer money to kim back to the hills? I 'm countin' on a row,—hit air shore to come,—but daddy won't murder me in cold blood with so many men erroun'—naw! Hit 'll be when I 'm here alone, ef he ever does hit at all. I know daddy right well—better 'n ye do. Hit means that I got to go, an' go fur enough. I knowed thet all the time. So don't ye lose yer speerit, Ben Dyke. We air all goin' ter tackle Aunt Sheby's dinner on the porch afore any skrimmidge comes. Ye kin eat easy. Daddy won't git home fer three hours at the airliest. Ye can't skeer me, Ben Dyke. Somethin' inside o' me air doin' this, an' I 'm followin', thet air all. Now come ter dinner, all o' ye."

III

"It stan's ter reason," sighed Pa Gladden, depositing himself on the end of the

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porch after the long table was deserted—"it stan's ter reason that the gov'ment must feed its fightin' men. I 've hed a meal ter be set down with a mark on the side o' this house, an' I don't keer now how soon old Kepp comes lopin' up thet road an' the war Ben Dyke war blowin' erbout begins."

Doc Briskett was walking restlessly about, smoking a small brown pipe.

"You ought to be able to circumvent him, pa. I never knew you to be at a loss."

"It 's hit me kind o' onexpected-like," returned Pa Gladden; "but I have been perusin' several idees while chewin' the cud out here. Old Keppel must suttinly be come up with. I got a glimmer now and then, but it hain't gathered inter a steady light yet."

He whittled on a long, thin sliver until he made an excellent toothpick. After using it vigorously he looked up.

"I eenymost lose sight o' the middle in the endin'," he began, with a smile. "One thing air plumb suttin sure. Ma Gladden air been actoolly pinin' sence Persephone went up ter Billy's pa fer a visit. I feel 'bleeged to take Dellybella hum fer to keep her company. Thar 's been no countin' on her temper."

Doc Briskett laughed so that he dropped his pipe.

"That was a foregone conclusion, you dear old father-man," he said; "but from the way Ben Dyke and the elder are holding solemn converse over by the barn, I would n't be surprised if there would be a wedding-cake to bake."

"I would admire!" quoth Pa Gladden, ecstatically. "If thar air one thing would raise Ma Gladden's feelin's plumb ter the skies, it 'u'd be a weddin'. Women-folks air death on fun'rals an' weddin's, an' Drusilly's hanker air arter love affairs."

"Whatever is decided had better be decided quickly," added the doctor, "as Farmer Smoots will show up here before time to feed the stock, or I miss my guess."

Pa Gladden sauntered over to where Dellabella was waiting on the hill men and Aunt Sheba with all her accustomed cheerfulness.

"Lord's child," he observed tenderly, "ye suttinly air well able to consult yerself regardin' yer own sweet self. Air ye meanin' ter come 'long home with me arter the comin' skrimmidge, or hev ye got another idee?"

Dellabella set down a steaming dish of pork and cabbage.

"I had n't been botherin'," she said, "sence thar air allers shelter on the hills fer a hill gal in trouble. It 's mortal kind o' ye, Pa Gladden."

"Mebbe Ben air calkilatin' ter git ye a job in Chicagy, way he acts up," observed pa, with a twinkle in his eye; "but I don't think, Lord's child, thet the Valley an' the hills 'll ever be jes the same ef ye leave us."

Dellabella flushed, but smiled.

"I would cut a fine figger in a big city! Whut would I do thar? Dike out, an' set in a winder[1] ter watch the keers go by? No, Pa Gladden; we air free folk hyar, an' free we must die. Ben hain't been improvin' none. He hev 'most lost his nerve, an' air thin ez Job's turkey. Ef Ben warnts a hill gal, he must drop them buttons an' numbers, an' put on hill closes, an' live hill ways. Thet air all on airth I got ag'in' Ben Dyke. He air too upstartin' sence he went ter Chicagy, an' expects me ter run like a skeered houn' pup 'cause I opened them cricks. I done it, an' I 'll stan' by it."

"I don' feel called to mix up in Ben's courtin' none," observed Pa Gladden, "specially with sech Lord's gunpowder ez ye shorely air, Dellybella. Thet air meant fer a pure compliment, an' ye must take it ez nothin' else. I war erbout ter remark thet I wull stan' ter yer back onless ye prefers Ben Dyke. 'T ain't often yer Pa Gladden gets pitted up ag'in' a city feller ez to takin' keer of a gal; but, ye see, I am so cl'arly impressed thet ye air the Lord's own thet I do think ye air right in yer feelin's erbout the city."

"Line up!" cried Doc Briskett, as the sound of wagon-wheels drew nearer. "Line up, men!"

It was only Balsy Omerod and his hired man, however, come for a load of corn that he needed badly, and for which he paid a good price. But when Balsy had loaded up and heard the strange story, he sent his load home and stayed with the grave group that hung about the house porch, smoking and discussing the situation with a feeling akin to awe. Nor was he the only Valley man that came and heard and stayed to protect the hill girl

[1] "Dike" means to "fix up" in hill language. To "set in a winder" is the height of silly uppishness.

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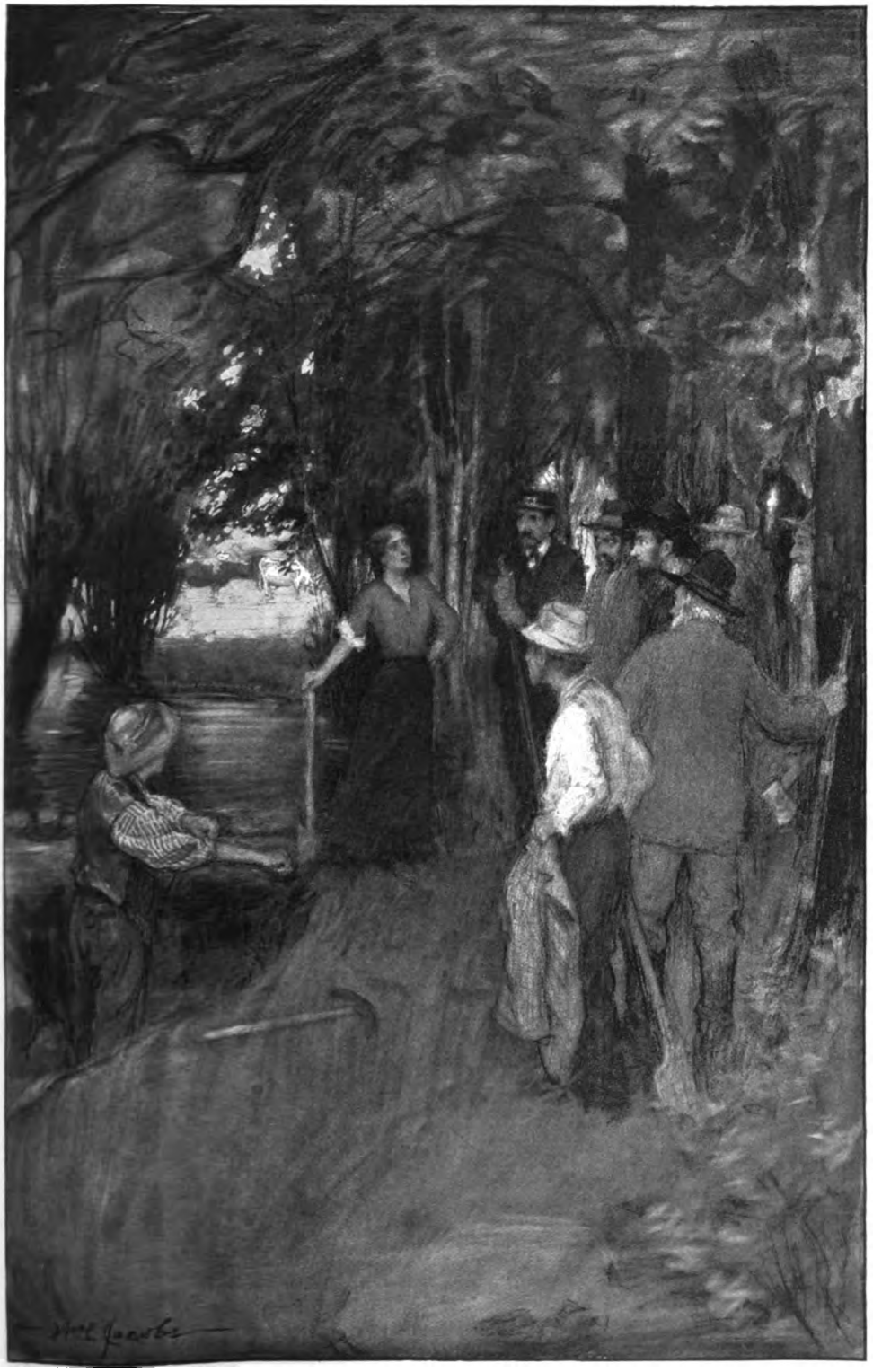

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'PEARS LIKE I SHOULD HEV SOMETHIN' TER SAY, MEN'"

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from the expected fury of her miserly and drunken father.

STRANGE as it may appear, for once old Keppel Smoots arrived at home sober and on foot. One of his horses had gone dead lame, and the other was so tired dragging the load for many weary miles that the farmer was forced to leave both to rest. He accepted the offer of a neighbor to give him a lift home, and climbed the hill directly in the rear of the three corn-cribs near the top.

It was a busy scene he came upon. A wagon was loading corn at one of the cribs, and half the men were there. The other half guarded the road, and every one was on the alert for the sound of wagon-wheels. At the crib stood Dellabella, her hat off, her apron gathered up and sagging heavily with the money she had taken in during the afternoon. Even Keppel Smoots's slow wits could at once divine one thing. Dellabella was selling his precious hoard, his corn that every day became more precious. A mad fury at once seized him, but a second thought checked him. What were all these men doing on Marrowbone? Never before had such an assemblage set foot there. Something had happened, and that grave enough. He dared not go forward, he would not go back. Terror and cupidity at once held him. In this plight Pa Gladden saw him, and at once called the attention of those near him to the fact.

"He suttinly hain't got no weepon," said Pa Gladden, easily; "but he hev got an oncert'in an' ongodly black-snake whip. Close up roun' Dellybella, boys, an' I 'll step over and let in a leetle light to his darkened mind."

"You shall not go alone," spoke up old Adam Imbody; "for he might do you a harm. I 'll step along myself. He knows me."

"When Pa Gladden marches I 'm in the ranks," said Doc Briskett; "and he knows me."

The three men marched up to the old farmer, who turned white when he saw their bold front.

"Vat you folkses vants on de hill?" he faltered.

Pa Gladden saw the situation at once. His eyes twinkled, but his voice was stern.

"Quare doin's up here, Mr. Smoots. We Valley folks hev been informed of strange an' onaccountable things thet air destroyin' us soul an' body. We came up ter see ef whut war whisperin' war true."

He gave the doctor a great nudge.

"You are brought to judgment, Smoots," broke in Doc Briskett; "you have let in fever all along Little Dutch by cutting off the water. You have n't money enough to pay the damages the law will give the Valley people. It looks that way."

"I suppose you thought nobody would climb up to find out your sin," broke in Adam Imbody; "but the eye of the Lord was on you."

"Mein Gott!" ejaculated the old man, his hands shaking as if with palsy. "Vait till I gets de man dot makes me dis trouble. Mebbe it vor not a man."

"Maybe it was," said Doc Briskett, "and many men. There are over a dozen of us that saw and know about the pond and ditches, Smoots. You 've destroyed yourself."

Dellabella had been anxiously eying them, but now dismissed the man loading corn and walked nearer them.

"Vat vor my gal sellin' my corn fer?" the farmer asked, and again terror and fury fought in his bleared eyes.

"So people cannot be so hard on you," said Pa Gladden, gently. "Ef they don't hang ye high ez Haman, er drown ye, er fire ye, it air yer good gal thar thet saved ye. Ye air suttinly the only man I ever had an itch ter see swung up, but ye air Dellybella's pa, an' I can't tech ye on thet ercount."

The unexpected again happened. Ben Dyke had been watching the road and quite out of sight. He now came rapidly across to the group, fearing for the girl. Old Keppel Smoots cast one look at him and fairly groveled.

"De depity sher'ff—mein Gott!" he screamed. "Now de lor gits me, an' sent dat Ben Dyke fer me! Ach me, ach me, I 'm de dead man, I 'm de dead man, Dellybell'!"

They had all forgotten Ben's uniform.

"It air a good thing fer ye it hain't any other depity sher'ff," quoth Pa Gladden, dryly; "but Ben air thet much of a friend ter Dellybella, mebbe he kin git ye off a leetle easy. He likes the gal, an', if she would hev him, ye would stan' a squar' chance ter git this matter simmered down. Ben, go easy on him till ye gits her mind.

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She kin save him from us, I reckon. We can't go ag'in' her, none of us."

"Take de corn, take de corn!" moaned the farmer. "I would shust die in dat jail. I would nefer gome pack. Take de corn, and gif it to dem beoples dot makes de trouble mit me. Dat will makes dem all up."

"We 'll leave you one crib," said Doc Briskett; "and your daughter has the pay for the rest. Now, old man, we 've heard that you have said you will break in Dellabella. Don't try it. The Valley folk will hang you up, for they love her. Treat her right. Give her to Ben, and let her live out her good life here with you. You want to stay here, don't you, Dellabella?"

"Tell the hull truth an' shame the old Nick," suggested Pa Gladden, airily.

Dellabella, with apron jingling, stepped to her father's side.

"Daddy hain't no one but me, an' I 'm only a hill gal. Whut 'd I be anywhar else? I warnt ter stay right here an' hev folkses' good feelin'. Ef Ben an' daddy kin mek out, Ben kin come back ter farmin sometime. I hain't in no hurry erbout thet. But my place air in the hills, I believes."

Pa Gladden wrung her hand, with the tears running down his cheeks now.

"Lord's child, how it all hev turned out jes right! Lord's own child!"

A NEIGHBOR'S CREED

BY BLISS CARMAN

"Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent."

I

ALL day the weary crowds move on
Through the gray city's stifling heat,
With anxious air, with jaded mien,
To strife, to labor, to defeat.

But I possess my soul in calm,
Because I know, unvexed by noise,
Somewhere across the city's hum
Your splendid spirit keeps its poise.

II

Because I see you bright and brave,
I say to my despondent heart,
"Up, loiterer! Put off this guise
Of gloom, and play the sturdier part!"

Three things are given man to do:
To dare, to labor, and to grow.
Not otherwise from earth we came,
Nor otherwise our way we go.

Three things are given man to be:
Cheerful, undoubting, and humane,
Surviving through the direst fray,
Preserving the untarnished strain.

Three things are given man to know:
Beauty and truth and honor. These
Are the nine virtues of the soul,
Her mystic powers and ecstasies.

And when I see you bravely tread
That difficult and doubtful way,
"Up, waverer; wilt thou forsake
Thy comrade?" to my heart I say.

Then bitterness and sullen fear,
Mistrust and anger, are no more.
That quick gay step is in the hall;
That rallying voice is at the door.

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Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

TASMANIAN WOLF AND CUBS

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THE TASMANIAN WOLF

I. BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT

AS a survival of an ancient type, this animal fills a rather conspicuous place, and while no actual counterpart has been found among the fossils of this country, many similar forms are continually coming to light. By some authorities, the Tasmanian wolf is supposed to be a semi-plantigrade animal, which would seem a correct view if one studies simply the bones and the anatomical character. I could distinguish very little of this formation in the living specimen, the legs of which appeared to be almost as straight as those of a dog. There is no doubt, nevertheless, that at one time it may have rested on the whole foot from the heel to the toe, just as a bear does at the present time. The pads of the foot, which in a dog cover only the bottoms of the toes, are in this instance continued in the fore foot to the wrist and in the hind foot to the heel, a narrow strip of naked skin showing in each case. The drawings on the next page of the skulls of the opossum, Tasmanian wolf, and timber-wolf indicate the size and power of the teeth in the latter animal as compared with the tiny dentition of the two marsupials. The tail and hind quarters are very characteristic features, and serve at once to distinguish it from the true wolf. There seems to be a certain stiffness in the region of the flanks, the tail itself being covered with very short hair and carried as if it were made of a solid bone instead of being jointed. There appears to be no visible joining of this member with the body, as in most modern animals, and it serves only to balance the creature when running. The large dark eyes, placed very far apart and surrounded by a deeper color than the rest of the head, give a curious expression to the face, while the jaw is very long and slender and the gape unusually wide.

It is difficult to understand just why the name "tiger-wolf" was applied to the animal, for, although the back is covered with a few stripes, growing broader and longer as they approach the tail, they in no wise resemble the markings of the great feline. Nevertheless they do serve to remove it further from the dog-like form which has been ascribed to it, as in no instance is this style of adornment found in the true canine race.

II. BY ANNIS HARDCASTLE KNIGHT

THE island of Tasmania, lying one hundred and fifty miles south of Australia, is the home of this very unusual animal commonly called the Tasmanian wolf. The head is somewhat like that of the wolf in shape, and the general color is gray. It follows its prey by scent, and, until the introduction of sheep into the country, fed upon weaker marsupials; since then the ravages made upon the flocks have caused the government to place a price upon its head, and the merciless hunting by the natives will soon cause the total extermination of the animal. Sleeping in daytime among the caverns and rocks of the higher mountain-ranges, the creature is not often visible, and is very difficult to trap, and for the same reason it is rarely seen in captivity. The Washington Zoo possesses three, a mother and two babies, which arrived some weeks ago in very poor condition as the result of a month's voyage from Australia in the confined limits of a box too small for the adult even to turn round in. Consequently her sides were badly rubbed and her legs were cramped.

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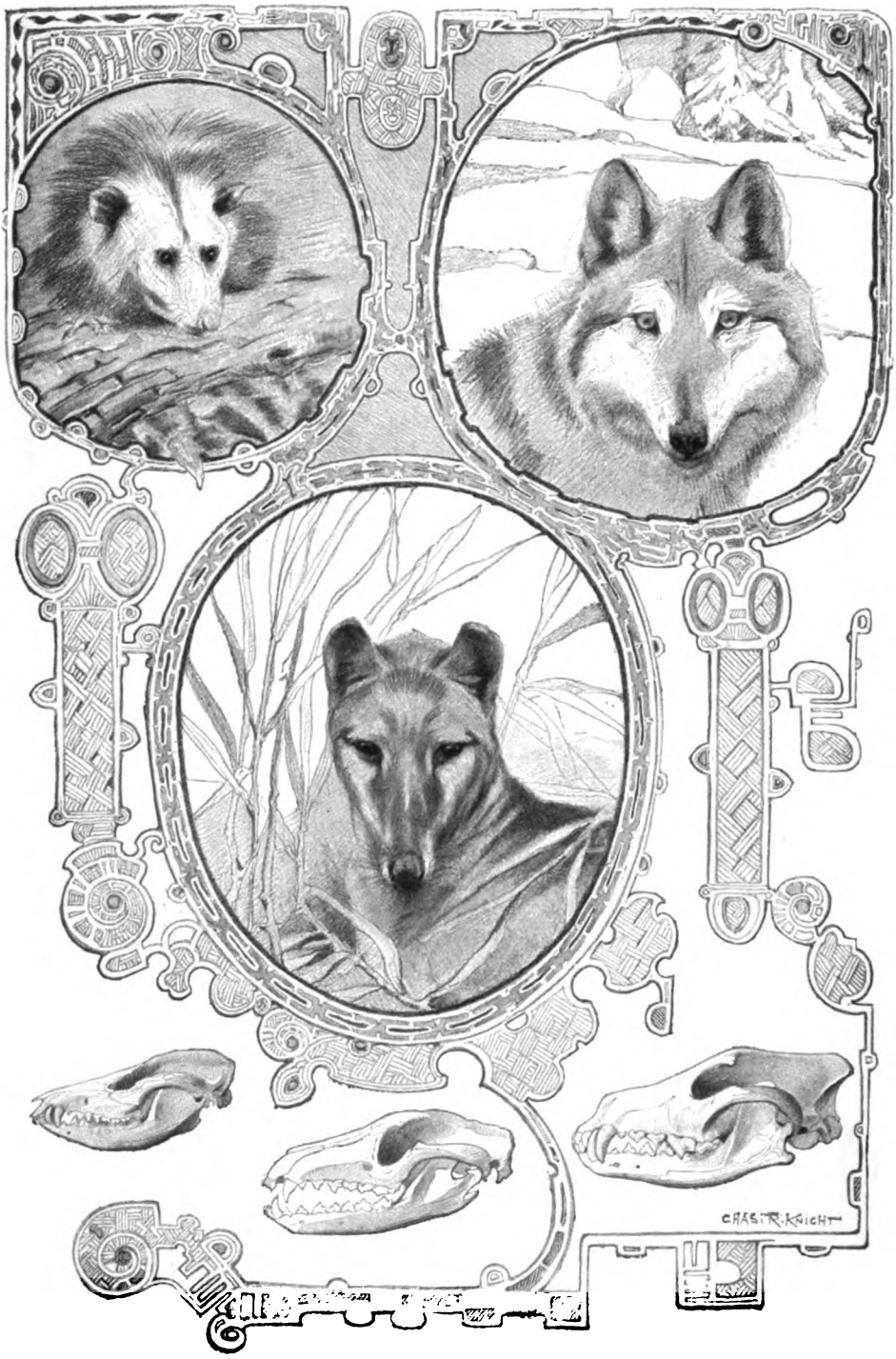

Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

OPOSSUM TASMANIAN WOLF TIMBER-WOLF

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She lay listless the greater part of the time, and, when she did move, appeared to do so with difficulty. The little ones recuperated more quickly than their mother, and tried to engage her in their sport by jumping upon her back and rolling down her sides. She is now beginning to take a livelier interest in things, and will occasionally run with the cubs, and leap in the air much as a kangaroo would do. At first the little ones traveled around in their mother's pouch, sometimes with their heads stuck out, as if they were curiously investigating the country as they went along. They entered it also frequently when feeding, and at such times there was always a scramble for first place.

Though these animals are said to be very vicious, this particular one is perfectly harmless and wholly indifferent to the presence of man. The keeper enters the cage to treat her wounds when she is feeding, and the only notice she takes of him is, when stung by the application, to walk quietly to the other side of the cage and then return immediately to her food. Her face never assumes the ugly snarl of a wolf, but always bears a blank, stupid expression, from which one might judge that the intelligence is of a much lower order than that of the wolf.

The call is a peculiar coughing sound, which, until recognized as a note of affection, gave the keepers grave concern regarding the condition of her lungs. The sound was easily understood when it was observed that the mother, in giving vent to it, was immediately answered by her cubs. Often when sleeping she will rouse for a moment, and, after making this peculiar cry, listen expectantly until she hears the diminutive counterpart, whereupon she will let fall her head and rest content. When lying in this way, with her face toward you, nursing her little ones, she gives the impression of a wolf suckling tiger cubs, as the black stripes on her back in this position are entirely hidden, while shown conspicuously upon the young ones.

THOMAS ARNOLD THE YOUNGER

BY WILLIAM T. ARNOLD

MY American friends assure me that Dr. Arnold of Rugby is no more forgotten by the American than by the English public. They are confident that his intellectual and moral influence still persists on their side of the water as on ours, and, moreover, that much the same, *mutatis mutandis*, may be said of the brilliant and taking figure of Dr. Arnold's eldest son. Matthew Arnold, indeed, whether in England or in America, is only now slowly but surely coming to his right place. As he himself wrote of others in "The New Age":

> Now strifes are hush'd, our ears doth meet,
> Ascending pure, the bell-like fame

of one who was well content to leave his work to the ripening judgment of time.

But Matthew Arnold was one of nine children, all of them perhaps endowed beyond the average, and some of them richly inheriting the gifts and characteristics of their parents. This article is intended to gather together a few memorials concerning especially the early life of Thomas Arnold the younger, the doctor's second son, separated only by eleven months from his elder brother Matthew. He himself published a short autobiography called "Passages from a Wandering Life" not long before his death. But there is much else to be told, and among the papers left to his children at his death there are many letters which seem to them of public interest, especially for those who already know and love his father and brother. In youth "Tom Arnold" was a delicate and thoughtful child, whom his father cherished with special tenderness.

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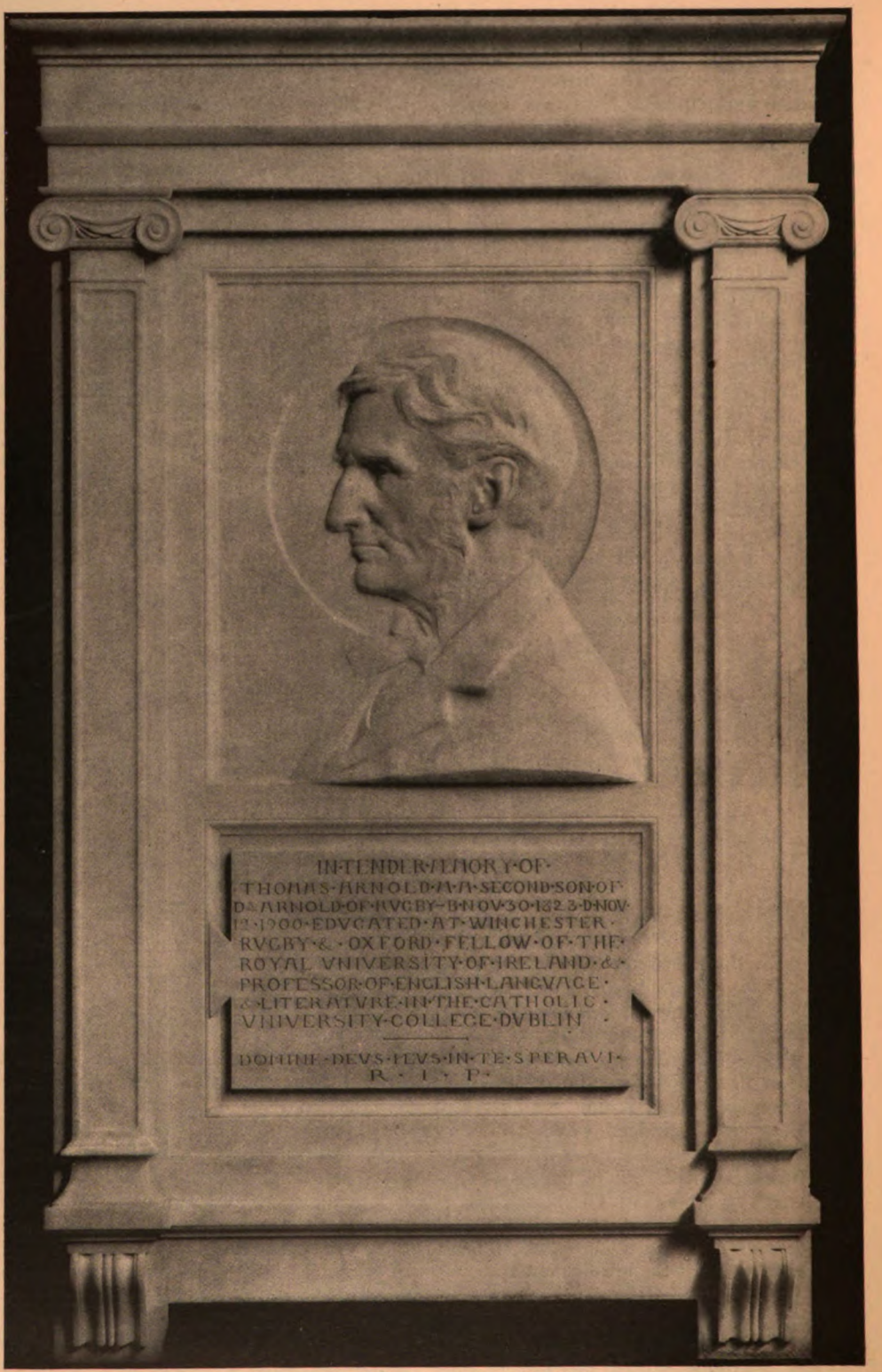

From the tablet for the Catholic University Church, Dublin

THOMAS ARNOLD THE YOUNGER

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Later on he was described by one who knew him well as "a man of the thirteenth century astray in the nineteenth." His ideas were not those of his country and generation, and he was never content without carrying his ideas into some sort of action. Hence much conflict and disillusion, hence also much apparent vacillation and failure. At any critical juncture in his life his course could have been generally foretold by asking which line of conduct was likely to serve his worldly interests least. Naturally, such a character does not make the best of this world, but it wins the warm affection of spirits kindred to itself, and what Dean Stanley wrote of him in his middle life was often said or thought by others whose good opinion was not less worth having. At a time when my father was a candidate for one of the Assistant Commissionerships of Endowed Schools, Dean Stanley wrote to one of those who were to decide the appointment:

> Will you allow me to speak to you strongly in his behalf? He is, as you are perhaps aware, the second son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, who is associated in his father's life as being with him at his death. He was afterwards my pupil at University College, and is now, after a wandering life, both physically and intellectually (not morally, for he remained from first to last what I will presently describe), settled as private tutor at Oxford.
>
> He is and was one of the gentlest, purest, and most ingenuous characters I have ever known, full of ability and of information, to me always instructive and interesting,—not so quick or brilliant as his brother Matthew, but without the qualities which in Matthew cause so much alarm to many, and certainly (as I have heard it well described by one who knows him well) belonging (to use his brother's words) to—
>
> "That small transfigur'd band
> Whom the world cannot tame."
>
> I have written this in a style not usual in testimonials, because I cannot half describe him otherwise.

My father was also the most intimate friend that Arthur Clough possessed, and of Arthur Clough the late Archbishop of Canterbury has borne witness that "he seemed to me, when first I knew him, the ablest and greatest man I had ever come across, and the one from whom I had learned more than from any other man I knew." In Clough's "Bothie" the democrat, Philip Hewson, who "rounded the sphere to New Zealand," though in some respects very different from my father, was suggested by his career and his opinions, and in one of the letters from which I am about to quote, found among my father's papers at his death, Judge Coleridge tells him that he is "spoken of as the hero" of the poem. Dr. Arnold's favorite son, and Matthew Arnold's close friend as well as brother, was also "Clough's Philip." It is then natural to hope that whoever cares for any one of these three may also care for him.

My grandfather died when the younger Thomas Arnold was nineteen, and the relations between them, therefore, were not those of man to man, but of child and boy to a famous and puissant father. There are no letters of this period, but two poems, written in the son's eighth and ninth years, attest the father's affection, reveal that tender side of the man which neither Stanley's Life nor "Tom Brown's School Days" has adequately brought out, and, for all their old-fashioned simplicity, suggest a hitherto unsuspected origin for Matthew Arnold's faculty. One of the poems was in a sense prompted by the child himself, who, recovering from one of childhood's illnesses, had asked his father to write something for him which should be his "very own." The father complied, with this result:

You bid me write in Verse or Prose
  Something to be your very own:
Ah! were I but as one of those
  Whose verses you and I have known—
If high the thought and sweet the line,
  If flowed the measure bold and free,
Then gladly should such strain be thine
  As suits the Love I bear to thee.

Time was—but that was long ago,
  And you, my child, were yet unborn—
When readily and oft would flow
  The current of my Verse—For Morn
Was breathing then,—and all was new;
  And Thoughts were stirring at such Hour—
But melted in the Morning Dew
  And vanished is my Fancy's Power.

Thou art the self-same Race beginning,—
  Like Thoughts are pressing on thy Heart:
To thee Earth wears a Face as winning—
  And thou must see that Face depart.
Now from thy little Bed thy Smile
  How sweet it gleams when I draw nigh—

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'T is sweet,—but let us pray the while
To smile as sweetly when we die.—

Thy Father's Love, thou know'st it true;—
Thou know'st how dear thy Mother's Kiss:
And so whene'er we meet thy View
It fills thy little Heart with bliss:—
Now from thy Bed thine Eyes still turn
Thy Parents' loving Glance to crave—
May'st thou that better Parent learn
Whose Glance of Love can cheer thy Grave.

Our Care revives thee,—thou may'st rise
To Health and all of Childhood's Glee—
And Hope may paint thee to our Eyes
In Manhood, all we 'd have thee be—
But yet again that Health must fade,
Thy youthful Glee to Sickness turn,—
Others than we shall tend thy Bed
When we can neither love nor mourn.

So be it:—yet for us, for thee,
In Youth and Age alike at Hand,
One Love shall ever present be,
One Parent by our Sick Bed stand,
Whose look is Peace and Joy;—whose Care
Can to Eternal Health restore.
May we, my Child, His Blessing share
Where Age and Sickness vex no more.—

T. Arnold. April 5th, 1832.

The child was fragile, but grew up into healthy boyhood under the customary English influences. He went first to Winchester, then to Rugby. His brother Matt reminds him, in 1855, when they were both in their thirties, "how I disfigured your nose when we were boys," and in 1884 the sexagenarian, writing in December, recalls "old Rugby days":

This is the season when you and I, Edward and Willy, used to play our little football in the field behind the Close, with old Sam, his milk-pails on his shoulders, on his way to the farmyard, pausing to look on. Edward and Willy are gone—and how soon may we not follow! Still, so long as we are here, "haec meminisse juvat!"

So again, at the same season, two years later:

How I wish we had you here to-day, you dear old boy! What a long way back it is to the school field at this season, and the withered elm-leaves, and the footballs kicking about, and the November dimness over everything!

Almost an epilogue to the poet's "Rugby Chapel."

So the delicate child grew up into a tall man, never overflowing with vitality like his brother Matthew, but still sound in wind and limb, and exceptionally handsome. He was wonderfully like his Cornish mother (herself a Penrose, with Trevenen kin), and his brother wrote to their mother from Paris in 1859:

I could not but think of you in Brittany, with Cranics and Trevenecs all about me, and the peasantry with their expressive, rather mournful faces, long noses, and dark eyes, reminding me perpetually of dear Tom and Uncle Trevenen, and utterly unlike the French.[1]

The Breton peasant figured in Joanne's "Dictionnaire Topographique de la France" (*sub voce* Bretagne) is certainly like enough to my father to justify the parallel. Contemporaries at Oxford and elsewhere noticed his looks, and an old Oxford man once told me that a friend, meeting him in the High street in the summer of 1845, advised him to look in at the Schools, where the *viva voce* for "Greats" was going on, as he would there see "the handsomest don in Oxford examining the handsomest undergraduate." The don was Henry Liddell, afterward dean of Christ Church, and the undergraduate, Thomas Arnold the younger.

Dr. Arnold hoped for great things from "Tom's career at Oxford." "That ever dear and beloved one, that too trusting and sanguine nature, rated me much too highly," writes the son, in a fragment of journal, twenty years later. Yet Oxford, too, rated him highly. He got his first-class, and won the devoted affection of a small band of friends: Arthur Stanley, his tutor at University College, then a haunt of Rugby men; Arthur Clough—"Citizen Clough"—of Oriel, doubter, democrat, and poet; F. T. Palgrave, the future editor of "The Golden Treasury"; Shairp; Tom Hughes; Theodore Walrond; above all, his brother Matt, at Balliol. Those were years of *Sturm und Drang* at Oxford, the years of Tract 90, of Newman's withdrawal to Littlemore, of the famous convocation in 1844, which deprived "Ideal Ward" of his degrees and was prevented from censuring Newman only by the veto of the two dauntless proctors, of Pusey's suspension from preaching within the university, and

[1] "Letters of Matthew Arnold," edited by G. W. E. Russell, I, 85.

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finally of Newman's secession to Rome in September, 1845.

The year of Tom Arnold's entry at Oxford (1842) was the year of his father's sudden death, after a few hours' illness. The year of his degree (1845) was, as we all know, the year of Newman's reception into the Church of Rome. "To any one who has been accustomed to look upon Arnold and Newman as *the* two great men of the Church of England," wrote Stanley, while the news of Newman's secession was flying round Oxford, "the death of one and the secession of the other cannot but look ominous, like the rattle of departing chariots that was heard on the eve of the downfall of the Temple of Jerusalem."

So it was for Stanley, who, as fellow and tutor, was already in the thick of the Oxford struggles. But what is curious to notice is that for this little band of thinkers and poets we have enumerated—a band containing two of Arnold's sons—the interest of life during these tempestuous years lay not in ecclesiastical and dogmatic struggles, not in the famous tracts, or the fathers, or the great Anglican divines, but in literature—in Emerson, Carlyle, Goethe, Jean Paul, Novalis, and George Sand,—George Sand and Emerson perhaps first and foremost. Not that spiritual conflict was absent; but it was concerned with questions far remote from those of subscription or church government.

The result was that for several of this little band of friends, certainly for Arthur Clough and Tom Arnold, their Oxford time was not as fruitful as at another moment it might have been. As Matthew Arnold said later of Gray at Cambridge, they were blown upon by a "spiritual east wind." The Oxford Movement, says Dean Stanley's biographer, interrupted an intellectual and literary movement on broader lines, which had begun before Newman appeared, and resumed its march only after he departed. "The educational life of Oxford was withered," for the time, by the "volcanic eruption" of Tractarianism; science, humane letters, and the first stirrings of intellectual freedom were for an indefinite period suspended.

They were not suspended in the individual mind, as my father's letters and journals show, but the atmosphere was nipping and unkind. Tom Arnold later could remember occasionally going in to hear Newman preach in St. Mary's, and waiting in the snowy High street for the news of Ward's degradation; but these things made little impression at the time. His own struggles were all within, concerned with the conflict between the ideas of Emerson and George Sand and the faith in which his father had trained him; and the din made by Tract 90 seemed to be mere empty clamor about an obsolete machinery.

In the very spring, for instance, when Stanley writes from Oxford his animated accounts of the fights in convocation and the common rooms over the questions raised by Newman and Ward, Tom Arnold speaks of himself as sitting alone, in Stanley's college of University and in rooms overlooking the High street, brooding on the very foundations of belief. The following passage, where he writes of himself in the third person, for reasons to be explained presently, describes the outer and the inner scene:

> The spring of that year (1845) was unusually cold; and the blasts of the northeast wind shook the large oriel window of his room, and made him shiver with cold as he crouched over the fire. A universal doubt shook every prop and pillar on which his moral Being had hitherto reposed. Something was continually whispering: "What if all thy Religion, all thy aspiring hope, all thy trust in God, be a mere delusion? The more thou searchest into the mystery of thy Being, findest thou not that iron, relentless laws govern thee, and every impulse and thought of thee, no less than the dull stones beneath thy feet? What art thou more than a material arrangement, the elements of which might at any moment, by an accident, be dispersed, and thou, without any to care for or pity thee throughout the wide universe, sink into the universal night? Prate not any more of thy God and thy Providence; thou art here *alone*, placed at the mercy of impersonal and unbending laws, which, whether they preserve or crush thee, the universe with supremest indifference will roll onward on its way."
>
> The misery of the incessant recurrence of such thoughts to a believing mind, he only who has experienced them can understand. They took away the charm from the human face, the glory from the sky, the beauty from the flowers: all these seemed to be the garlands round the victim's neck, designed to cheat it for a time into a little ease and forgetfulness of the cold, inexorable necessity that lay beneath.

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These lines are taken from a remarkable series of letters, written a couple of years later and in another stage of development; for Arnold's son did not long remain in the state of despondency thus described. Suddenly the cloud lifted; Emerson, Carlyle, and George Sand came to him as the prophets of a new age and new faiths. George Sand especially carried him on a full tide into the very midst of the social questionings and ardent hopes of the forties. He left Oxford after winning his first-class, and went up to London, first as a law student, then as an official in the Colonial Office, many kind friends smiling on the handsome youth, both for his own sake and for his father's.

He did well in the Colonial Office, and attracted the attention of his chief, Lord Grey. Meanwhile his brother Matthew had become Lord Lansdowne's private secretary, and for both the brothers a happy and prosperous life seemed to be opening. But outside Oxford, no less than within, those were days of ferment and change. Chartism led the hopes and aspirations of the poor; the ideas of Christian socialism were working in the minds of Maurice and Kingsley; and abroad the upheavals of 1848 were approaching. At the same time the thought of the colonies, those new Englands across the sea, was becoming for many of the more ardent minds a means of escape from the Old-World problems.

It is this particular moment of English unrest, and this particular mode of escape from it, that have left their impress on Clough's poem "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich." Philip Hewson, the poet and Radical, on fire against the Toryisms and tyrannies of English life—Philip, who "speaks like a book," and goes off to New Zealand in search of a virgin soil and an unspoilt social life, was certainly suggested by my father. English oppressions, English class distinctions, and English orthodoxies weighed upon him heavily at home; but out there in the shining Pacific was a land of freedom and beauty where man might mold his life afresh.

So Thomas Arnold determined to throw up the Colonial Office, take the few hundred pounds that might rightly come to him from the slender family store, and go to New Zealand. One may imagine the family consternation. But they were a high-minded, idealist group, and the plea of following conscience and duty left them disabled in the presence of Tom's resolution. If he must go, he must. The mother especially showed extraordinary courage and tenderness, as her letters reveal. She suffered acutely, for the colonies were far away in those days. But her boy was a man, and she did not attempt to drive or coerce him. Many of the old family friends remonstrated; there is a fine letter of Bunsen's still in existence, in which Dr. Arnold's old friend, then Prussian ambassador to the English court, wrote sheet after sheet to the headstrong youth of twenty-four, trying to persuade him that England was still a possible dwelling-place for the honest and high-hearted. But the dream had grown too tempting, the sense of vocation too strong. The necessary arrangements were made, and my father set sail. It is characteristic of him that at the end of his life, in the book published the year before his death, he says: "I cannot even now make up my mind as to whether I was right in going to New Zealand or no."

Here is a little picture of the embarkation written by his brother Edward, who went up from Oxford to see him off. He, Matthew Arnold, Arthur Clough, and Tom Arnold went down to the London docks on the Sunday before the departure to look at the *John Wickliffe*, the emigrant vessel of six hundred and sixty tons which was to carry Tom to the antipodes.

> Clough says [writes Edward to his mother] that it is a good-sized one for an emigrant ship, and that Tom is very lucky. I did not like to laugh at what was so serious a matter to Tom, but my firm conviction was that *I* could not live out a voyage of five months there.

The next day the brothers said farewell; they went down to Gravesend together.

> It was very cold [writes Edward], yet it was a brilliant sunset, and the river, with all its shipping, is always beautiful. I asked him if he felt the least inclined to change his mind, were it possible. He said not the least, that when he had made up his mind fully, he looked upon the thing as inevitable; besides that, his wish to go was as strong as ever. What he felt most, I think, was the parting with Matt. I saw the tears in his eyes when it came to that.

It was during this long voyage that Thomas Arnold wrote what his friends

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knew as "the equator letters," which both Clough and Palgrave thought remarkable, and which, were they published now *in extenso*, would certainly deserve a place in the spiritual history of that rich time. The letters were addressed to J. C. Shairp, afterward the well-known principal of St. Andrews, but they were meant for the whole circle of friends,—the "Clough-Matthean circle," as the writer of them somewhere calls it,—and were intended to justify the step which the young enthusiast had taken. His modest and retiring nature made it difficult for him to talk of himself; so he threw the story into the third person, that he might handle it with more freedom and perhaps, in the long, monotonous hours on board ship, give it a more literary turn—"talk," in fact, "like a book," as Philip Hewson was wont to do.

Together with the "Fragments of a Novel," written some years later, the letters give a fairly complete account of his changes of thought and belief. The first deals with his childhood at Rugby, in the happy home of which his illustrious father made the joy and shelter; with his evangelical training, and that moment of ardent youth when he personally and joyously appropriated the religion he had been taught; then with the waverings and doubts of Oxford, as in the passage already quoted, caused by the reading of writers like Carlyle, who were not Christian in the sense he had been trained to give to the word; and, lastly, with the inrush of new and poetic ideals largely determined by George Sand.

It is to these ideals that the second letter is devoted, and there can be no doubt that he expresses in it the feelings of the more reflective and romantic type of colonist, the "Warings" of the hour, who were then making their adventurous way to England's new lands across the ocean. It will be remembered that he is throughout speaking of himself in the third person:

> You can easily understand that, for many years before the time of which I am speaking, the condition of the poor in England had been to him, as to every thoughtful person, the subject of many painful and anxious thoughts. It had been so with his father, and how could it but be so with him? . . . In all classes he saw selfishness increasing, and in the class of capitalists in particular he saw it systematised with all that energy and practical ability which is characteristic of the Englishman. . . .
>
> And seeing how everywhere religious feeling and faith were decaying, while Industrialism, as the French call it, was advancing by such rapid strides, he could not help feeling, like his father before him, his own utter powerlessness, and the futility of all individual efforts to stem the stream. But there was a time during which, as I have before mentioned, he took a deep interest in all the measures of social and material reform which were proposed from time to time in Parliament or elsewhere. There was a time when he believed that those great changes for the better which every good man in England and throughout Europe waits and hopes for could be effected through organisations already existing; by the agency of actual governments, and by the help of a public opinion increasingly powerful and enlightened.
>
> But when he came up to reside in London, and was thus brought into daily contact with the extremity of human suffering and degradation, and forced to behold our common human nature prostrate and debased, "not struggling but sunk," all other subjects seemed to fade into insignificance beside this one, all other evils to be as nothing compared with this monstrous and unutterable woe.

He took up residence in London, he writes later, in 1847, "almost with the feelings of a Sister of Mercy," and began to visit the poor. But this first practical contact with the courts and alleys of an unregenerate London produced only, as he has told us, "an utter hopelessness." What could the individual do in this old corrupt and cumbered land?

> Take but one step in submission, and all the rest is easy: persuade yourself that your reluctance to subscribe to Articles which you do not believe is a foolish scruple, and then you may take orders and marry, and be happy; satisfy yourself that you may honestly defend an unrighteous cause, and then you may go to the Bar, and become distinguished, and perhaps in the end sway the counsels of the State; prove to yourself, by the soundest arguments which political economy can furnish, that you may lawfully keep several hundred men, women, and children at work for twelve hours a day in your unwholesome factory, and then you may become wealthy and influential, and erect public baths and patronise artists. All this is then open to you; while if you refuse to tamper in a single point with the integrity of your conscience, isolation awaits you, and unhappy love, and the contempt of men; and amidst the general bustle and movement of the world you will be stricken with a kind of impotence, and your arm will seem to be par-

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alysed, and there will be moments when you will almost doubt whether truth indeed exists, or, at least, whether it is fitted for man. Yet in your loneliness you will be visited by consolations which the world knows not of; and you will feel that, if renunciation has separated you from the men of your own generation, it has united you to the great company of just men throughout all past time; nay, that even now there is a little band of Renunciants scattered over the world, of whom you are one, whose you are, and who are yours for ever.

Approached in this spirit, the social question assumed a different aspect, and meanwhile the novels of George Sand took hold upon him with enchanting and reviving power:

Gradually, thanks be to God and to George Sand, the interpreter of His truth, I found that this misery, which I had been so anxious to alleviate on the assumption that it could not but exist, was altogether an outrage and an offence in the sight of God. I found that it was not God who had destined the greater part of mankind to a life of ignorance and wretchedness, but that man had done it, by force of iniquitous laws and social customs, but chiefly through the absence of the spirit of Love. With inexpressible joy I read and pondered upon the sacred symbol, "Freedom, Equality, Brotherhood." And then I looked upon society as it was, and the eyes of my enlightened Spirit pierced through the outward show, the dazzling pomp and glitter with which the rich enliven their life, and saw the falsehood, the injustice, the inequality, which are the only props of that unstable fabric which we call modern society. . . .

Who will not recognize in this passage the voice of Clough's Philip, as Clough describes him with a touch of tender humor?

Philip Hewson, a poet,
Hewson a Radical hot, hating lords and scorning ladies,
Silent mostly, but often reviling in fire and fury
Feudal tenures, mercantile lords, competition and Bishops,
Liveries, armorial bearings, amongst other matters, the game-laws.

Philip, indeed, had but come to London to

give the old gentility stage-play
One little look, to leave it with all the more satisfaction.

I am one of this rich class [he continues with passion]. I have *servants* to wait upon me; I am fed and clothed by the labour of the poor, and do nothing for them in return. The life that I lead is an outrage and a wrong to humanity. That glorious future of which we dream comports not with such a life as mine. I will leave it; I will cast it from me altogether; I will come to my God; I will cast myself into the lap of Nature; and through their strength and fulness, I shall enter before I die into new and pure relations with Man.

What shall I do then? Shall I herd amongst those suffering wretches, whose condition is, on my own showing, contrary to the will of God and the desires of Nature? Shall I clothe myself in rags, forget all that I have read and dreamed of the beautiful and true, and become, like them, ignorant and brutish? God forbid! that error were almost worse than the first.

Resolved at all costs to descend amongst those who labour, and labour with them, I yet found upon consideration that if I remained in England there would be insuperable obstacles to my leading the life that I contemplated. England is now a land for the rich, not for the poor. . . . In brief, I saw no way of so effectually obeying the call of duty, and translating faith into actions, as by emigrating to some colony where these difficulties would not exist.

There it would be possible to live the life close to nature, the life of thinking and doing, the life of the tiller of the soil who is yet in contact with knowledge and with poetry, under easier and simpler conditions. Is it not the voice of Brook Farm? and will not Americans recognize in it their own Hawthorne and Emerson?

Before committing himself to so momentous a decision, however, the son of a father who had been deeply loved, and was now faithfully remembered, could not but ask himself what his father would have thought of him:

And now, before I conclude, I wish to answer an objection, or rather a reflection, which will naturally present itself to some of those who read these letters. "How strange and sad that the son should depart thus widely from the father's faith, and seek to undo the father's work!" Oh, if it were so indeed, it would be truly sad; a sadder and more unnatural sight could not be witnessed upon earth. But it is my comfort to believe that at bottom it is not so, but the very contrary. If thou, my father, from thy place of rest, couldst still behold the scenes of thy pilgrimage and look into thy son's inmost heart, do I not believe that thou wouldst bless me, and bless also the work which I have chosen? Is not thy

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spirit with me? Do I not, like thee, hate injustice and falsehood with a perfect hatred? like thee, await and hope for the establishment of that "glorious Church," that divine Society, which shall unite men together in a common faith and in mutual love? . . . The form, the outward vesture of thy faith—it is only this which I cannot accept.

The long voyage went prosperously, and early in 1848 Tom Arnold landed in New Zealand, and found himself in possession of a small quantity of land near Wellington, which had been purchased by his father some years before. Meanwhile a few extracts from his family letters will show that, exile though he was, he was by no means cast out, and that the old influences and affections were still alive and strong. His mother was a constant correspondent; so were at least two of his sisters; and his brother Matthew, who wrote regularly to no one but his mother, wrote from time to time. That a beloved son should throw up a promising career and expatriate himself on pantisocratic principles must have been a little trying even to the most tolerant of mothers, and the sweetness and open-mindedness with which she took it are really wonderful.

The weeks wear away [she writes in 1848], and surely we shall soon hear from you. If not before, I fancy that on the 21st of August, your mother's birthday,—her fifty-seventh birthday,—she may be cheered by the most joyful sight of your handwriting. What a change of times for her, since she used to go round to your little beds at night to kiss and bless you, and be careful over every little trouble of body or mind!—while now the battle of life has begun and is in progress with you all, for it must begin with all when the consciousness of its awfulness and responsibilities awakens. Instead of watching over you, I have not even heard of you, my son, since your January letter, written some 28° S. Lat., nor of Willy since an April letter from Calcutta, nor of Walter since he again left England with the squadron. . . .

Instead, indeed, of reproaching him, she writes with no less sympathy than wisdom:

Many can adapt themselves to circumstances. It was very expedient for you that you should see and try various circumstances, and this you have done, and it would be my joy to think that the result would be, not an acquiescence in what you think wrong,—God forbid,—but an equal mind, seeing in our own country and in our own institutions what is good as well as what is evil, and in other countries what is evil as well as what is good. Your great danger, my beloved son, seems to me to be that of exaggeration, and yet you know that your mother loves enthusiasm with all her heart; but fairness and justice, and even the Truth, which is God's own attribute, seem sacrificed when all on one side is set down as bad, and destruction is rather desired than reform. You must not suspect me of having grown a Conservative—no, dear Tom; that I think I can never be.

Some interesting references to Matthew's early poems may be collected from the young colonist's letters, and from those of "Matt" himself, either to his brother or to others of his family, who in due course forwarded them to the exile. Here is the first mention of the "Poems by A.," in a letter from Tom to his eldest sister, afterward Mrs. W. E. Forster:

So dearest Matt was to publish the volume of poems in February. I cannot and will not believe that he would forget to send a copy to me, than whom no human being in the world will read them with a deeper interest; but if he does, do you, my dear K., have them sent to me, that 's a darling. Let him not mind what the rascally reviewers say: the circle which finally awards the wreath of Fame is very small, as he well knows, and always *ap-profondit* before it criticises. Emerson says that there are but about a dozen persons in a generation who can understand Plato, but that for these dozen his works come down from age to age as regularly as clockwork. I have only had a few lines from Matt this time, but these few, though rather wicked, delighted me, they were so entirely Mattish. In them he spoke of his feelings about Clough. The last sentence might be worthily placed among the Apophthegms of Goethe; shows indeed, I think, that the German sage has made a great impression on our Matt, and no wonder: "He who has no energy grows stupid—unless he is born with finesse."

Or again, August 27, 1849:

I have said nothing as yet about "The Strayed Reveller" or "Ambarvalia" or "The Bothie," though, as you may imagine, I have read them all through. I must write to dear old Matt himself. It was very pleasant to recognise old friends, especially the "New Sirens." Does Fausta mean K. [the writer's eldest sister], and is the walk "ten years ago,"

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alluded to in "Resignation," that which we took over Wythburn Fells to Keswick with Captain Hamilton? Or was no particular walk intended? "The Bothie" greatly surpasses my expectations. It is, on the whole, a noble poem, well held together, clear, full of purpose and full of promise. With joy I see the old fellow bestirring himself, "awakening like a strong man out of sleep, and shaking his invincible locks," and if he remains true and works, I think there is nothing too high and great to be expected from him.

Meanwhile Matthew himself had been writing to the absent brother, in the great tempest year of 1848, and in the very midst of the Revolution of February. The letter is dated February 28, 1848, from Lansdowne House, where he was occupied as private secretary to Lord Lansdowne. One of the "still-faced, white-robed babies" was no doubt the present Foreign Secretary.

Lansdowne House, Feb. 28, 1848.

MY DEAR TOM: Here I sit opposite a marble group of Romulus, Remus and the Wolf, the two children fighting like mad, and the limp-uddered she-wolf affectionately snarling at the little demons struggling on her back. Above it a great picture, the Jewish Exiles, which would do for Consuelo and Albert resting in one of their wanderings, worn out, upon a wild stony heath, sloping to the Baltic,—she leaning over her two children, who sleep in their torn rags at her feet. Behind me a most musical clock, marking now 24 minutes past 1 P.M. On my left two great windows looking down on the court in front of the house, through one of which, slightly opened, comes in by gushes the soft damp breath with a tone of spring life in it, which the close of an English February sometimes brings—so different from a November mildness. The green lawn which occupies nearly half the court is studded over with crocuses of all colours, growing out of the grass, for there are no flower-beds,—delightful for the large, still-faced, white-robed babies whom their nurses carry up and down on the gravel court where it skirts the green. And from the square and the neighbouring streets, through the open door, whereat the civil porter moves to and fro, come sounds of vehicles and men in all gradations, some from near and some from far, but mellowed by the time they reach this back-standing, lordly mansion. But above all cries comes one, whereat every stone in this and other lordly mansions may totter and quake for fear: "Se-c-ond Edition of the *Morning Herald*—La-a-test News from Paris: Arrival of the King of the French."—I have gone out and bought the said portentous *Herald*, and send it herewith, that you may read and know.[1]

But when the poems came out, "Matt" was remiss about writing to New Zealand; so the mother endeavored to make amends by sending on the letters written to herself by the young poet. Here is one dealing with a criticism made by Bonamy Price, an old friend of the family, to the effect, evidently, that the volume is too melancholy, and that it is a duty "to write cheerfully":

Are we our own masters [asks Matthew] to write cheerfully or not? though no doubt we

[1] It would be easy to multiply quotations from Matthew Arnold's letters to my father, none of which appear in Mr. G. W. E. Russell's collection, printed in 1895. Most of those letters, however, belong to my father's later life, and so are outside the scope of this sketch. But I must make an exception for this brief remark on Goethe, mainly because, to quote from an already published letter of Matthew Arnold's, "Considering how much I have read of Goethe, I have said in my life very little about him." It is so, surprisingly little, in view of the immensity of Goethe's influence upon him, whether at first hand or filtered through Sainte-Beuve. In 1866 he wrote to my father, "to tell you how much I liked your *Macmillan* paper [on "Wilhelm Meister"]—though perhaps 'Wilhelm Meister' does not seem to me to deserve, as a novel, so much praise as you give it; it is as a repository of thoughts and observations that it is so valuable. Except in 'Faust,' Goethe could never quite get what was in him into an adequate poetical form, and that is the truth. Unlike in this respect to Shakespeare, in whom the poet is commensurate with the thinker; but the time and circumstances made the difference." In a previous letter (1858), contrasting the poetry of "our" generation with that of Pope, he had written that "Pope's poetry was *adequate* (to use a term I am always using) to Pope's age—that is, it reflected completely the best general culture and intelligence of that age; therefore the cultivated and intelligent men of that time all found something of themselves in it. But it was a poor time, after all—so the poetry is not and cannot be a first-class one. On the other hand, our time is a first-class one—an infinitely fuller, richer age than Pope's; but our poetry is not *adequate* to it; it interests therefore only a small body of sectaries; hundreds of cultivated and intelligent men find nothing that speaks to them in it. But it is a hard thing to make poetry adequate to a first-class epoch. The eternal greatness of the literature of the Greece of Pericles is that it is the *adequate* expression of a *first-class* epoch. Shakespeare again is the infinitely *more than adequate* expression of a second-class epoch. It is the immense distinction of Voltaire and Goethe, with all their shortcomings, that they approach *near* to being adequate exponents of first-class epochs." Are the two views of Goethe's epoch consistent? That I must leave to the discernment of the reader.

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are not to write sulkily. But I must say that these letters [in praise of the book] may well be a profound satisfaction to me; and as to praise and appreciation, though one's vanity desire instant trumpet-blowings in all the newspapers, yet when one considers the slow growth of the reputation of those poets who composed before the invention of printing, and how little outward acceptance they found (except perhaps in extreme old age), owing to their poetry, one may rest well contented with all these kind letters within a month after publication, and when one is but twenty-six years old. And one would wish to justify these people's kindness by going on to do something *well*; to which reviewing will not help one by any means. . . .

Ah, how beautiful the daffodils must be in this mild weather: if they are not over, that is, and the double ones are not. Price talks about cheerfulness and elasticity; their place is in the country.

Or again:

I do not hear much of my book to tell you. I don't think, whatever Fellowes says, it sells much. Anonymousness, miscellaneousness, and the weariness of modern poetry felt generally, are all against it. There is a destiny in these things,—I mean a set of circumstances against which a merit twenty times greater than mine would be quite in vain. Sooner or later perhaps—but who can say how much good or *promising fragmentary* poetry time has swallowed? though not perhaps, since the invention of printing, any great poems. Sometimes I feel disheartened by the universal indifference and sometimes I think it good for me. However, time will shew.

But let us return to the colonist, who was thus, in the intervals of digging and house-building, looking out for news of the "Poems by A." or "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich." Alas! his own poor venture was going ill. He brought to it much cheerfulness and gallantry. At the beginning of his New Zealand life, when he, the Oxford scholar, was trying with his own hands to raise his little house and clear his plot of ground near Wellington, Sir George Grey, the governor, came riding by. He stopped, sent his aide-de-camp to bring Arnold's son to him, talked, and made inquiries. Immediately afterward, in a kindly pity for the lad's quixotism and admiration for his pluck, the governor offered him his private secretaryship. But he would not be beaten so soon; and besides, he had Radical scruples as to the way the colony was being governed. So he refused, and the struggle went on. But the land, the stubborn land, has a way of revenging herself on those not meant to tame her. Soon the little money brought from home was almost spent, and the failure of this part of the scheme was visible even to "Philip." Then some teaching offered, and he took it at once, still full of hope and determination.

But meanwhile the tide of feeling which had carried him to New Zealand was ebbing beneath him. What seemed to him the great and universal failure of the revolutionary movements of 1848 weighed upon his spirits and gradually altered his point of view. Society in the colonies, moreover, was still English society, with many of its abuses. Inherited beliefs began to resume their sway, and regret for the traditions, the antiquity, the ripened beauty, and the friendships of the Old World, which such a nature was sure in time to feel, strengthened within him. He was not pusillanimous; he did not shrink from hardships; his whole after life was to be one long scene of patient and continuous labor, but it was to be the life of the scholar, the mystic, the recluse, in touch with the academical and learned life which was his natural environment.

Let him, however, speak for himself. In the "Fragments of a Novel," composed in Tasmania, and dealing, naturally enough, with his own circumstances, he wrote of his New Zealand time:

Even had all my notions been sound, I could not have realised them, for this simple reason: I was alone,—had no one to co-operate or even sympathise with me. A communist without a community is like a general without soldiers or an organist without an organ. And however I might theorise, I saw that social life in the colony went on upon precisely the same principles, and those even more undisguised than in the old country, and I had common sense enough to do at Rome as the Romans do. Or rather it is probable that I am not of the stuff of which innovators and reformers are made, and have not the requisite degree of insensibility to ridicule and censure to enable me to carry out a novel principle into practice in the teeth of all gainsayers.

In 1851 he wrote to his mother:

It is collision that kindles the sparks of thought, and in the eye of a dear and true friend one sees a whole world of possibilities

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opening before one. I think the greatest mistake I have ever made was that of fancying that an honest man was sufficient society to himself, and that the growth and vigour of the intellect was compatible with loneliness. I remember well the first practical check that this feeling received. It was at Otago; I had made up my mind to go on foot a journey of three or four days into the unknown interior. I could get no one to accompany me, and I did not care for any one. On the evening of the first day I reached a narrow mountain valley, partly clothed with wood, partly with high fern and flax and rushes. I camped by the side of the clear stream, and made my fire out of the drift-wood that lay on its banks and had probably never been before disturbed by the hand of man. I boiled my tea, baked a cake of flour in the ashes, and after the meal spread my plaid on the soft long grass by the waterside, and tried to go to sleep. I had nearly succeeded, when I felt the plash of raindrops on my face. It came on harder and harder, till I was quite wet through and cold. I got up and stamped about in a little circle, to keep up the circulation. The rain at last ceased, and I lay down again, but could not sleep for the cold. The morning came, and the sun rose gloriously, but I was chilled through, and faint from hunger. I saw, too, that my provisions would not hold out for more than another day, and I resolved to return. I could not light a fire,—everything was too wet,—and I could not eat flour; so I started without any breakfast. As I struggled back over the mountains, almost sick with hunger, I could not help remarking within myself a longing to get back to the settlement and the haunts of men equal to the desire which I had felt a day or two before to penetrate deep into the silence and solitude of the bush. "No," I said to myself, as I leaned on a great boulder at a spot whence the eye commanded a far-stretching plain, on which not the faintest curling smoke told of the presence of man, "thou wast not made to be alone!" A sort of horror fell upon me, the might of Nature seemed to rise up,—irresistible, all-pervading,—and to press down upon my single life. From the hour that I reached the settlement I became, I think, a wiser man. . . .

Deliverance, however, was near. One day in 1849 he came home from his school-work to find a letter from Sir William Denison, then governor of Tasmania, offering him an educational appointment in Tasmania which involved the organization of the young colony's educational system. The governor wrote in kind and flattering terms, as one glad to do Arnold's son a good turn. The young man felt as if it were the touch of his father's hand, and in his delight and relief wrote tenderly to his mother:

> Shakespeare says, "What's in a name?" but our father's name has been to us not only a source of proud and gentle memories, but actually and literally better and more profitable than houses and land.

But the process of reaction which had begun in New Zealand was to be carried further than he knew. While his mind was thus reverting to the old paths, so far as this world was concerned, the same tendency was even more marked in his opinions about religion. From first to last religion was to him the central thing in life. In the "Fragments of a Novel" he describes how the reaction in his political opinions extended to the religious sphere as well:

> The confidence in the firmness of the existing social order which events had forced upon him, logically implied a different conception of that religion under the auspices of which that social order had been elaborated, out of the chaos consequent upon the destruction of the Roman Empire. If the one had infinitely more vitality than he had supposed, the same might be true of the other. When such was the tendency of his mind, it needed but some slight impulse from without to turn the balance irrevocably in favour of belief.

While this inward dialectic was going on, he married in Tasmania, and became a father. He was devoted to wife and children, but none the less the claims of the spirit were inexorable, and drove him and them once more into the wilderness. Newman's books reached him—the "Essay on Development" and the "Lectures on the Idea of a University." They sank deep into his mind. One day he was on his inspecting rounds in a rural district of Tasmania. In a little wayside inn he found a stray volume of Alban Butler's "Lives" containing the life of St. Bridget of Sweden. As he read it, the long "subliminal" process burst its way to the light, the great change accomplished itself within him. "Philip" the Radical, who had left England a disciple of George Sand, declaiming against kings and priests, who had lived side by side with Newman at Oxford and felt none of the great Tractarian's compelling power, was now reached

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at the other side of the globe by the same force which had laid hands on Newman. Then and there he resolved to write to Newman, to lay open his heart and ask advice.

Here is his letter. Newman must have received many such, but few can have been more interesting to him.

REVD AND DEAR SIR: I entreat you to forgive the freedom which I take in addressing you, though an utter stranger to you. The name I bear is doubtless familiar to you, and were it necessary that you should know any particulars about myself personally, there are several Oxford men to whom I could refer you. Ward and Faber I know among others, the latter rather well. My excuse for writing to you and seeking counsel from you is that your writings have exercised the greatest influence over my mind. I will try to make this intelligible in as few words as possible. My Protestantism, which was always of the Liberal sort and disavowed the principle of authority, developed itself during my residence at Oxford into a state of absolute doubt and uncertainty about the very facts of Christianity. After leaving Oxford I went up to London, and there, to my deep shame be it spoken, finding a state of doubt intolerable, I plunged into the abyss of unbelief. You know the nature of the illusions which lead a man on to this fearful state far better than I can tell you; there is a page in your lectures on the University system where you describe the fancied illumination and enlargement of mind which a man experiences after abandoning himself to unbelief, which when I read, it seemed as if you had looked into my very heart and given in clear outline feelings and thoughts which I had had in my mind but never thoroughly mastered. . . . At last, by God's mercy, a meditation into which I fell on my unhappy and degenerate state was made the means—a text from St. Peter suddenly suggesting itself to my memory, through the violent contrast which I found to exist between the teaching of the Apostle and the state of my own soul—of leading me to inquire again, to pray again, and to receive again, most unworthy as I was, the precious gift of faith in Christ. This, however, is not all. You, who have said that a man who has once comprehended and admitted the theological definition of God cannot logically rest until he has admitted the whole system of Catholicism, will not wonder if, after having admitted Christianity to be an assemblage of real indubitable historical facts, I gradually came to see that the foundation of the One Catholic Church was one of those facts, and that she is the only safe and sufficient witness, across time and space, to the reality of those facts and to the mode of their occurrence. These convictions the meditations of each day only tend to strengthen, and I ardently long for the hour for making my formal submission to the Catholic Church. It is here, however, that my perplexities begin; and it is to you, who can understand and enter into all such, and to whose writings I feel most deeply indebted, that I venture to write for a resolution of them. . . .

Sincerely yours,
T. Arnold.

The perplexities of which he speaks were indeed many. His conversion to Catholicism meant the giving up of his appointment in the colony, and the plunging of himself, his wife and young children into an utterly uncertain future. It meant also the bitter pain and disapproval of all those who loved him.

Newman's answer, of which I give the essential parts only, seems to me extremely creditable to his heart, the quality of which has been sometimes doubted by those who were most ready to pay compliments to his head. Anything like ungenerous exultation over his old opponent, whose son was thus submitting to him, is of course wholly absent from it.

Dublin, October 25, 1856.

MY DEAR ARNOLD: Will you allow me to call you so? How strange it seems! What a world this is! I knew your father a little, and I really think I never had an unkind feeling towards him. I saw him at Oriel on the Purification before (I think) his death and was glad to meet him. If I said ever a harsh thing against him, I am very sorry for it. In seeing you, I shall have a sort of pledge that he at the moment of his death made it all up with me. Excuse me—I came here last night, and it is so marvellous to have your letter this morning. . . .

I write in great haste, as I have much to do to-day. May all blessings come upon you. . . .

Yours most sincerely in Christ,
John H. Newman.

I do not follow my father's story further. Those who care to do so will find material in the "Passages from a Wandering Life," which he published shortly before his death. After his return to England, he wrestled much with poverty and untoward circumstances, with depressions within and without, of which there is much touching record in his journals. But in hard work for history and letters, in family affection, above all in religion, he found his

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consolation. He died doing the congenial work of a Catholic fellow of the Royal University of Ireland. I do not think he was an unhappy man, though a much-hampered one. At the same time I imagine that he rightly judged the past and foretold the future when, a meditative child of eight, he told his father that he believed those first eight years would prove the happiest of his life. Perhaps, indeed, the men and women are few of whom as much could not be said. But the child's power of self-detachment and self-criticism is unusual, and the father's answer is not only affecting from its undertone of grave and apprehensive tenderness: it also strikes the key-note of the child's life, as he was to live it, and of his death. The poem, written in Dr. Arnold's handwriting, from which I take these verses was found among my father's papers.

[I think that the eight years I have now lived will be the happiest of my life.
T. A. Junr. on his Birthday, Nov. 30th 1831.]

Is it that aught prophetic stirred
Thy Spirit to that ominous Word?
  Foredating in thy Infant Mind
The Fortune of thy Life's Career,
That Naught of brighter bliss shall cheer
  What still remains behind?

Or is thy Life so full of Bliss
That, come what may, more blest than this
  Thou canst not be again?
And fear'st thou, standing on the shore,
What storms disturb with wild uproar
  The Years of older Men?

. . . . . .

At once to enjoy, at once to hope,—
This fills indeed the largest Scope
  Of Good our Thoughts can reach.
Where can we learn so blest a Rule?
What wisest Sage, what happiest School
  Art so divine can teach?

"Only Christianity," is Arnold's answer; and it was also his son's. It troubled my father much that wife and children could not conscientiously follow him in the ways he chose; nor was his own mind wholly at peace for many years. But his later life was given unreservedly to the Catholicism which had captured his brilliant and rebellious youth. In the last weeks of his life, when he felt his strength failing him, he began to write a "Life of St. Bridget" as a last labor of love and gratitude; the thought of Newman was with him on his death-bed; and in the beautiful little Dublin church which Newman built in the troublous days of the first Catholic university, his medallion and Newman's bust, alone together, will speak to a coming generation of the sufferings and heroisms and self-surrenders of an older and sterner day.

THE ANONYMOUS

BY RUPERT HUGHES

SOMETIMES at night within a wooded park,
  Like an ocean-cavern, fathoms deep in gloom,
  Sweet scents, like hymns, from hidden flowers fume,
And make the wanderer happy; though the dark
  Obscures their tint, their name, their shapely bloom.

So in the thick-set chronicles of fame
  There hover deathless feats of souls unknown.
  They linger as the fragrant smoke-wreaths blown
From liberal sacrifice. Gone face and name!
  The deeds, like homeless ghosts, live on alone.

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SARGENT'S "REDEMPTION" IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

"The Maker of man made man and his Redeemer.
Incarnate, I redeem the body; God, I redeem the soul."

THE second section in the great scheme of decoration designed by John S. Sargent for the hall of the Special Libraries floor in the Boston Public Library has for its subject the dogma of the Redemption, and the foregoing words are a translation of the Latin inscription borne by the cornice that separates the frieze and the lunette in the design. This inscription was adapted by the artist from that which accompanies the colossal mosaic figure, "The Saviour in Benediction," in the beautiful cathedral of Cefalù in Sicily, the term *judico*, employed in the original, being replaced by *redimo* in the present instance.

Mr. Sargent's completed work will represent the development of the Christian faith. In the first part, as finished several years ago, we have the foundation of that faith in the growth of Judaism, as embodied in the books of the Old Testament, out of a chaos of pagan beliefs. The second part, at the opposite end of the hall, designed to fill a corresponding space, is intended to depict the formulation of Christian doctrines in dogmas and symbols. The chief portion of that section, with which we have at present to do, fills the space of the end wall. Joined thereto will be the part of this section yet to come, designed to occupy the frieze at the sides, together with the ceiling of the bay, with representations of the Madonna. Between these two sections the three panels of the long wall over the stairs from the floor below, together with the three corresponding lunettes, will represent the free spirit of Christianity with appropriate subjects, probably to be taken from the Sermon on the Mount. While the two sections at the ends are purely formal in character,—replete with symbology, and conventionally developed in fine consonance with their meanings,—in its design the third part will be as free as its spirit, purely an expression of the painter's art.

The decorations now in place give some idea of the intended aspect of the hall with the artist's designs wholly carried out. The architecture is that of the interior of one of the long barrel-arched churches included in many conventual structures of the Renaissance in southern Europe. With the decorations all in place, the resemblance to such a church will be complete, so far as the walls and ceiling are concerned, the end occupied by the "Redemption" corresponding to that devoted to the high altar. It will make one of the most impressive interiors in America, the feeling of decorative unity imparted by the work of one master mind giving harmonious expression to the spirit of the great faith that underlies modern civilization.

As a composition the "Redemption" balances completely the scheme of the opposite wall. While treated in a like spirit, the impression it makes is radically different, although held in continuity with the first part both subjectively and artistically. Like another chapter in a book, another movement in a symphony, it introduces new themes and arouses different emotions. In his first part the artist developed his subject conventionally, but freely in his own way, unhampered by

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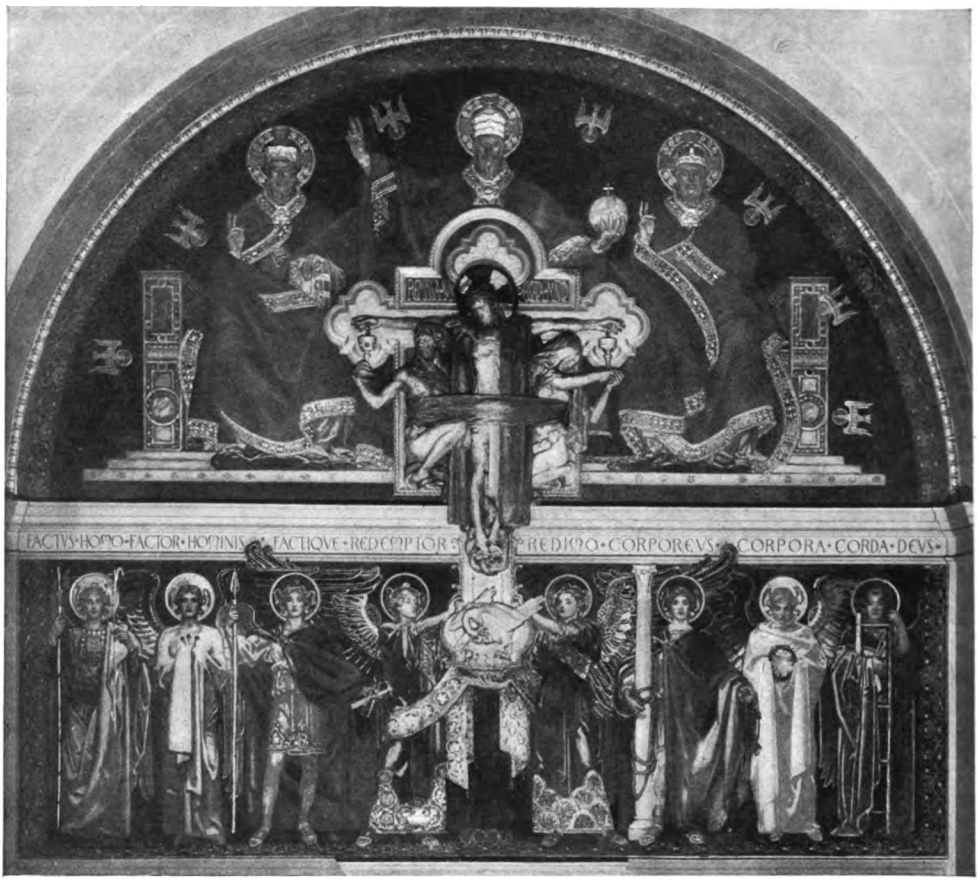
limitations of artistic precedent. Here, however, the selection of a definite, traditional style was demanded, and the artist felt required to hold himself strictly within formal and comparatively narrow limitations. But inside these bounds he has expressed himself with the same individuality that marked the beginning of his work.



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THE WALL PORTION (NOW IN PLACE) OF SARGENT'S "REDEMPTION"

The character of the design is Byzantine, the forms in which Christian art first found wide expression being particularly appropriate to a work the purpose of which is to symbolize the doctrinal development of that faith. The Byzantine style, however, is here not adhered to with academic insistence; certain features indicate that Gothic and Renaissance sources have also been availed of. But the effect is predominatingly Byzantine, and the beholder might well imagine himself transported into the presence of some famous master-work of that period. It should not be inferred from this that the impression made is that of a repetition of something long familiarly known. The modern spirit necessarily betrays itself even in its closest subordination to that of other days. So this is not a repetition of things already done, but a work conceived and carried out in the spirit of the past, while subtly informed with the individuality of the artist—an interpretation conveyed by a master working with modern resources and addressing himself to his own day, very much as some master composer of the present age might transcribe an ancient choral and develop its sentiment, to be expressed by an orchestra of to-day.

The work carries its meaning plainly upon its face; the symbology of the Christian doctrines is so familiar in terms of art that there is little left for the beholder to elucidate out of depths of mystical ob-

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scurity. The elements of the first decoration find due balance in those of this. The celebrated frieze of the prophets has its complement in the beautiful frieze of the angels; just as the symbolical figure of Moses and the Law forms the central unit in the former work, so here the grand crucifix yet more distinctively asserts itself as the predominant feature. While in the first instance we are shown the chosen people deservedly suffering at the hands of their oppressors, here we see unregenerate humanity itself, as typified by Adam and Eve, suffering under the weight of its sins. And, above, the cloud-hidden Jehovah is complemented by the majestic Persons of the Holy Trinity. At the base of the first composition the prophets point out for the Jews the true way; in the pendant frieze the angels show for man the glories that wait. So in idea as well as in design the two compositions are similarly developed.

The figures of Adam and Eve, bound closely to the body of Christ on the cross, represent a conception original with the artist. In itself this element, as here expressed, is sufficient to give the work exalted distinction—contrasting the trinity of the body below with the Trinity of the Spirit above, and showing that the process of redemption is of this world. The rendering of this idea is so wholly kept in the medieval spirit that it has the effect of being an appropriation from ancient art; the beholder is even inclined to remember something of the kind stored somewhere in the galleries of his mind. One would not have been surprised to learn that Albrecht Dürer, for instance, had included a like conception in his work.

The modeling of these and other figures, together with the extensive employment of ornament in relief in this decoration, makes it a work of sculpture as well as of painting. In no other modern decoration is this the case to so marked a degree. Besides the figures of the crucifix, which are carried out in high relief, the faces of the Persons of the Trinity are modeled, and also portions of the figures of the two angels that support the cross. The figures of the crucifix and the faces of the Trinity have the grayish neutral tone of stone. This quality not only strengthens the color-harmony: it emphasizes the mural character of the design by developing the textural feeling of the wall in the work, as if the wall itself were thus made an element in the scheme—the composition wrought integrally into the wall and not merely overlaying it. The same feeling is manifest in the first decoration in the grayish tone of portions of the work, as well as by the modeled head of Moses. In developing the former composition, modeling was at first tentatively introduced, leading to its employment in all confidence here. The enhanced values of lights and shadows in the modeled portions greatly strengthen the quality of the work. This revival of Renaissance methods in decoration points the way to splendid possibilities in future mural design.

The symbolism of the work all bears upon its central theme. Adam and Eve are bound to the body of Christ as being one in nature therewith, and they kneel, each with a chalice, to catch, for the remission of their sins, the blood that flows from the hands of the Saviour. "Remissa sunt peccata mundi" ("Remitted are the sins of the world"), declares the legend above the cross. The sodden face of Adam indicates the need for redemption brought upon man by the fall from primal innocence. An impassive character marks all the faces and figures, in accordance with the ancient symbolic art, which declares its meanings in emblems rather than in individual expression. This quality extends even to the exquisitely beautiful angels in the frieze. These angels have the same rigidity that, as an attribute of Byzantine art, marks the entire composition, though in this instance modulated by a most lovely graciousness that imparts the creative touch of the artist's modernity as in a sort of impalpable aroma of form, color, and sweet purity of spirit.

As the figures of the crucifix are joined in a trinity of the body, so above we have the Trinity of the Spirit likewise enveloped in one common garment, in the golden hem of which the word "Sanctus" is incessantly repeated. The faces of the Persons of the Trinity are identical, all cast in the same mold, but crowned with different attributes, as indicating separate aspects of that which is essentially one and the same. The seven gifts of the Holy Spirit are represented by the seven doves with the cruciform nimbus. Wrought into the design of the cross is a special symbol of the Church in the

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LEFT SIDE OF THE FRIEZE

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RIGHT SIDE OF THE FRIEZE

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shape of the pelican feeding its young, modeled in relief. Below is the symbol of evil, the serpent, in whose folds the feet of Adam are entangled. The eight angels in the frieze bear the instruments of the passion. The significance of the number eight in Christian symbolism is regeneration.

This decoration, as an expression of Sargent's genius, is quite unlike any previous aspect of his art, though carrying along in due sequence the working out of the great problem with the beginning of which we have for some time been familiar. While the noble character of the design, the grand simplicity of the composition, and the beauty of line and form speak clearly in its reproduction in terms of black and white, this can do little more than barely suggest the profound impression produced by its union of plastic with chromatic resources. It speaks of spatial and spiritual immensity, of primal conceptions in faith, inclusive, all-embracing. The color has a resonant depth that augments the majestic solemnity of the composition, splendid masses and accents of mellow-toned gold relieving the full, soft richness of dull reds, deeply tranquil blues, and restful grays, that in a few firmly developed, dominant chords characterize the work in the quiet breadth of its magnificent solemnity.

NOTABLE WOMEN: MME. BLANC

("TH. BENTZON")

BY MRS. FIELDS

IT is natural that the attention and affection of Americans should be attracted to a woman who has devoted herself assiduously to understanding and to making known the aspirations of our country, especially in introducing the labors and achievements of our women to their sisters in France, of whom we also have much to learn; for simple homely virtues and the charm of womanliness may still be studied with advantage on the soil of France.

Thérèse de Solms Blanc, or "Th. Bentzon," novelist and essayist, was born in an old French château at Seine-Port, in France, near what she herself has called "a delicious village" in the department of the Seine-et-Oise. The château was owned by her grandmother, the Marquise de Vitry, who was a woman of great force and energy of character, "a ministering angel" to her country neighborhood. Her grandmother's first marriage was to a Dane, Major-General Adrien Benjamin de Bentzon, who was a governor of the Danish Antilles. By this marriage there was one daughter, the mother of Thérèse, who in her turn married the Comte de Solms. "This mixture of races," Mme. Blanc once wrote, "surely explains a kind of moral and intellectual cosmopolitanism which is found in my nature. My father of German descent, my mother of Danish,—my nom de plume (which was her maiden name) is Danish,—with Protestant ancestors on her side, though she and I were Catholics; my grandmother a sound and witty Parisian, gay, brilliant, lively, with imperturbable physical health and the consequent good spirits—surely these materials could not have produced other than a cosmopolitan being."

Mme. Blanc's life in the country during her early years, although under conditions apparently unchanged from those of an earlier century, was wonderfully conducive to the child's health and her best physical development. The family at the château, although far from rich, was nevertheless considered the protecting power of the small village which surrounded their domain. The family soon removed to a second château, this time in the Orléanais,

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where the two children, her brother and herself, seem to have remained the larger part of the year, while their elders were in Paris.

The Marquis de Vitry was a most affectionate grandfather to these children. He was a perfect type of the old régime, having been a boy of thirteen or fourteen when the great Revolution broke out. In the Reign of Terror his life and his younger brother's were saved by their tutor, and in a printing-office, where they were hidden as apprentices to learn the trade, they one day set the type for the bill of sale of their own confiscated estates. He was a superbly handsome man, as kind and generous as he was handsome, and evidently a most enchanting companion. Mme. Blanc's recollections of her childhood in this country home, where she and her brother found playmates among the village children, give delightful glimpses of a France which no longer exists. I well remember one story of the wedding of two young peasants. The ceremony was to take place, of course, in the village church, and their little lady, Mlle. de Solms, was invited to represent the great house, and was expected to be present. At the moment of receiving the invitation she was playing out of doors in her cape bonnet and pinafore, with good stout shoes well tied up round her sturdy little feet, an unconscious subject for Greuze, if ever one were seen. The child appreciated the greatness of the occasion, and cast about in her mind as to what her offering might be; she could think of nothing good enough for the marriage gift except one of her own dear rabbits. She did not think twice; one of these great treasures should go. She hunted and found her pet, and carrying him by the ears, led the procession—cape bonnet, struggling rabbit, and all—up to the altar! Only in after years did the scene fully reveal its comic side to her mind; at the moment all was seriousness, coupled with a sense of high duty and pleasure in such generosity.

At this very early period an admirable English governess was found for the small Thérèse and her brother. Mme. Blanc has written of this period of her life: "At the bottom of all I have done I find the moral influence of my mother, who especially preached by example, combined with the British impulse given me by my dear Miss Robertson, who inculcated love of truth and simplicity; the traditions of the home of my grandparents, who kept me a century behind in many things; a passionate love of nature, due to long years spent in the country, where I have passed the greater part of my life; the keen sensations of the beauties of a landscape; the precocious curiosity to learn; and the happiness which comes from scribbling."

In the healthful and picturesque surroundings of an old French neighborhood such as we have described, the child lived, except for certain brief periods passed at Paris with her father and mother, who had made a winter home for themselves there. Thus the days went by until she was sixteen years old, when it was considered proper that a husband should be found for her. It was one of the last acts of her father's life. He died the winter of his daughter's marriage, having consigned the care of his beautiful young child to one of his own friends, M. Alexandre Blanc, whose estates were in the southern city of Vienne, whither she went to live.

It seems to have been a deceptive dream to M. Blanc, as well as to herself, that they could leave the world of Paris, to which they were both wonted, and go to his birthplace to live permanently. The old family demesne could not be long occupied by her husband, because he was too actively interested in affairs in Paris. At intervals it was necessary that she should be left quite alone in this strange city, full of provincial interests of which she knew nothing, and thrown among strangers. Before many months they returned to Paris. Meanwhile her father had died, and she was gladly received again at the home of her mother. Here her child was born, a son, before the end of the year, when she was barely seventeen years old. Presently the estates at Vienne were definitely and finally abandoned.

A turning-point in the career of Mme. Blanc was thus reached very early in her life. She saw that the moment had arrived when her literary talent, which had never been altogether dormant, must awaken into full energy. "The melting away of what fortune I had," she has written, "justified the development and affirmation of my literary tastes. Consequently, I have always looked upon poverty as an obliging friend, for it placed the pen firmly in my hand. Though I had long written

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for my own amusement, only once had I seen myself in print, and, curiously enough, I made this début in English dress. I had translated a book of Viscount de Noé, one of our friends, whose 'Episodes of the Crimean War' had appeared in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' I have always suspected that Colonel de Noé, who was English on his mother's side, must have touched up the manuscript before publishing it."

From a photograph by Touranchet. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

MME. BLANC ("TH. BENTZON")

Her English governess was happy in finding such a grateful pupil. Mme. Blanc continually refers to this good friend. "It is to her I am indebted," she says, "for my love of English literature. She set me to reading works which were far beyond my years, but which I understood very well. After the Waverley Novels, I was carried away by Washington Irving, which was my first acquaintance with America."

About this time her mother contracted a second marriage with the Comte d'Aure, equerry of the Emperor Napoleon III. "He was," Mme. Blanc says, "a superior man in every respect. He was my literary providence. It was through him that I made the acquaintance of George Sand, that woman of genius, whom I visited at Nohant, and whose counsels and encouragement I enjoyed. She recommended me in vain to Buloz" (who was at the time editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and through whose vast abilities the great review came into the large place it can never lose under the hands of Brunetière), "but my talents, in which she believed, were not yet ripe for the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' 'At twenty-two I could not have done what you are doing,' George Sand said to me one day. But the person to whom I am most indebted in the matter of literary advice is the late M. Caro, the famous Sorbonne professor of philosophy, himself an admirable writer, who, as he used to say, put me through a course of literature, acting as my guide through a vast amount of solid reading, and criticizing my work with kindly severity."

A useful lesson may be drawn from the experience of Mme. Blanc in being recommended to the "Revue" by George Sand, who was then at the height of her popularity. The editor, like others we have known, preferred to use his own mind, and insisted that work must recommend itself. The idea still holds good; much trouble would be spared if writers would stand on

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their own achievements, and not ask the recommendations of others to editors who must always use their own judgment.

The time was to come when M. Buloz found one of her stories in the pages of the "Journal des Débats." It was the one entitled "Un Divorce," and he lost no time in engaging the young writer to become one of his staff. From that day to this she has found the pages of the "Revue" always open to her. Mme. Blanc had been writing for the newspapers ten years when she produced "Un Divorce"; therefore her hand was steady for her work, and from that day of her pronounced success to this she has never been idle. Indeed, her industry is something phenomenal. A complete list of her writings up to the present time is not easy to find—perhaps I am safe to say impossible; but a list of thirty books was advertised by her publisher, Calmann Lévy, in 1898, without counting an excellent volume upon Canada. This list does not contain "Un Divorce"; indeed, it is possible that another list of the same length could be made up from other sources. Three of her stories have been crowned by the French Academy—"Constance," "Tony," and "Un Remords." Mme. Blanc's last novel, "Tchlovek," must not be passed over without special mention. It is conceived and executed in the large manner of ripe work, and with all her old charm, to which she has added knowledge of modern conditions and modern thought. It is not only a masterly work, but it is also one showing both growth and finished art.

Mme. Blanc has not, however, seated herself in the center of a web to spin stories alone. She has lived much in the world, often with most distinguished companionship, and has eagerly embraced the opportunities which have presented themselves to enlarge the scope of her interests. These opportunities have been so various and continuous that one realizes at last, if not at first, that something of the roaming and spirited soldier nature of her ancestors must be in her veins. In her young womanhood her stepfather, the Comte d'Aure, was a great lover of horses. One day Mme. Sand urged him to read that delightful first book of Cherbuliez, "Un cheval de Phidias." He having passed it on to his daughter, she wrote a review of it for a French sporting journal. "George Sand sent the author my notice without telling me, and Cherbuliez returned a note of thanks to the office of 'La France Hippique,' supposing it to be the work of some man on the staff. I replied, without revealing my identity, and if my letters seemed to interest him, it is mainly because I was aided by the thorough knowledge concerning things equestrian possessed by my stepfather, who was one of the most famous horsemen of France. And thus it happened that I was in correspondence with Cherbuliez for over twenty years before making his personal acquaintance. I have still two or three precious letters of his which I carefully guard, especially the last one addressed to M. d'Aure, who finally let him into the long-kept secret."

This incident gives one an idea of her life beyond the writing-desk. She was a fine rider at that time, with plenty of good horses at her command, and the best of riding companions. Her home was in the old French palace of St. Cloud, and she was a sharer of the gaieties of the court at Fontainebleau or in Paris. After the death of her stepfather she became a great walker, and has always kept up the good habit. A few years ago it was my happy fortune to pass some time with her at Barbizon. The weather was sunny and beautiful, and it was the habit of the place to take an early luncheon, or breakfast, at half-past eleven, when we always met at table in the open air. After the *déjeuner*, all literary work having been previously despatched, we would start for a walk in the great forest of Fontainebleau. Mme. Blanc apparently knew every inch of the way as well as she knew the pavement of the Rue de Grenelle, and from noon until dark we would walk and rest under the great trees, and walk again, while she peopled the forest with histories connected with that romantic region, or read to us from her enchanting store of George Sand's unpublished letters. My companion and I used sometimes to confess fatigue the following morning after these endless tramps; but Mme. Blanc was always perfectly fresh the next day, and eager to continue her walks and talks; and continue we did, most gratefully and delightedly.

My first acquaintance with Mme. Blanc began in 1883. In February of that year she printed a long critical paper, in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," upon the

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New England stories of my friend Miss Jewett, which showed such keen understanding and extraordinary literary gift, such a sympathetic appreciation of a land outside any practical knowledge of the writer, that Miss Jewett wrote a note of acknowledgment to the unknown "M. Th. Bentzon" to express her pleasure in his work. When Mme. Blanc wrote a delightful womanly reply, and the case was made clear, a correspondence was begun between the two ladies which laid the foundation of a long-continued friendship.

Eight years later we visited Paris, and found ourselves on the staircase of an old mansion in the ancient part of the city. "Perhaps we shall do better to turn back," Miss Jewett said; "it is really taking a great risk to see so old a friend for the first time. This dear and intimate friendship of ours may be in danger." But her companion, being of a more daring mind in such matters, rang the bell, and the trial moment was soon most happily over.

Mme. Blanc, at this time, was living alone. Her mother had lately died, before years had touched her charming gifts or very unusual powers, leaving her daughter to confront the practical side of life, of which hitherto she had no experience. Mme. Blanc's only son, a scholar and traveler, who had already won fame for himself, was often absent in the far East. Of course her life was a very busy one, but when did "affairs" in a woman's life ever fill the place of the affections and the cares of a home!

A FEW years earlier Mme. Blanc had also introduced Aldrich to the French world of letters. She had translated "Marjorie Daw" and published it in the "Revue," with the author's name alone, which was her custom with translations; thus a whole new world of readers were made acquainted with his work. Also, still earlier than this, she had done the same for Bret Harte. Therefore, in 1893, when the time arrived for Mme. Blanc to come to America, she had many friends and readers, and could not feel herself a stranger.

It is most interesting to observe the effect that life in the United States produced upon this true Parisian lady. Mme. Blanc was no ordinary traveler. Armed with a distinct purpose to observe and to record, she went three times, always alone, from the Atlantic coast to Chicago, and wrote of that city and its famous Exposition many admirable things which had not been put on record before. Since 1893, many questions, new at that time, have become a part of the natural atmosphere of thought, yet Mme. Blanc's comments are still most instructive and admirable, and to many women of the Eastern States they must still be new.

In proof of the effect produced on her mind by life here and in Canada, we find five volumes full of interesting material. One of these books, which she calls "Femmes d'Amérique," she says she has written solely for Frenchwomen, in order to introduce them to their sisters beyond the sea. These volumes are all the result of the closest personal observations. The first one, published in 1896, besides her interesting pictures of and reflections upon Chicago, contains also a charming account of Boston, which, she says (at first sight of the great circle of lights reflected in the Charles River), "m'éblouit comme un rêve de beauté."

This first book is called "Les Américaines chez elles," and bears the mark throughout of a new note having been struck in her experience. The individualism developed in America is, of course, something which has grown with our growth and brought about astonishing results so quietly that we have hardly recognized them ourselves. The fact that every created being—man, woman, and child—has a place and a right to be considered in the world, is a truth which has never found such full development as here and now. To find so many women who had come to a new sense of the value of existence, employed for the service of others outside their homes as well as inside—all this naturally impressed, with a sense of revelation, one who had been educated amid different conditions of life. "Charity," "benevolence," had been known before, but the sense that the poor have a right to come to the surface and breathe, to be given a chance with the rest, much of this was new, and all the new forms of work in college settlements, upon tenement-houses, in schools, and for defective children, and the myriad different forms in which rescue for the unfortunate presents itself to the American citizen of the present hour, made a deep mark upon her and animated her pen.

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Her next book, called "Things and People in America" (1898), begins with a paper on communism in America, prompted by Bellamy's "Looking Backward" and his later book called "Equality." Evidently new trains of thought had been awakened, and Mme. Blanc was eagerly studying and watching whither they might lead. She felt revolution in the air, but found no features in common between such social revolution and the revolutions of Europe. A few brief years, and although the advantage still rests with us, the same spirit is seen to have been at work all over the world. It is interesting to see how so short a time ago these first notes struck a fresh rejoinder from the old world of France.

This volume contains also an admirable picture of the community of Shakers in Alfred, Maine, critical and biographical papers upon Charles Warren Stoddard and Sidney Lanier, done in her own fine original manner, and a paper written after a visit to her friend Octave Thanet's plantation in Arkansas. Finally, the book ends with an essay on family life in America.

In 1897 Mme. Blanc made a second visit to America, in company with M. and Mme. Ferdinand Brunetière. The editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" had been invited to give a series of lectures at both Johns Hopkins and Harvard universities. It was during this second journey that Mme. Blanc accompanied her friends to Canada, and afterward wrote her fourth delightful book. A singular freshness and charm are in its pages. The unexpected way in which the French have held together without commingling with their neighbors; the remarkable preservation of the language, which is more like the language of the time of Louis XIV than the Parisian French of to-day; the sharp lines that are drawn between the English and French citizens; her own Catholic faith as seen from that new standpoint; her life with the "sisters" of various religious houses—all give a personal as well as a national flavor to her book.

Her fifth volume on American topics is chiefly written from a literary point of view. It is entitled "Questions Américaines," but they are questions raised and answered through the works and lives of others. The writings of Hamlin Garland, T. W. Higginson, Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Nelson Page, Miss Grace King, George W. Cable, and William Allen White, are reviewed in its pages, but always with the skill of a true literary artist from the American point of view. Thus France will receive from these writers, as she translates and interprets them, wonderful pictures of Kansas, Louisiana, and Virginia, of prairie life, and last, but not least, of New England.

The fine résumé of Mr. Kipling's work is the exception among American topics. Probably his temporary residence was one reason for including his name (our pride delights in whatever small portion we may claim of Rudyard Kipling), but Mme. Blanc's deep interest in army affairs goes far to make her wish to include his work in her repertory. She ends her paper with the words: "Il est vrai que chez nous, Dieu merci, le soldat c'est la France tout entière, et que cette raison doit suffire pour qu'on le respecte et qu'on l'aime."

The International Congress of Women organized in Washington in 1888 met in London in 1899. Mme. Blanc ends her latest American book with an account of this congress. In her paper she pays a deserved tribute to Mrs. Johnson of Sherborn, whose name must be forever associated with the building up and the continued creation of this our Woman's Prison of Massachusetts; she also speaks with deep appreciation of the Elmira Reformatory under Mr. Brockway as a lighthouse in the great sea of this subject. It is a masterly essay, giving brief sketches of the reports from England, Russia, Germany, and elsewhere with perfect intelligence and impartiality.

After this recapitulation of Mme. Blanc's literary relations with our own country, and the brief sketch of her life, another word must surely be added to express, however unfitly, her grace and wit and charming kindness, and, above all, the noble character and determination with which she stands for what she believes.

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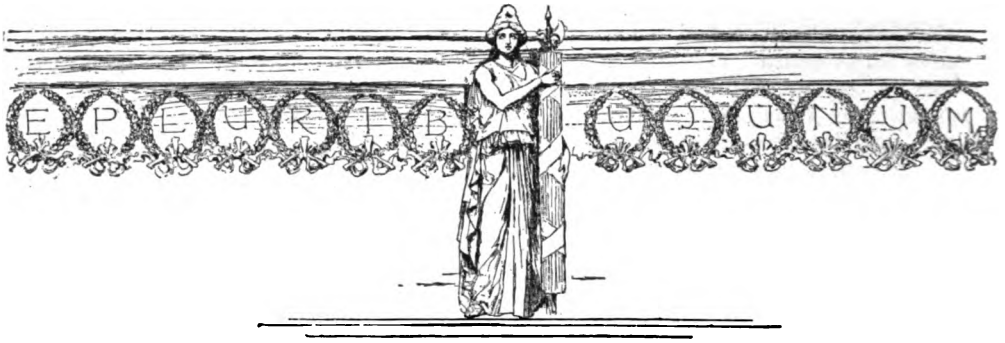

THE HAMPERED EXECUTIVE

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

Author of "The Overshadowing Senate" in The Century Magazine for February

EXCEPT for its charming shell, the old White House has passed away, and a new one has taken its place. The outward walls remain as they were; and there is nothing more beautiful and appropriate in the domestic architecture of the country than the graceful proportions of the President's house—the circular sweep of the southern porch, the noble columns which dignify both it and the northern entrance, the simplicity, the suggestion of homeliness, of livableness, which make the atmosphere of the building. This attractive and inviting exterior at last incloses the home of the President. For twenty years Presidents and their families have been aware that, like small tradesmen in great cities, they were living with the workshop. Plan after plan has been designed and considered with a view to enlarging the house, in order that the President might have more dignified and more comfortable lodgment; but it was not until the incoming of a President who began by declaring that the house was sufficient for him that anything was accomplished.

Until now the American people, bent on business or on pleasure or on curiosity, have tramped over the President's house at will. As to the politicians among them, they have treated the White House as their own, feeling that to all it was an important place of negotiation and commerce, and that to many it was the house of business where their principal transactions were conducted. Now the quiet of domesticity, and such elegance as is appropriate to life in the first house of the democracy, are to succeed the bustle of business which has disturbed the tranquillity and destroyed the privacy that are quite as much the due of the President as of any of his fellow-citizens. Not only has the White House at last a domestic interior worthy of the beautiful exterior, but the change is so complete and so thorough that we have definitely escaped the threatened removal of the President's house from its historic site to the hills in the northern part of the city, while we are no longer menaced by the alternative of enlarging the house, perhaps to the destruction, certainly to the damage, of its peculiar excellences.

There is no dwelling-house in the world so hospitably open to the people as the White House has been. The people entered it almost as they would, and they treated it with a familiarity which was only a trifle more proprietary than that which marks their attitude toward their Chief Magistrate himself. There were certain drawing-rooms and the state dining-room into which they did not go except as a special favor, but this favor was accorded as a matter of course on the request of a member of Congress, so that usually the family was confined to the few rooms on the second floor, which have been feelingly described by a relative of Mr. Roosevelt as the "President's flat." Even here absolute privacy was not assured, for the President was sometimes compelled to take down the

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barriers and to carry on "overflow" business in the private library. On one occasion a newspaper correspondent, waiting in the anteroom for "a word or two" with the President, was stealthily beckoned into the hall by the astute and quiet guardian who for many years has sat or stood at the door of the Cabinet Room.

"Go into the library," whispered the captain.

Once there, the correspondent learned that his visit was ill-timed; that the senators and representatives of Congress demanded a monopoly of the President's time until noon, which is the hour for the beginning of their daily session; and that once before this scribe had brought complaint upon the President's weary head because he was received while one or two of the legislators waited. This day a foreign minister and a European geographer of fame and he constituted the flecks of spray which were thrown into the private apartments of the house from the weltering human tide that tossed in the halls and anteroom, and eddied and back-watered in the Cabinet Room.

The crowd of business visitors is one thing; that of curious travelers is quite another. These come and will continue to come singly and in companies, all moved by the desire to see with their own eyes and to grasp with their own hands. They flock into the East Room, and they treat it as if it were the waiting-room at a railway-station. Bride and groom, old couples taking their first vacation after years of hard and prosperous toil, the excursionist in groups, the youth with ambitions, the woman with a mission in shoals, the honest American citizen paying his respects, sometimes awkwardly, but nearly always with a visible sense of the right to be there, visit the home which was built by the country for their President. Aware as they are, however, of their right to visit this famous room and to sit in its chairs, there is usually the hush and whisper of regard as for a shrine, as there is trepidation in the manner in which the visitors receive the greetings of the President. Only once have I seen a casual family completely and easily at home in the East Room, and this feeling of perfect intimacy was manifested by the sallow wife and mother of a sallow husband and sallow children, all bearing evidence, in complexion and lassitude, of lives spent in the midst of one of our most unwholesome swamps. They were listlessly lolling through the apartment when suddenly the guardian woman, diving into a capacious bag and bringing forth a bottle of medicine, seized first upon her husband and then upon the children, one after another, pouring into each a throatful of the cure-all.

The President is an object of curiosity, but he is also the most distinguished man in the country. Crowds, it is true, flock at railway-stations to see other men, and there is a catholic and democratic indiscrimination in the popular eagerness to behold with the eye of sense those who are in the newspapers. The attraction may be a prize-fighter, or a soldier, or a prince, or a jester, or an anarchist; but the President is something different. He is an idea. He is the eidolon of the government. The people go to see him not only from curiosity, not only "to be able to say that I 've seen him," as the phrase goes: there is also an element of patriotism in their feeling for him; they want to pay him respect. An absence of the critical spirit or mood, usually so characteristic of the American attitude toward individuals, is noticeable among the groups of people who are waiting in the White House in anticipation of seeing the President. There is unmitigated, unqualified pleasure from the anticipation. There is absolute joy from the touch of his right hand, the common property of the nation. There is nearly always awkwardness in their greeting of him. Proud as they have been in the thought of coming into actual personal contact with the head of the government, and proud as they will afterward be of the honor of their visit, many of the President's callers shake his hand in visible trepidation, and are eager to pass on, dreading apparently lest he speak in such a way as to require a response. Even the pert, who are determined to address him, are clearly embarrassed, and rarely say precisely what they intended. To the mass of American citizens who are represented in these visiting bodies —neighborhood excursionists, temperance, Masonic, commercial travelers, and other flocks of citizenship—the office of President is impressive—still the most impressive of American institutions. The American may entirely disapprove of his President and his policy; may even believe the lies that are told concerning his personal hab-

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its; may on the street, at his office or in his shop, or even at home, deride him, and express contempt for his political opinions; may go so far as to look upon him as an enemy of the country, for the American partizan is extravagant and even hysterical: but when he is in the presence of the President he seems tongue-tied, as if he were before what they call in monarchies "our August Ruler." Thus we catch a glimpse of the true sentiment of the private American citizen for the impersonal President.

It is quite different with the politician who has come into daily contact with the embodied President. Occasionally a legislator will address the President's intellect, and will endeavor to convince him of the soundness of his cause. Oftener the attempt will be to show the President that his own personal fortunes will be furthered by assenting to the legislator's plans and by lending to them whatever of influence in Congress he may possess. At other times, and on different occasions, party leaders, in Congress and out, will skirt along the edge of disrespect, and there will be a vibration of anger in the threatening remark: "If you don't give us B—— for collector, you 'll hurt the organization." This means, in reality, that if the President does not do what he is desired to do, the organization will hurt him.

The curious and worshipful visitors grasp the President's hand, and there is perhaps too much freedom of approach to any one who wills to come; but this freedom has not bred undue familiarity, for the American man or woman, with or without manners, is innately polite. The grade of familiarity with the President which offends the sensibilities of those to whom physical pawing is repulsive and vulgar is the vice of the politician who goes to the White House to beg or demand offices. To him the President is the agent of the party and of the Senate for the distribution of whatever of spoils the present civil-service law has left afloat. The room in which he is received is the shop, in which he may or may not wear his hat as the mood seizes him. The man whom he addresses is in possession of certain offices—ministerships, judgeships, consulships, marshalships, collectorships, and clerkships—which are to be distributed among politicians. He is after his share, and he conducts his part of the conversation on the drummer theory that the other dealer in the transaction must be impressed with the belief that it will be to his advantage to comply with the demands made upon him.

The private citizen who procures an opportunity to "pay his respects" is likely to rise from his chair when the President enters the reception-room, and to remain standing until the President retires. I have, indeed, seen a Boston editor remain seated while the President stood over him and talked to him; but that was nervousness, not ill manners. Most senators and representatives remain seated while the President is in the room, because their respect for the office is worn out—worn out in the constant friction of political trading. They are aggressively on an even footing with the head of the executive service, with the fountain of patronage. Some of them resent the interview in public which Mr. Roosevelt compels most of the time. They have been accustomed to private talks in the Cabinet Room. Now and then a senator will make the effort to substitute the ostentatious whisper for withdrawal, and is mightily offended if the President answers in loud tones, to the edification and information of a roomful of other, perhaps of some hostile, company. Naturally an important person is not pleased by a conversation something like this:

I. P. (whispering).

President (very loud): "No, sir; I shall not do it."

I. P. (whispering, a pink flush stealing into his cheeks).

President (still very loud): "Because your friend is not worthy."

I. P. (flushing angrily, but still whispering).

President: "No, sir; I shall not reconsider. Your friend has a bad record, and though, as you say, he may have been persecuted, I have n't time to inquire, and there are enough unsuspected men in this country to fill all the offices."

I. P. (very red, jamming on his hat, striding briskly toward the door, and now speaking as loud as the President): "Well, good morning, sir."

This is not a pleasant interview, except for the important person's enemies; nor is the effect of the President's graciousness agreeable to those who love seemliness, when gratitude finds expression in a whisper in the Presidential ear, the beneficiary

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meanwhile holding on to the lapel of the Presidential coat.

The character of the business of the White House—the business which politicians bring to it—is paltry. A President once, speaking of a man high in office,—so high that the temptation to dignity and worthiness must often have nearly moved him,—thus described his daily rounds:

"When he is ready for business in the morning, he gathers his troop and marches them from one department to another; then when he has gathered in all that the cabinet officers are able and willing to bestow upon him and his crowd, he says: 'Now let 's go and see what we can get out of old ——,'" the blank old person being the President himself.

Naturally, the lower in the scale of importance that business falls, the more numerous become the persons who are capable of engaging in it. There are hardly a dozen men in the country who can seriously consider the purchase of a thousand miles of railway, with the other property and business of a great corporation; but there are tens, nay, hundreds, of thousands of persons who might reasonably be approached with a proposition to buy out a local express route. Not half a dozen statesmen habitually visit the President to consult with him on important and difficult problems, and these are likely to go by appointment and to have that privacy which is denied to the hundreds who go of their own volition, for their own gain, intent upon securing postmasterships for faithful or hoped-for supporters.

There are exceptions, of course, to the rule that retail dealers must offer their goods on the highway, in the face of the public—on one occasion a senator was received in private in order that he might try to convince the President that the latter's reëlection was largely dependent on his granting to a "friend" of the senator's (the "organization") the restaurant privilege at an immigrant station; the rule holds, however, emphasized by the infrequent exception, and the crowd that once surged over the White House stairway and its halls and reception-room, and which is now at home in the new "executive offices," is a retail crowd, engaged in those paltry concerns comprehended of recent years in the expressive term "peanut politics." It is this crowd and its affairs that encroached gradually upon the domesticity of the White House; that necessitated additions to the clerical force; that filled the sometime private secretary's room with clicking typewriters, ringing telephone bells, and nerve-rasping telegraph instruments; and that eventually convinced congressmen by ocular demonstration of the necessity for moving the shop out of the house. Major Pruden, who died not long ago, and who had been a clerk in the "executive office" for many years, used to describe the difference between the amount of business done in these modern times and that which occupied him and his fellow-clerks in the days when General Grant was President. It was perfectly convenient in those earlier days, perfectly consistent with the full discharge of their duties, for the few clerks at the White House to play croquet on the southern lawn during office hours. Some one was left on duty in the secretary's room; perhaps it was the secretary himself, and his voice was occasionally heard calling out of the window to the group on the lawn:

"Hello! There 's a letter come; one of you come up here!"

And now, far on in the evening, half a dozen clerks yawn and wonder when they are to get home and to bed, for many answers are yet to be written, or telegrams may possibly arrive before the President himself retires. Meanwhile the head of the nation is toiling at the tasks from which he has been kept most of the day by his visitors, and by his correspondence, also chiefly concerned with small politics. Frequently he writes far into the night, and not seldom for ends which he believes would promote the general welfare, if they could be realized, but which, as he knows, he is not likely to accomplish, for the simple reason that within the bounds of law he is not powerful; indeed, against a majority in Congress he is absolutely powerless. He has influence, indeed, but, as George Washington wrote to Henry Lee, "influence is no government."

There is, of course, a reason why the office-seeking public throngs the White House; why the larger part of the consultations with the President have the distribution of patronage for their subject; why one hears comparatively little of the more important business of government. The President is the head of his party in so far

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as public offices are parceled out for the purpose of maintaining the party organization; that is, for the purpose of paying those who do the necessary party tasks and who, like other servants, cannot be expected to work without hire. It is true that even here, even in the selection of the men who, theoretically at least, are his own subordinates. the President's word is not final. He must yield at last to a senator unless he can persuade him. Still, the President is a factor to be reckoned with, a force to be kept in good humor, one with whom it is safest to get along easily. When, however, it comes to affairs of state, to large questions of policy, to subjects of legislation, he cannot gain his own object against a hostile Congress or Senate, of his own party or the other, cannot move an inch by his own right, by the frank exercise of any constitutional power, can only employ his influence, something which is not possessed by every President; or bargain with his patronage; or fight so strenuously as to arouse popular clamor on his side, which means to demonstrate to the senators and representatives that the sovereign of them all is with him and against them.

Before he became President, Mr. Roosevelt wrote an article on "The Presidency." He had not then even been nominated for the Vice-Presidency. As the editor of the paper in which the article appeared said in an accompanying note: "It will be clear to all readers that the writer of the article could not have foreseen the place he was destined to occupy before its publication." It must be clear also to all who have studied the history of American administrations, and to all observers of contemporaneous politics, that possibly now, after an actual experience as President for more than a year, Mr. Roosevelt might like to modify his opinion as to the extent of the power which is possessed by the President.

Mr. Roosevelt said: "In the whole world there is no other ruler, certainly no other ruler under free institutions, whose power compares with his." It is not my intention to reply to Mr. Roosevelt's article. In a certain general way he is theoretically right, and his interpretations of actual conditions are such as were to be expected from one who had not yet come into hard and hurtful contact with the opinion—of the Senate, for example, as to its proper place in the federal system. Mr. Roosevelt, for instance, to quote another proposition from his article, says that those who think that the Senate has usurped the President's functions "labor under a misapprehension." "The Senate," he goes on to say, "has no right to dictate to the President who shall be appointed, but it has an entire right to say who shall not be appointed, for under the Constitution this last has been made its duty." Now it has become the habit of the Senate to dictate appointments, as I endeavored to show in an article entitled "The Overshadowing Senate" (published in the February CENTURY). In that article I gave instances in which Presidents have been denied their right of selection, and since Mr. Roosevelt succeeded to the office he has himself discovered the necessity of consulting senators in advance as to whom he might select for office, and as to what he might agree to in a treaty. Indeed, it is his rule, as I stated in that article, to give to senators of his own party the right of selection in their respective States, provided always that they name persons whom he will accept as of good character and as of sufficient capacity.

The popular impression, here and in Europe, is that the President is very powerful. This conception is largely due to the fact that the extent of his power is commonly measured by what a few of our Presidents have been able to accomplish at exceptional times, especially when the nation has been at war, and when the system of checks and balances has absolutely broken down, all restraints upon the President being removed, and when Congress has abandoned its powers and duties. At such times as these the very exercise of ultra-constitutional and illegal powers by the President has but illustrated his powerlessness under the provisions of the law establishing his office, defining its functions, and limiting his jurisdiction. The truth is that the framers of the Constitution intended that the President's power should not be great, that Congress should be the superior power; and the Constitution is framed in accordance with this theory.

It is, however, a striking illustration of prevailing misconceptions as to the character and the significance of our institutions that, in the popular imagination, the President is actually clothed with despotic powers. It is difficult for the ordinary citi-

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zen to understand why the President cannot accomplish any desire or effect any purpose which he may feel or upon which he may determine. Only a year ago, for instance, Mr. Roosevelt received a telegraphic despatch asking why he did not "pass" a certain bill that was then pending before the Senate. This display of profound and lamentable ignorance is not singular; indeed, the failure to comprehend the limitations upon the power of our chief executive is rather general. It does not often show itself, it is true, in a request that the President enact a law, for the very phraseology in which it is necessary to formulate such a proposition would warn most intelligent persons that the task involved is legislative and not executive; but there are very few American women who do not believe that it is easy and proper for a President to set aside a law, while in many instances his refusal to do so has been considered by the petitioners as rude and unfriendly. Men, indeed, do not often directly ask the President to ignore a law, but hardly a day passes which is free from a request to find a short way around the law.

We are usually spoken of in Europe as an exceptionally law-abiding people, but we would be unjust to ourselves if we accepted the intended commendation as wholly true. Laws are often irksome to us. We sometimes chafe under their restraint. We occasionally move them out of our way. We have favored classes above the law, perhaps more completely established than are similar classes in any other country in the government of which there is any leaven of democracy. What our European friends really mean is that, on the whole, we are an orderly people, and when the law is enforced against our desires, we submit without resorting to violence, and almost invariably, in the end, we justify the courageous executive who has compelled us to yield; but very few of us are averse to attempting to induce the executive not to enforce laws against our interests, and when a President, as Mr. Lincoln did, assumes powers essential to the accomplishment of his own and the nation's purpose, many otherwise good citizens rejoice in the law-breaking.

Not only was it the intention of the framers that the President should not be a powerful executive, but the so-called system of checks and balances soon became a system of gagging and binding, the President being the victim. The intention of the Constitution-makers as to what should be the extent and limitations of the executive's power is made clear by the text of the Constitution itself. His first power, in the order of enumeration, is that of "commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several States, when called into the actual service of the United States." It was not intended, however, that the President should have an entirely free hand. The size of his army and navy is, of course, dictated by Congress, the holder of the purse-strings. In this we but follow the traditions of England. The Constitution went further than this, however, in placing the titular commander-in-chief under the control of the legislative branch of the government.

Not only does Congress determine the size of the army and navy, and the amount of money that shall be expended on them, but it is also charged with the task of making "rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces." Although the actual composition of the articles of war and of the rules for government and regulation are tasks left to the War and Navy departments, this is merely a delegation of its power by Congress. Moreover, the articles of war are statutory. In dealing with the commander-in-chief and his forces, Congress has assumed virtually all of his most important functions. It, of course, determines when the forces shall be employed in war. It prescribes also how his troops shall be apportioned among the arms of the service; how many of his war-ships shall be battle-ships, how many cruisers, how many gunboats. At times it has left to him and his experts no discretion as to weight of armor, as to the coal capacity of his ships, or as to their speed.

Congress has even debated and determined the relative value of sail- to steam-power, and it decided for several of the ships, against the testimony of the experts, that sail-power should accompany steam-power. Congress has also insisted upon determining the tactical formation of the army, and it clung to that which was modern in our Civil War for years after the open formation was urged both by

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professional soldiers on the active list and by Civil War officers who had become members of Congress, notably by General Hawley. It was the latter who, as a member of the Senate Military Committee, reported, year after year, that it would be murderous to send our troops into battle with the old formation in the face of modern guns and projectiles, but the Spanish War came and went before the reform was adopted.

Although the President is commander-in-chief, he cannot promote an officer for conspicuous merit. Recent promotions of volunteers to generalships in the regular army have been criticized; but assuming that the officers benefited should have received substantial military reward for their services in Cuba and the Philippines, the President had it only in his power to make them either lieutenants or generals in the line, or to give them staff appointments. Congress had forbidden him, by law, to appoint to any intermediate grade. Captains, majors, and colonels in the line must reach their respective ranks by living.

This may seem a small matter, since, as it is well known, the President takes affairs into his own hands in a serious war, as Mr. Lincoln did in the War of Secession. He then acts precisely as if he were a real commander, so far as the regular establishments are concerned. With the volunteers a different procedure is followed. Here, not Congress, but congressmen make their appearance. Generals, colonels, captains, and lieutenants are appointed at the solicitation of important persons.

There are two reasons why the President feels himself compelled to yield to this sort of pressure. In the first place, the country may be in danger, and he is the one man upon whom rests the responsibility of its defense. He is therefore keenly alive to the necessity of maintaining his influence over that branch of the government which votes the supplies upon which he must depend for troops and for the money for them, and, what is more important still, he must, if possible, tactfully prevent this branch of the government from too much intermeddling if the war is to be conducted to a successful conclusion. In the second place, he must endeavor to keep the politicians in good temper, so that the party in favor of the war may carry the elections. It is true that in his appointment of civilians he endangers the country's cause and the lives of the men whom he turns over to the care of ignorance and inexperience, but we invariably trust to our lucky star; at least, notwithstanding this danger, the politicians successfully renew their efforts to secure commissions in the army with each new war, one cause of their hardihood, of their insistence not only on commissions, but on profitable contracts for their constituents, no doubt being the consciousness of their ability to bring the President to terms by the perfectly legal employment of their constitutional powers, although such employment be contradictory to the intention of the Constitution.

It is fair to add, however, that where their own personal or political fortunes are not concerned, they leave the President a free hand. He disobeys their rules of war; he suspends the writ of habeas corpus; he interferes with their longevity scheme of promotion. He tears off his fetters for the general welfare, and when the war is over, he holds out his hands that he may again be put in irons for the pleasure of his masters in Congress. In the end, at the crisis, he becomes a dictator, a commander-in-chief of power. He realizes the theory of Mr. Lincoln, who asserted: "As commander-in-chief of the army and navy in time of war, I suppose I have a right to take any measure which may best subdue the enemy."

Until the war opens, however, he is without any of the discretion which is essential to effective generalship; he cannot even authorize his experts to drill their troops in the method which they deem the best, unless Congress agrees, and Congress seldom agrees with expert advice. After the war with Spain had begun, Congress refused to assent to Mr. McKinley's request for an increase of the regular army, compelling him to depend on volunteers.

Here is a proper power which the Constitution bestows upon the President, but which has been qualified and limited by the misuse of its own powers by Congress —powers which were granted to it for the purpose of preventing usurpation by the President, but which have been employed to further usurpation by the legislative branch of the government. The mere fact that, in time of necessity, the President is obliged to break through the restraints imposed upon him, either with or without

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the express authority of Congress, in order that he may perform his constitutional functions effectively, shows how far congressional government has traveled beyond the generous boundaries within which it was placed by the Constitution. By the practical working of our system the President is made, in ordinary and peaceful times, the mere ghost of a commander-in-chief, and so fully is this recognized that one President, who thought to take an excursion into the field of preparation for war, remarked to his cabinet, after a vain effort to induce Congress to appropriate money for artillery target practice:

"The only power, privilege, or function which can be exercised or enjoyed by the commander-in-chief of the United States in time of peace is the privilege of purchasing his roast beef on the hoof from the Commissary-General."

Let us hasten over the powers which the Constitution has granted to the President, those powers which, like the power already considered, are essentially executive, and, being so, cannot be properly administered unless a certain amount of discretion, or unless at least the choice of methods or instrumentalities, is left to him who is charged with the task. Military command can be effectively exercised only by a single mind; the United States army and navy are organized, or left unorganized, by a multitude of counselors.

The President's second power is that of granting "reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States, except in cases of impeachment." In the exercise of this power, the President also acts under the limitations and restraints imposed upon him by the political influences which are strengthened by the constitutional grants to Congress of checks. In illustration of the working of this system in the case of an appeal to the President for the exercise of clemency, I shall state a case within my knowledge, concealing, for reasons that will be apparent, the names of all the persons concerned. An officer of the navy had been tried and convicted on a charge of perjury, and having been sentenced, was dismissed from the service. His trial had been fairly conducted by an exceptionally able court martial, and the sentence was deemed just by nearly, if not quite, all the service. No sooner had the trial ended than great pressure was brought to bear upon the President, to the end that the offender might be pardoned and restored to his rank. The first President to whom the appeal was made examined the record carefully. The "influence" in the officer's behalf was potent and wide-spread; it came from many sources; but the President withstood it. He declared that the officer had been proved guilty, and that the sentence was just. This conclusion was reached regretfully. Year after year the agitation for a pardon was renewed. President after President was appealed to. At last Congress took up the subject. The Navy Committee of both houses agreed in reporting a bill authorizing, almost directing, the President to restore the officer. The Navy Committee of the House is an influential body; it decides on the appropriations that shall be made for the service. Among other things, the building up of the new navy in accordance with the President's desires and plans depends upon the disposition toward the executive of both the House and Senate committees. The members of these committees, in this instance, were so strongly affected by the friends of the officer that, in the report accompanying the bill providing for his restoration, important and essential facts were omitted, so that the report itself seemed to those cognizant of the history of the case to have been composed with intent to deceive the two houses and the executive. The bill was passed. The Secretary of the Navy urged the President not to sign it, but the President, acting under pressure from his party's members of the two committees, did sign the bill. It became a law, and the officer went back into the service from which he had been expelled by his brother officers.

The third power bestowed upon the President is that of negotiating treaties, and the fourth is that of nominating officers to the Senate, and of appointing, without confirmation, such inferior officers as Congress may have authorized him to appoint. In my article on "The Overshadowing Senate" I tried to point out how the powers of ratification and confirmation have been so abused by senators that the President is now entirely dependent on their good will; he cannot name a person for an office, if the nomination requires confirmation, without the assent of some senator of his own party, or of the head of his party's organization when the duties of

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the federal office in question are to be performed in a State which is not represented by a senator of the President's political party. In negotiating treaties the President is now forced to consult senators in advance. He may require the opinion in writing of any member of his cabinet; he receives the representatives of foreign countries, incidentally on occasion, thereby recognizing a questioned independence; he may convene Congress, and may adjourn it to such time as he may think proper "in case of disagreement between them [the two houses] with respect to the time of adjournment." He is also to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed." With respect to the recognition of the belligerency of a people engaged in a revolutionary movement, or of their independence, many congressmen have questioned the President's power. This is not a menacing contention, but it indicates the disposition of the legislative branch of the government to interfere and claim executive powers. While he is to take care that the laws be faithfully executed, another provision of the Constitution decrees that "no money shall be drawn from the treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by law." This is interpreted to mean that it is the duty of the lawgivers minutely to itemize their appropriations, and, in the acts furnishing supplies for the government, to direct the precise manner in which each dollar shall be expended by the executive, or to forbid him to expend any part of the sum appropriated for purposes not designated in the law. In appropriation acts, Congress organizes the army, or determines the scheme of promotion for the officers of the navy, or virtually forbids the employment of the troops as a posse comitatus or at the polls. It determines how much money the Secretary of State shall expend for his diplomatic correspondence and how many clerks may be employed in each department, and it virtually fixes the amount of the salary to be paid to each of them. If the services of an expert are needed by an executive officer, or a new wash-bowl is wanted in the White House, or a new harness is to be provided for the Treasury Department, Congress must be consulted. It provides, or neglects to provide, the money for these petty matters. Sometimes it is generous, always so when the occasion absolutely demands liberal expenditures, but in small and annoying ways it is penurious, and its interference in details, its supervision of the clerical force, and its limitations upon executive discretion, make for administrative inefficiency. As a rule, in ordinary times, the executive is obliged to take care that the laws are faithfully executed as Congress desires them to be executed, just as he is usually compelled to appoint to office those whom senators select for him, and to negotiate treaties to which senators have previously but informally assented.

Having considered the various ways in which the Senate and House have bound the President by employing against him the constitutional checks, let us turn to the President himself. How has he kept his distance from the legislative branch of the government? He has a suspensive veto, and is charged with the duty to give to Congress, from time to time, "information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." The exercise of the legal power and the annual message bring the President into direct touch with Congress, make him, as it is often said, part of the legislative branch of the government.

It is evident from the spirit of the debates in the Constitutional Convention that the last result of their careful labors of which the framers could have dreamed was a President who would endeavor to force upon Congress a policy of legislation; and yet it is clear, in the evolution of our constitutional form of government, that the country has come to regard the President as the fountain of lawmaking. It has held more than one President responsible for the failures or for the acts of Congress, even of a hostile Congress. It insisted that to Mr. Cleveland, for example, was due the panic which followed the enactment of the silver-purchasing law known as the Sherman Act, although it was a measure of a previous administration, and notwithstanding the fact that the repeal of the law was effected by him. Mr. Cleveland is also charged with the Gorman-Aldrich Law, falsely called the Wilson Law, of 1894, because his party then controlled both houses of Congress. While the bill was actually the Wilson bill when it came from the House of Representatives, it was so distorted and changed in the Senate that

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Mr. Cleveland permitted it to become a law without his signature. Yet, as I have said, the bill is called the Wilson Bill, and is pointed to by his political opponents as a consequence of Mr. Cleveland's administration. Mr. Cleveland was charged with the disastrous results of the silver agitation partly because of that blind passion which leads its victim to strike at the first head that comes in his way, and partly because, by the end of Mr. Cleveland's administration, the Democratic party had allied itself with the movement for the free coinage of silver. In a word, it was really the party that was attacked in this instance, but in the other instance, that of the tariff legislation of 1894, the President was regarded as the party leader, and it is as party leader that the chief executive is coming more and more to be instinctively regarded by the country.

Mr. McKinley always insisted that it is the duty of the President to refrain from interfering with the functions of the legislature. He tried to place upon Congress the responsibility for declaring war against Spain, but the people praised him or criticized him for that war, according as they favored or opposed it. Moreover, notwithstanding his oft-declared principle of non-interference, he could not refrain, for actual conditions were against his theory. Just as the country looked to Mr. Cleveland, and was not disappointed, to compel the repeal of the law commanding silver purchases, so Mr. McKinley was looked to by the protected interests to secure the passage of the Dingley Law, while, at a later time, he himself felt it to be his duty to endeavor to secure free trade for Porto Rico. It is from Mr. Roosevelt now that the opponents of trusts expect a stringent anti-trust law, and although he has ostensibly left the framing of the bill to Congress, it is generally believed that he has taken part in this task, just as he was busy in 1902 in an effort to secure legislation for the benefit of Cuba. Indeed, in respect of the trust legislation, Senator Hoar has complained of the President's activity.

It is evident that the attempt to separate the executive from the legislative department of the government has not succeeded. The first step toward the actual termination of the theoretical separation of the departments of government in England was taken in the Act of Succession, but the completion of the movement was one of the most important consequences of our own revolution against the crown. Notwithstanding the attractiveness of Montesquieu's philosophy, and its influence upon the framers of our Constitution, the political instinct of the race favors a connection between the legislative and executive departments. There is also firmly implanted in us the feeling that some one should be held responsible for what the government does or for what it fails to accomplish. The constitution and development of Congress have, thus far at least, failed to bring forth a system under which any man or any party can be held thus responsible. On the contrary, irresponsibility has been the outgrowth of the working of our legislative institutions.

For lack of another responsible person, and because, since Washington's day, the President has almost invariably felt compelled to try to influence Congress, the country holds him responsible for legislative failures. This is not only contrary to the intent of the Constitution, but it is unjust and harmful. It is unjust, because the President has no actual power over Congress, as Congress has over him. It may be said that he has the veto power. This is true, but the only executive power which is really effective in bringing to terms an obstructive legislature is the power to dissolve. Sometimes the veto is effective, sometimes it is not. Jackson's veto prevented the rechartering of the United States Bank; Johnson's vetoes only whetted the appetite of Congress for pugnacious opposition. As the government is constituted, Mr. McKinley's theory of the relations that should exist between the two branches is the proper one; as the government is worked, the practice of the Presidents is natural.

Still, although the President will probably always endeavor to induce or to force Congress to adopt his policy, he can accomplish his end with the ordinary Congress only by bargaining, or by means of a sharp contest in which he will be victorious if he can arouse the interest of the country and secure its alliance. He may purchase support by a distribution of patronage, and it is herein that the present condition is harmful; or he may bring public clamor about the ears of congressmen, although in doing so he endangers the continuance

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of his influence with the leaders of his party in and out of Congress.

At exceptional times the President may be the leader of his party; Jackson was, and Roosevelt may be: but, as a rule, the President is not really a party leader, and the moment he is elected, that moment he is more than likely to find the party leaders in Congress censorious, critical, obstructive, and occasionally hostile. The effort to make the departments independent of one another has resulted in promoting mutual jealousies. Whatever may be the attitude of Congress toward him, however, the President feels compelled to urge legislation in furtherance of his policy. When he thinks that policy momentous, he trades and lectures. He distributes favors; he calls leaders to the White House; he pleads for himself, for his party, and for the country: and he is more likely to fail than to succeed unless the country is clearly with him; in that event Congress yields to the voters, not to the Chief Magistrate. But whether he succeeds or fails, the country holds him responsible. Notwithstanding the fact that he has no power whatever to compel Congress to take affirmative action, he is charged with its unpopular failures; notwithstanding his impotence to prevent the passage of a bill in favor of which are two thirds of each house, he is charged with its unpopular performance.

The President is denied the right to the free exercise of the powers which are essentially executive, and the power necessary to meet the unjust responsibility which the country places upon him has not been bestowed upon him. His influence in some directions is enormous; he commands the respect of the people; his office is one of great dignity. If he himself is dignified, he shares in the feeling which is manifested for his office; if he has courage and is right, he can command the support of the country against Congress, especially against the Senate, to such an extent that his policy will triumph. Of such courage and its consequences there is no better illustration than that afforded by Mr. Cleveland's determined effort to save the country from the consequences of the latest silver-purchase act. In times of national peril the President becomes a dictator, and may act contrary to the law without serious question; but if a time shall ever come when, in a crisis, the President finds himself without a compliant Congress, he may easily and legally be prevented from taking measures adequate to the national defense.

It is true, also, that under the law and in ordinary times—that is, most of the time—the President cannot exercise his appropriate executive functions as he will, nor can he meet the expectations of the country. Congress usurps his powers, or limits them, and will not listen to him. Most of the time our government is almost wholly that of Congress. Reforms in details of administration or in matters of seeming importance that ought to be possible in a day are made the subjects of annual discussions during the lives of several Congresses. Comparatively powerless as the fathers intended the President to be, he is less than the intention. Speaking in the Constitutional Convention on the subject of the proposal to make Congress and the President independent of each other, Madison expressed the opinion that "experience has proved a tendency in our governments to throw all power into the legislative vortex. The executives of the States," he continued, "are little more than ciphers, the legislatures omnipotent." Hamilton, writing in the "Federalist" on the same subject and somewhat betraying his fears for the future, said: "To what purpose separate the executive or the judiciary from the legislative, if both the executive and the judiciary are so constituted as to be at the absolute devotion of the legislative? . . . It is one thing to be subordinate to the laws, and another to be dependent on the legislative body." The tendency described by the one remained, and the evil foreseen by the other has grown.

There was a time for the making of laws for the defense of human liberty against tyranny; there has come a time for the administration of law that the democracy may be as efficient for good government as it has been beneficent for the protection and advancement of the individual. There is little need for new laws; there is much need for the repeal of hampering and bad laws. The executive should be freed from the irons with which he was bound by the eighteenth century in behalf of rising manhood, and he should be also relieved from the impositions and usurpations which have developed from ancient principles diverted into modern prejudices. We are no longer dependent for our liberties upon the law-

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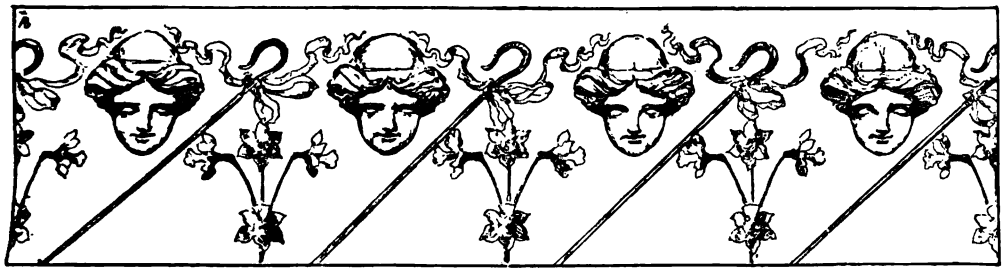
makers, but upon the courts. We no longer dread the tyranny of the executive, for the courts are above him also, to restrain and to punish. In the increasing complexities of our civilization, government has become, mainly by reason of our inattention to it, the least responsible of our institutions. It is necessary to concentrate popular attention, and to this end responsibility must be established. The sentiment which loads the President with responsibility is instinctive, and it will strengthen as time goes on. This being true, it will eventually be essential to give to the President the power which ought to accompany responsibility. The people of this country are too intensely practical to consent for all time to an ineffective executive, and some day they will realize that what the President may now do despite the law, he should be able to do, when the occasion arises, under the law, for the ultimate truth is that the law must reign or democracy is a failure.



IN MAY

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

WHEN grosbeaks show a damask rose
Amid the cherry-blossoms white,
And early robins' nests disclose
To loving eyes a joyous sight;

When columbines like living coals
Are gleaming 'gainst the lichened rocks,
And at the foot of mossy boles
Are young anemones in flocks;

When ginger-root beneath twin leaves
Conceals its dusky floral bell,
And showy orchid shyly weaves
In humid nook its fragrant spell;

When dandelion's coin of gold
Anew is minted on the lawn,
And maple-trees their fringe unfold,
While warblers storm the groves at dawn;

When these and more greet eye and ear,
Then strike thy tasks and come away:
It is the joy-month of the year,
And onward sweeps the tide of May.

When farm-house doors stand open wide
To welcome in the balmy air,
When truant boys plunge in the tide,
And school-girls knots of violets wear;

When grape-vines crimson in the shoot,
Like fin of trout in meadow stream,
And morning brings the thrush's flute
Where dappled lilies nod and dream;

When varied tints outline the trees,
Like figures sketched upon a screen,
And all the forest shows degrees
Of tawny red and yellow-green;

When purple finches sing and soar,
Then drop to perch on open wing,
With vernal gladness running o'er,
The feathered lyrist of the spring:

When joys like these salute the sense,
And bloom and perfume fill the day,
Then waiting long hath recompense,
And all the world is glad with May.

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ANDRÉ THE VOYAGEUR

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER

ANDRÉ the voyageur has come forth
From trapping-fields of the farther North;
Down swollen rivers his swift canoe,
Impatient as a lover, flew—
Flew ever faster as 't were part
Of André's joyous, eager heart,
And knew, like his heart, of his Suzanne,
And leapt with love like the heart of a man.

Suzanne and André walked in the wood,
Where odors of May were fresh and good;
A stir on the mosses caught their eyes—
"Look, a lynx-cub!" the voyageur cries.
Her eyes are fixed in a frightened stare.
"André, turn! what crouches there!"
A flash through the leaves and André sinks,
Struck to the ground by a fierce she-lynx.

Wounded, he lay a day in his bed,
Then to the depths of sprucewood fled:
In vain the neighbors, circling back,
Sought to trace the voyageur's track;
They only found where a lynx had crept
And killed a red deer as it slept,
They only heard a strange wild cry
Where dark the fir-tree shadows lie.

But André now through the forest ranged
Wild as a man to a wild lynx changed;
He could see a grouse in tallest tree,
No fox had sharper ears than he,
No panther's looks were fiercer when
It circled the camps of sleeping men;
He crept on a deer as lynxes creep,
His leap was swift as a lynx's leap;
He lay in ambush, crouching low,
He felled a man with a savage blow,
And left him there with a cry in his ears—
The fierce lynx-cry that the forest fears.

The searchers fled the wood and told
Of screams that made the blood run cold,
Told of something half lynx, half man,
That through the dusk of spruces ran.

But there was one who was not afraid,—
So love makes bold the tenderest maid,—
And as Suzanne watched still in the fir,
Sure that her lover would listen to her,
She saw a shape that lurked apart,
And cried aloud the love in her heart:
"Hear me, André! for I am true!
Be you man or lynx, I 'll go with you!"

He started as if her voice had brought
Back the wandering currents of thought,
As if her voice had power to right
The brain made mad by the lynx's bite.
The fierceness faded from his eyes—
"Tell me, Suzanne; I heard your cries,
And then I fell, and darkness came;
What happened here? And who 's to blame
For all the horror of my wild dream
Of prowling beast and lynx's scream?"

Each year André to the North went back,
But never lynx-pelt was in his pack;
And if in the dusk an old lynx cried,
He would shudder and draw Suzanne to his side.

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THE CAREERS OF SCHOLARLY MEN IN AMERICA

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD L. THORNDIKE

Teachers College, Columbia University, New York

IF we take year by year a body of young men who represent the best scholarship of the college graduates of that year, we shall have a body of men who represent with reasonable accuracy the most scholarly young men of that year in college and out. If we find what changes have taken place in the careers they choose, as we pass down from 1850 to the present day, we shall know whether any given profession is gaining or losing in attractiveness to that type of men. The amount of its gain or loss we may measure by the increase or decrease in the number of such men choosing it. For this class of scholarly young men I have taken those graduates of representative colleges who have been elected to Phi Beta Kappa. I have traced the later careers of 5283 such men from the class of 1840 to the class of 1900.

By a scholarly man is meant a man who has the ability to acquire and think about knowledge, and who puts that ability in action. It is a narrower term than "an intellectual man," and much narrower than "a man of mental ability." Of scholarship as just defined, the college graduates who each year are elected into Phi Beta Kappa are, with few exceptions, the possessors. The Phi Beta Kappa badge is a recognized mark of scholarship; it is an emblem that a majority of college professors, for instance, are glad to wear. If any one doubts the appropriateness of Phi Beta Kappa membership as a test of scholarship, let him compare the scholarly attainments in after life of the Phi Beta Kappa men in any ten college classes with those of the other members, and he will soon be converted.

No one, save an omniscient observer or a student who gave years to the task and had access to exact information concerning the lives of the college graduates of the last fifty years, could hope to present absolutely accurate statements on our subject. My data, taken from the catalogue of 1900, are subject to the factors of error and ignorance influencing it. For the most part these are such as to counteract one another, and the figures I shall present may be taken as reliable within, say, ten per cent. of their amount. The general tendencies shown are reliable beyond question.

We may best begin by studying the changes in the attitude of Phi Beta Kappa men toward various careers from 1850 to 1895, and then attempt to determine what the careers of Phi Beta Kappa men are to-day, and what they are likely to be in the near future.

There is a remarkable uniformity in the percentage of Phi Beta Kappa men entering the four leading professions. The percentages by five-year periods, from 1840 to 1900, vary only from 64 to 68. Whatever growth has taken place in the percentage of college graduates, in general, who enter business and industrial careers has influenced the interests and motives of the most scholarly section only to the very slight extent that in the twenty-five years from 1870 through 1894 1.5 per cent. fewer enter the professions than did from 1840 to 1865. This difference is so slight as to be as likely to be due to chance variation as to any real tendency. There seem to be certain innate propensities in the scholarly make-up which direct its activities in spite of notable changes in outside circumstances.

If the attitude of Phi Beta Kappa men

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toward professional life in general has hardly changed in fifty years, it is not because the attractiveness of each particular profession has remained constant. Far from it. The share of them falling to each has changed notably and consistently during the period. The percentage of Phi Beta Kappa men who, in the years from 1840 to 1860, chose the law had in 1890 to 1894 nearly doubled. The growth here was not steady, for the attractiveness of the law grew markedly until 1880, and then fell off during ten years, only to increase again in our own time. To be exact, of those graduating in 1840–44, 14 per cent. made the law their career; in 1845–49, 10 per cent.; in 1850–54, 9.3 per cent.; in 1855–59, 10.5 per cent.; in 1860–64, 15.2 per cent.; in 1865–69, 19.7 per cent.; in 1870–74, 19.8 per cent.; in 1875–79, 22.5 per cent.; in 1880–84, 16.4 per cent.; in 1885–89, 14.4 per cent.; in 1890–94, 19 per cent.

Medicine has not been a popular profession with scholarly graduates. The percentages range from 6 to 4 from 1840 to 1885, and are 7.5 and 7 for 1885–89 and 1890–94.

The cause of the gain made by medicine from 1885 to 1895 is, one is tempted to think, the advance of medicine to the dignity of a science and the introduction into college courses of electives in science. The former makes the career more attractive to the thinker, and the latter gives scientific capacities and interests a chance to become aware of themselves.

Teaching has been changing from the casual work of young men forced somehow to earn money for professional studies, or the destiny of clergymen who found that their learning was worth more to the world than their piety or sermons, to a distinct profession with secure remuneration, great social advantages, and a chance to cultivate one's intellectual interests. This familiar change appears emphatically in my records. During 1885–95 25.5 per cent. of Phi Beta Kappa men became teachers, as against 9.4 per cent. from 1840 to 1844. The figures by five-year periods show a rapid increase in the popularity of the teaching profession with our class of men from 1840 to 1865, a decline during the next five years, and an increase from 1870 on. There is some evidence that the tendency has spent itself by now, for since 1885 the percentage has been stationary.

By far the most striking change in the careers of scholarly men in this country has been the decrease in the number of them in the ministry. A Phi Beta Kappa man was three times as likely to become a clergyman in the middle of the nineteenth century as he is to-day. The percentages in different years are: 1840–49, 38.7 per cent.; 1850–54, 36.5 per cent.; 1855–59, 34.5 per cent.; 1860–64, 27.5 per cent.; 1865–69, 28.5 per cent.; 1870–74, 22.5 per cent.; 1875–79, 22 per cent.; 1880–1884, 19.5 per cent.; 1885–89, 16 per cent.; 1890–94, 14 per cent.

As has been said, these percentages represent the men who have made the ministry their life-work. The decrease would be even more marked if we took all those who entered the ministry, for, as is well known, there were, fifty years ago, many men who entered the ministry, but engaged eventually in the more profitable, congenial, or more needed work of education. One out of every seven Phi Beta Kappa men graduating from 1840 to 1850 who entered the ministry became, in the end, a teacher, while up to the present time only one out of seventeen of those graduating from 1880 to 1890 has done so.

The steadiness of the ministry's loss in attractiveness shows that its cause has not been due to any great and sudden crisis of crises, but to some factor which has worked throughout the period. This factor, whatever it is, has extended its influence widely. For in every one of the colleges taken, sectarian and non-sectarian, Eastern and Western, large and small, the same general change has occurred. If we pick out from the colleges those which have been most prominent in sending out future clergymen, we find that they apparently did not feel the influence which began elsewhere about 1850 until ten or fifteen years later. But from then on the influence worked even more powerfully on them than on the rest. I also find that the change in the attitude of scholarly men is not simply a part of an identical change in college graduates in general. College graduates have entered the ministry less and less in the last fifty years, but the change has not been so marked or followed the same course as it has with the scholarly section.

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If we turn from history to present description and prophecy, we cannot, of course, make more than probable statements. The only way to tell the future is by the past, but the past is rarely a complete guide. And what I have to say about the careers of scholarly men to-day and during the next twenty-five years will be at best only a fairly likely inference.

If we had no records beyond 1894, we should say: Nothing save a revolution will prevent the ministry from losing all its hold upon the class represented by Phi Beta Kappa. The medical profession seems not likely to change very rapidly in attractiveness either way. Teaching has reached at least something near a maximum. The law is regaining what it lost from 1880 to 1890, and may continue to gain. The future will probably witness a steady gain in medicine, a slight gain in teaching, a rapid but unstable gain in the law, and a continued decline in the ministry.

Now we may ask what light the records of the men graduating from 1895 to 1900 cast upon these suppositions. The percentages computed from the catalogue are: law, 15; medicine, 2; teaching, 24; ministry, 5; but the statements of the catalogue concerning recent graduates are not at all accurate accounts of what their life-careers will be. Financial necessities or post-graduate study may delay a man's entrance upon his final career. My own estimate, based upon facts which cannot fitly be presented here, would be 25 per cent. in the law, 8 per cent. in medicine, 26.5 per cent. in teaching, and 10.5 per cent. in the ministry.

Law and teaching thus get a lion's share of the scholarship of the country to-day. Medicine seems from our figures, as indeed it must seem to wise observers of individual cases, to get a smaller proportion of scholarly men than its needs demand or its opportunities invite. That the chance for specialization, research, and consultation work will sometime raise this percentage seems sure. It is certainly to be hoped that medical practice will pass more and more out of the hands of ambitious drug-clerks and undisciplined youth into the hands of careful and broad-minded thinkers.

If scholarly men more and more reject the church as the means by which they will influence opinion and conduct, and replace it by educational, editorial, and administrative agencies, the next century may be altogether guided in its intellectual decisions and in those of its actions which depend on intellectual judgments by forces outside the church. Our grandfathers looked to the minister for advice not only upon religious beliefs and moral practice, but also upon most matters outside their own direct acquaintance. The minister prescribed for the education of sons, solved social problems, and acted as the source and judge of truth in matters of general knowledge. Our sons seem likely to regard the ministry as a body of men fitted to deal with men's religious welfare, but less fitted to be general mentors than others. The direction of the people in other than purely religious activities may pass wholly out of the hands of the church.[1]

[1] See paper by the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden on "The Calling of a Christian Minister," in THE CENTURY for July, 1885.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME

OUR INHERITANCE IN EMERSON

ONE hundred years ago Ralph Waldo Emerson was born—on the 25th of May, 1803. He died on the 27th of April, 1882. The reaction which seems to be a necessary incident in the progress and establishment of an author's fame may be said to have reached its culmination in the case of Emerson some years ago. John Morley's estimate of him and that put forth by Matthew Arnold in his American lecture were read, at the time of their publication, by those whose intellectual lives were partly fashioned by the literature of the man of Concord, with both protest and sinking of the heart. Those estimates were kindly and regretful dethronements of the god; their very kindliness, and the fact that they were written by sympathizers and admirers, by writers who owed much to Emerson, and who desired to deal as gently with the somewhat outworn divinity as possible,—the evident conviction and unimpeachable honesty of the verdicts,—these things made the Emerson enthusiast all the more anxious, in the midst of his rebellion.

The unflinching admirer, at the time, was so grieved at the destructive parts of these criticisms that he, perhaps, failed to appreciate the constructive praises. He was so pained to witness the removal of his divinity from his exalted pedestal that he was little comforted by the fact that the new shrine, while somewhat different, was scarcely less highly placed than the old. And yet this is the language in which Morley concluded his study: "When all these deductions have been made and amply allowed for, Emerson remains among the most persuasive and inspiring of those who by word and example rebuke our despondency, purify our sight, awaken us from the deadening slumbers of convention and conformity, exorcise the pestering imps of vanity, and lift men up from low thoughts and sullen moods of helplessness and impiety."

And Arnold, after his negations, it will be remembered, spoke thus: "We have not in Emerson a great poet, a great writer, a great philosophy-maker. His relation to us is not that of one of those personages; yet it is a relation of, I think, even superior importance. His relation to us is more like that of the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Marcus Aurelius is not a great writer, a great philosophy-maker; he is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. Emerson is the same. He is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. All the points in thinking which are necessary for this purpose he takes; but he does not combine them into a system, or present them as a regular philosophy. Combined in a system by a man with the requisite talent for this kind of thing, they would be less useful than as Emerson gives them to us; and the man with the talent so to systematize them would be less impressive than Emerson. . . . As Wordsworth's poetry is, in my judgment, the most important work done in verse, in our language, during the present century, so Emerson's 'Essays' are, I think, the most important work done in prose." And Arnold closed his lecture with this memorable passage: "You cannot prize him too much, nor heed him too diligently. He has lessons for both branches of our race. I figure him to my mind as visible upon earth still, as still standing here by Boston Bay, or at his own Concord, in his habit as he lived, but of heightened stature and shining feature, with one hand stretched out toward the East, to our laden and laboring England; the other toward the ever-growing West, to his own dearly loved America,—'great, intelligent, sensual, avaricious America.' To us he shows for guidance his lucid freedom, his cheerfulness and hope; to you his dignity, delicacy, serenity, elevation."

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But the lover of Emerson cannot forget that, following the same lines, both Morley and Arnold deny, with qualification and exception, the greatness often proclaimed for Emerson as a poet, a prose writer, and a philosopher, though still according him a very high place among the inspirers of humanity. With regard to his verse, they point out its lack of certain qualities inherent in the world's greatest poetry; with regard to his prose, they dwell especially upon its lack of continuity and flow; with regard to his philosophy, they easily show that he created no formal system—that in this department he was hardly a "constructor."

The faults, little and big, of Emerson's prose style are by this time well understood. His poems, too, have not, indeed, the flow of Spenser or Keats—not, as Arnold indicates, even of Longfellow. He built up no formal philosophy.

But those who have gone beyond their periods of first enthusiasm and reactionary doubt concerning Emerson are no longer troubled by any either unfriendly or friendly definition of his artistic, intellectual, or temperamental limitations. They are fully aware of these; but they are as fully aware of a power of intuition and a mastery of expression—indeed, an actual artistic accomplishment—by him, both in verse and in prose, that make his works a possession of such transcendent value that they cannot imagine the literature of the world ever becoming so rich as to be able to dispense with them or to deny them a high and exceptional place. They say to themselves: if it be true, as Arnold declared, that Emerson was not a "born man of letters," that he was not a "legitimate poet," then the wonder is accomplished of such a writer adding to the world's literature, to the world's poetry, some of its best treasures of artistic expression; they find that in the third decade after his death his literary influence, and the influence of his thought, is affecting new writers in other tongues and arousing renewed appreciation and adulation among the thoughtful. They may not care to insist upon ranking him arbitrarily above this or that contemporary writer, or author of the past; in their minds his literature may not suggest the immense mountain-ranges or high table-lands of the Shaksperes and Platos, but the peaks of his exquisite genius seem to them to thrust far up, now and again, to equal height in the same lofty atmosphere.

The lack of constructive continuity in Emerson's writing is compensated for by the cosmic character of the separate sections. He himself spoke of his "paragraphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle." A lecturer the other night, in daring hyperbole, described molecules as little solar systems, showing that science had abolished all idea of insignificant smallness. So one might speak of Emerson's prose sentences. As to his verse, the occasional roughness is a probably unintentional enhancement of the clear, melodious cadences that so often recur, charming the mind and ear with an unearthly music. Good verse is thought packed tight for a long journey; but only here and there in all literature is there such tight packing as in the verse of Emerson, and no limit can be safely named to the length of its journey down the tide of time.

Emerson's highest artistic quality has in it always a suggestion of miracle. One "cannot see how it was done," and imitation is disaster. The sentence, the phrase, creates in the mind a sense of luminousness, so keen is the vibration. This may be said of all works of high artistic genius, but in the case of Emerson the miraculously luminous effect is peculiarly felt. On a building at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, the visitor who read the following words, even if he could not remember having read them before, might not long doubt as to their origin: "O rich and various Man! thou palace of sight and sound, carrying in thy senses the morning and the night and the unfathomable galaxy; in thy brain, the geometry of the City of God; in thy heart, the bower of love and the realms of right and wrong."

And as to that slender and precious volume of Emerson's poems: open anywhere, and everywhere the miracle. We, at the moment, came, by accident, upon "Two Rivers." Consider it for subtlety and for sweep of imagination, or for the liquid beauty of the line, the crisp of its consonants and the rich pour of its vowels; how often in any language has it been equaled?

Thy summer voice, Musketaquit,
  Repeats the music of the rain;
But sweeter rivers pulsing flit
  Through thee, as thou through Concord Plain.

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Thou in thy narrow banks art pent:
  The stream I love unbounded goes
Through flood and sea and firmament;
  Through light, through life, it forward flows.

I see the inundation sweet,
  I hear the spending of the stream
Through years, through men, through nature fleet,
  Through love and thought, through power and dream.

Musketaquit, a goblin strong,
  Of shard and flint makes jewels gay;
They lose their grief who hear his song,
  And where he winds is the day of day.

So forth and brighter fares my stream,—
  Who drink it shall not thirst again;
No darkness stains its equal gleam,
  And ages drop in it like rain.

The midmost stanza of the five happens to be a part of the "familiar quotation" of our day; it gleams here like a lucent jewel on a golden ring, a jewel wide as nature and deep as time.

The beauty of Emerson's prose at its best cannot be analyzed, nor of his verse. His phrase, in prose or verse, is in a very intense sense the natural product of an individual, and that individual a soul apart. Our inheritance in Emerson is not only an inheritance of a literature, but of a life, of a nature well-nigh unique among world-authors. Surely few lives have ever been lived on such moral and intellectual heights. Somewhat as Washington stands among the world's statesmen,—a public and private life one in purity and sentiment,—so stands Emerson among the greatest of those who have expressed themselves in language: no pettiness to deplore, no derelictions to explain or forget. Others have been good; others have been pure; but in him there is a crystalline intensity of purity, a never abandoned altitude. Life, thought, expression are one, and all are altogether noble.

In Emerson as an American, as a patriot, we of the New World have an inheritance peculiarly our own, which will grow richer with the spending—for the spending of such an inheritance means that we ourselves be spent for the Republic. Far as we may go beyond our present failures,—beyond what Morley calls this our corrupt period,—far as we may go on the line of our nobler national accomplishments (and amidst all our discouragements we must not forget these nobler accomplishments!), far as we may travel up the pathway of our true ideals—still before us, and ever higher on that pathway, will be seen the beckoning figure, will be heard the urging and inspiring voice, of Emerson.

Listen to the words of Emerson the American, of Emerson the patriot: "America should affirm and establish that in no instance shall the guns go in advance of the present right. We shall not make *coups d'état* and afterward explain and pay, but shall proceed like William Penn, or whatever other Christian or humane person who treats with the Indian or the foreigner, on principles of honest trade and mutual advantage. We can see that the Constitution and the law in America must be written on ethical principles, so that the entire power of the spiritual world shall hold the citizen loyal, and repel the enemy as by force of nature. It should be mankind's bill of rights, or Royal Proclamation of the Intellect ascending the throne, announcing its good pleasure that now, once for all, the world shall be governed by common sense and law of morals." "It is not a question whether we shall be a multitude of people. No, that has been conspicuously decided already; but whether we shall be the new nation, the guide and lawgiver of all nations, as having clearly chosen and firmly held the simplest and best rule of political society."

The above from "The Fortune of the Republic," spoken in the Old South Church, Boston, in 1878; and this last quotation from "The Young American," uttered in 1844, and still new, fresh, and sublimely monitory, like the recorded words from the lips anointed of some Hebrew prophet-poet: "Here stars, here woods, here hills, here animals, here men abound, and the vast tendencies concur of a new order. If only the men are employed in conspiring with the designs of the Spirit who led us hither, and is leading us still, we shall quickly enough advance out of all hearing of others' censures, out of all regrets of our own, into a new and more excellent social state than history has recorded."

[1] See also editorial in THE CENTURY for July, 1882.

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PARTY NECESSITY A PARTY SNARE

THE excuse for supporting an unscrupulous senator is made in one State on the ground of party necessity, in this case party necessity generally meaning business necessity. The "honest" manufacturer, while privately denouncing in one breath the State's notorious boss senator,—with satisfactory moral fervor and profane persiflage,—in the next breath will explain the impossibility of letting his own views be known outside of the charmed circle of intimacy, because, as you know, his business is such as to be endangered by any change in party domination. "Of course," he will say, "So-and-so is an intolerable rascal and possibly ought to be in the State prison, but I am convinced that the prosperity of the country depends upon the ascendancy of our party; and because I can't afford, on account of my business, to take any chances, I confess that, in the circumstances, I 'd support the senator if he were the devil himself."

In another State the "honest" member of the opposite party will say: "Of course I agree with you, as between gentlemen, that the senator is an intolerable rascal; but he controls the State machine and is a part of the national machine, and I 'm so tired of the abominations of the other party in national affairs that I 'm just naturally bound to support the senator in this campaign. As I am a mightily convinced partizan, I 'm free to confess that I should support him if the senator were the personal devil himself, and I sometimes think he is."

So each party sends to represent it, from each of these two States, not two honest and capable partizans, but one conscienceless boss senator and a servile tool of the boss senator. And when it comes to some great and pressing issue, in which, in the broadest sense, the good of one party or the other is involved, each of these boss senators and his tool,—having no real principles themselves, either of party or otherwise,—will be found conspiring with the most conscienceless men under the opposite flag to defeat the honest policies of the conscientious leaders of their respective parties.

Those familiar with modern political history will not find it difficult to make fairly close application of the above remarks to particular instances, perhaps in various directions. The conclusion is irresistible that it would be infinitely better, in the interest of mere partizanship,—to say nothing of the interest of good government,—for these States to send representatives to the Senate who would stand honestly by anything, including the principles of the party that sent them.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Half-Truths

FRIENDSHIP is a reciprocal endurance of mutual egotisms.

THE desire for sympathy is like morphine; it forms a habit.

THE linguist is enabled, by education, to make a fool of himself in a variety of tongues.

EVERY man has his religion—with some it is witch-hazel.

IMAGINATION is the gift of God and the instrument of the devil.

Louise Herrick Wall.

To a Beginner at Golf

From an Observer of the Game

WOULDST play the game, O youth?
Forget the lore of ages:
Golf scorns each adage of
Philosophers and sages.

"Look up, not down," my friend,
Is *not* the way to view it;
Reverse it straightway, man,
Or thou shalt surely rue it.

No "wagon hitched to stars"
Will aid thee in thy driving;

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"High aims" will bring thee low,
Spite of thy best contriving.

Nor seek to get a "pull,"
As in some other places;
'T will put thee out of bounds
In ten of twenty cases.

Ambition 's all in vain;
The "top" thou must beware.
Strive to get "in a hole";
Make that thy constant care.

"Press on"? Nay, nay, poor fool!
Such efforts can't repay thee;
They end in throes of pain
That drugs will scarce allay thee.

To simplest moral laws
Pay thou no heed, O youth.
Know here that "'a good lie'
Is better than the truth."

Amelia Avery Hall.

Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

THE WEATHER PROPHET

MR. RABBIT: You 're a fine one to cry all night long, "It 's going to rain! It 's going to rain!"
TREE-TOAD: I must have been talking in my sleep.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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From a water-color drawing by Arthur Schneider

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO, MULAI ABD-UL-AZIZ, AT FIDALA, ON THE WEST COAST

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO JOURNEYS TOWARD FEZ

BY ARTHUR SCHNEIDER

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

THE ancient custom of conducting a monarch and his court through his dominions with the charm of semibarbaric splendor still exists in Morocco, between the two capitals of which, Fez and Morocco, the Sultan, accompanied by a vast army of followers, journeys from time to time.

The journey, which for two years had become more and more of a necessity, owing to the rebellious tribesmen near Fez, had been eagerly anticipated by the court, and had kept it in a constant state of perplexity. The Sultan's eagerness, I was tempted to believe, was doubtful, and the puzzling glances which he cast in my direction during a quiet game of billiards were suddenly solved by the startling query:

"Dost care to travel with me to Fez?"

I replied with an eager "Yea."

"The time is close at hand," he remarked. "Assemble thy belongings and prepare thyself, for soon shall thine eyes behold Fez, a city of whiteness and"—here he stood rigid to illustrate—"strength." Then, gracefully sweeping the loose bottom end of his sulham over his shoulder, he proceeded to stalk about in humorous imitation of the men of that city, who, he assured me, were vain fellows. I now recall him sitting upon an imaginary horse, just as I was about to leave, and laughingly saying, "On the march."

As military officers, some of his royal predecessors had taken Europeans along, but never in any other capacity; therefore, the natives said, at the last moment I would be left behind through the efforts of those slaves to tradition, the vizirs. Furthermore, distrusting the semi-official manifesto that the court was about to move, the people looked for the Sultan himself to give the infallible signal, which is to appear in person and make a pilgrimage to the shrines of the seven saints buried in the city. This carried out, the Commander of the Faith-

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ful and his court soon withdraw from the city.

All were now waiting for their mighty Sultan to give the word. It passed his lips:

"To-morrow, if it pleases God, I visit the shrines of the saints."

Meanwhile he was deeply engrossed in painting a still-life of my hat.

In the dim gray of that memorable dawn my soldier could have been seen at the mouth of a street gate, pestering the throng with his everlasting: "Stand aside for the doctor!"

Scarce were we stationed when the vanguard appeared, expanding from a near-by gate.

After a short pause the Sultan emerged, followed by a mixed assemblage of officials and tribesmen. Shuffling animals carried this cortège—for all was quiet and solemn—in our direction, and as they swept by we joined them through the succeeding gateways, until the tomb of the first saint was reached, just outside the Red Gate.

The Sultan, dismounting with unaffected bearing, entered alone to commune with the long-departed saint, which duty he accomplished with amazing rapidity, and returning, proceeded without delay to the other shrines.

For seven long years the Sultan's glimpses of his city had been confined to the little street through which he passed on his way to the mosque close to the palace. Nevertheless, on this tour of the city his face betrayed no evidence of surprise or interest.

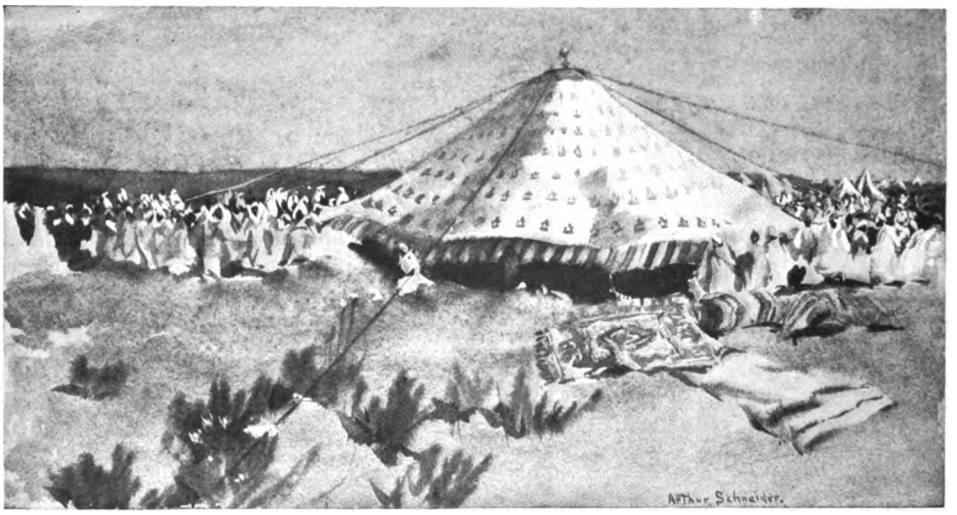
Later in the day I went directly to bother that cheerful procrastinator, the Amin, in whose charge the animals and other necessaries of camp life rested. He had picked up some English, and as he was always "very bewzy" and wished to be "'scused," it required repeated visits before finally, upon entering the stable-yard, I was greeted by an irregular medley of mules and gigantic pack-saddles, in charge of three Arabs, who answered to the Arabic equivalent of the titles, "Pilgrim the Arab," "The Lion," and "Son of Fathers of Shops."

Further visits and more "bewzniz" were required before the tents and water-skins arrived.

Who does not long for a glimpse of the mysterious compound at night, viewed by the vague light of a tallow lantern laid close to the earth: a kettle of boiling water balanced uneasily upon the top of a pot of fire, moving apparitions clouding the inclosure, great shadows lifting along the wall to the very sky, the indispensable cups of tea, and fearful hissing of noisy drinking?

The Lion must leave in the morning, as the other two refuse to travel with him, saying his tribe are all lazy.

Now all were impatient for the order to move, which soon came, and the first camp



Drawn by Arthur Schneider. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

PITCHING THE ROYAL TENT

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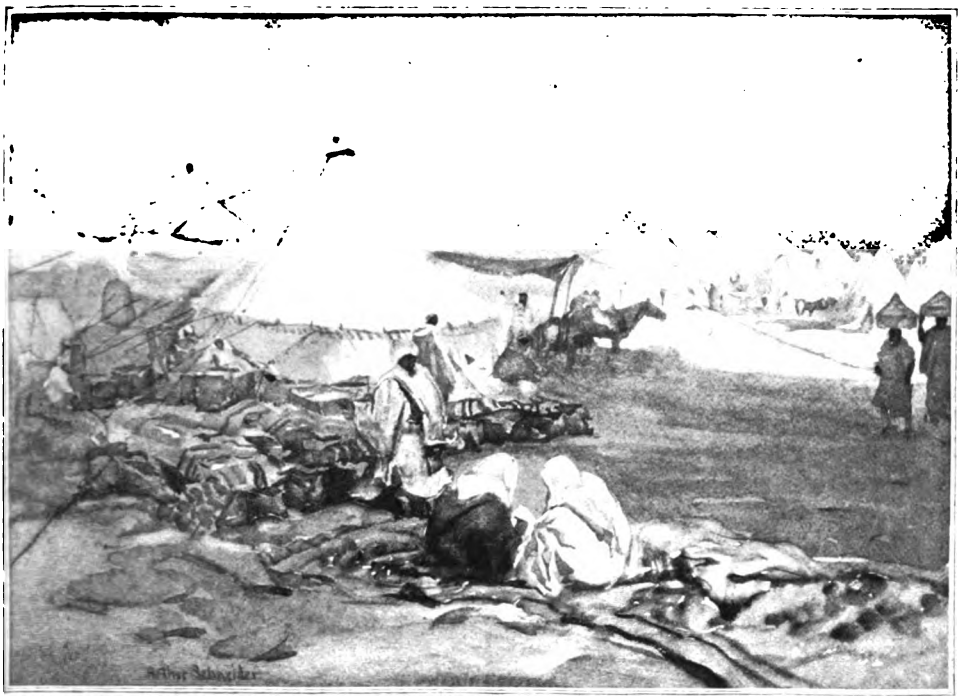

Drawn by Arthur Schneider. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Miller

QUARTERS OF THE MINISTER OF THE TREASURY

chosen was to be at Binsasi, a two hours' journey.

The following noon my baggage was loaded upon the seven pack-mules, a lame one receiving his burden first—"to limber him up," as the wise Pilgrim said.

Surplus household effects were given to ragged Arab friends, who left nothing behind fit even for a begging saint.

What a sight in the narrow street outside! Boxes, tents, poles, pots, and kettles were suspended on all corners of the mules, the many legs and flapping ears of which were alone visible.

"Rrrah! Zeed!" ("Get up! Go on!") yelled Pilgrim the Arab.

Amid the dull whacks of clubs, the packs were soon pitching about like tubs in a choppy sea, pushing, bumping, tilting, dragging, wedging, and compelling scribe and wayfarer alike to scurry aside with gathered garments.

I turned my horse toward the palace to secure some material for sketching on the journey. Imagine my dismay upon arriving at the inner gate to find its opening filled with solid masonry, while, tightly hemming the wall, burly masons flicked the perspiration from oozing pores. This was indeed such a barrier to my plans that I at once withdrew in a very disconsolate frame of mind, when I chanced to think of a small opening through which the carpenters and masons were hurried, and hastening to it, was happy to find it open.

Inside the grounds the wild animals were still captives in their massive cages. The boars, the mountain goats, and a few remaining slaves seemed, owing to the sealed gate, destined to perpetual dreams.

Preparing to close the studio door, I looked regretfully about. What would it resemble in a few months?

Skurrying in the direction of the flowing mass of Arabs, we simply joined them and drifted beyond the city toward the camp. The Sultan had left the city with royal pomp a few hours previous. An hour on the road brought us to a few camels already exhausted and lying by the wayside to die. A scarcity of animals and the lateness of the season were sources of much anxiety.

Surrounded by the black veil of night, we arrived at the outskirts of the camp, and awkwardly groped our way through the maze of tents, ropes, and upturned faces of soldiers, drinking tea and smoking

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kief. Much wandering in an uncertain way brought us at last to the tent of the Minister of War, near which, after unloading the animals, we spread our own.

Sleep was relieving drowsiness as I lay in my tent, gratified that no one had induced the Sultan to countermand his request that I journey with him, when suddenly, from not far distant, a voice called:

"Circle the ——"

Close to my ears a discordant "Circled!" bellowed from a dozen throats in response. I listened, now wide awake. Again came the challenge; again the "Circled!" from near my tent-ropes, which were now being disturbed. At a signal were they to pull up the stakes and, with me inclosed, drag the outfit back to the city?

"Circle the animals!" I now made it out. But why call throughout the night? Sleep was impossible.

Objections in the morning were of no avail: it was the only safeguard against mule robbery, I was told. Each night my animals and tents were to be guarded by soldiers, challenged by an officer to prevent them from sleeping. Strange to say, after the first night this clamor had no effect on my rest.

At dawn, my tent showing signs of collapse, resulting from the efforts of the restive guardsmen, I emerged, and was amused to see all tents down save the Sultan's and my own. Starting early, to avoid the heat of the sun, already most of the court were on their way to the next encampment, about four hours distant, which was the average daily journey.

It was extremely cold, and as I mounted in the gray of the morning nothing was to be seen but vague white specters moving in faint outline against the sky. These were the great mass of self-directing court-followers, who pursued no regular road, but kept to a general direction, spreading loosely to the width of a mile.

Soon we wound through a very sandy stretch, dotted with huge bushes. The effect was not unlike countless numbers of monster serpents squirming slowly between the shrubs, one moment bursting into view, hidden again the next.

Suddenly there was a shout, guns and pistols were fired, and clubs were hurled. A little streak seen dodging for life was finally brought down—a rabbit! The enthusiasm and excitement suggested an elephant hunt.

Drawn by Arthur Schneider. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE SULTAN RIDING TO HIS TENT

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Drawn by Arthur Schneider. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE SULTAN RECEIVING HIS KAIDS

Beckoning my soldier to come along, we hurried to an abrupt hill some distance ahead for a better view. Upon mounting to the summit, we turned our eyes upon a vast, shimmering sky bending over an equally vast earth, which, as far as the eye could pierce, was dotted with many atoms —thirty thousand human beings, as many camels, mules, and the like. What a revelation to see them at a distance in that clear, tropical atmosphere!

In the distance could be seen a toy tent, and at once, as if by magic, hundreds of still more diminutive ones seemed to spring from the earth all about it. We rode toward them. Two hours later we beheld the Sultan's great camp, a veritable city of canvas, while the endless plains peeped timidly here and there over the shoulders of the tents.

Where the earth was uneven the highest spot was chosen for the Sultan's tent. This was raised by his tent-pitchers, while a few hundred soldiers radiated with the guy- and tent-ropes. The huge canvas at once bulged and swayed like a gigantic balloon. Surely, if the soldiers loosened their hold, it must soar away to the sky. Could this airy monster, trying to burst its bands, be the same which I saw later weighing so heavily on the mules?

No tents were allowed to be pitched until the Sultan's was in position, although the Sultan's might be the last to arrive; and to insure absolute privacy a circular canvas wall was speedily staked around it.

The tents of his ministers were put up in close proximity, and no doubt those mule-baskets and -bags which were strewn about in such reckless fashion before the Amin's tent, just like so much coal, really did contain gold and silver. The tents of other court officials, slaves, and servants were strewn all over the grounds, but always in the same relative position day after day; so that it was easy finding one's way about after having once mastered the plan.

All this court circle was then surrounded by the tents of soldiers, pitched very close together, forming a sort of barrier. The tent in which the Sultan held court was placed close outside the canvas wall, which had an opening on that side, which he alone used. In front of the tent was a large open space, which was always kept clear by the guards, and the farther end was taken up by the artillery, the guns being stretched out in a broad line. As the front

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of the court tent was entirely open and his Majesty sat close to the opening, it enabled him to see the greater part of his camp while holding court.

My tents were always pitched between the artillery and the infantry. A camp-bed, a table, two chairs, and two rugs were the furniture of the largest tent. Another was used as a kitchen, while a third was occupied by the servants; and although piled with baggage, the six men found room in it to eat, to sleep, and to pray.

A fearful hissing sip, like tearing pieces of new linen, invariably made by the Arabs while drinking tea, issued day and night from this region.

At the broadest end of this irregular triangle of tents the animals were tethered, being fastened by their fore feet to ropes, which were again fastened to a long rope staked in the ground. In the center of all this were the water-skins, hung on a tripod. The first duty of all drivers upon arriving at camp was to take their animals to the nearest watering-place, good or bad, and at times an hour's distance.

All horses, even the best of the Sultan's, are without shelter during the entire journey, and when covered with mud and clay are dismal sights.

The royal stables were tethered close to one side of the protecting canvas wall, about twenty horses in all, and most of them, too, well fed. Although his Majesty never used them when once in camp, three were always saddled, ready to carry their master to battle or to a place of safety. His favorite en route was a rather small, black horse, which traveled very smoothly at an exceedingly rapid pace; while for entering cities he used a wonderful horse—"golden, with silver mane and tail," as I have heard it called.

In the morning, at four o'clock, the bugle sounded to break camp; the foot-soldiers arose, pulled up their tent-pegs, and were away in the darkness. Gradually the remaining tents came down, and the throng of Arabs were on the move. The Sultan's tent remained. A little to one side his ministers and kaids patiently waited, the latter forming a large, hollow square, at one end of which stood the ministers, while in front of them a spacious blue-and-gold chair awaited its sacred occupant.

Presently the wall opened and he appeared, his mask-like visage turning neither right nor left. With garments swaying rhythmically, he walked to the chair and seated himself. A slave at his side fanned him with a white silken cloth, to defend his sacred master from imaginary insects. He whispered to the slave, who called to one of the ministers. Hurriedly he appeared, lowering his hood; then, after removing his slippers just back of his Majesty, presented himself, and after a short conversation was dismissed. Presently five gorgeously saddled horses were brought before their royal master, who, with a motion of his hand, chose one, the others being taken away, while he rose with great solemnity, and mounting, rode to all sides of the square, to be thrice saluted by each body of soldiers. This ceremony completed, the musicians, armed with oboes and tom-toms, disturbed the atmosphere with a doleful, prehistoric dirge, and the procession was under way. It was nothing but an entanglement of artillery, infantry, flags, horsemen, and court officials in a mad riot, but, as in a threshing-machine tearing its insides furiously, the wheat, straw, and chaff found their channels at once, and left the ignorant beholder spellbound. Behold! they were moving with military precision, a brother of the Sultan at the head, followed by an extremely wide row of mounted soldiers carrying silken standards of all colors.

Then came the artillery, rattling and bumping, and coming to grief often where the roads were bad. Next followed mounted soldiers and a score of government officials, a sort of police. After a short space, riding alone, came the kaid of the mishwa (master of ceremonies), very straight and very black, picturesquely hugging his gun close to him.

After him followed four led horses abreast, all richly saddled, for the Sultan's use should he tire of his mount. Then, with some distance intervening, came the Sultan, alone, save for six black slaves, who kept up a continual wafting of white cloths in the direction of his face.

A palanquin containing the blue chair then appeared, carried between two mules, just in front of another row of mounted standard-bearers, followed by the Minister of War and the important members of the court. All were obliged to turn aside and make way for this cavalcade.

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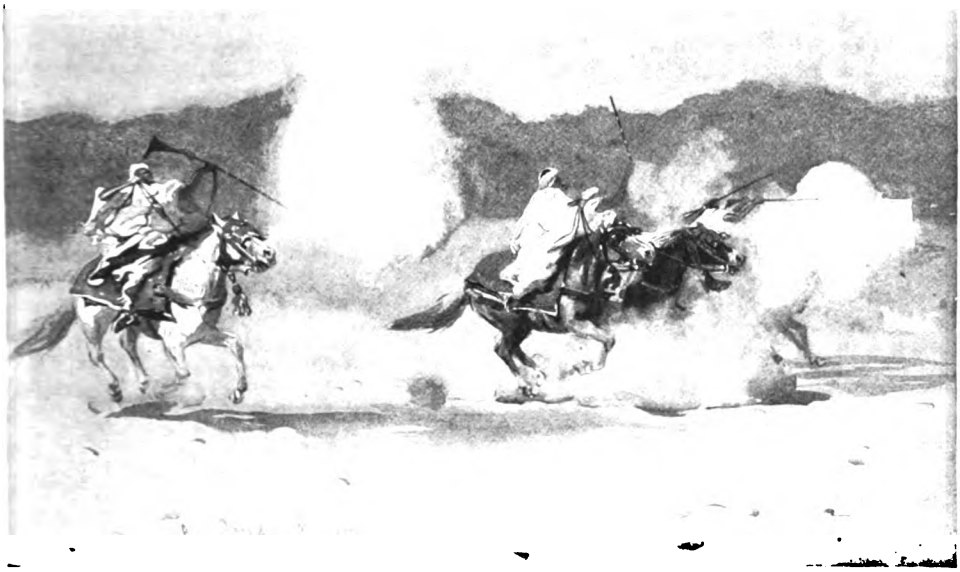

Drawn by Arthur Schneider. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

POWDER PLAY

Two other detachments also traveled in this way—the Sultan's tent and his harem. Astride of as many mules, six favorites of unknown color and beauty, together with forty-two mysterious, squatting creatures, riding in pairs on pack-mules, composed the royal collection of ladies chosen for this journey. Even a sultan must make some sacrifices when he journeys. However, he could look forward to a full household awaiting him at Fez.

The forty-eight favored ones rode very closely bunched, looking like so many cones of sugar, each one being enveloped in white, with just a narrow slit for the eyes. They were guarded by formidable-looking soldiers, while flags, carried far in advance, cleared the way far more effectively than clubs clear Broadway.

The Sultan's tent was carried along on the strongest of mules in the center of a very noisy and vociferous crowd of soldiers and tent-pitchers. When traveling was bad they were compelled to change the mules every ten or fifteen minutes, and often this mighty bundle of canvas and ropes, which required eight men to place it upon the mule, immediately crushed the animal to the earth. Frequent occurrences of this kind caused the tent to fall far behind his Majesty, and those in charge were frenzied in their endeavors to hurry it along, lest it should be unprepared for their ruler in time.

Perched upon a saddle intended for a full-grown man, and riding a large horse, the Sultan's youngest brother (Sidi Mohammed) looked a perfect elf—a picturesque little fellow as he rode along quietly in the safe escort of his black body-guard.

Bareheaded slaves and eunuchs were scattered about, scampering hither and thither upon fiery barbs.

When the cavalcade was about to pass through a fresh district, the governor who controlled it, with his standard unfurled beside him, and many of his tribesmen, awaited its arrival on the border-line. At the instant of the Sultan's coming abreast and halting, the kaid of the mishwa cried aloud:

"Saith my lord, you are welcome."

Bowing low in their saddles, they devoutly mumbled in chorus:

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"Allah preserve our Lord."

Hurriedly dismounting and prostrating himself at the feet of his master, the governor kissed the earth and then the royal robe. Without being recognized, he at once vaulted into his saddle and sought the Minister of War, while the imperial pageant moved onward. By this time his tribesmen had galloped some distance in advance and to one side. Whirling about, they came tearing back, fifteen or twenty abreast, amid clouds of dust or buckets of mud, according to conditions. With faces of fiends, they rode like devils, silken garments gnarling and shimmering, glistening flint-locks held high in air. A loud yell—*bang, bang!*—and horses and riders emerged from a cloud of smoke. Executing this wild riding and shouting,—the powder play,—row after row plunged forward, in startling contrast to the stately court pageant, slowly and unconcernedly moving on.

When the demons had tired, they jogged along with us, dignified and quiet, not only to the next encampment, but to the border of the succeeding district.

So enthusiastic were the poor country Arabs along the line of march that they were totally oblivious of the blows and rough treatment to which many were subjected by the soldiers in order to keep them from blockading the path of their ruler. What would our farmers say to thousands of horsemen, although commanded by the President, kicking up and dooming to perdition all of their fields? But the Moorish farmer looks upon the thousands of horsemen trampling his crops, and says: "Praise God for his favor and kindness! From this time forth shall my crops bear twofold. The Sultan hath blessed my soil; to God be the glory!"

The sherifian umbrella was never unfolded until well within sight of the camp, when, simultaneously with the playing of plaintive music, its shadow enveloped the royal horseman.

Extending toward us for about a mile from each proposed encampment were two rows, one composed of foot-soldiers, who left early every morning for this purpose, and the other of mounted soldiers and tribesmen. Between this wide channel the pageant passed.

His Majesty continued searching the plain right and left for a suitable spot to rest until his quarters were prepared. This found, his chair was quickly placed, whereupon he dismounted and seated himself. His ministers took up their stations in the rear, while his soldiers cleared a great space before him, at the border of which the villagers, or people of the neighborhood, congregated and shouted aloud for joy. Provisions had been stored by these people for years for no other than court use, and now they could be squeezed no more on that score.

The sign given that all was in readiness, the Sultan again mounted, and with the umbrella surmounting his head like a gigantic crown, he rode through another channel of soldiers into an opening in the canvas wall. After having eaten and rested, he emerged alone, and with swaying garments walked slowly to the court tent, where he called his ministers by turn to discuss matters pertaining to court. The same routine was followed day after day.

In the open space before him horses presented to the royal stable were led for his approval. Frequently, in the midst of court matters, some man with a grievance, who had stolen to the edge of the clearing, raised himself, and, with arms extended for recognition, shouted wildly:

"Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz, have mercy, in the name of God!"

Two soldiers conveyed him to an official, who attended to his case.

At five o'clock in the afternoon a body of four hundred soldiers marched from their quarters and formed a cordon about the imperial tent, remaining there until bugle-call for a general exodus on the following morning, when they arose sleepily and stretched their limbs, thus completing their toilet for the day. Without shelter of any kind, these guards sat throughout the night, sometimes in a torrent of rain, and, should the wind blow, hanging to the guy-ropes to quiet the unruly canvas and allow the sherifian dreamer to sleep undisturbed.

On the fifth day we came to a wide river with a treacherous current, and although the great tent was already being erected, his Majesty decided, on account of the probability of rain during the night, to cross at once. The ford was indicated by Arabs standing breast-high in deep places. A shelving of rock at the entrance forced all animals to plunge at once into

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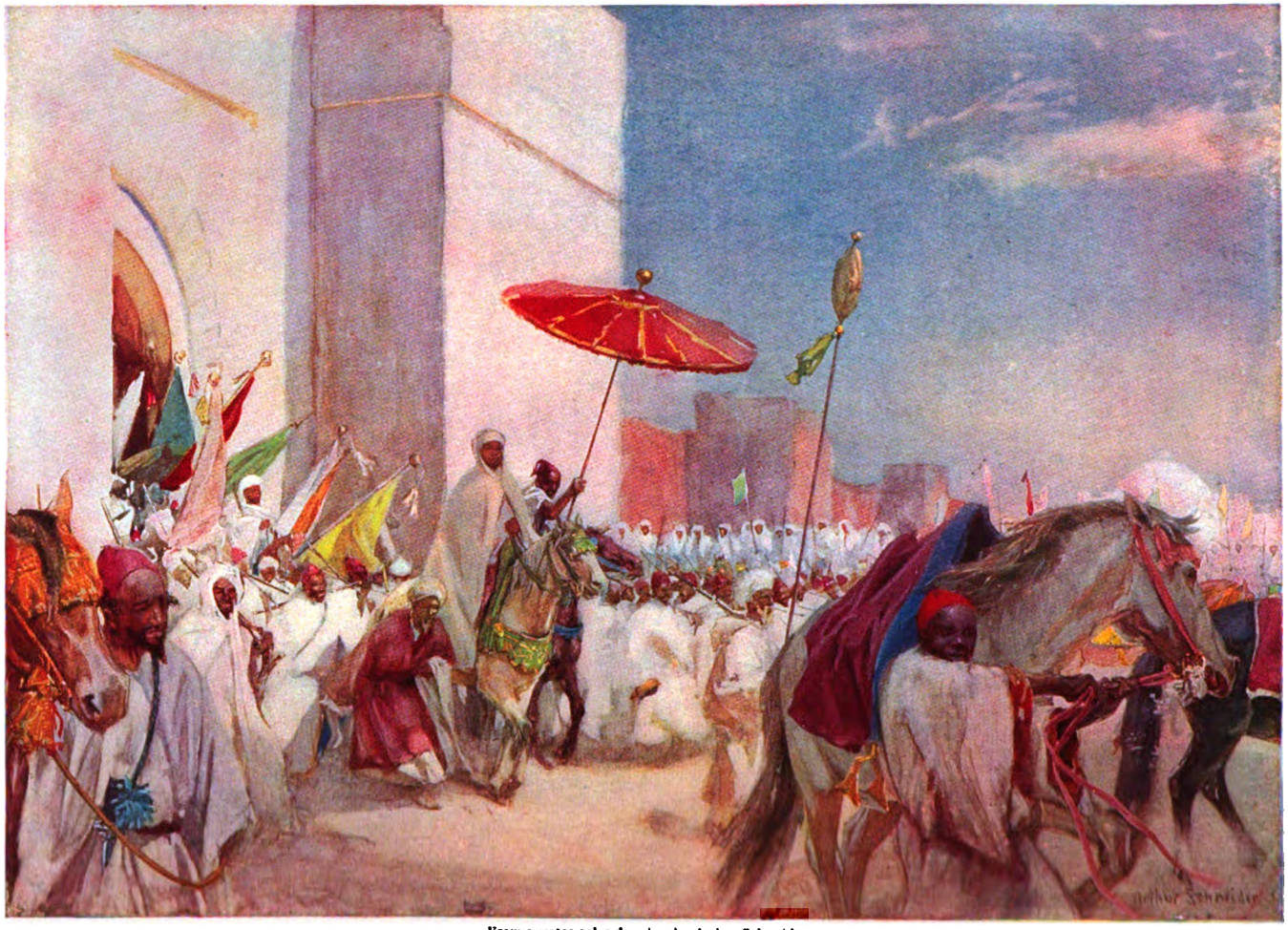

From a water-color drawing by Arthur Schneider

A ROYAL PAGEANT

The Sultan leaves Morocco city in state for the first camp

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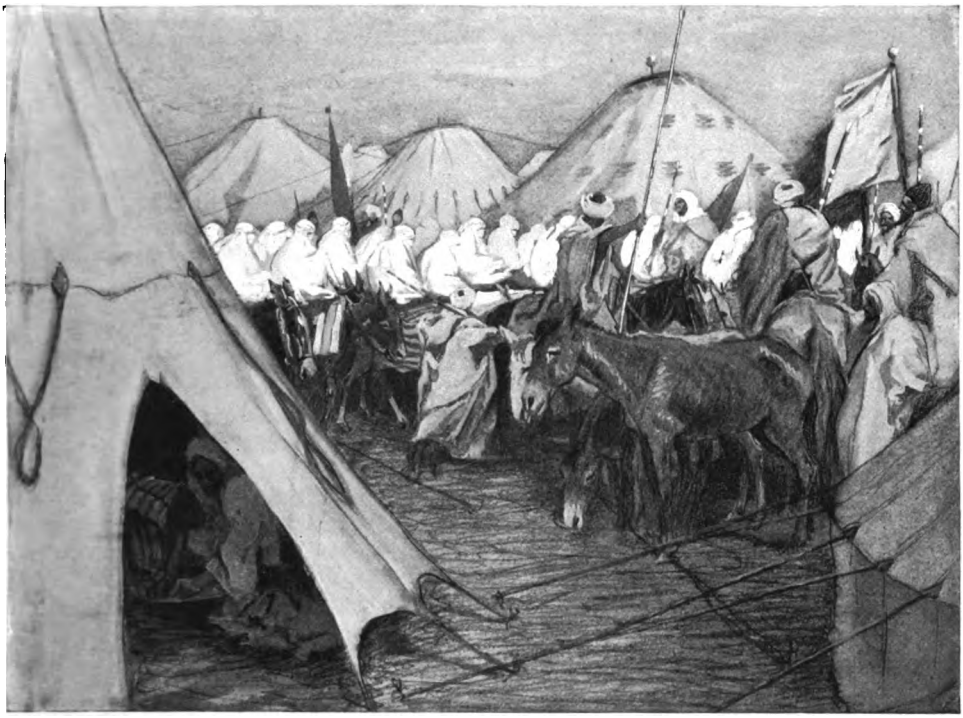
water to their knees. Then the battle with the current began. Slowly feeling his footing, my horse carried me to the screaming throng battling with the current. Here were constantly occurring the most wildly exciting incidents of the journey. My energies, concentrated upon crossing safely, were about taken up with that task. Still, were taken farther up the river, where they also were made to swim.

The Sultan was carried over by a splashing horse, while his black attendants, in full costume, breasted the current on each side of him. The blue chair was placed upon the opposite bank, and in it the Sultan sat for hours, watching.



Drawn by Arthur Schneider. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

ARRIVAL IN CAMP OF THE ROYAL HAREM

I was aware of being in the midst of chaos. Swerving animals foundered amid heavy splashes and frenzied shouts, while others vainly strove to regain their footing, with drenched Arabs lifting at the loads.

"Cut the pack free!" "Here, the dagger!" The baggage being cut away, some animals churned to their feet; others, weakened by vain plunging and heaving, were held in a death-grip by the furious river, the owners grimly holding the nostrils of the breadwinners above water. Many animals and quantities of baggage were lost. The shallow water once reached, all was well. Before entering the water, donkeys were freed of their loads and swam across. The horses of the royal stables

It was here that, in the reign of the present Sultan's father, many lives were sacrificed. The river was very high, and it was out of the question to attempt crossing except by means of the old barges of the river. The army was composed almost entirely of men from the interior, who had heard rumors of boats—"things which carried people across the water, similar to a horse on land." These boats were hastily filled with baggage, and in a twinkling were covered with squatting soldiers, while others clung to the edges, laughingly chaffing the more unfortunate ones left behind. A few, anticipating trouble, rushed into the water to drag some friends off, but these, thinking it a ruse to secure their places,

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Drawn by Arthur Schneider. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

LANDING THE ROYAL HORSES

quickly pushed off. There is not much more to be said, save that, once in the current, the heavily overloaded boats settled to the bottom, with the men still lounging on the baggage. To the very last they did not realize any danger, and probably thought that that was one of the ways a boat has of crossing to the other shore. Some mutterings were heard that the present Sultan was looking for a repetition of the affair.

We camped close to a stronghold, a great part now in ruins. When, a few years ago, a tyrannical kaid left upon a journey, the fury of his subjects had reached such a stage that they tore down his palace, and, strange to say, a part of the mosque, and to-day only half of the tower remains.

In the evening a soldier appeared before me.

"Answer our lord," he said. Hailing my soldier (with trickling tears poor Gelalli had said farewell and remained in Morocco city to attend to his family), together we moved among the wild undergrowth, the meshes of tent-ropes, the ragged lines of animals of burden in multiplied positions of ease; then crowding between the artillery guns to the open space which surrounds the mosque tent, and elbowing the crowds of lounging slaves and eunuchs along the cordon of soldiers, we came to the opening in the canvas wall, which I entered, and stood in a crescent-shaped space between the canvas wall and the royal canvas dome piling up in front of me.

Here the Sultan came for a talk, as was his wont each day.

"Great excitement to-day," he exclaimed, "but no human lives were lost, praise be to God!"

Beginning to look fit, he threw out his chest, took a deep breath, and said: "Traveling is grand. Soon we shall behold the sea."

Torrents of rain during the night pointed to the wisdom of fording.

Wandering with a servant through the camp, we stopped suddenly at the sight of a market-place, which had apparently existed there for ages. Here were the quarters of the shoemakers, close by the tailors. Great quantities of bread were being shoveled from smoking ovens. Vegetable-dealers, butchers, barbers, heaps of straw and barley, and the ever-present snake-charmer and story-teller were everywhere. Although their tattered tents presented the appearance of having sprouted and matured where they stood, the following day revealed a tentless plain.

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A few days later we crossed a country so rich in soil that scratching the earth with a primitive wooden plow, followed by a boy pegging seeds in the furrows, yields excellent crops, as the appearance of prosperous and well-clothed Arabs bears witness. Numerous and large splashes of mud, resulting from the "powder play" in soggy soil, tried, but could not belittle, their dignity.

In a few days we expected to rest by the sea-coast, and the march over the plains would be a thing of the past.

At this time his Majesty ambled about his quarters in explosive enthusiasm, brought on by anticipation, intermingled with dreamy recollections of childhood's visions. His feet, accustomed to slippers, were now incased in a pair of thick-soled European shoes, for sauntering on the sands.

Would any large steamers pass? He would hail one and clamber aboard.

On the fifteenth day we left our last inland camp for the sea-shore, the Sultan envious of those who could gallop to the water's edge before him. He rode along quietly enough, checking his impatience, until a narrow ribbon of blue burst into view above a stretch of sand-dunes, when he communicated his feelings to his horse, urging him to a faster pace. This pace increased until it carried him up to and over the sand into the sea. He was obliged to halt there. The sea refused to roll back, and his horse would go no farther. It was a heart-stirring scene; and at the time, although the old tale of King Canute came to my mind, I was under too great a magic spell to smile at the similitude.

There was grandeur in that straight figure in glistening white, sitting so majestically in bewilderment upon his restive steed, contemplating the billows as they gathered themselves and closed in on the shore, racing under him up the sandy shore, to slip back and leave a great expanse of polished strand. The stretch of sand leading to the long sand-hills swarming with white-clothed Arabs and many-colored standards, wedging their brilliance into the sky, held me enchanted.

The Sultan's very embarrassment made it all the more impressive, and he looked the absolute monarch, unapproachable, who never smiled or joked, and never loaded paint on canvas. No; this was Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz, the Sultan. Never before did it seem so incredible that I was, day after day, rubbing shoulders with this inaccessible man.

He commanded his chair to be so placed that when he dismounted and seated himself the water crept to his very feet. Nothing but sheer love of the sea prompted this.

Farther down the coast, where a promontory of great sponge-formed rocks exposed their pores, the canvas dome was spread, and as it was impossible to pitch tents in the sea and at the same time preserve their usefulness, those which on former occasions were placed on that side of the royal quarters were now compelled to crowd among us, as the outer tents of the soldiers were rapidly going up.

As very close neighbors I had a vizir, an army captain, several scribes, a baggage-master, slaves, forty mules, as many horses, with an assortment of camels and donkeys. Over the ropes, under the ropes, they crowded, lifting them and pressing them down, with my tent swaying like a maddened white elephant. Ready answers greeted my expostulations: all were carrying messages "for our lord, God preserve him!"

A three days' rest here, which the Sultan improved in mastering the mysteries of artillery firing, and, incidentally, also making his only drawing while en route—a copy of a magazine picture of a European monarch. He was too deeply engrossed in enjoying the little sip from the golden goblet of freedom to think of other things.

He spoke of railroads—how anxious he was to have one, and do away with this slow and tedious traveling. Although tempted, he cannot allow a European power to build one without exciting jealous rivals. Nor will he ever be able to gratify a desire to visit Europe unless the conditions of the government change, for the ship which carries him from his dominions will have an abandoned monarch aboard, and a new sultan will rule, greeted by the royal salute, "God preserve our lord!"

A three days' march from Fidala, our sea-shore encampment, brought us in the neighborhood of Rabat, and the day set apart for entering the city arrived. Amid the throng of inhabitants who had come out to join us, the Sultan rode through a

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broad avenue of mounted citizens and soldiers extending far into the plains. Nearing the walls, he stopped a number of times to receive the greetings of groups of government officials from that district.

His Majesty passed through the outer gate in a drizzling rain, and continued to the gates of his palace, where he received the last salutation, given by the governor of Rabat, and then rode to the gate. Just as he reached it, three slaves opened the doors and rushed forward with large bowls of fruit and cake, which signified that the palace was in order.

Riding his silver-and-gold horse, Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz disappeared through the gateway, to live in his palace a number of months before continuing to Fez. The umbrella-bearer rode close to the portals, and giving his umbrella a rapid twirl, as a sign that the journey to Rabat had ended, slowly folded it, and mingled with the throng.

Life in Rabat was tedious. Many who journeyed with us were compelled to live in tents, as great numbers of houses were filled to excess, while the continual rains and an epidemic of smallpox proved very depressing.

The royal palaces lay at some distance from the city, and as the Sultan intended stopping only for a few months, he said to me: "Wait until we reach Fez before working." A number of times he spoke of the fine studio which I should build in that city, and surprised me one morning by exclaiming: "I have heard so much about America that I should like all of the studio furniture and materials to come from that country, and put in order *bl kä'ida* [according to regulation].

"Yea, my lord," I said, and I thought of the order of some studios.

"How soon will the effects arrive?" he asked.

"In about three months," I said after a hasty reckoning.

"Adjäib!" he said. "America is far."

At once I wrote for a royal studio, and by the time news of the shipment was due, court was preparing to move to Fez. Rumors now became serious: the people of that city would not receive their Sultan; they were opposed to his modern ideas, and were prepared to keep him from entering the city's wall.

At any rate, I accepted this interval of confusion to revisit America.

A SONG OF DELAY

BY ETHEL CLIFFORD

LOVE, pluck your flowers:
To-morrow they may fade,
And, faded, who shall tell
How once they were arrayed?

Love, wear your crown:
To-morrow you may sleep,
And, sleeping, who shall say
What state you used to keep?

Love, love me now,
For soon it will be night.
In darkness hearts forget
The gladness of the light.

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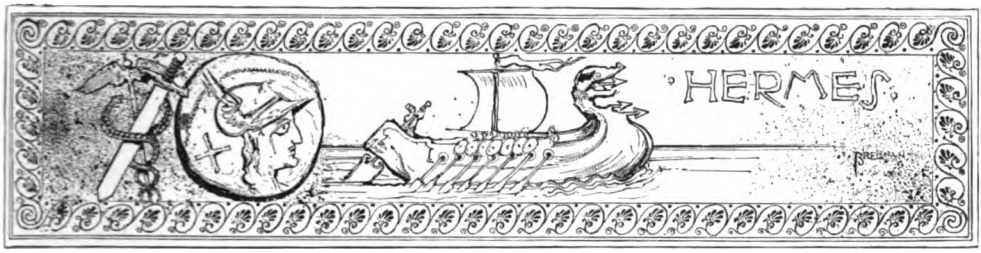

THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE[1]

BY HENRY NORMAN AND G. C. ASHTON JONSON

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

THE average London citizen who is not actively interested in finance does not know where the Stock Exchange is. Indeed, the "man in the street," if asked to point it out, would probably indicate the Royal Exchange, the imposing building with the Corinthian portico, standing on one side of the triangle formed by the Mansion House and the Bank, and constituting the eastern focus of London traffic. As a matter of fact, it is by no means easy to point out the Stock Exchange. The original entrance to the amorphous building known familiarly as the "House" (a distinction it shares with the House of Commons and Christ Church College at Oxford) is under an archway up a narrow alley called Capel Court, which well-known name is virtually a synonym for the Stock Exchange. Over the door is the simple inscription, "Stock Exchange 1801—altered and enlarged 1853."

Capel Court itself was called after Sir William Capel, Lord Mayor of London in 1504, in the time of Henry VII, and it then formed the center of an irregular triangle or wedge-shaped block of buildings which exists to this day. The base or west side of the triangle is formed by Bartholomew Lane, which runs down by the side of the Bank of England. On the north it is bounded by Throgmorton street, named after a worthy called Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, and on the south partly by Threadneedle street and partly by Old Broad street. The former derives its name, which should be "Three Needle street," from the arms of the Needlemakers' Company, while Old Broad street seems to have been named on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, being one of the narrowest streets of the city. Bartholomew Lane took its name from the Church of St. Bartholomew, by the Exchange, which had been rebuilt in 1679, after its destruction by the Great Fire in 1666.

Dealing in stocks and shares virtually dates from the reign of William III, the first monarch to attempt to pay interest regularly on the loans he contracted. He was the creator of the government funds, and he founded the Bank of England. Brokers there certainly were before that date. An act of Parliament of 1376, in the reign of Edward III, speaks of the occupation of "brocage" and of "broceurs," later termed "broggery"; but these brokers were not stock-brokers, but go-betweens or middlemen, in which sense the word "broker" is used by Shakspere, who, with the modernity of genius, says, "A crafty knave does need no broker." *Polonius's* advice to *Ophelia* might be repeated to-day with advantage to the unwary in respect of the specious circulars of outside brokers or "bucket-shop keepers":

"Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,

[1] The Editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE desires to express his best thanks to the trustees and managers of the Stock Exchange for their courtesy in affording to M. André Castaigne every facility for illustrating the home and the life of the Stock Exchange.

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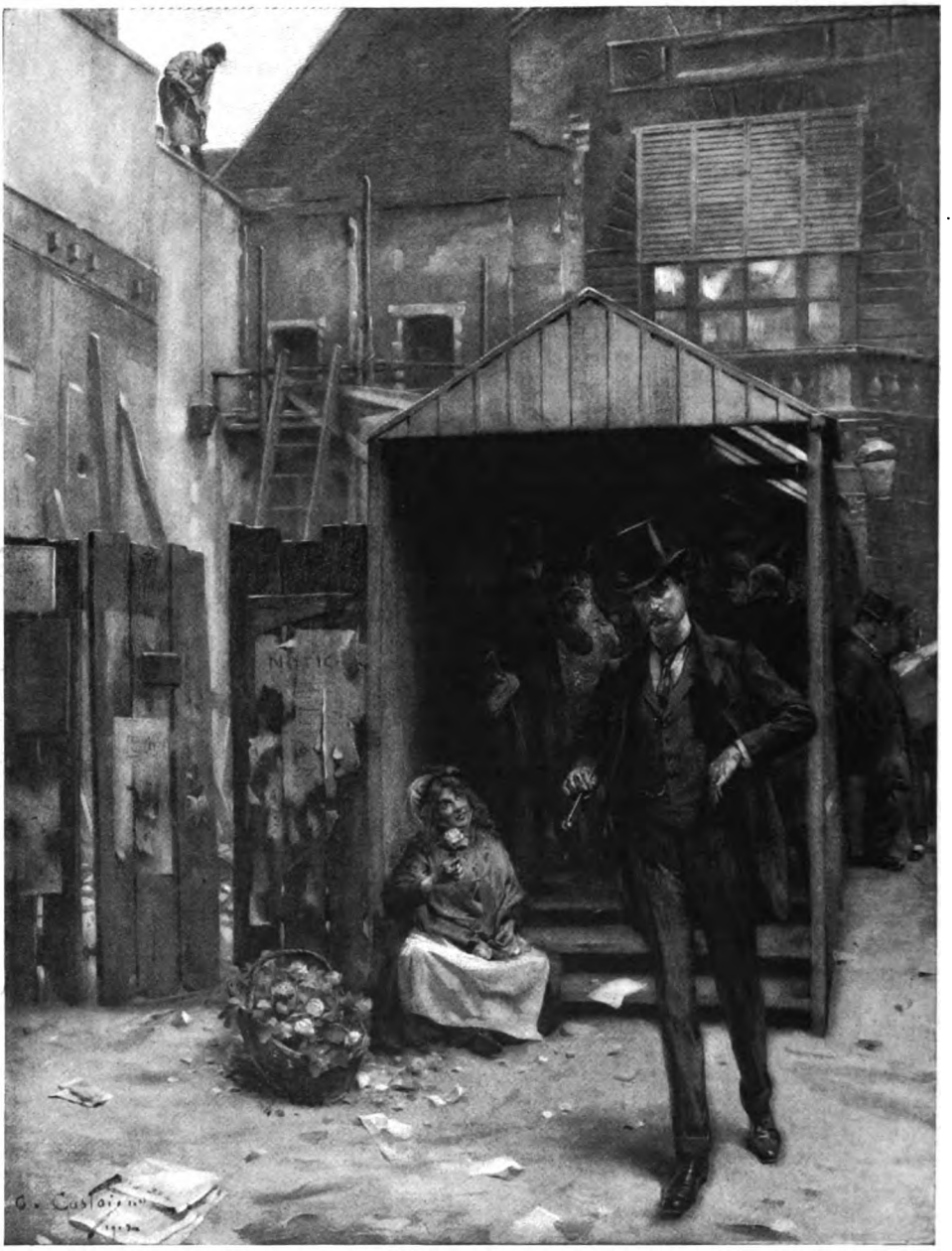

Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

CAPEL COURT ENTRANCE TO THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE

Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits."

It is curious that the word "investments," here used in the sense of clothing, should occur in connection with the word "broker."

English monarchs of old had many quaint expedients for raising money. King John, for instance, supplied his exchequer by means of devices which certainly might be termed anti-Semitic. Only the other day we were reminded that Edward I had borrowed some few thousand pounds of a medieval Italian banker, whose descendants were claiming repayment to the tune

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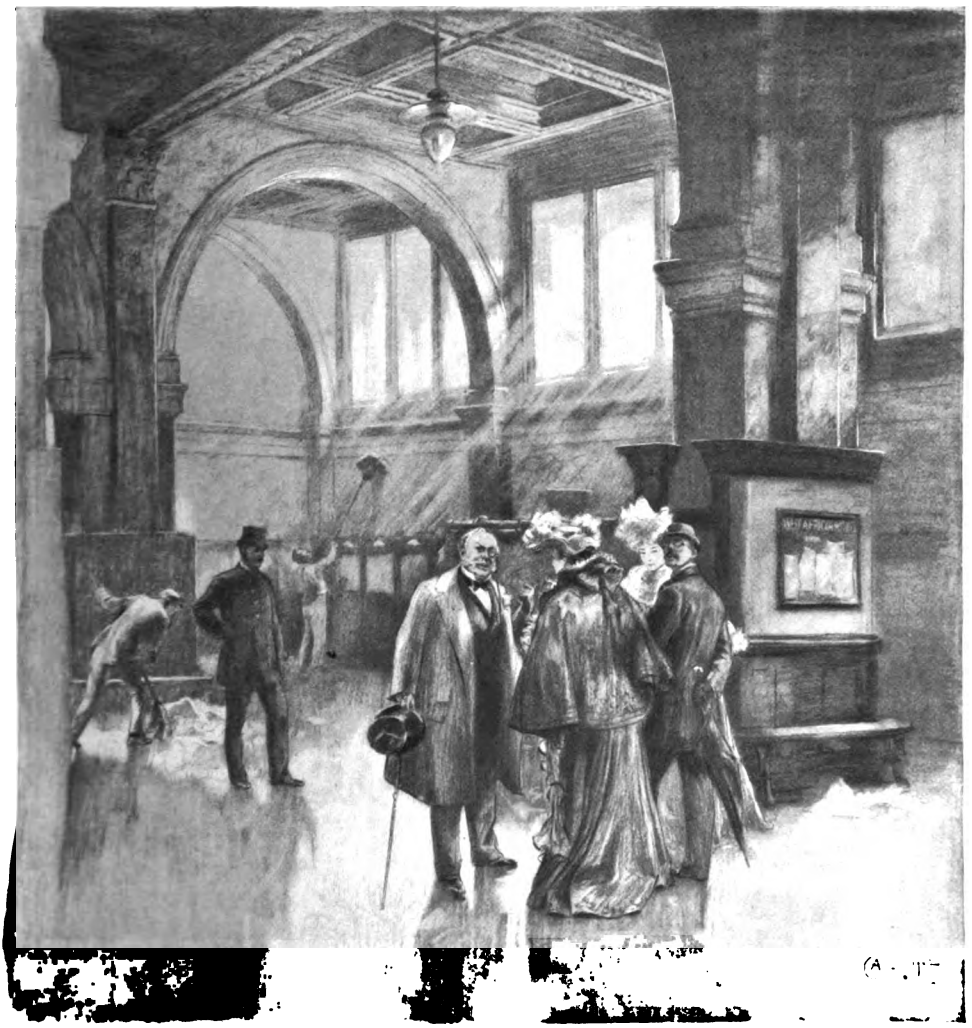
of several quintillions for money owing with compound interest. Henry VIII robbed the monasteries, while the Stuarts took or borrowed money from any one, whichever they found most convenient. Curiously enough, however, the first speculative boom was not in stocks or shares, but in tulip bulbs, scarce varieties of which were speculated in to an enormous extent, the price of a single bulb having gone as high as 2500 florins, and the consequent slump was peculiarly disastrous in its effects. The bonds of Charles II used to be hawked about the streets, and were sold to any one who would buy them. By the reign of William III surplus wealth had begun to accumulate, and a demand for its remunerative employment caused the supply of securities. There were the English funds, or national debt (now for the first time consolidated and established), the stock of the Bank of England, East India stock, which was taken over by the government after the Mutiny in 1857, Hudson Bay shares, which are dealt in to this day, and shares of the New River Company, formed to supply London with water, a king's share of which now changes hands at about £125,000.

The first market in which transactions



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

VISITORS BEFORE BUSINESS HOURS (THE MARKING-BOARD IN THE NEW HOUSE)

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Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

THROGMORTON STREET, ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE

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were carried on was the old Royal Exchange, built by Sir Thomas Gresham in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; but by the year 1697 dealings had become so large that the merchants making use of the Royal Exchange complained that they were being ousted by the stock-jobbers, and succeeded in getting them turned out of the building. In this year also an act of Parliament was carried placing brokers under the authority of the City of London and imposing on them a tax of £2 a year; and it was not until as recently as 1886 that the stock-brokers were entirely free from the restrictions of the act. To this day a list of names is exhibited in the entrance to the Bank of England, a relic of the time when brokers were called "sworn brokers of the City of London."

Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

THE HEAD WAITER IN HIS STAND

When they were driven from the Royal Exchange, the stock-jobbers, as they were called ("jobber" being merely another word for "dealer"), migrated to a nest of small courts and coffee-houses known as Change Alley, lying between Cornhill, Lombard street, and Birchin Lane. Of the

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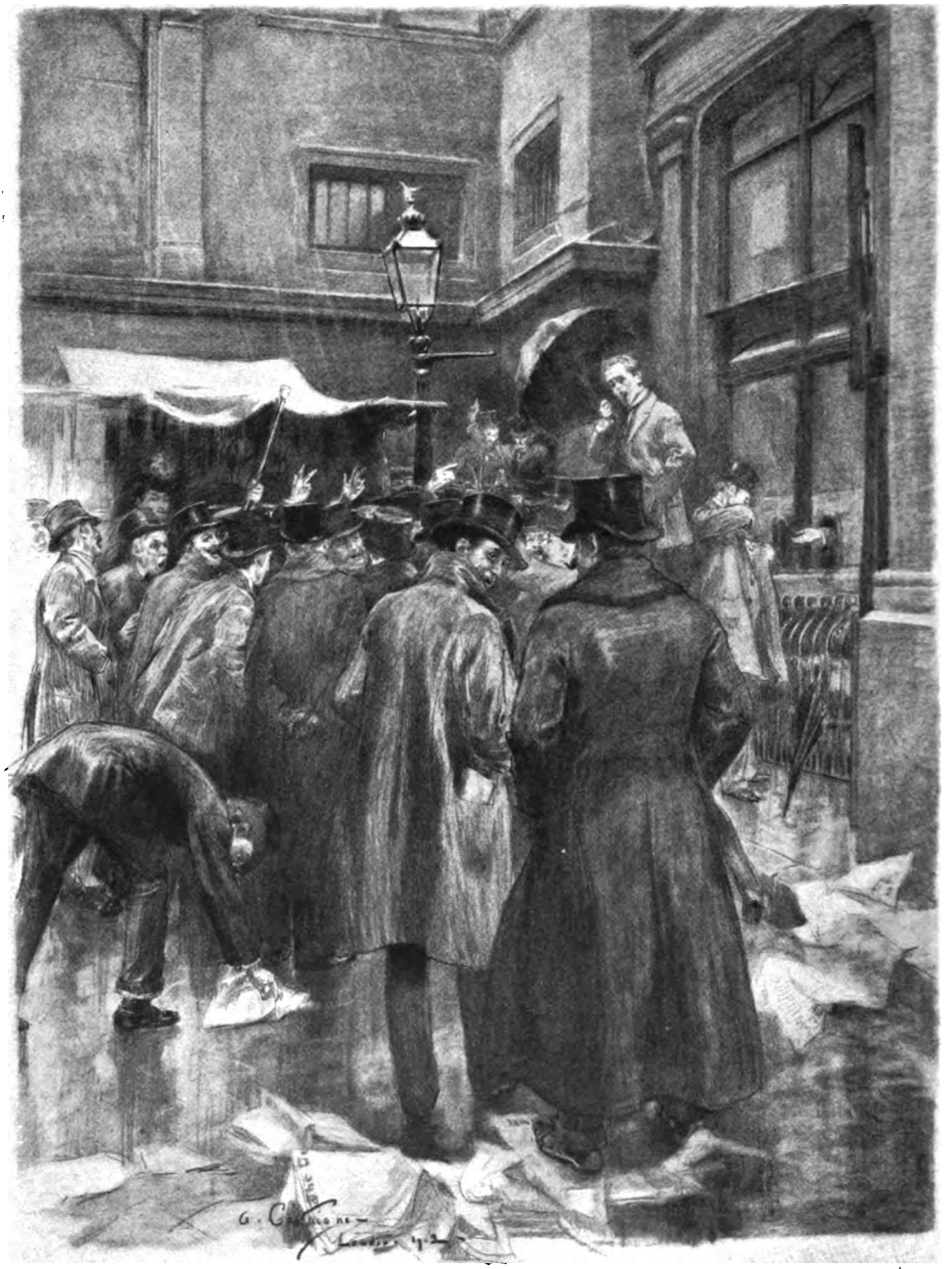

Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

SHORTER'S COURT, AMERICAN STREET MARKET

coffee-houses, Jonathan's and Garraway's were the best known, and a curious survival of this time is that the attendants on the Stock Exchange are to this day called "waiters." Business now increased by leaps and bounds, and the culminating point was reached when the famous crisis known as the "South Sea Bubble" occurred. The South Sea Company had been granted the sole privilege of trading to the South Seas,

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and its capital, under one pretext or another, had been increased to £33,500,000 sterling. In the course of the speculative fever, the price of the £100 stock was run up to £1200, when the collapse occurred, and in less than two months it was quoted at £86. Companies were formed, as every one knows, for the wildest and most outlandish schemes, and so reckless was the speculation that when an impostor took an office and promoted a company "to Carry on an Undertaking of Great Advantage, but Nobody to Know What It Is," he actually secured £3000 in deposits of £2 in a single day, with which he promptly decamped.

In 1762 some of the leading dealers formed a kind of club at Jonathan's Coffee-House, and one hundred and fifty of them paid £8 a year each for the exclusive use of the premises, in which to transact such part of their business as did not take place at the Bank, the South Sea House, or the India House. But soon they outgrew this, and in 1773 they moved into a building by the corner of Threadneedle street and Sweeting's Alley, on the site where a statue of the late Mr. Peabody now stands, just behind the Royal Exchange. This site was very convenient, being close to the Bank of England, where dealings in the funds were carried on in the rotunda, and also near the Royal Exchange, where foreign loans were dealt in. The building was open to the public, who might go in as far as a bar, and on payment of a subscription of sixpence a day were entitled to pass the bar and mingle with the dealers. Securities were gradually on the increase, but the great mass of transactions were in the English funds, to which the war with America had added £104,000,000. The year 1787 saw a rather severe crisis, and twenty-five failures occurred. The names of those who had been declared defaulters were painted on a blackboard, a custom that was abolished only some forty years ago. In 1797 occurred the panic consequent upon the war with France and the suspension of specie payments, when three-per-cent. consols touched the lowest price on record, 47⅜. In 1801 the ownership of the Sweeting's Alley Stock Exchange had passed into a few hands. The volume of business had grown, and with it came a largely increased number of irresponsible dealers, whom it was the desire of the more responsible members to exclude. A few of the richer members raised a capital of £20,000, bought the site in Capel Court, and elected members of the new Stock Exchange by ballot at a subscription of ten guineas each. The management of the funds and building of the Stock Exchange was placed under the direction of nine trustees and managers, while it was arranged that a committee of thirty members or subscribers, who were not necessarily proprietors or shareholders, should undertake the regulation of dealings and the conduct of business. This rather curious dual control exists to this day. Many schemes have been proposed to obviate it, but at the last meeting of proprietors it was stated that nothing practical had yet been suggested.

The Stock Exchange is therefore really a private club, formed for the purpose of dealing in stocks and shares, and it virtually controls all legitimate transactions of that nature, just as the Turf Club controls racing matters, and the Marylebone Cricket Club, or "M. C. C.," is the supreme authority in the cricket world. It supplies a striking instance of the genius of the English people for self-government, and also of the anomalies arising from the way things in England grow out of all likeness to their original form, while, owing to the innate conservatism of the English, they remain wholly unchanged in essence. The original capital of the company has grown from the modest sum of £20,000 in 1801 to a subscribed capital of £240,000, with an authorized debenture capital of £750,000, of which £450,000 is issued, and the shares, which are unlimited and on which £12 is considered to have been paid, return a dividend of seventy-five per cent., and command a market price of about £230. These shares can be held only by members of the Stock Exchange, but there is no obligation for members to be shareholders. As a matter of fact, the shares are held at present by 1169 proprietors, while the number of members elected for 1901 was 4754. The annual subscription has been gradually raised from 10 guineas in 1801 to 40 guineas, and the entrance fee for members is 500 guineas.

The public are rigidly excluded from the building, but members are entitled to employ two classes of clerks who may

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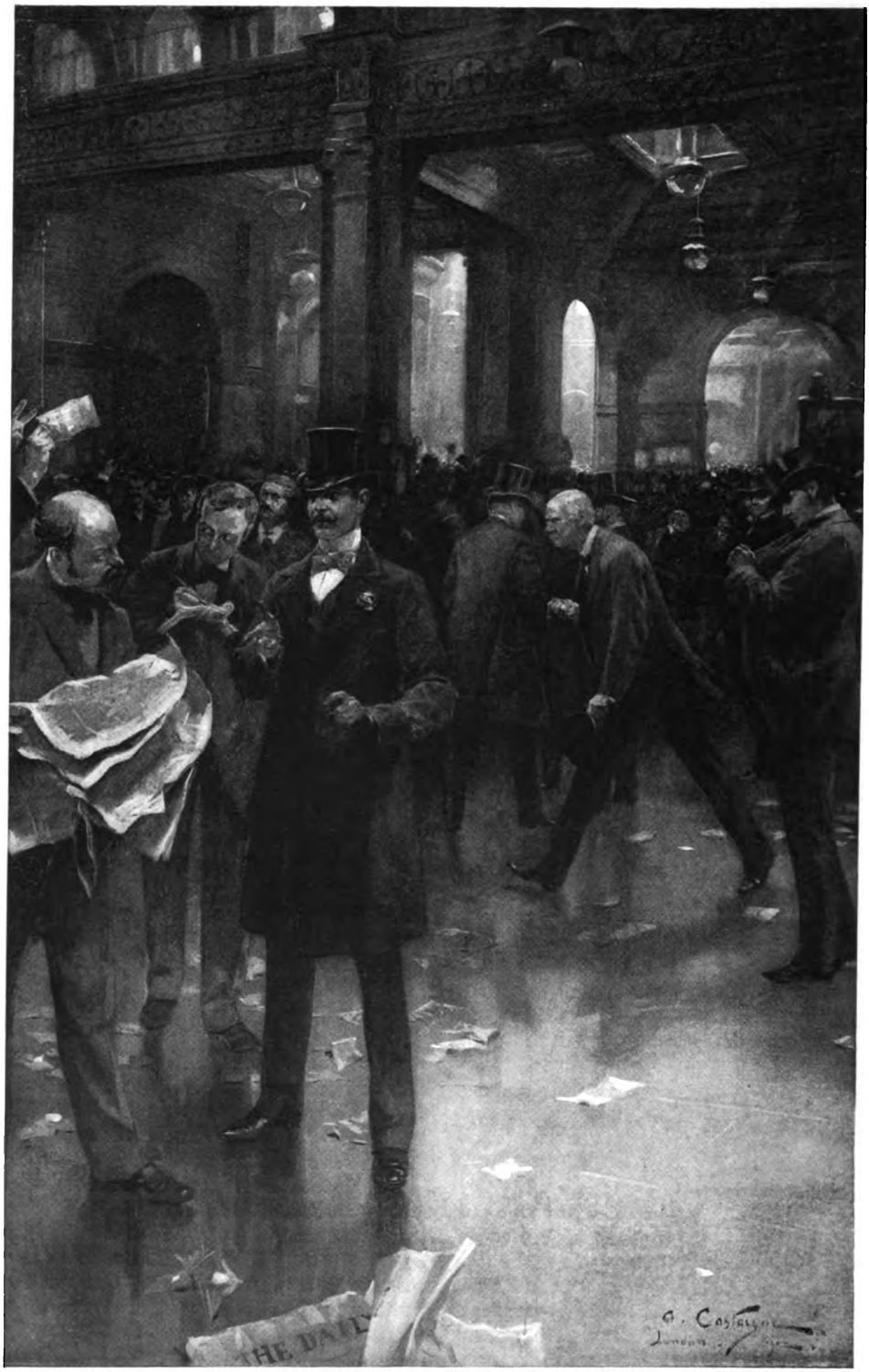

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AFTERNOON SCENE ON THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE

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enter the House—"authorized" and "unauthorized." An authorized clerk means one who is authorized to deal and transact business for the firm he represents, while an unauthorized clerk may enter those parts of the House where bargains are checked and settlements conducted; but his use of the floor of the House is restricted to the delivery of messages to his employers, and he is forbidden to loiter or stand about. The abuse of this privilege has led to the recent introduction of the rule that unauthorized clerks must wear badges, to distinguish them from members and authorized clerks.

In 1801 the mass of the business of the five hundred members was still in the government funds. A survival of this is the curious but not unpopular practice of making the 1st of May and the 1st of November Stock Exchange holidays, these being the days when the books of the Bank of England were shut in order to prepare for the payment of the dividend on consols, which was then paid half-yearly. Dealings in consols, which had formerly taken place entirely in the rotunda of the Bank of England, gradually became less and less in that locality and centered in the Capel Court building. During the erection of the Stock Exchange, a house was hired in Bartholomew Lane for the convenience of members, and when a broker was inquired for at the rotunda and was not there, the inquirer would be told that he was in the House; and this was the origin of this familiar term.

From 1810 to 1815, the concluding years of the long war with France, business rapidly increased; £120,000,000 was added to the national debt. This was the time when Nathan Mayer Rothschild, the founder of the English house of that name, was the most prominent figure on the Stock Exchange. He arranged and underwrote loans, and his transactions were gigantic. He founded the Alliance Insurance Company, with which his descendants have always been prominently connected, and he is the hero of many apocryphal anecdotes, such as that which credits him with having been at Waterloo, and returning to the Stock Exchange the sole possessor of the knowledge of the victory that had been won. He took up his position against his usual pillar, looking deeply depressed; brokers who usually acted for him were selling, while he was employing other brokers to buy much more largely; and as a result he brought off a very magnificent coup. As a matter of fact, he was not present at the battle, but had received early information from his agent at Ostend.

Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

TAKING NOTES

Then followed a period of great activity in company-promoting. Insurance companies, waterworks and gas companies, followed one another in shoals, resulting in the panic of 1825. Ten years afterward, a boom of worthless foreign stocks of every description was followed by the panic of 1835. And again in 1845 came the railway mania, which eclipsed in the wildness of its inflation everything that had occurred since the South Sea Bubble.

By 1850 business had entirely outgrown

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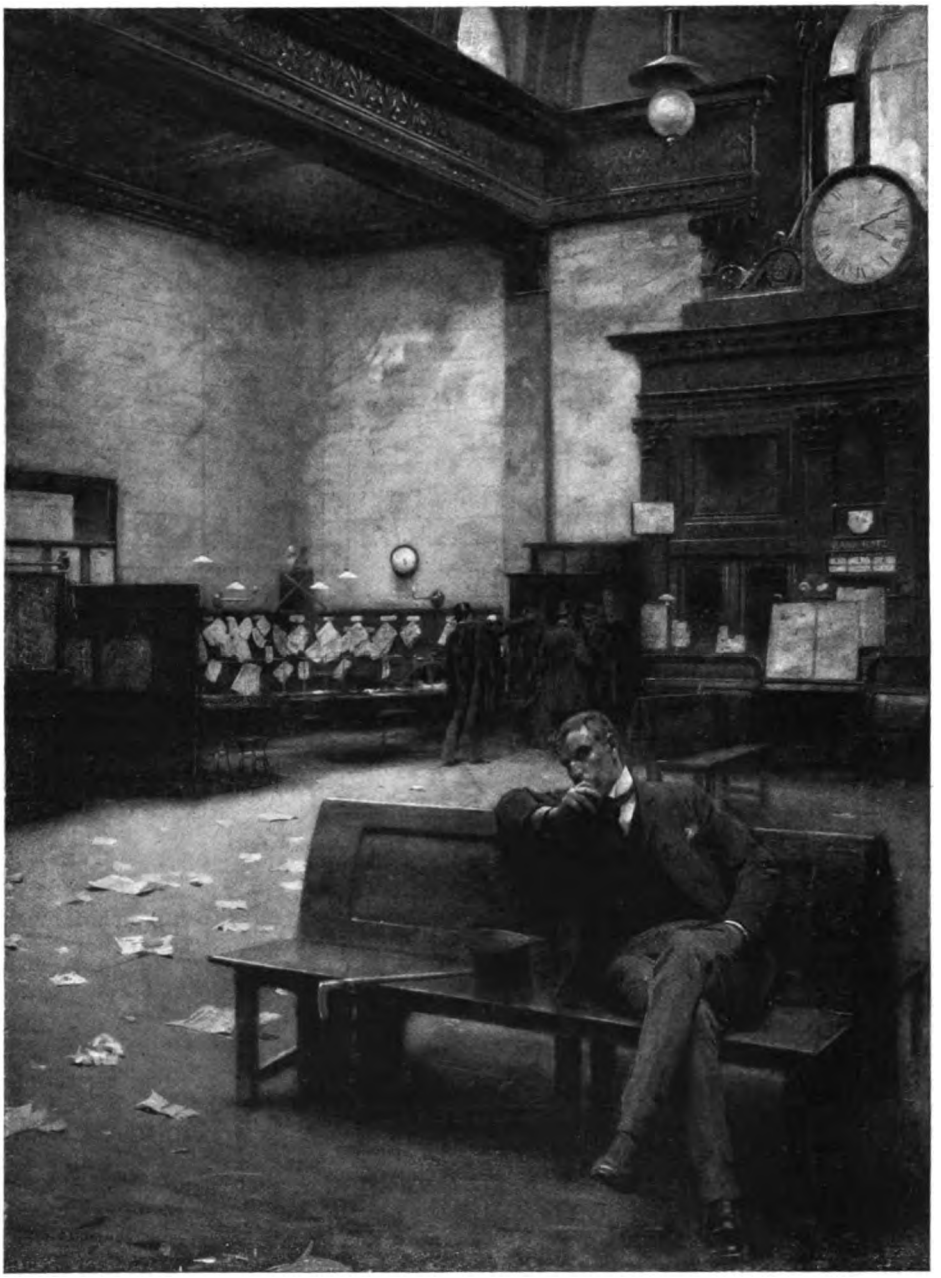

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AFTER BUSINESS HOURS: THE CONSOL MARKET

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the narrow limits of the original building, and while the new quarters were being prepared, the Stock Exchange migrated to a building known as the Hall of Commerce, which subsequently became the Consolidated Bank, now amalgamated with Parr's Bank. The new building now known as the "old House" was opened in March, 1854, and shortly afterward began that period of gradual growth which has increased the floor area from 8400 feet in 1874 to 26,000 feet. In January, 1885, the part of the building known as the "new House" was thrown open. The main feature of this is the great dome seventy feet in diameter and a hundred feet high. Since then the House has continued to grow gradually but steadily, and this year will see considerably greater additions and improvements. These building operations are the "structural alterations" which give members so many pleasant holidays on fine Saturdays during the summer. Gradually the building has spread from the interior of the triangular space that we mentioned before until both on the Throgmorton street and Broad street sides it has spread to the street. Walking round the block, starting at the Capel Court door, we pass the offices of the Alliance Insurance Company, and Bartholomew House, a big building containing many offices. At the corner of Bartholomew Lane and Throgmorton street is the head office of Parr's Bank. This institution is now one of the largest of the London banks, having gradually absorbed several important banking concerns. Originally a private bank, it has become virtually a joint-stock company, and is an interesting instance of the modern tendency toward amalgamation in every branch of commerce. Opposite is the London and Westminster Bank, the largest of the joint-stock banks doing a purely London business. Throgmorton street is a narrow, irregular, inconvenient, crowded street, in parts so narrow that two cabs cannot pass each other. The architecture varies from the dirty brick box of 1820 to the florid magnificence of what is left of the original frontage of the Drapers' Hall, and the Gothic style of the house occupied by a well-known firm of bankers. To the left branch off various old courts, such as Angel Court, Copthall Court, and Warnford Court, the last of which is now entirely built over with a solid block of offices looking out on what is left of the gardens of Drapers' Hall. From here access is had to Austin Friars, formerly the site of an Augustinian monastery. The fine old church here is now the Dutch Church in London. The Stock Exchange recently acquired No. 26 Austin Friars, in which to house the Share and Loan department of the Clearing-House. This is an institution founded on the system of the railway clearing-house, by which the accumulation of business that has to be settled every fortnight is enormously simplified. The secretary of the Share and Loan department superintends the important business of government stamps, the certifying of transfers, and innumerable details connected with securities and the publication of the "Stock Exchange Official Intelligence."

Returning to the actual Stock Exchange block, we find under an archway Shorter's Court, where there are two doors leading into the Stock Exchange, one into the market where colonial securities are dealt in and the other into the American market. When the Stock Exchange is closed at four o'clock, the American dealers transfer themselves to Shorter's Court, where they sometimes remain as late as eight o'clock, when the New York market is excited and arbitrage business is to be done. At such times there arises a perennial cry of distress, and a demand for some sheltered place where they can continue their business. This is always hotly opposed by all the other dealers, as they think it would lead to a lengthening of the hours of business.

It was in Shorter's Court, after the House was closed, that the sharp but brief panic following the Northern Pacific corner spent its force. The scene was one the younger members of the market are not likely to forget. Stocks were dropping five to ten points at a time; cables from New York kept reporting, "Everything twenty to thirty points down," "Money seventy per cent." Faces grew drawn and white; some of the smaller men and a few plungers were facing ruin. The extreme seriousness of the position was, however, a reassuring factor, and by the next morning confidence was virtually reëstablished.

The next door, known as the New Court door, is up a narrow passage, and the unsuspecting stranger who loiters about the entrance at a quarter past three is apt

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to be cannoned into by active boys who rush from the telegraph offices at the end of the block, carrying cablegrams for the arbitrage dealers and yelling the names of their firms.

the Foreign Door, the gates of which are of a peculiarly ugly design, reminding one of a cross between a meat-safe and a jail.

By the number of people crowding about

Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

AFTER THE FIGHT

Polished granite is the favorite material of the present architect of the Stock Exchange; this is largely used in the next block, in the middle of which is the main entrance to the new House. This is called

the entrance stairs and standing on the sidewalks of the various streets one can gage the amount of business that is being transacted inside the House. When the mining markets are active, the dealers ad-

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journ to Throgmorton street, where they entirely block the thoroughfare. During the boom in African shares in 1895, the police endeavored to clear the road by sending all the traffic through it that usually goes by Old Broad street. This totally unnecessary championship of the rights of people to use the street who did not want to use it was hotly resented by the members, and after the police had been made to look rather ridiculous, the usual British compromise was arrived at: while members are allowed to block the roadway, those on the sidewalk are kept moving on. An excited street-market here, in either American or African shares, is a never-failing source of astonishment to an outsider, who cannot conceive how any business can be carried on in what seems to him a yelling, pushing crowd of raving maniacs.

The whole of the Old Broad street frontage is now occupied by the Stock Exchange, and at one point the windows that light the floor of the House actually abut on the street. In this frontage there are two or more doors leading into the West Australian and West African markets. At Hercules Passage Threadneedle street begins, and here the Stock Exchange is masked by shops and offices, including the handsome buildings of the North Britain and Mercantile and Sun insurance companies. The latter building was, until the exigencies of increased business necessitated the spoiling of the proportions by the insertion of an extra story, one of the most justly admired architectural features of the city. The late Lord Leighton, president of the Royal Academy, used to say that whenever he wished to refresh himself with the beauty of Greek work, he went down to the City to study the various buildings of the celebrated architect Frederick Cockerell, of which the Sun office was the most beautiful. The illustration shows how much finer the Royal Exchange would have been had the design of his rival Tite not been substituted for Cockerell's.

A proud sense of proprietorship swells the heart of the young member when he first passes through the swing doors of the Stock Exchange and enters what is still the greatest money market of the world. It is a vast building of irregular shape and outline, with two domes, massive piers and pilasters, lofty, and well lighted by windows and skylights in the roof. A light narrow gallery runs round the cornice, but this is never used except for purposes connected with the buildings. The ornamentation of the older part of the structure is more florid than that of the new, where granite is more largely used. No particular style of architecture is followed, but there is a kind of neo-classic Roman feeling, especially about the old House. The walls are lined with Pavonazzetto marble, the veinings in which resemble the markings of cheese. With characteristic disregard for the feelings of the trustee and the architect, and with their curious flair for personal peculiarities, the members immediately christened the new house "Gorgonzola Hall." The piers are of polished granite, and the pillars in the old House are cased in rosso- and giallo-antico marble. The floor, formerly of oak, is now made of teak. Round the piers, which for some ten feet up are cased in polished oak, are benches.

The floor of the House is divided into undefined spaces occupied by various groups of members who, dealing in certain kindred securities, constitute the various "markets." Thus, at the space by the Capel Court door is the consol market. The epoch-making announcement that consols are to be listed on the New York Stock Exchange renders it hardly necessary to explain that the word is a contraction of the title Consolidated Funds or Annuities, that these represent the greater part of the British national debt, and that the accent is on the last syllable. On the left is the market for colonial government and railway securities. A large wing farther to the left is devoted to the American railway market, while under the dome of the old House English railway stocks find a home. In a kind of neutral space between the two houses are to be found the dealers in commercial securities. The foreign market, at one time one of the most important in the House, has now dwindled down to a very small space, and is squeezed against the wall in a narrow strip, under the ever-increasing pressure of the mass of dealers in mining shares, who occupy virtually the whole floor of the new House, comprising various divisions of South African mining shares, West African, West Australian, British Columbian, Indian, etc. There is nothing to guide a novice to the whereabouts of each market, for the various groups melt into one another and overlap;

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but a broker knows exactly where to go if he wants to deal in any particular stock. At each door is a raised seat on which is installed a "waiter," and if the broker cannot find the jobber he wants, he goes to the nearest waiter and says, "Call So-and-so." The waiter immediately calls, and the dealer, if he is in the House, throws up his hand like a semaphore. The waiters are especially trained in loud shouting, and some of them can produce tones that would shame the traditional "yard of brass" that delights the ears of an American on the steps of the Metropole Hotel as he awaits the "Old Times" coach that is to take him down to Virginia Water. Some waiters intone, others shout with a full round voice; some bark out the names, others use a peculiarly shrill ear-piercing falsetto, the total effect adding considerably to the incessant roar that goes on all day long when markets are busy. Something has been done to alleviate this noise by the installation of electric call-boards. When a telegram is awaiting a firm, their number appears, lighted up on a raised frame, and a bell rings above it. All round the house are various notice-boards on which are posted up settling-days, committee announcements, lists of prices, railway traffic statements, etc., as near as possible to the various markets they concern. There are rows of lockers for the use of members, the tops of which form desks convenient for writing telegrams. There are various telegraph and telephone offices round the House, and post-office officials receive messages at several points, to be despatched to the head office by pneumatic tubes. The consol and colonial markets have the privilege of a certain number of tables in a corner of the building, where a good deal of the clerical work of the settlement of business that is done for cash is carried on. There are six clocks synchronized from Greenwich Observatory, and many are the circumstantial legends as to the slumps an unexplained stoppage of the clock in the American market has been supposed to herald. On idle days, when the wind was veering and gusty, a wind-vane dial on the same wall has been known to serve as an improvised roulette board, members backing the indicator to touch southeast before southwest, and so on.

The life of a dealer in a speculative market is a very trying one, and requires robust health and nerves of iron. In quiet times, when there is "nothing doing," to have to stand about from half-past ten to four, with only an interval for lunch, for weeks at a time, is wearying and demoralizing, and small wonder if among the younger members, who are drawn from all ranks of society, there occur demonstrations of high spirits which sometimes degenerate into horse-play. Occasionally the committee have to draw the attention of members to Rule 17, which provides for cases of disorderly conduct. But during the last twenty years there has been a distinct amelioration of the manners of the Stock Exchange. The member who does not play himself is never played with, and if by any chance an unwary stranger eludes the vigilance of the doorkeepers and wanders on to the floor of the House, he is no longer hustled and maltreated as in old days, but conducted to the nearest door with all due expedition. The new member, too, has nothing to fear; there are no rites of initiation. On the morning after his election he is conducted about the House by the head waiter, and introduced to the other waiters, and shown the various markets. There is none of the hazing that signalizes the entry of a new member into the—well, some other stock exchanges. Though not exactly a school of manners, there is the same downright healthy tone of public opinion running through the Stock Exchange that is the chief formative influence in the great public schools. If a man has any offensive peculiarities or affectations, they are soon knocked out of him. There are caustic wits, too, in the House, and the winged words of a characteristic stock-exchange sarcasm fly rapidly and sting keenly.

When, on the other hand, markets are busy, the dealer stands all day in a pushing, struggling, perspiring throng of excited men, all yelling at the tops of their voices, trying to ascertain the prices of particular stocks, and having done so, bidding or offering in the endeavor to undo the business that they have transacted with a broker.

Comparatively speaking, a broker's life is a happy one. He has more or less pleasant offices, and if he is industrious, he is to be found there from ten to five or six o'clock every day of the year except Stock Exchange holidays and his month's vaca-

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tion in the summer. The Stock Exchange opens at ten and shuts at four, but official business hours are from eleven to three. Bargains before or after these hours cannot be officially recorded on the marking-boards. The investment broker, therefore, does not deal till eleven o'clock, when he goes into the House, walking round the market collecting prices and gleaning information while he does his bargains. After that he returns to his office, where, if times are slack, he can write his letters and read the papers and meditate how to provide his clients with what they all want—five-per-cent. investments with government security. The life of a broker with a good investment business is about as pleasant as any commercial career can be. He walks between his office and the Stock Exchange several times a day, and his occupation is neither sedentary nor fatiguing. He is brought into contact only with his own clients, and in the House he can select the jobbers he chooses to deal with.

The general public have very vague ideas about the difference between brokers and jobbers. If a man has money to invest and desires to buy certain securities, he must employ a broker. He cannot deal direct with a jobber. The broker will give his advice, if asked for, and on receiving instructions to invest, say, £5000 in consols, he will walk into the House to the consol market, select a dealer, and ask for a price in "five" consols. The dealer makes a price, "wide" or "close" as the state of the market will permit, say 99–99¼, which means that he is ready to buy at 99 and sell at 99¼. The broker replies that he buys the stock at 99¼, returns to his office, and delivers a written contract to the client. The dealer steps into the center of his particular market and challenges at the middle price, 99⅛. The theory is that some other broker has been selling consols at 99 to another dealer; the two dealers meet, and the stock changes hands at 99⅛, both jobbers getting one-eighth per cent. on the market turn. This is the theory, and if all business could be conducted on such quiet and respectable terms, the Stock Exchange would be a very nice place for jobbers. As a matter of fact, the market often goes against them, and they cannot undo their business except at a loss. The broker gets his commission anyway, and his life is much less wearing. A jobber with a large capital at his disposal generally makes money much more rapidly than a broker, unless the latter is in touch with high finance. There is an enormous mass of investment business transacted in the Stock Exchange in London, far more than in any other money market of the world, but there are a good many brokers to do it, and the membership of the House would show a rapid reduction if speculative business were diminished. A member of the public, if he chooses, can speculate through an "outside" broker, a "bucket-shop keeper," but the man who does this would buy a gold brick at sight. Ninety times out of a hundred he would lose his money.

All bargains, unless specified for immediate settlement or a special date, are done "for the account." There are two accounts in each month, and the transactions of the settlement last four days. Another survival of the times when there was nothing to speculate in but consols is that this stock has a special settlement of its own at the beginning of every month. In these latter days, however, the great mass of speculative business is in mining shares, and this has grown in busy times to such gigantic proportions that a special preliminary day has been added to the old three-day settlements, in which the "continuation," or "carrying over," of shares not intended to be paid for or delivered is arranged. The second day is similarly devoted to all the other speculative shares; loans are placed and names for mining shares passed. The third is known as "ticket day," when names have to be passed for all other stocks to enable transfers to be prepared for signature.

The second is the busiest day for the clerks, and the scene in the settlement rooms in the basement during times of activity is worth a special visit. At six o'clock, if any firm has a "name over," they are liable for the stock, and have to trace it to a deliverer. So the clerks concentrate their efforts on getting rid of the names. The tickets are passed at various tables or put into boxes ranged in shelves along the wall. As six o'clock approaches, the clerks run like hares from table to table, while the air resounds with shrill yells, without which vocal stimuli a Stock Exchange youth feels helpless and idle; the owners of boxes keep up with the lids a rattling fire like Maxim guns, while

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those whose watches are fast and who have passed on their tickets yell "Time! time!" as if fervently convinced that the synchronized clock had missed the electric connection from Greenwich. At six o'clock the "rattle" is sprung,—it is really an electric bell, but it used to be a rattle, and therefore is still so called,—and with a final shout of relief and triumph the perspiring clerks stream out, while those who have the names over are left groaning, "landed," and contemplating the prospect of hours of the weary work known as "tracing names."

The fourth day is the account- or pay-day, when checks are passed for differences, and stock is delivered and paid for. In times of stress some one "goes over to Lombard street" (the street traditionally connected with the banking interests) to see if any checks are returned. If so, the next morning witnesses an impressive and painful sight—the "hammering of a defaulter." Instead of the usual noise and dealing, which is generally in full swing, the members stand about waiting for eleven o'clock. As the hour approaches, the crowd veers toward the two desks, one in the old and one in the new House, from which the declaration of a defaulter is made. As the clock marks the hour, a hush falls on the House, and the rattle that marks the official opening of business tears the silence with a nerve-jarring crackle. Then there is a moment's suspense. The waiters look desperately nervous, then stoop down for the fatal hammer or mallet, with which they give three resounding blows on the side of the desk. Then, hat in hand, first in one House and then in the other, they make the announcement that such and such a member has not complied with his bargains. Occasionally members declare themselves defaulters, to protect their creditors, when the formula is altered to "Mr. So-and-so begs to inform the House that he cannot comply with his bargains." A pause follows, to see if any further disaster is imminent, and if not, there goes up a sigh of relief, while those who have accounts with the defaulter slip off to their offices to see how they stand in regard to him, and those who have not turn to business, and the wonted roar begins again. The majority of failures are those of young and insufficiently experienced dealers caught in their first panic, often "not out of their sureties," these latter being the three members who have guaranteed to pay up £500 in the event of their young friend failing in the first four years of his membership. Even in such cases it is a trying experience, but the occasion is intensely painful and pathetic when, as in times of sudden stress, undeserved misfortune has overtaken members of long standing and most honorable record.

The Stock Exchange has to bear a good deal of blame which should in justice be distributed over various financiers outside the House who use the mechanism of markets for their own ends. There are of course black sheep in every profession, but the standard of honor among members in their dealing with one another is very high, and the legitimate causes of complaint lodged with the committee by members of the public against brokers are few and far between. An interesting book published not long ago dealt with the unwritten laws of various professions. It may be fairly said that among brokers it is an unwritten law that whatever happens—*ruat coelum*—a client's interest must not suffer.

Genuine mistakes between brokers and jobbers and between jobbers themselves are of course frequent, but they are freely acknowledged by those in the wrong, or, if the case is doubtful, the loss is cheerfully halved. Occasionally an arbitrator will be chosen, but it is rare that a case is carried up to the committee for decision. Considering the conditions of noise and excitement under which business is often carried on, it is astonishing that mistakes are not more frequent and serious. Transactions involving many thousands of pounds are frequently carried through with two or three words, and concluded by a gesture and look of assent, thus:

Broker: "Consols?"

Jobber: "An eighth to a quarter."

Broker: "Twenty."

Jobber nods.

Broker taps his chest and passes on.

Jobber books the bargain: "Sold 20,000 consols 99¼."

It is not at all uncommon that a dealer, having made a price and dealt again, and finding that he has made a considerably larger turn than he expected, will tell his broker and put the bargain down at a better price. It is needless to say, however, that a dealer will do this only for a

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broker who consistently deals fairly by jobbers.

On the rare occasions when dishonorable conduct is proved against a member, expulsion, or a sentence of suspension equivalent to it, is swiftly meted out to the offender. Some years ago two jobbers, A and B, agreed on a joint purchase of stock. A dealt, and reported the price to B. A third dealer, C, who happened to be standing by when the bargain was done, met B at dinner by accident that night. B mentioned that he had bought stock on joint account with A at a certain price. C said he saw a similar bargain done by A at an eighth lower. Inquiries followed. In vain A pleaded that the extra eighth was his commission. His accustomed market saw him no more. Result: credit, sixty-two dollars; debit, one of the best jobbing businesses in the House. But stock-exchange honor was satisfied. The committee, like most governments, are grumbled at a good deal, but they are fairly representative of the best elements of the Stock Exchange as a body, and it would be difficult to improve upon the present members.

The aggregate of business handled during the course of the year is enormous. The Stock Exchange is a vast seismograph recording the shocks and convulsions that rend and shake the political economy of nations. Nothing could be more sensitive than this financial barometer. Who said "Boxers"? Straightway "Chinese" are flat. "Anglo-Japanese Alliance"? Up go "Japan Fours." Somebody says something about Venezuela. Everything ten dollars down. Sometimes a very little thing, a number of little things, will upset markets and bring about a fall out of all proportion to the cause. But the Stock Exchange shows up best when clouds are really dark and a Mark Tapley is wanted to see something in the shape of a silver lining. Then the Stock Exchange "bucks up" and keeps its head cool. The worst is known to be over when a familiar financial Jeremiah—not unknown to readers of a great New York newspaper—issues his weekly journal with a triumphant "I told you so; this is only the beginning of the inevitable end," and threatens "red ruin and the breaking up" of every conceivable institution from the Bank of England downward.

The public are undoubtedly well served by the Stock Exchange, and, indeed, the business of the world could not be carried on in its present proportions if it were not for the facilities afforded by the system of markets and dealers. Consols and colonial inscribed stocks can be turned into cash by the million in a quarter of an hour. When the government made an issue of sixty million sterling consols in 1901, it was subscribed for seven times over in two days. Several large firms of stock-brokers are among the most important houses in the city in the world of high finance. Some firms issue loans, and offer the shares and securities of new companies. The syndicates that tender for large blocks of colonial loans are chiefly composed of important firms of dealers and brokers in the House. Following out the same private and unofficial feeling that marks the Stock Exchange as a whole, the government have their own private firm of brokers, and to the partners of this firm falls the duty of buying consols for the sinking-fund and announcing to the House when the Bank of England has decided to make a change in the bank rate. In times of excitement, such, for instance, as occurred before the Boer war, when peace was trembling in the balance, the weekly announcement was awaited with intense anxiety. It was felt that a rise would mean that war was considered inevitable. The decision, which is usually known by twelve o'clock, was delayed for forty minutes. At length the government broker, pale and hoarse from nervousness, made his way in through the crowd, and, with a voice which came in curious alternating waves of whisper and shout, said: "Gentlemen, the Bank has raised the rate to five per cent." Every one accepted this as an official announcement of war.

The House is nothing if not loyal, and never loses any reasonable opportunity of singing "God Save the King." When his Majesty Edward VII was still the Prince of Wales, he one day visited the Stock Exchange. The only preparation made for his visit was the drawing on the floor of two parallel lines of white that meandered like a chalk railroad-track from the Capel Court door to the new House. The whole of the building was packed to its utmost capacity; the members swarmed like bees in clusters on every desk, bench, and available projection on the walls, and through the black lane formed by the cheering

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members toeing the chalk lines, the Prince, conducted by the chairman of the committee and the trustees, walked bowing and smiling to a space under the dome, when eight thousand voices in unison made the air ring with loyal harmonies and vociferous cheers.

Much the same scene, as regards the crowd of members and clerks, was repeated on the occasions of the Golden and Diamond Jubilees of Queen Victoria, and her late Majesty's birthday was regularly marked by similar tributes. The raising of the siege of Ladysmith and the relief of Mafeking were duly celebrated, and it was characteristic of the general relaxation of all rules that marked the rejoicing after the latter event that on that occasion several ladies were actually seen on the floor of the House, a sight hitherto unprecedented during the hours usually devoted to business.

Very different was the scene on the sad morning of the 23d of January, 1901. Some little delay occurred in the formal decision that the House should close forthwith, and the members stood hushed and idle while they awaited the message from the committee. The faint murmur of conversation carried on in undertones was interrupted by spells of silence as all the faces turned toward the door or to the desk from which announcements are made. The scene was quite without parallel in the City of London—a vast crowd permeated by the same emotions, acting unfamiliarly in familiar surroundings. The end had been expected for some days, and the first shock of the tidings of death had already passed. The greatest queen had passed out of the life of the nation, but in the fullness of years and love and honor.

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

An equally spontaneous tribute of sorrow, but this time for a great career untimely closed, was witnessed when the news of the death of President McKinley shocked the civilized world. The committee did not feel justified in dictating to the members whether they should do business or not, but so universal was the feeling of sympathy for a kindred nation that each group of members found a spokesman, carried a unanimous resolution to abstain from dealing, and in turn filed silently out of the House. Though it be true of the Stock Exchange that, as Goethe says, "Nach Golde drängt, am Golde hängt, doch Alles," such a scene as this, spontaneous and heartfelt, shows that the noble primal passions lie not so deep there but they can be quickly roused, and never more quickly nor in sincerer shape than when some joy or sorrow is common to the English-speaking world.

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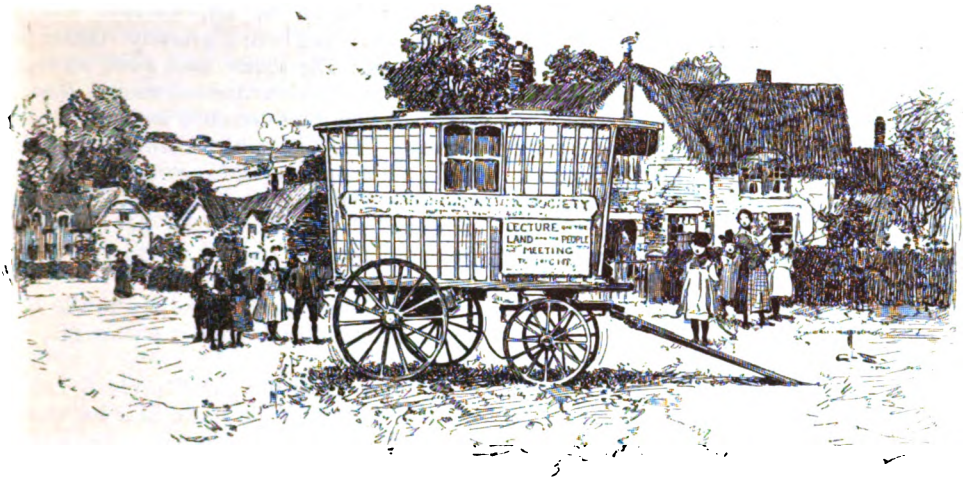
(BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER)



THE YELLOW VAN

BY RICHARD WHITEING

Author of "No. 5 John Street" and "The Island"

XXIII

PANTING for information, Mr. Arthur Gooding thought he would like to tear out the heart of rural England in a motor-car. This mystery is usually the reward of years of toilsome observation. Mr. Gooding was in a hurry. America, to which he belonged, is in much the same state. He purposed to devote a day to it.

A project of Mary Liddicot's gave him the excuse for the adventure. Mary was the delight of his active and observant spirit, a constant stimulus to his sense of wonder. She was something quite new, as one of those who are still children at threescore and ten, if they live as long, and this by no mere reversion to second childishness. Simple and downright, she suggested an organism untroubled by convolutions of the brain. It was neither a fault nor a quality with her, but merely a fact. These childlike natures, seeing life solely in its direct issues, may be the most vicious creatures alive. There are adults of infancy in the jails, as well as in the country houses and honeysuckle homes. They are not unknown on thrones, and there they sometimes exhibit amazing powers of mastery. Where this ever-enduring age of innocence is backed by a strong understanding, as in Mary's case, it is capable of yielding precious result. She was a yea or nay girl, a sort of high-bred Quaker, incapable of "point" in anything but her shoes. She often hit the nail right on the head in the most felicitous manner, yet, if you complimented her for epigram, she said, "Fancy!" not knowing in the least what you meant. Sometimes she seemed deliberately hard, sometimes quite insensitive; and then, again, you thought she was ready to swear blood-brotherhood with you on the spot. You would have been just as wrong in this case as in the others. You had given her a pleasurable emotion, and she showed it like any other child; that was all.

Mary and her father were going to London. The squire began it. He had received another letter from the mysterious moneylender, Mr. Claude Vavasour, hinting at the prudence of a friendly arrangement of Tom Liddicot's affairs. The captain being in South Africa fighting for his country, it behooved those who were interested in the honor of the family name to consider their position. Such was the impression that Mr. Vavasour contrived to convey, by suggestion, of course, without saying a single word that could be quoted to his detriment.

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It made the squire hot and cold, and finally led him to form the strong resolution of facing Mr. Vavasour in his den and having it out with him. Mary dreaded the consequences, and tried to dissuade her father—in the process, of course, only urging the very things that made him more intent on his purpose. Then she said she would go up with him, as she wanted to go shopping. That was her nearest approach to a stroke of politic subterfuge, but, the squire having much the same cast of mind as herself, it served her turn.

Now came Mr. Gooding's opportunity. He proposed to meet them in town, and give them a lift, on their way home, in his car. Mary was wild with delight. It was untried being. With that prospect on her part, the squire's objection to the mode of transit was speedily overruled. They went up by train, on the understanding that their escort should pick them up next morning for the return journey.

So, early on the appointed day, the squire knocked at the door of Mr. Vavasour's office, situated in an old nondescript West End square under the lee of Buckingham Palace. Mary, who had been left below in the cab, found plenty to amuse her in the movement of the scene. She was still busy with anticipations of the coming trip when her father almost rushed back into the street, as pale as one who had seen a ghost, and a good half-hour before the time for their meeting with Mr. Gooding. And at his heels, vainly attempting to perform the ceremony of conducting him to the door, was Mr. Kisbye!

It was Mary's turn to look pale now. She started, averted her gaze from the apparition, and gave a faint nod into vacancy in acknowledgment of an obsequious bow.

Yet that glance of a single instant had shown her something more of him than she had yet seen. In their chance encounters of the roadside she had persistently cut him dead. She now realized him as of middle height and age, bald, with the swarthy look of a "foreigner," yet well dressed in the English manner, probably by way of an informal attempt at naturalization.

The effect was scarcely less startling upon him. He blushed through his tan, cast an admiring look at the girl, muttered something which seemed to die away on his lips, ducked again, and vanished.

The behavior of all, indeed, was as though each had been a ghostly visitant for the others. The squire had gone up-stairs to seek out an indeterminate money-lender, and had found his detested neighbor of the Grange. Mr. Kisbye had come down-stairs to show him out, and had encountered Mary, hardly a phantom, but still an entirely unexpected shape. Mary had been as little prepared for this sudden discharge of the hated creature at short range.

The old man threw himself into the cab, and darting his fist through the trap, gasped, "Home!"

"Father," said the girl, "home is Liddicot now; we can't get there in a hansom." And, in obedience to her amended order, the driver began to walk his horse slowly round the square.

"What is it, dad?"

"Don't you see for yourself, Polly? Our money-lender is Kisbye—one face of Satan under two hoods. An infernal usurer, with a place between ours and the duke's. And Tom in his toils!"

"Did n't he seem ashamed of being found out?"

"Never a bit."

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'Who are you? I came to see Mr. What-d'-ye-call-'em.'"

"And then?"

"'That 's my name in business,' says he, with a smile for which I could have choked him."

"And you?"

"I said, 'Oh!'"

"Well?"

"Then he fingered his watch-guard. It may come in useful if ever they want to hang him in chains."

"Of course, dear—and?"

"Well, you see, there was n't much to say after that."

"Father, you are keeping something back."

"What is there to keep? Well, then he came out with a rigmarole of his infernal shop-walker's civility and attention on the subject of Tom's affairs. His style was like a butler looking for a place. But his meaning was, 'What are you going to do about it?'—just that."

"Never mind; we can snub him to death, and then he 'll have to leave the county."

"Much he cares for that, you little simpleton. If snubbing could kill, we 'd have

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had him in his grave long since. Polly, there was mastery in his eye."

"Insolence, you mean, dad."

"No, not that exactly. That 's only his way in the country—passing you with his coach and his grinning grooms in livery, as if he invited you to take it or leave it, the whole turnout. But in business he rubs his hands. He treated me like a customer, and was as sleek as if I had come to buy a necktie. His table is his counter, where it 's not his 'social board.' Polly, I detest that man!"

Mary thought she had the whole story now, but she was woefully in error. He was still keeping back something that he would have died rather than tell her. It was nothing less than the gentlest of all possible hints, on the part of Mr. Kisbye, that everything might be arranged if the master of Liddicot Manor would look favorably on the money-lender's pretensions to Mary's hand. Elusive as it was meant to be, it was still plain to the father's excited susceptibilities and quickened apprehension of danger to his house. He had risen in inexpressible disgust, and made haste for the door without another word.

In truth, the interview was Mr. Kisbye's opportunity, and, though it had taken him by surprise, he had done his best to make the most of it. He was in no hurry to be identified with Claude Vavasour, and he had hoped that his communications with the squire would for some time longer be confined to correspondence. On the other hand, he was indifferent to the accident of the discovery. It was necessarily Captain Liddicot's secret, and, though he had his own reasons for silence, it might at any moment become common property. Yet, having the squire face to face with him for the first time in their lives, Kisbye thought he could afford to give a glimpse of his hand. He had lent freely to the spendthrift son, on poor security, and he knew perfectly well that he could never hope to see his money back. But he was willing to pay for his pleasures; and the dreary gospel in which he had been reared taught him that even this beautiful girl might not be unattainable by money wisely invested in the embarrassments of a falling house. He despised her father. His civility, as the old man had surmised, was due merely to his sense of duty as a shopkeeper. In the country he held himself as good a magnate as the best, and he meant to lord it with them, and over them, before he had done.

"Polly, Polly!" groaned the squire, as their cab still kept up its soothing perambulations, "he 'll get to Allonby one day, mark my words! That brute is the new landed interest: the Liddicot millennium coming to its fag-end. His office was hung with auctioneers' bills, as though he had half England in the market. What do you think of this for a crack of doom? 'Sutherland, Scotland. For sale, by private bargain, the Island Kingdom of Tillee. Winter shooting. Splendid golf-links,' and all the rest of it. A kingdom! Most likely for some American. By the way, when will that young spark be here?"

"He 's here already, father. There 's his motor on the other side of the square."

"I can't do with him to-day. We 'll go home by train."

Mary said, "Very well," and looked intensely wretched. In five minutes more they had transferred themselves and their slender hand-baggage—the rest had been sent on by train—to the shining car, and were picking their way through the London labyrinth to a great main road.

XXIV

MR. GOODING saw that there was something wrong, but took no other notice of it. His good breeding never failed, and he made short work of his salutations, as befitted the occasion. Besides, he was his own steersman, and for a good half-hour he enjoyed the full benefit of the rule against superfluous speech with the man at the wheel. He had not forgotten, however, before starting, to make all taut for his visitors, and particularly for the lady. "When we get the way on," he said to Mary, "it may blow half a gale." So he abounded in practical suggestions as to veils and wraps and tresses struggling to be free. His only outfit was simple in the extreme, and the girl was thankful to him that he forbore goggles and a leather jacket. The squire suffered himself to be rigged for rough weather without a word. It was a new experience for both of them, for him especially, and he had his misgivings. He might have said, with old Sam Johnson, when they talked of conceivable travel at something over ten miles an hour: "Sir, it would be impossible; you could not

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breathe." Nobody else had thought of that.

The horse traffic of the London streets did not appear to like the looks of them. Mr. Gooding considerately gave it time to correct first impressions by going at a crawl. Then, as they reached the suburbs, he put on the pace.

"Oh!" said Mary. "Ugh!" said the squire. Earth seemed to come rushing at them with intent to do grievous bodily harm, but only to get tossed into the background for its pains, as so much refuse of picturesque wonder. Its villages, turrets, steeples, and wayfaring folk were whirling, whirling, whirling past, from an infinite of things that endure forever, to an infinite of things that were. The lazy teams seemed as trotters trying to break the record. The very policemen on point duty were in the movement. It was cosmic motion realized to sense, and for the first time. With the best of railway-cars the vault of heaven is not in the race. Even a gallop was out of the comparison. One had to work too much in partnership with the horse for the sense of pure effortless cleavage of the air. The motor-car is perhaps a godsend for those of us who are too deep-rooted in the idea of the stability of things. It is a vastly more exhilarating suggestion of the earth's dance than the pendulum and the sanded floor.

For the gray-haired senior it marked an end of the old leisurely picturesque of travel, and brought in a new one of landscape by lime-light flash. Soon they were in Buckinghamshire, that second garden of England; in its dignified lenity of tone, a proof after Woollett touched into color and life. Venerable Aylesbury, which he knew, as matter of historic evidence, had endured for centuries, passed him, in an instant, out of nothingness back into it again. Spires that might have been Oxford seen from Bicester glared at him for a moment, and then hurried by to the common doom. For the first fifteen minutes of it he was sulky; in the second he began to feel that he would lower the fines in cases of this description before the bench; at the third he beamed like a happy child. All his troubles, including Kisbye, had gone to limbo with hamlet and town, the rushing wind of things carrying freshness and healing to the innermost nerves of the brain. Hurrah for the latest life of the road! When will the doctors codify it into a treatment for half the worries of our lot?

Mary dared not confess to herself the ecstasy she felt. She looked wistful with delight. Poor child! she was at the budding age when we begin to realize the fullness and the glory of the inheritance of sensation into which we have been born. Yet she had her doubts, inspired, perhaps, by ascetic teachings of Mr. Bascomb entirely foreign to her nature. Was it right to feel so intensely alive? She dreaded this arrow-flight through space, as sometimes she dreaded the very organ-peals and the quired hymns, lest they should carry her to heights of presumption that might, one day, measure only depths of spiritual fall. Was not this rapture of physical being something to be watched and curbed before it made her the bond-slave of sense? It might be rash to feel such mastery over things in such a world.

"Too much pace for you?" inquired Mr. Gooding, considerately. He knew that he was going too fast and that he owed amends to the outraged law. He was a sure hand; it is impossible to make a better excuse for him. He steered for a fine, as others sometimes ride for a fall. He simply could not resist the temptation of giving her a happy scare.

"No; only too much 'don't care.'" And with quick, impulsive finger she checked his make-believe attempt to slacken down.

"Sorry to be alive, perhaps?" he asked, his twinkling eye still set straight ahead.

"No; only sorry not to be sorry. I—" The wind caught the rest.

Thereafter she scarcely spoke; but the deepened pink of her exquisite complexion, the fire of her glance, made words a superfluity. The run was, in the main, a mere interjectional transaction from first to last. Another benefit of this matchless invention is that it tends to prove the futility of utterance.

For this reason it precludes even expostulation on the part of the justly scandalized wayfarer. As the terror threatens him at short notice, he naturally postpones the assertion of his rights under the Highways Act until he has reached cover. When he has reached it the terror is out of range, and reproof would be a waste of words. There can be no impressiveness in mere fag-ends of objurgation struggling in the teeth of a hostile wind. The very barn-

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door fowls see the folly of protest. They hold out longer than their superiors, and the lord of the harem preserves the majesty of his strut until the thing is almost upon him. Then, with a screech which is still but horror, he signals the *sauve qui peut*, supplementing an all too lingering hop with a flutter that costs him some of the glories of his tail. If a reproach comes afterward, it is only in the form of a quavering screech of remonstrance, as from man to man, against the brutality—to say nothing of the fatuous want of respect for a common interest of domestic supremacy—that lowers him in the eyes of his womankind. The art of cheating his household into a belief in his invincibility is of the essence of this bird's rule of a sex that has ever walked by faith. It is cruel to flatter him unawares with a motor-car as he takes the air, or, for that matter, with an umbrella opened too suddenly in his face. And when the shock is inflicted by one of his own gender of domination, it is unprofessional as well.

At Stratford-on-Avon father and daughter had perforce to alight to catch a cross-country train for Liddicot. The squire was profuse in thanks. Mary simply pressed the young fellow's hand, and murmured, "So soon!" It was, in substance, a prayer to Apollo for one more lift in the chariot of the sun.

Mr. Gooding himself had to stop for a fresh supply of oil and for some needful adjustments that promised to detain him for half an hour. It was against his will. He had come, not exactly to see middle England in a day, but only to survey what he hoped to see, later on, in a month or a year. It was but a mode of looking at the map. He wanted the lie of the land in actual vision, as he already had it in his reading wide and deep. And, for that matter, no length of time could fully serve here. The church, the winding river, the ancient bridge, the broad, bland land, which a thunder-storm will touch with terror and a burst of sunshine recover to hope and joy—what are they but hints of a secret of the all-sufficiency of genius that none of us will ever fathom? Out of this, without further aid from nature, came the cave of *Cymbeline*, perhaps, the beetling rock of *Lear;* for Dover cliff is but a legend—the fairy wood of the "Dream." The rest is pure chemistry of the brain, or perhaps, as they fable it, some earlier soul-birth with the universe for its range.

Yet some is still here to-day, as, for those who know how to see it, it was three centuries ago. The wench *Audrey*, a mere speck of white in the deepening twilight, still heads homeward the lumbering kine. The patient creatures, the horned impact of which, in rage, might be measured by a very respectable figure in tons, groan with anguish because a slip of a girl bars their passage with a twig; and matter owns its allegiance even to this humblest manifestation of mind. A fellow at road-making, who touched his hat vaguely, as though to propitiate mankind at large, was *Costard* fallen on less cheerful days. Another, in the modern blue of his office, who solemnly demanded Mr. Gooding's name and address, though the vehicle was then demurely traveling at a pace within the act, was not far to seek.

"Fancy I could name you without asking," was the reply. "You are Constable Dull of blessed memory, and you serve Ferdinand, King of Navarre."

"Young joker," returned the officer, "none of your lip."

Unchangeable England! Nowhere, except of course in Navarre, is the policeman so much the mere monitor of the evil-doer, looking down on him, indeed, from cerulean heights, yet still ready to admit that he too once trod earth and its miry ways. This one drew no sword, flourished no truncheon. He simply made an entry in his note-book, and resumed his round.

On and forever onward! A rush of eight miles by a perfect road: a mighty fortress with foundations in the solid rock, a wide, wide stretch of battlement and tower, shining plate-glass, port-holes that are mere mysteries of shade, and a huge flag that now only dominates a landscape where it once dominated a land—Warwick. The rush continued for five miles more, and other towers, red in the sun for all the waste of years, and as wide in their sweep as the circuit of a walled city—Kenilworth. About as far again, and then three spires on the sky-line, and thrice three times as many factory chimneys—Coventry. Old gabled houses here, flanked by new emporiums; tramways in the winding streets of the "ride"; above them telegraph wires from which a second Peeping Tom might flash his secret to the uttermost

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ends of the earth in time for the evening editions. England still, the past and the present inextricable—at once a patchwork and a growth. Creeping disentanglement for the machine, then another rush, and a smear that means a mining village. Compensation at hand in George Eliot's country. A dip in the road—Griff, the home, snug in its hollow, and lovely still. A rise, and the turning to castellated Arbury, the Cheverel Manor of "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story." Chilvers Coton (Shepperton) beyond, and then Nuneaton (Milby or nothing), the girlhood's haunt. Clear of all that, after a good run, the Ashby-de-la-Zouch of Mary Stuart's captivity, and of "Ivanhoe." Next, the Derby of Celt and Roman, Saxon and Dane, of the Pretender's march, and Heaven and history only know what beside. Mr. Gooding is able to give full fifteen minutes to its memories, for the machine calls a halt for more fuel. It is hardly enough for the depth and breadth of it in dateless time. Roads that the legions once trod, especially the legion recruited in Spain, with many a brown cheek and flashing eye in the surviving peasantry to tell the tale. Ipstones hard by, with its townsfolk, British to this day in every essential of race type for soul and body—keen eyes, black hair, manner that is all nerves: some tribe that escaped exterminating conquest—the Corvi, perhaps—by the accident of a river full of ravines, roads all tracks and byways, a sort of British Transvaal. The Corvi keep shop there now, immune from the tourist as from the Roman, but ready, behind their counters, to make the modern invader pay for all.

A long swerve to the right,—rather a blunder of Mr. Gooding's,—and Ollerton as a starting-point for the dukeries. You may cover them with a hat, though it must be a Quaker's of the old school. The agent's house, castellated, if you please, to mark his state, a placid stream banked with dense trees, bushes, and osiers, and exquisite in its windings of luminous shade. Then Thoresby Park, a dukery, though now the seat of an earldom; and in the distance the manor, a mass of modern masonry seen through the glass, but softened by the blue haze into perfect keeping with the sylvan scenery. Workmen's houses a picture, like everything else on the estate—Arcadia in a ring-fence. Up hill and down dale, the road stretching to the horizon; but courage! and presently—Clubmer. Magnificent glades of woodland, deer, red (and proud of it), bracken to your waist. In a clearing an old inn, with its sign the arms of the "family," "Loyauté n'a honte," as Mr. Gooding makes it out in the rush, and the ribbon of the Garter conspicuous in the decorative scheme. Hard by, one of the gates of the estate, and presently the house, seen through an opening in the deep woods—Italian in the general scheme, and a mere thing of yesterday, being less than a century and a half old. Then the great gate, with a long, long avenue of limes as exquisitely trimmed as anything at Allonby. Out of the park again, by another gate of weather-stained stone, and now the road to Welbeck. Lodges the trailing growths of which might earn for England a subtitle of the Flowery Land, but little life of man or beast here or anywhere else. Now and then a laborer; now and then a game-keeping giant, white-bearded, perhaps, and red-nosed, each effect ever keeping pace with the other in intensity. But the men are rare, the villages rarer still. It is yet an unpeopled land, with scores of square miles waiting for effective settlement, vast wastes of beauty in virgin forest or cultivated park. Welbeck at last, an ordered scheme of grandeur like the rest, massive, endless, and finally burrowing underground in architectural caves of Kentucky, as wondrous as anything above. The whole region, like distant Allonby itself, manifestly a government within a government, with England lying outside.

To Worksop Manor now, a dukery still by courtesy, as having once been the seat of a duke. Thence, quitting the charmed circle, a long run for Chatsworth imperative for Mr. Gooding, though his machine begins to pant for rest. But he calls on it, and it answers, and whirls him to new scenes, one of them a lurid city of Dis, on the edge of the coal region, turreted with chimneys belching fire in the broad day, its river of hot water from the works steaming to the sky. Unwashed gangs on the roads, day-shifts going home, after relief by night-shifts, as yet shining from soap and towel, who are deep, deep under the soil—a perpetual motion of labor to feed the mighty estate above. It is a ducal colliery, and its grime is soon effaced by the

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beauties of the valley that lead to the last great house on the list. Wild moors, grim gorges, hill-slopes of purple heather, with patches of grass showing through, and of gray primeval stone polled with undying mosses; beetling rocks with wooded summits; streams crossed by rustic bridges, and with villages to match—in one word, every imaginable beauty of hill and dale to atone for the valley of doom we have just left. A wayside inn now, with a "Devonshire Arms" to warn us in whose country we are. Then the park, a calm as of Eden, and more red deer, facing round at the new enemy of sylvan peace to cover the flight of their hinds. Chatsworth at last, the great house seen through an opening in the immense circuit of leafage by which it is screened, and with a river flowing in its front. No time to pause now for the belated traveler; but he well knows what lies beyond. A place that starts fair with a mention in Doomsday, and a product of all the centuries since in planning, building, collecting for art and luxury and the pride of life. Building and rebuilding. Tower added to tower, and hall to hall, age by age. Wren one of its architects; the Scotch queen one of its prisoners. In happier times a school of landscape-gardening surpassing the inventions of Eastern fable. A cloying mass of wonders in which a man not to the manner born of the best in life might hardly hope to sleep a wink for the throbbing sense of the wonders of his lot.

But there is no time to linger. Daylight is beginning to wane, and miles yet lie between the traveler and the place to which he has telegraphed for rooms. So, doubling on his route again, he makes for supper and bed at the same pace as before, with only his blazing lamps and the guide-posts to show the way. They are hardly enough for a man who does not know it already. The gloom deepens; the very mile-stones are now mute; the great silence begins, and a void of miles of country without a single wayfarer. To make matters worse, the machine strikes work, and for a full hour its driver fusses and fumes over it without result. It moves again at last, but slowly, and as though only under his own compulsion of want of rest and refreshment.

And then a new trouble. A certain sickening softness in the sense of motion warns Mr. Gooding that he has left the road. He alights in haste, to find himself on turf, and in a leafy lane, with a timbered glade beyond that may be the entrance to an enchanted wood. He has clean lost his road, and, by way of a call for guidance, he tries a blast on his bugle-horn, now hoarser than ever with the labors of the journey, and instinctively raises the wild war-whoop of his college cry. This wholly new sensation for Sherwood Forest wins sympathetic, though hardly helpful, notice from the rabbits in frantic scamper across the line of light. A second and a third summons have but the same fortune; but a final effort is answered by a shout in the distance, and a responsive light from the blackness of the forest belt. At closer quarters it is the wild figure of a man past middle age, waving a lantern from the tail-board of a covered vehicle.

"Where am I?"

"In Sherwood Forest."

"Robin Hood's country?"

"Where else, if you expect an answer to the bugle-horn?"

"The way to Edwinstowe, if you please."

"No guiding you that gate within an hour of midnight; but you may come up here, if you don't mind roughing it."

"Where?"

"In the yellow van."

XXV

CONVERSATIONAL preliminaries are naturally brief when one has the appetite of an ogre. In a very few minutes Mr. Gooding was at work on the squarest meal the van could afford, with his host looking on.

It was not a bad meal. The little larder produced pressed beef and pickles, a slice of tongue, a loaf of brown bread, a bottle of stout. A lamp threw a roof ray on host and guest. The van stood in deep shadow. Seen from a distance, they would have looked well—a bit of the void of darkness redeemed to comfort and light.

It was another lecturer this time. Threescore and five was about his age. His high cheek-bones, roundish head, keen glances flashing through the mere slits of his eyes, even the crisp, curling hair, were all so many signs of one about equally ready for the word and the blow. No fear of the latter just now. He was evidently in his most expansive mood as he watched his guest.

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"Redmond 's my name, if anybody wants to know it. 'Jack Redmond'—'Old Redmond.'"

"My card by and by," returned the wayfarer, helping himself to another slice of beef.

"You 're my sort," said the host. "Don't spare it, though it 's a fellow-citizen o' yours. So 's the tongue, for that matter, and the peaches that 's coming next. We 've left off learning how to feed ourselves in this country. All fellow-citizens."

It was some minutes before Mr. Gooding's answer came:

"How do you know about fellow-citizens?"

"You 're so careful in sounding your words."

"How shall a man be concealed?" said the young fellow, like Confucius before him; and as he rose to fill his pipe he added: "Now I 'll push on."

"Could n't think of it; you 'd never find the way, and I 'm too tired to show you. Stay to oblige me; and I 'll stand a drop of something short."

Arthur looked round.

"Oh, we 've got a spare bedroom," said the other, proudly, "and I 'll fix you up in a twinkling, if you 'll bring your rug inside."

"Done," laughed Mr. Gooding, without further ado. And he went out and made the machine comfortable under a light cloth.

"Sleepy?" inquired Redmond.

"Never a bit. I could go on all night now—talking, motoring, anything you like."

"Make it talking. I have n't exchanged a blessed word with anybody all day long."

"The van 's an old acquaintance. Never saw you before."

"No; I 'm not the regular man. T' other 's ill. Labor o' love with me, but sometimes I pine for company. I thought you might be a happy beggar-man on tramp, and we 'd have a rouse to pass the hours."

"Sorry to disappoint."

"You 'll do as well, far 's I can judge. They 're good company, though, the roadside men. Lord! what they see and say nothin' about! It 'u'd fill a book. But you 've got to know where to find 'em. Wager I 'd lay my hand on two or three in a cave by the roadside not so far from here. All snug, and always a box of matches, and sometimes a bit o' victual left for the next man. And the 'county constab,' if you please, none the wiser. Ah, it 's a fine life in the summer-time."

The pipes were well alight by this time, and the drop of something short had long been on the board. Arthur pulled quietly, and felt good. The trees, with the light breeze stirring in their branches, were evidently in the same mood. The rest was silence, as though all living things were stilled by terror of the lamp.

"Sherwood Forest, I think you said," murmured the young man, dreamily.

The old one was in no hurry to reply. Hurry was manifestly out of the question in such environment.

"'Hey, jolly Robin!'"

he observed at length.

"'Hoe, jolly Robin!
Hey, jolly Robin Hood!'"

returned Mr. Gooding, with much solemnity.

"Good boy! D' ye know it, too?" cried the other, jumping up to pluck a pocket edition of the "Ballads" from the library shelf.

"Why not?" said Gooding.

"Will ye cap verses?" said the other, with growing excitement. "To think of it—and you all the way from the other side!"

"Why not?" said the other, again. "I, too, have sat at good men's feasts."

"Only to think of it! It 's my Bible I 'm handling now—Robin, who stood up for all the weak things of life against the strong things! A strong man on the right side."

"'All wemen wershep he,'"

said the guest.

"Your hand again," said the host, "wherever you come from.

'He was a good out lawe
And dyde pore men much god.'

The poor against the rich, the laborer against the lord:

'But loke ye do no housebonde harm
That tylleth with his plough.'

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Robin, the first that struck for us after the long night. The whole burden of it a protest against the cruel forest laws, a part of the land laws that have left bonny England where it is to-day. Cap, cap, and be hanged to ye! It 's my happy night!"

"'Hey, jolly Robin!'"

said Mr. Gooding, again.

"Right again, youngster. That 's the spirit of it. *Jolly* Robin. Grin and ply your cudgel. Keep a good heart. I can't do that. I waste myself in rages. T' other one was a hero. I am but as I am."

"Yet you 're camped in the greenwood?

'There he herde the notés small
Of byrdes mery syngynge.'"

"Aye, but you 're a crony, and no mistake!" cried his admiring senior. "Just one drop more?"

"Thank you. My favorite tipple is fresh air, if you don't mind."

"It 's all in Robin—Shakspere's mate, and a greater, for he sang in deeds. You 'll find everything in that little book. He was a wise leech, with his finger on the pulse of the world. Look at him turning butcher, and breaking the trust with their own tool of a cutting price.

'For he sold more meat for one peny
Than others could do for three.'

A frolic, and the fun on the side of the hungry man. Ah, it was a merrier England when the nobodies had the last laugh. Most of it 's sheer allegory, if you know how to take it. The fight with the giants—nothing of the sort: a fight with the monopolists. And when the biggest comes down:

'So from his shoulders he 's cut his head,
Which on the ground did fall,
And grumbling sore at Robin Hood,
To be so dealt withal.'

Is n't it just like 'em—never satisfied?"

"Seems a little exaggerated," said Mr. Gooding.

"Well, well, well, well! Grant me a miracle or two for my Scripture, since you 'd claim it for yours. Suppose his full range at the butts was not exactly the measured mile, as they say it was."

"Oh, that 's all right. They give it as a story of the longbow."

"Anyhow, he shot on our side, and we want another champion. Who 'll stand up for us now? As fast as 'the million' make the money the millionaire fobs it. Does it every time. Just a turn of the hand like the spot stroke. Lord, will it ever be barred! I sometimes wonder how it 's all going to end."

"Don't worry," said Mr. Gooding, knocking out his ashes for a refill.

"Which is as much as to say, 'Trust in Providence'? You may be right. P'r'aps it is n't a matter for champions, and it 'll settle itself, in the long run, by getting worse so that it may get better. It 's a growth, and we must give it its chance. Let it work itself to a flower, poisonous or other, and then it 'll rot of its own accord. Dollar-hunting, land-grabbing its own cure—p'r'aps that 's the hope. It can't last forever. They 're getting sick—sick of their own dismal trade.

"Beautiful story, that, of one of the mightiest of your Yankee hunters—did you ever strike it? When he 'd made more than he knew what to do with, he tried to unload a little, just to get breath, in a kind of grand tour. Special cars and state-rooms all the way along; special teams to whirl him about in Europe; special guides, couriers, interpreters—the devil knows what. At last they got him to Amsterdam, and tried to show him the pictures. He stood it for half an hour, then slipped out to the Stock Exchange, and made fifty thousand in half an hour more."

"Manifest destiny," said Mr. Gooding.

"No; only secret itch. A case for the doctors, believe me. We shall live to see 'em at one another's throats, and then mankind will come into its own again. Ever noticed the gnawing envy in the eye of Five Million when he feels that Six Million looks on him like 'dirt'—the hangdog shame of him? Can't abear to be in the same room with his betters in the infernal trade. The gradations of it! Five Million a derision to Six, and a loathing to Four, and so on till you reach the things that live in the mud. I stood outside a fashionable restaurant the other day, and watched two men in the street peering through the crimson curtains at a party picking their dainty way through a five-pound meal. Give you my

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word, I thought one of 'em would have fallen down and worshiped. However, to be fair, t' other blasphemed."

"They 'll get that dinner and the whole earth soon as they are fit for it," said Mr. Gooding, "but not a moment before. Tell 'em to hurry up over their beer. That 's the meaning of America."

"Oh," groaned the old man, "we all thought so once. But is there a more self-consciously degraded thing in all creation than the American poor man? I 've been there and marked his pariah shuffle and his downcast eye."

"Give your coffee time to settle. You seem to have been about a bit."

"Everywhere, specially on your side—Pacific slope before you were born, islands, Australia. Lord, Lord, it 's a big dot of a world!"

"And all built on pretty much the same plan, eh?" said Mr. Gooding.

"That 's so; devil take the hindmost; and 'How soon can I get out of it?' about the wisest thought you can start with as soon as you 're born. Really, the burial club seems to be the only reasonable institution. And it might be such a happy family!"

"Give us a song," said Mr. Gooding.

"What 'll you have—'England 's Going Down the Hill'? Heard it from a gutter in a slum, sung by the composer."

"It 's such a fine night," pleaded the guest.

And such a night it was. The glades, where buskined Marian might have walked, stretched in every direction under a sky luminous with stars. One avenue seemed to end in a kind of amphitheater, a conceivable council-place of the outlaw band. And here and there was a great swarth of shade for hiding, and still, no doubt, a shelter for all the tremulous life of the forest, bending ten thousand thousand pairs of eyes on the glare of light from the van.

"As you please," said Redmond. "And what 's your news?"

"Oh, just the heart of England in a lightning-flash. It 's that or nothing for the tourist."

"For the American tourist."

"Even for the stars themselves, I should say. They can't see much of us, with the ball in flight."

"S'pose that 's why they never interfere. And what do you think of it?"

"Pretty sight."

"Bah! You holiday people don't know how to look at a landscape. You miss all the devilment of it. If only you did know! You 'd see the villages in all their little infamies under their greasy smile. Mother Shipton's, the secret-boozing ken; and Mother Quickly's, that 's worse. They 're not even good in their stagnation—only goody at the best. How can you wonder? They 've got so little for idle hands to do. And so—well, just like their betters, for that matter, and for the same reason. It is n't the towns that corrupt them. They corrupt the towns, taking their wickedness and their poverty and their fecklessness up to market, because the energies behind them can find no healthy outlet at home in profitable toil. A fine price we have to pay for your hothouse 'Beauties of England and Wales,' with all the country-side driven by a kind of monster conscription into the army of the slums. We 're worth something better than to make a holiday for Americans."

He dropped his bantering tone, and flashed out passionately:

"Look at me, ruined by farming; and I 've toiled like a slave all my life. Who killed Cock Robin? Shall I tell you? The English land system. Here am I to-day to show that the man who farms straight and farms honest can't hope to make a living out of it while idle ownership claims such a huge share of his labor. We are being beat by the foreigner who works for himself on his own patch. You can't keep all this wicked luxury of landlord, aye, and gentleman farmer, too, out of one pair of laborer's hands. But if you won't try, there 's always plenty that will, in the struggle for a crust. Have it or leave it; and if you don't like it, off with you to the main sewer of London town. You can't live and thrive, increase and multiply, here without the good leave of your betters; and they won't give you leave. They want the land for a pleasure-ground; they can get their incomes somewhere else. Rural England is starved for want of an opening. Blank stagnation everywhere, and kept so by word of command. Try to do something to make a man of yourself, and see how soon they 'll shunt you out of the place. Why do your cities in America spring up in a night and a day from log huts? Because every man 's free to do his best.

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There is n't a hamlet in England but 's hag-ridden by some 'noble house.' That 's what your historian Motley meant when he talked of the fearful price paid by the English people for the parks, castles, fisheries, and fox-huntings of its 'splendid aristocracy.'

"But there," he added, with a bitter laugh at his own expense, "what 's the use of talking? I 'd say pass the bottle, and forget it all, if I was a man of that sort. The little van that goes up and down to testify against it takes itself seriously enough; but that 's only its foolishness. The feudal system don't mind. And feudal system it is, alive and kicking as fresh as ever in this our latest growth of time. For the essence of the accursed thing is that one man 's the property of another, and that his first care on coming into his manhood is to find some fellow-creature to kneel to, and, laying hand in hand, say, 'Please take possession of me.' The old system went from man to man until it reached the highest. It 's perfect to-day as between peasant and farmer, farmer and lord; but there 's sometimes a break when the noble owner himself belongs to a money-lender or to a queen of the music-halls.

"And now, youngster, let 's turn in. I 'm tired, and you must be sleepy after this rigmarole. I 'll put the supper-things outside, and attend to 'em in the morning. Would you mind giving me a lift with the linen-chest? Thanks. There 's your bed on the lid, if you 'll take out the big mattress. I 'll fix myself up on the other in my old soldier's cloak. Draw the curtain, and there 's your spare room. Mind your head, please, against the library shelves, and don't go into the crockery when you 're taking off your coat."

"The cloak for me," said Mr. Gooding. "I must turn out early to make it up with the machine."

"Well, every man to his taste. Good night, and pleasant dreams"; and almost as the words left his lips he was fast asleep.

Next morning a kindly hand on his shoulder roused the young man to sunrise and all the glories of Sherwood.

His toilet was deferred, but it took a full hour to valet the car. The creature was sulky at first, and seemed to have developed a mechanical spavin with the hard work of the day before. Fortunately, there was a good reserve of fuel.

All was right at last, and then Redmond, giving his guest a send-off from the turf with his shoulder, put him square to his work on the highroad.

"Good-by; good luck."

So they parted, and the young man was soon bowling along toward Bath and breakfast, in the forest hotel which he had missed in his wanderings the night before. A telegram awaited him: "Want you." It was signed "Augusta," and of course it brought his wanderings to a close.

(To be continued)

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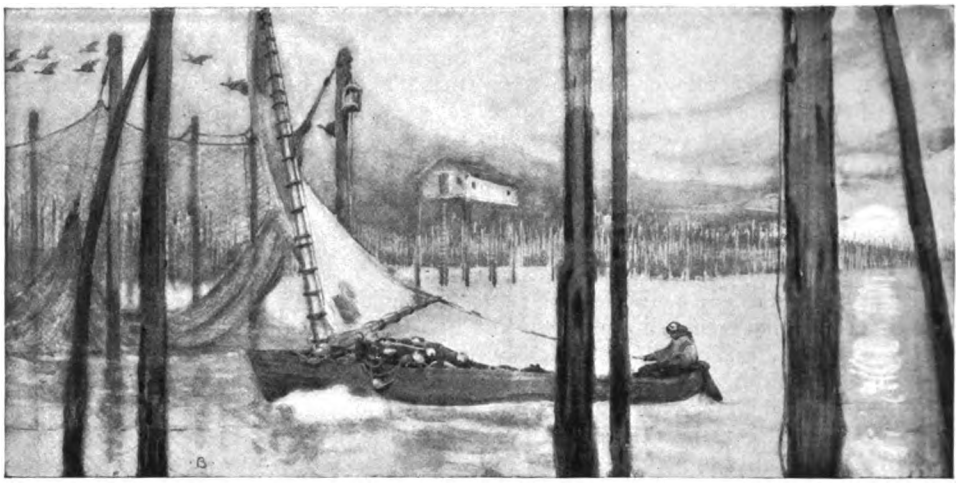

Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by J. Tinkey

FISHING-TRAPS AT THE MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER

THE SALMON-FISHERIES

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

WITH PICTURES BY ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHEIN

WE went down to the Columbia River salmon-fisheries with no great enthusiasm. A packer in Portland had told us with pride of the automatic machinery and cookers of his establishment, but somehow the vision of so many hundreds or thousands of tin cans of fish in process of filling and cooking was not especially inspiring. A world-old charm attaches to the toil and peril of the fisherman's life, here dulled in prospect by the thought of automatic machinery. But we were destined to be pleasantly surprised. So far from detracting from the picturesqueness of the life, the modern methods here introduced have added to its color, diversity, activity, even peril, giving it a charm peculiarly its own.

I shall long retain my first impressions of the ancient town of Astoria and the broad mouth of the Columbia River. It was a typical day on this coast: a chill atmosphere, though July, low-hanging leaden clouds shutting in and hushing all the scene, a gray landscape that seemed to drip and flow with moisture, the soul of it the majestic river, wide, smooth, noiseless, setting outward to the sea. On each side rose lonely pine-clad hills, those on the distant shore dim and hazy. Nearer at hand was the wooden town of Astoria, all dripping and gray, with long, low warehouses reaching out on stilts into the river. Far below, blurs on the water, were the boats of the gill-netters, drifting out to sea with the tide. Universal grayness, wetness, and the thick smell of the sea, of water-soaked piling and tide-flats, and fish and fish—this was Astoria. That night I heard the muffled roar of a distant fog-horn, and I went to sleep to the sound of water among the wooden piers under my room.

Astoria is one of the most picturesque of American towns, quaint and old, having been founded by the early explorers and trappers who came to this country nearly a hundred years ago. Long the outpost of John Jacob Astor's trading company, it was once taken by the British and held as a frontier fort. Placed here on the steep river-edge, where there was rightly no room for a city, and finding it difficult to

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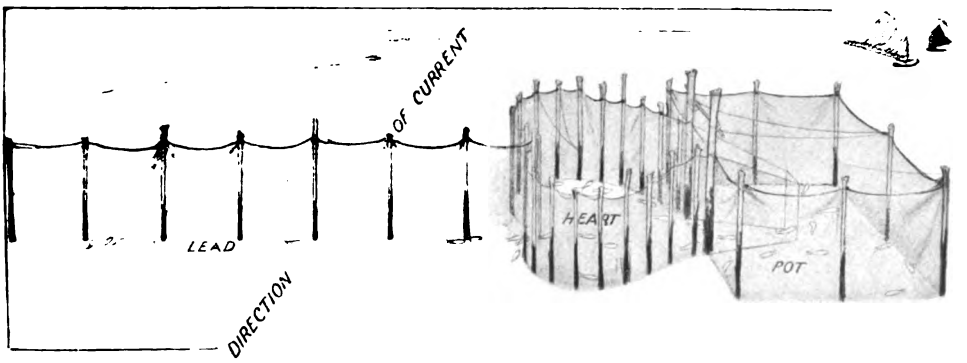
crowd its way up the hill, the town has reached out over the river, many of the streets, banks, stores, hotels, canneries, and warehouses being set up on piling, with the tide sweeping through underneath. Step off the sidewalk, and drop twenty feet into salt water; look through the cracks in the little court of the hotel, and see the dark river swirling beneath, and smell the barnacled piling. Even the railroad that now reaches the town comes in on legs, centiped-like, a long bridge of piers across a river bay.

It is a strange, interesting, not unambitious old town, set about with net-drying platforms, slippery fish-wharves, canneries exhaling the odor of cooking fish, the little, low homes of fishermen and net-makers of many nationalities, from Norwegian to Portuguese; the crowded tenements of Chinese and Japanese workers in the canneries; and, higher up the hill, the more pretentious homes of the packers and business men. Here and there an Indian or two, remnants of a passing tribe, look on imperturbably at the usurpation of their ancient fishing-places. When the tide favors, the river beyond the wharves is busy with the heavy boats of the fishers, and often, more distant, on the mighty river one sees an ocean craft bound up for Portland or down again to the sea.

At daylight, the world being half water and half fog, we took passage with the captain of the *El Hurd*, John Weik, Finlander, a salty old man, whose instinct for the shifting channels of the great river was that of the salmon itself. Every day, at the slack of the tide, Captain Weik steams down the river, nosing in bay and inlet of the salmon-grounds, visiting the company's scows, taking in the fish left there by the individual gill-netters, seiners, trappers, passing a good word with fisher and scowman, and returning with his load to the canneries and cold-storage warehouses. He and the tug-fashioned *El Hurd* are the connecting-links between the sea-work and the shore-work of the salmon-fisheries.

The river at Astoria is like a great arm of the sea, nine miles wide, and over ten miles to the open ocean beyond the breakwater. Steaming slowly, for the time of slack water had not yet come, we saw the fog lift and the sun rise, the glorious epochs of this Oregon morning, and we came cheerfully to the wide stretch of Baker Bay, near the mouth of the river. Here, in placid shallows, stretch the salmon-traps, with net-poles and piling rising thickly above the water in every direction, giving to the bay the appearance of a dead forest recently submerged. Captain Weik, driving the *El Hurd* through the shallows as though he felt the channel with his hand, brought up alongside one of the traps, where we passed up a hawser and hung below with the ebb-tide. The two trapmen in their clumsy boat were inside the piling, expectantly raising the net, in which already premonitory splashes gave promise of a good catch.

It is the trap that has wrought so powerfully, especially in the northern fisheries of Puget Sound, for the success of the salmon industry—a device which takes the fish with a certainty and cheapness unknown to the older methods. It consists simply of webbing, hundreds of feet long, strung on poles or piling driven into the bottom



Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein

PLAN OF A SALMON-TRAP

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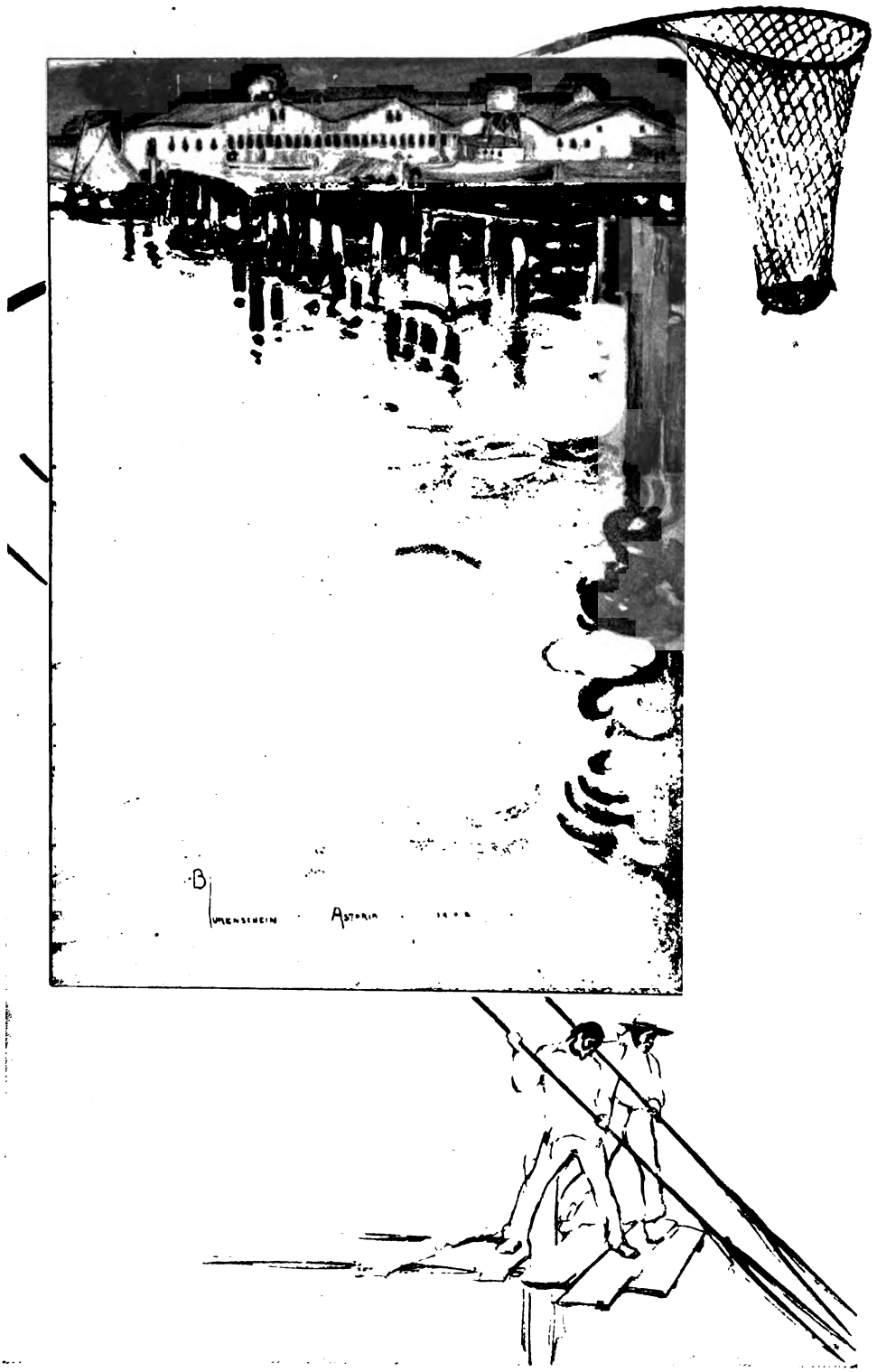

Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A CANNERY AT ASTORIA

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of the river across the course of the fish, but only in shallow bays or near the shore where the water is not too deep. Upon reaching this impassable net the fish naturally nose along toward the end, seeking to get by, with their heads always against the flow of the tide, and thus enter the narrow channel of webbing which leads into the trap proper, a heart-shaped or circular inclosure of piling some twenty feet in diameter, and containing a bag-like net as big as the inclosure, and reaching to the bottom of the river. Here, if the run is large, the fish crowd in, sometimes filling the net in a solid mass, those at the top being forced out of water. In Puget Sound, where the trap has had its most successful application, and where the fish are more plentiful than in the Columbia, one trap, in 1901, impounded no fewer than ninety thousand salmon of the sock-eye variety at a single setting—a weight of three hundred and fifteen tons of fish. The trap is somewhat expensive in its installation, and it is dependent on the course of the salmon run, which sometimes changes with the shifting channels of the river; but it is not as costly of maintenance as some of the other methods employed, and its returns are usually larger.

At slack tide, the salmon having ceased to run, the fishers enter the trap in a heavy boat, pull up the entrance channel, so that no fish can escape, and then, by pulleys attached to the piling, lift the main trap-net.

Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

GOING OUT WITH THE NET

In the trap to which we were now made fast the net was almost up. Bending forward, with knees on the gunwale, until the boat listed far over, the two men brought the salmon suddenly into view, splashing, leaping, struggling to get through the narrow meshes. With gaff-hooks they skilfully brought one after another of the big, shiny-sided fellows into their boat, some thirty- and forty-pounders, chinooks all, the finest of the salmon tribe, and a few smaller blue-backs and steelheads, two other familiar varieties of the Columbia fisheries. At the bottom of the net there was also an animated catch of sole, flounders, tom-cods, and other fish, which were dumped back

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SEINING

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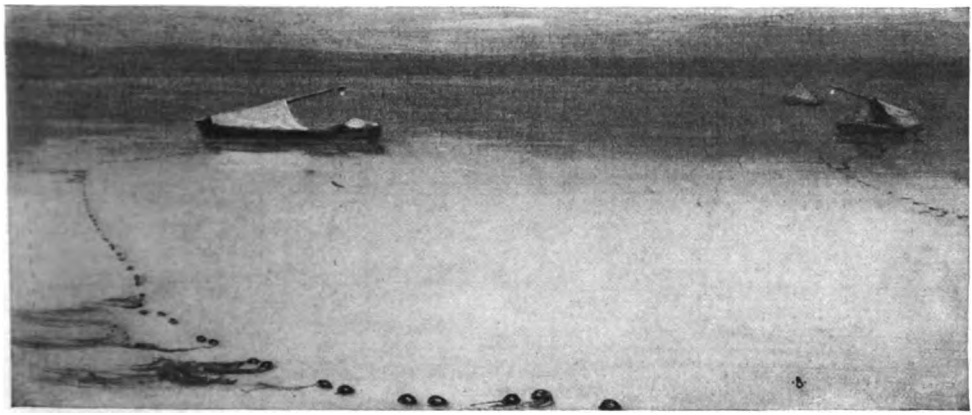
into the sea, save a few sole, which were thrown flopping on deck for the supper of the crew.

Captain Weik now dropped down the shallows along Sand Island, a low bar which divides the river at its mouth into two parts. Here, on sandy shores, we saw the seiners, rugged, red-faced, barefooted, at work with their horses, wading far out in the river. This is an old, old method of fishing, and picturesque, too. Hours before, the wide-stretching nets had been put out along the sandy shallows of the island, and now at slack tide they were dragged in with their tale of fish—hard, wet work for man and beast, but sometimes richly profitable. A little later, silent with the poor fortune of the tide, they came sculling up to the first delivery-scow, where we were anchored, their wet seines piled high in the stern of their boats, their feet red with cold, their clothing dripping. An Indian threw the fish on the floor of the scow, where the scowman promptly weighed them and entered the catch in the greasy book of the master seiner. A long day's work, and only four fish! But the season's run, they said, had not yet begun in earnest.

When all the fishers tributary to this scow had come in, the salmon were thrown loosely into large boxes, hoisted aboard the *El Hurd*, and Captain Weik proceeded to the next scow, and so on along the shore, past Ilwaco, Frogtown, Stringtown, Chinook, on the Washington coast, and so up the river, with our load of slimy boxes piled high behind.

Now we began to see the first of the gill-netters. The two methods of fishing already described—trapping and seining—are necessarily adapted only to comparatively shallow water near the shore; but the fish also run in the deep channels of the river, and here the gill-netters find their reward. It was just slack tide again, early afternoon, and the rough-clad, rubber-booted men were paying out their nets, their bodies rising and falling monotonously as they told off the corks of their surface lines. Gill-netting is one of the oldest methods of fishing, here still practised with much success, especially by cheap-living Finns, Italians, and Portuguese. A net, boat, and full equipment for gill-netting, representing an investment of several hundred dollars, is sometimes the property of the fishermen themselves, sometimes of the packers. A fisher with a full outfit is one of the most independent of men, though his income is not very large.

A gill-net is merely an immense strip of web a quarter of a mile long by thirty-five feet deep, floated in the water by cork buttons fastened along the upper edge. The tides carry it down to the sea and back again, the men following and watching in the boat, day and night, rain or storm, during all the fishing season, visiting the shore only occasionally for supplies or to mend their nets. They sleep in a little tent at the end of their clumsy boat, boil their



Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

GILL-NETTERS, WHEN THEIR NETS ARE OUT, GO TO SLEEP UNDER A TENT CONSTRUCTED WITH THE SAIL AND MAST

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AN INDIAN FISHING FOR SALMON WITH A DIP-NET

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coffee over a bit of a kerosene-stove, and fish without ceasing. Salmon, swimming against the tide, thrust their heads through the meshes of the net, and are caught at the gills. A cork on the surface sometimes gives sign of their struggles, and the men in the boat either come immediately, pull up the net at that spot, and with gaff-hook bring the big fellow flopping and bloody into the boat, or else they wait until many fish are entangled, and pull them all in together with the net. Sometimes, when the run is large, they catch scores, even hundreds, of fish in a day; but sometimes they travel up and down with the tide for days and take nothing. At slack tide they bring in their fish to the scow of the company, and are credited with the tally of their catch. So season by season they earn two or three hundred dollars.

Though fishing in a river, dangers constantly beset these gill-netters, and every season crape flies from many a fisherman's door. Most of the accidents occur at the mouth of the river, where the waves sweep in, white-capped, from the open Pacific. Here the fishers, seeking to set their nets far out to sea in order to get the first of the run of fish, are sometimes capsized, losing their lives, sometimes their nets, and even their heavy boats. At other times storms, driving in from the ocean, overwhelm them at their fishing in the river itself. Snags catch and tear their nets, and great vessels run them down, and sometimes, carrying off their entire nets, sweep away the savings of years. It is precarious, perilous, hard-toiling occupation, and yet the occasional large earnings, glittering before their eyes like the winnings of a gambler, lure them always onward.

Coming back in the *El Hurd*, we ourselves ran over a gill-net, though Captain Weik was specially careful to avoid this injury to the fishers. The net caught on the steamer's keel, and we had to cut the cork-line and tear out a large piece of the net itself to prevent carrying the whole thing away. The fishers, alarmed by the *El Hurd's* whistle, came sculling toward us from the far end of the net, angry, of course, but helpless, their net being set in a fairway.

Laden with the product of the fishermen, we came in the afternoon to the wharves of the cold-storage plant. Here Captain Weik delivered several hundred of the finest of the salmon, and they were immediately cleaned and washed by men marvelously expert in the various processes, one operator in particular slitting the backbones from the fish with astonishing rapidity and accuracy. The refuse was thrown aside for the fish-oil and fertilizer works, and the cleaned fish were sent to the extensive freezing- and refrigerating-rooms, where men were at work in overcoats and mufflers. The head of the salmon has two fat cheeks, brown-fleshed, served sometimes in the restaurants of Astoria and Portland, and so delicious that one wonders why they are not generally saved, instead of being cast out with the refuse.

The smaller fish were now delivered at the cannery—a long, low, whitewashed building, reaching out into the river on piling. Here the labor is chiefly Chinese, not only in the canning process, but in the can-making departments. The Chinese are vastly superior to white labor in these monotonous machine-tending operations. All day, the season through, they will work swiftly, steadily, untiringly at some minute detail of the work. Owing to the exclusion laws, the Chinese who are already in the country are becoming labor aristocrats, with well-organized unions and a very distinct knowledge of their own indispensability in the canning industry.

A modern cannery is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. After the fish is cleaned, automatic machines do nearly all the remainder of the work, even, in some instances, filling the cans with a motion for all the world like that of two human hands, one holding the can, the other crowding it full of raw fish. I shall not attempt to enter into a description of the machinery: the can of fish is started rolling on its way, and one has the impression that it continues to roll through machine after machine, hardly touched by human hands. It rolls into the cooker and out again,—even rolls itself into a bright-colored label,—and finally, somehow, rolls into a packing-box ready to be loaded in the car waiting at the door.

On the Upper Columbia River, where the current is swift and the channel much narrower, another and highly picturesque method of fishing is in vogue. A paddle-wheel having three great scoop-nets attached to it is fastened in the swift water at the stern of a scow or at the end of a

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long leadway of piling which extends out into the river and gathers in the fish. The current driving against the paddles of the wheel keeps it turning, and the fish swimming up-stream are caught in the scoop-nets, lifted, flapping, out of the water, and dropped into a trough, where they slip back to the scow. All the fisher has to do is to keep his wheel in repair and sit still while it does the fishing. Sometimes it may turn for days without taking a fish; at other times the scoops will come up loaded, fairly overwhelming the lucky fisher. A story is told of one fisher who wakened from a nap to find his scow sinking with the weight of salmon caught. Hundreds of wheels may be found scattered along the Upper Columbia, and these, with the Indians, who still fish with spear and dip-net, take a large number of salmon every year.

The Northwest furnishes an example, almost unique, of a rich, fertile, and well-populated land washed by a hardly less fertile sea. Here, within view of waters swarming with salmon, are cities important as manufacturing and commercial centers, green wheat valleys, orchards, hop-fields, and unmatched forests of merchantable timber. "No gift of sea or land," cries the orator, "has nature denied the smiling Northwest"—a bit of fustian not unsupported by the sober facts.

The proximity of the fisheries of Oregon and Washington to a populous coast, settled by a highly progressive and intelligent people, has tended to differentiate them in many ways from older fisheries. No one of the great industries shows in general less departure from the primitive methods of a hundred, or even a thousand, years ago than does fishing. Lines, baited hooks, and nets have been in use from time immemorial; the present-day methods are not far different from those of the time of Christ—toil of men in boats, peril, hardship, the will of the sea. Even the methods of curing by smoke, salt, or sunshine have changed little in hundreds of years. The cod of Newfoundland are cured now, for the most part, as they were in the beginning. But the Northwest, with its traps and the automatic machinery of its canneries, has devised new methods characteristic of its own spirit of enterprise. It has reduced, in some degree, a primitive industry to exact business standards. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, has fishing, and especially the care of the products of the fisheries, reached such a state of development as here; nowhere has machinery been introduced to such an extent; nowhere has the world-old uncertainty of the industry, the element of "fisherman's luck," been so far eliminated.

The success of the Pacific fisher, however, is not wholly the result of his enterprise and resourcefulness. Nature has favored him with a variety of fish not only of superior quality as a food product, but having certain peculiar habits of life which render possible a highly organized system of fishing. The salmon, though not, as commonly supposed, a *salmo* at all, being no more closely related to the salmon of Europe and of our own Eastern waters than a dog is related to a fox, has the life-habits, in common with the shad and other fish, of feeding and attaining its maturity in the sea and then ascending the rivers to lay its eggs, its young being born always in fresh water.

Each year, therefore, great runs, or schools, of fish swim upward from the sea into the rivers on their way to the spawning-beds. The fisher has only to set his nets or traps in the well-known courses taken by these runs near the river-mouths or in the rivers themselves, and he is sure of a catch. The only element of uncertainty, indeed, is in the size of the runs; the fish come up as regularly as the seasons, but there are years of great runs and years of small runs, so that the production varies, but not more so than the wheat or corn crop.

Few kinds of fish, indeed, have a more interesting life-history than the salmon. The several varieties—chinook, sockeye, king, chum, and so on—are distributed in enormous numbers along the Pacific coast from Alaska to California, ascending nearly all the streams and rivers, especially the Columbia in the United States and the Fraser in British America. When they first reach fresh water in the summer or fall, at the time of catching, they are in superb condition, the chinooks often weighing sixty pounds, and sometimes as high as eighty or ninety pounds, splendid great fish of fine proportion and coloring, and among the strongest of all the denizens of the sea in swimming and leaping. They take no food after entering fresh water, though they often swim for hundreds, even more

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than a thousand, miles, up-stream all the way, leaping apparently impossible falls and breasting the wildest rapids. If they arrive early in the season, they often lie quiet in dark lake pools for weeks before beginning to spawn, always without eating, never tempted by fly or worm. Many of the great fish entering the Columbia River finally reach the little tributary brooks of the Snake and Salmon rivers in the wild and mountainous heart of Idaho, over a thousand miles, by the course taken, from the sea.

Here the males and females, much wasted in flesh from their fasting, pair off, and in some brawling stream, near a lake by preference, they dig a nest, using heads, tails, and fins with almost human intelligence. The male by this time has developed a formidable hooked beak, with which he fights savagely for the rights of his home. Here the eggs are laid, from two to six thousand to each fish. Carried down-stream by the swift water, a large proportion are lost, many being seized as rare tidbits by waiting trout. But a few drop among the loose stones at the lower edge of the nest, where they are protected in holes and crevices until hatching-time.

Nature affords few more extraordinary examples of devotion to the instinct of reproduction than the practices of these salmon. The digging of the nest wears out their fins and tails, even rubbing away parts of their heads, and the constant fighting among the males causes further disfigurements; lack of food emaciates them, their very stomachs withering away; so that by the time the eggs are laid they are much enfeebled—indeed, all but helpless. But they seem to possess no other instinct at this time than that of spawning. Even after all the eggs are deposited, they continue to go through the exhausting processes until one or the other is too weak to breast longer the swift current or resist the attacks of enemies. When one of a pair disappears, some other unmated fish immediately takes its place, and so on, spawning, fighting, wearing themselves out. Fungoid diseases now attack them, tapeworms appear, and soon, utterly worn out, they perish, and drop to the bottom of the stream or lake. After spawning they apparently have no desire to return to the sea: their life-work is done.

The eggs hatch within one to six months, according to the temperature of the water, and a minute swimming creature called an alevin appears, carrying its food, the egg-yolk, in a sac attached to the under part of its body, hiding among the pebbles, eating nothing, unable to swim. In three or four weeks, however, the yolk-sac is absorbed and the alevin becomes a fry, venturing out to snap at passing particles of food, the prey of hungry trout. Growing now very rapidly, it soon sets out on its often long journey to the sea, traveling mostly at night, head always up-stream, and thus ten miles or more a day for weeks or months.

A long time it lingers, now grown to a sizable fish, in the brackish river-mouths; for it is unable to bear an immediate change from fresh water to salt. Finally reaching its home in the sea, it becomes a powerful, aggressive fish, often gamy, rising to the fisher's hook. Here in salt water, probably not far from the mouth of the river in which it was spawned, the salmon makes its home for years,—usually four,—preparing for the final ordeal and purpose of its life.

Upon reaching full size, some instinct drives it into the fresh water again, and here it is that fishermen lie in wait, with all manner of devices to entrap it. When it has passed safely the white men's nets, the Indian, half naked, stands with poised spear or crude dip-net to take it from some swift-water channel, or, if it escapes the Indian, the grizzly bear and the black bear await its coming in the shallow streams or along the rapids, where the strong fish, in leaping from the foamy waters, subjects itself to the dexterous and crushing blow of the bear's paw.

The rapid settlement of the country, the useless destruction of fish near their spawning-beds, the damming of streams used as salmon thoroughfares, the diversion of others for irrigation, to say nothing of the great increase of fishermen, have all militated against the continuance of the supply. Yet the number of fish is so enormous that enough of them succeed each year in reaching the spawning-beds to maintain, in a really surprising degree, the fruitfulness of the waters, though the Pacific fisher, acutely observant of the effects of overfishing, has not only sought the intelligent protection of the supply through restrictive legislation, but has taken measures to re-

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place by artificial propagation the natural decrease at the spawning-beds.

Indeed, fish-hatcheries are now established in the head-waters of many of the important salmon rivers, partly under the supervision of the various States and partly supported by the Federal government.

It is a work of deep interest and importance. At the various stations the native salmon are caught in large numbers, artificially spawned, and the eggs are hatched under conditions which prevent the very large losses of the natural spawning-beds and of the young fry after hatching. As soon as the young are capable of caring for themselves they are "planted" in the rivers and begin their journey to the sea. Millions of fry are thus distributed each year, thereby maintaining to a remarkable degree the fertility of the waters. The product of the different salmon-hatcheries tributary to the Columbia River alone, including two maintained by the United States government, four by Oregon, and six by Washington, amounted, in 1901, to over fifty-eight million fry. The authorities of Oregon and Washington are much alive to the importance of this growing industry, and have appointed fish-wardens to execute the laws which control and restrict the taking of fish, the size of the nets, the distance between nets, and the definite seasons set for fishing, the objects of these laws being to permit enough fish to pass up the streams every year to maintain the spawning supply, and yet to allow as large a number as possible to be taken. Intelligently regulated, the Northwesterner believes that his fisheries may be made a steady source of profit through all future time.

The six chief salmon-catching centers on the Pacific coast, in the order of the quantity of fish packed (in 1901), are Alaska, Puget Sound (British Columbia), the Columbia River, the Oregon coast, the Washington coast, and the California rivers. About four fifths of the entire catch was in American waters, one fifth in Canadian. For their extent and importance, the annual product now being worth over twenty million dollars, employing an army of men and millions of capital, the Pacific salmon-fisheries are of surprisingly recent development. Like every industry in the Northwest, they have seemingly sprung into importance overnight—yesterday nothing, to-day a business of world-wide recognition.

While it is true that there was fishing for packing purposes in the Columbia River as far back as 1866, the industry attained no prominence except in that river until 1876 and 1878, when the northern fisheries in Puget Sound (British Columbia) and Alaska were opened, at first modestly and experimentally. The great growth did not begin until 1886; but since that time the expansion in the business has been well-nigh incredible, the Puget Sound pack increasing by eleven hundred per cent., the Alaska pack by fifteen hundred per cent. The California pack of recent years has been small, bearing no important relation to the total output, while the Columbia River product, though still large, has not increased for years.

Varieties of salmon differing from those in the Columbia are taken in the northern fisheries; in Puget Sound chiefly the sockeye, a fish of good quality, but much smaller than the chinook, averaging only seven or eight pounds to the fish. In Alaska the principal fish is the king-salmon, the runs of both sockeye and king being much larger than the Columbia River runs, and the business generally on a larger scale. The fish of Puget Sound, for the most part, go up the Fraser River in British Columbia, being caught in Georgia Gulf before crossing the international boundary. Many of the Canadian fishers look upon this fishing as an encroachment on their rights, though it is all conducted in American waters, and there are enough fish passing the nets to furnish the Canadians of the Fraser River a large yearly pack. It is significant of the commercial friendship of the two countries, much more noticeable in the West than in the East, that the Canadian government has recently given permission to the State of Washington for the establishment, on the Canadian head-waters of the Fraser, of a fish-hatchery, the aim of which is to help maintain the supply of fish for Americans and Canadians alike.

Nothing, surely, would have astonished our forefathers more than the prophecy that fish caught in the Pacific Ocean would one day be served fresh and in prime condition six thousand miles away in London, and that within three weeks of the time they were alive in their native waters.

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A LAND OF DESERTED CITIES

BY HOWARD CROSBY BUTLER

Of the American Expedition to Northern Central Syria

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

FEW people appreciate the fact that to-day, at the dawn of the twentieth century, there are still parts of the old Roman Empire where no traveler of modern times has been; that there are ancient towns which no tourist has seen, temples and towers that no lover of classic architecture has delighted in, inscriptions in ancient Greek that no savant has as yet deciphered, whole regions, in fact, full of antiquities for which no Baedeker has been written, and which are not shown upon the latest maps. There are regions within our temperate zone where no modern European foot has trod, so far as we are able to tell—regions where the civilization of Greece and Rome once flourished, and where fine monuments of classic art, and of an unfamiliar art that supplanted the classic, waste their beauties upon the ignorant sight of half-civilized nomads.

To realize the truth of this, one needs only to cross the ranges of mountains that run parallel to the eastern coast of the Mediterranean, and, avoiding all caravan routes, journey independently about the barren country that lies between these mountains and the Euphrates. Here is a territory which, though not wholly unexplored, is full of most wonderful surprises. Here are cities and towns long deserted, not so great or so imposing, perhaps, as Palmyra, but far better preserved than the city of Zenobia, and giving a much truer picture of the life of the ancient inhabitants than one can draw from those famous ruins. These towns are not buried, like the great cities of the Mesopotamian plains, nor have their sites been built upon in modern times, as those of the classic cities of Greece have been; they stand out against the sky upon high ridges, or lie sheltered in sequestered valleys, presenting to the view of the traveler, as he approaches them, very much the same aspect that they did in the fourth century of our era, when inhabited by prosperous, cultivated, and happy people, or when deserted by those inhabitants some thirteen hundred years ago.

I have said that the region is not wholly unexplored: it is a territory as large as England or the State of New York, traversed from north to south by a highway upon which the pilgrims from all the northern Islamic countries journey to Damascus and thence to Mecca. It is crossed in the north by a great caravan route extending from the sea to the Euphrates, and in the south by another important route leading from Damascus to Bagdad by way of Palmyra. At intervals between these extremes there are two other routes for caravans, which are infrequently used. Upon the more important roads, especially between Aleppo and Damascus, there are towns of considerable size. These are situated in the plain, and consist, in some cases, of houses poorly built of broken stones from ruined buildings of antiquity, but more generally of mud huts, called *kubbe*. But the hill country of northern central Syria, the country of deserted cities and towns, the region of which I am writing, is one of the districts that are still virtually unexplored. Portions of it, those nearest to known and settled country, have been visited from time to time by scholars in search of inscriptions, but each of these has usually followed the track of the first explorers.

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This country was first brought to the notice of the scientific world over a hundred years ago, when an Englishman named Pococke touched at several points while traveling from Damascus to Aleppo. Pococke copied a number of inscriptions, but has little to say about the ruins, for the reason, we may presume, that he visited few of the more remarkable sites. In 1867 the first important publication was made of the architectural remains of the region. It was in the year 1860 that Count Melchior de Vogüé, later an attaché of the French embassy at Constantinople, now the Marquis de Vogüé, a member of the Institute and one of the "Immortals," made a journey through the country east of the Orontes and in the Ḥaurân, with sketch-book and measuring-rod in hand, and, upon his return to France, published one of the most remarkable works upon architecture that the century produced. The companion of his travels and a collaborator in his work was M. Waddington, the well-known epigraphist and writer, who was afterward ambassador of France to Great Britain.

In this book, "La Syrie Centrale: Architecture Civile et Religieuse," were presented one hundred and fifty drawings of basilicas, churches, public baths, private houses, and tombs in great variety, dating from the first to the seventh century, all in a new and beautiful style and in a wonderful state of preservation.

It seemed almost incredible that such remarkable remains should have existed so long within two or three days' journey from the site of ancient Antioch, or from Damascus, without having been known before. Skeptical persons were inclined to believe that the drawings were more beautiful than the ruins themselves, and were, in a sense, restorations more or less imaginary from fragments found by M. de Vogüé; nevertheless they made an epoch in the history of architecture, and these same drawings will be found reproduced in every general history of architecture that has been written since they were published.

Besides contributing these remarkable architectural illustrations to our knowledge of ancient architecture, M. de Vogüé's book contained charts which added to the general map of Syria a score and more of names of sites before unknown; but since that time few travelers have found their way to the country of M. de Vogüé's discoveries.

In reading M. de Vogüé's book one wonders what there may be beyond and on each side of his route; for he says that there were many great ruins to be seen in the distance, which could not be reached for lack of time. And it was from wondering what might be beyond that an American archæological expedition was organized, in 1899, to extend M. de Vogüé's work and to verify his drawings by the camera.

We were four—three Americans and one German. When we started out in the autumn our work was divided so that one man was to make maps and study the general physical conditions of the country, another was to study the architecture and other arts, a third had the copying of the Greek and Latin inscriptions to do, while the fourth was to take charge of the Semitic inscriptions, of which six kinds were found. In the spring we were joined by another member, who came out from America to study the natives, and for a few weeks the eminent American medical professor of the Syrian College at Beirut was one of us; he joined us in order to collect in the desert between Aleppo and Palmyra material for the completion of his great work on the flora of Syria.

Then we were six; but the retinue of servants that one must have to travel comfortably in the East, together with the guard of Turkish soldiers that the government insists on sending, amounted to more than thirty men, while the cavalcade of horses, mules, donkeys, and camels when these were necessary—eighty in all—made up a good-sized caravan or a tribe of respectable proportions. We set out really from Alexandretta, though the caravan had come from Beirut and Jerusalem. Our tents were first pitched at Anṭâkiyah, in a graveyard above the river, just opposite the town, a wretched collection of modern houses and one or two dingy mosques, with nothing visible to recall "Antioch the Fair" of old but the ponderous arches of a Roman aqueduct outside the town, on the south, and the rugged masses of Mons Silpius, crowned with its mighty ruined walls, towering above. The glories of the city of Seleucus Nicator, Alexander's great general, are gone, the splendid colonnaded avenues of Antiochus Epiphanes are no more. Naught remains of the gorgeous buildings which

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Roman emperors built to grace the "Crown of the East"; not even a remnant of one of Constantine's or Justinian's great churches remains in the city where the disciples were first called Christians.

The river and the mountain are the same, though the Orontes is to the natives el-'Asi, —"the rebellious,"—because it flows north, while Silpius is Habîb en-Nejâr. The balmy air is still as sweet as when it charmed an emperor away from his imperious Roma, to forget both empire and honor in the sensuous groves of Daphne. At night the creaking wooden water-wheels chant mournful dirges for the city that is no more, while the jackals on the mountain-side wail piteously, like the wandering souls of her great ones. Our camp beside the Orontes was the last one for many days upon a site with a familiar name; two days later, having crossed the Orontes by an old Saracenic bridge called Djisr il-Hadîd, and having spent the night below the ruined castle of Hârim, we had arrived in the Djebel il-A'la, the country of M. de Vogüé's travels, and had begun to prove the accuracy of the great Frenchman's work and the inaccuracy of all the maps of the region. The country into which we had come is a barren, mountainous region extending seventy miles north and south, consisting chiefly of long, rocky ridges, seldom over 2000 feet high, with one prominent peak at the north—the Djebel Shêkh Berekât—the dome of which, 3000 feet high, dominates the whole country.

Extended views of this mountain region present lonely wastes of rugged gray limestone, rolling in gentle waves, stripped of soil, destitute of trees, the monotony of its grayness broken only by the walls and towers of a ruined and deserted city, or the uneven sky-line of some pagan shrine or Christian monastery perched upon a barren hill-top. But the nearer prospects, as one journeys over the hills, often show that the land is not so desolate or so barren as it seems from a distance; for there are little valleys in which the soil has lodged and cannot get away, where there are olive groves and patches of grain that afford a living to the scattered inhabitants who live in crudely constructed huts among the ruins.

Olive groves are occasionally found among the ruins of cities and towns, where the soil has been held in place by ancient walls. Trees sometimes grow even in the ancient houses and send their branches out over the tops of the walls; while here and there a flowering vine has climbed to the top of a ruined structure, festooning its broken columns with green and gold. But the general effect is one of silent desolation, naked rock, and deserted ruin. There are two or three small towns, even among the hills, widely separated, built out of ruins, poor and squalid. Water for these settlements is usually preserved in ancient cisterns; for wells are rarely found, and the inhabitants, like the casual dwellers in ruined towns, find their subsistence in the olive groves and stony grain-fields of a few protected valleys.

But the wonder of the land lies not in its barren hills or in the life of its scattered population, but in the splendid architectural remains of ancient civilization that rise in all directions from its rocky surface.

On the second day out from Antioch, early in the afternoon, after several hours of hard traveling up a rough slope and through a rocky ravine, we came upon our first ruin, a small town, preserving several large houses in excellent classic style almost intact, and a lofty column which, with a sister shaft now fallen, stood as a monument above a rock-hewn tomb just outside the city. Among the ruins were living several Druse families, who received us cordially and told us that the town was called Benâbil, which is not a word from the Arabic, the language of the present inhabitants, but is of Syriac origin and has doubtless been handed down for thirteen centuries since the town was deserted by its original inhabitants. None of the monuments, so far as we knew, had ever been published. That same afternoon we stopped at another, still more extensive, ruined town, less well preserved than Benâbil, and passed within hailing distance of a third town with ponderous outer walls shining in the last rays of the setting sun, before we joined our caravan and camped for the night. Our tents were pitched at Ḳalb Lauzeh, beside a great church which might have been the cathedral of a diocese —a beautiful building, wonderfully preserved, built in massive style, of huge blocks of limestone that were a creamy white when quarried, but which are now toned to rich golden brown, brightened with white patches of lichen, thin and lace-like.

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This fine monument of the days of Justinian and Theodora was the pride of the Djebel il-A'la and is a striking landmark, standing upon the top of a high ridge, conspicuous for miles around. This was the first of the buildings which we saw that was familiar to us from the illustrations of M. de Vogüé's book. We rejoiced to find that it had suffered but little decay during the lapse of forty years.

All of the ruins described in "La Syrie Centrale" were found in time, while numerous sites were discovered on each side of the route marked upon the maps of that book, which more than repaid our constant search.

Finally we found ourselves in a country wholly unexplored, so far as maps and books have told, and each day brought us to some new and interesting site that had been known only to the wandering natives for many centuries. Within a few weeks over thirty ruined towns were found that are unknown to modern geographers. This number includes only the more important sites and does not take into account a large number of isolated monasteries, towers, and small groups of buildings. Comparatively few of these sites are sufficiently large in superficial area to be called cities, yet each of them is too extensive and too nobly built to be classed under the head of villages.

The streets are very narrow and the buildings are set close together, and we must remember that the ancients lived in more crowded fashion than we do, and that small space was required to house a large number of inhabitants.

The drawings of M. de Vogüé's book, wonderful and beautiful as they are, give but a faint notion of the extent of these ruined and deserted towns, or of the dignity and richness of their architecture. Great was the delight of finding old friends among these splendid remains of antiquity, and great the joy of making new acquaintances in the same towns, of studying those which were known before and those which had been seen by the first explorer, but which had not been introduced to the world; but greater still was the charm of coming upon unknown and unexpected sites the magnificent monuments of which no appreciative eye had seen for many generations, and the records of which, often engraved in letters of stone upon their walls, had not been read since long before the time of Charlemagne and Alfred.

Let the reader for a moment imagine himself withdrawn from the luxuriant landscapes of forest-capped hills and fresh green pastures with which he is familiar, and set down in this wasted land of barren gray hills, beneath a cloudless sky, and let him see before him in the distance a towering mass of broken walls and shattered colonnades, the mighty remnants of a city long deserted by civilized men, silent, sepulchral, with gates wide open and every house within untenanted even by wild beasts. Let him recall that this now lonely city was in existence before the day of Constantine the Great, while Rome was still the mistress of the world and the Antonine emperors still sat upon the throne, that its magnificent churches were erected while our ancestors were bowing to Woden and Thor, that its spacious villas and its less pretentious, though still luxurious, abodes were built while the Anglo-Saxon was content with a hut of branches and skins, and then let him reflect that this once wealthy and thriving town has stood uninhabited for thirteen centuries, that no hand has been raised to add a single stone or to brace a tottering wall in all that time, and he will grasp something of the antiquity and something of the desolation of these dead cities.

There are many sites far older than these, many separate buildings the history of which carries us much further back into the story of the past; but no other place has as yet been discovered, except among the ashes of Pompeii, where one can cast his eye over the massive walls of a city filled with fine buildings, temples and basilicas, crowded with residences, shops, and every structure that an advanced civilization requires, and say, "No hand but that of time" —for weather and earthquake are but time's handmaidens—"has wrought the change which separates this dead city from a living city of the fourth or fifth century of our era." No vandal's torch has destroyed, no restorer's touch has marred, these monuments of a bygone age during forty generations. All that remains is genuine and original; each civic edifice, each house, each tomb, whether sadly ruined or almost perfectly preserved, contains a record of a civilization lost and forgotten, a record which, like an ancient papyrus

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ARCH OVER ANCIENT ROMAN ROAD

AT BENÂBIL

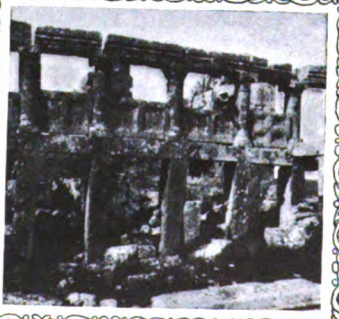
CLOISTER COURT, AT DAUWÂR

KSÊDJBEH. EAST CHURCH, DATED 414 A.D.

CHURCH AT SRÎR

ENTRANCE TO COURTYARD OF ANCIENT DWELLING AT BENÂBIL

PORTICO OF STOA, DATED 470 A.D.



DWELLING AT SERDJIBLEH

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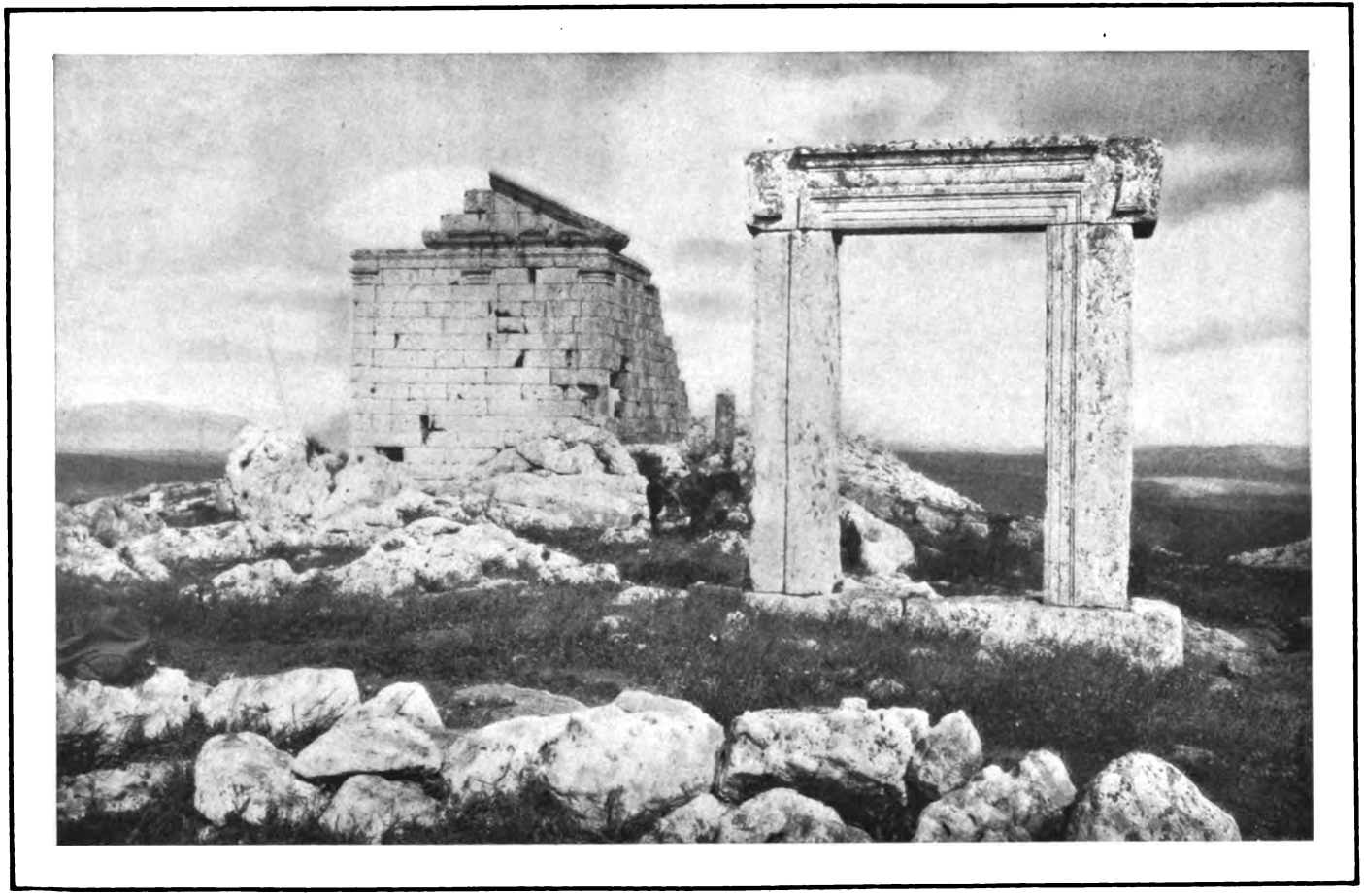

From a photograph furnished by the author

BURDJ BĀḲIRḤĀ

The temple and the pylon, dated 161 A.D. Shêkh Berekât in the distance on the left, and the plain of Sermedā on the right

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scroll, has known no overwriting and only slight effacement.

Enter the city, walk through its narrow streets, often blocked by fallen walls, seek out the churches, find your way to the public bath, pass through the bazaars, as if you were in a modern living city. Churches you will always find, baths are less numerous, but shops abound everywhere. Pass through one of the many narrow entrances in the walls that hedge the streets; penetrate the arched vestibules with seats on each hand, where you would have sat and waited fifteen hundred years ago until a slave opened the inner door and led you into the spacious courtyard of a private residence. Wander beyond the houses of the town to the ancient burial-places, where you will find tombs of many kinds, some with large chambers and columned porches cut all in the solid rock, others built of fine masonry, square structures roofed with rounded domes or steeply pointed pyramids. All have been rifled and desecrated during the ages of Moslem rule; each stone sarcophagus has been broken open and its contents scattered or carried away, though in a number of cases you will find bones which were not considered worth removing. Wherever you go, in stately hall, in market, or in tomb, a death-like silence reigns.

The history of Syria, as well as the history of her architecture, is written in the buildings of these towns, and a picture is presented in them which is probably the best reproduction of the architectural aspect of ancient Antioch, in the days of her power and splendor as an imperial city, that can ever be found. The second century, the century of the Antonine emperors, under whose sway Syria was quite thoroughly Romanized, is represented by a splendid temple, by private houses and imposing funeral monuments, that are of pure classic style, though they are suffused with Greek rather than Roman feeling. The third century, the period of decadence and lavish display in other parts of the Roman world, is represented in Syria, where the Christian religion was gaining a strong foothold, by a reaction against the prevalent extravagance of imperial paganism, for the architecture of that period is reserved and severe, though its elements are still classic. The architecture of the fourth century, foreshadowing the outburst of Oriental national feeling that was to follow the triumph of Christianity in Constantine's decree, suppresses its classic motives, and shows a still timid Oriental sentiment in delicate touches in the ornamental details. With the fifth century, the lingering Greco-Roman style is clothed with garments of Oriental design, and a hundred elements are introduced which transform the architecture of northern Syria and create a distinct style. The newly created style was perfected in the sixth century, when the elements introduced in the preceding century take definite form and are wrought into a developed style of architectural expression, while only the skeleton of the classic—the fundamental principles of design and construction which had been learned from the West—remains to the credit of Greece and Rome.

The churches and baptisteries, and the greater number of the houses, baths, bazaars, and tombs, belong to the later styles which cover the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries. The churches generally conform to one of two plans, the small structures being oblong, with wide, undivided naves and with an arched chancel at the east end and a chamber on each side of it; the larger edifices have two rows of columns which divide the nave into central and side aisles, and carry a clearstory above the slanting aisle roofs. Many examples of the former class exist in an almost perfect state of preservation but for their roofs, which were of wood and have, of course, perished; but the majority of the large churches have collapsed with the fall of the interior columns and clearstory. Examples, however, were found which preserved their stone portions entire, columns, clearstory, and all, and in these we find the clue for the restoration of all the churches in Syria.

A number of these churches, large and small, have had scarcely a stone displaced, from the square slabs of their pavements to the apex of their gables: restore the roofs of wood, furnish their portals with doors and their windows with glass, and they would again be comfortable houses of worship; replaster the interior of the walls, replace the altars and other furniture, and you will have Christian shrines, the walls and arches of which would put to shame, in point of age, the oldest churches of Europe. Some of these structures have counterparts in the neighborhood, less well preserved, which have inscriptions upon

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From a photograph furnished by the author

A FIVE-STORY HOUSE AT SERDJIBLEH

The only private house of antiquity that is known showing more than three stories

them dated in the earliest years of the fifth century, while fallen church portals are to be found that have inscribed dates of the fourth century. The ancient basilicas of Rome, which belong to the same period, have been rebuilt or altered so many times that very little of their original structure remains in situ. But whatever is left of these Syrian buildings is sure to be of the original builders' work. Many of these edifices have richly ornamented portals and arches carved in fresh and vigorous style, and ranges of stately columns with graceful flowing capitals. A number of them boast of pavements laid in mosaics of varied pattern and rich colors; it takes but a slight touch of imagination to restore them in one's mind to the dignified grace and rich simplicity of their original estate.

The best preserved of the public baths, though comparatively small, was planned with all the divisions of the ancient Roman thermæ, with caldarium, tepidarium, frigidarium, and other dependencies. In the great central hall of one bath we found a mosaic pavement showing scarcely a trace of time's rude tread. Its highly colored designs, representing wild beasts in combat, its borders of intricate geometrical and floral patterns, and a fine Greek inscription wrought in black-and-white mosaics within a circle in the center of the pavement, were as bright and fresh when water was applied to them as when Julianus completed the bath in the year 472 A.D., as the inscription tells us.

The ancients in these regions seem to have had two general forms of private residence—one long and low, seldom of more than two stories, and having capacious two-story colonnades or porticos with inclosed courtyards before them; the other of tower form, four or five stories high, with two or

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three rooms in each story. Those of the latter sort are naturally preserved in fewer instances than the former, for the reason that high buildings are, generally speaking, a more easy prey to earthquake than low ones. Examples of the long two-story house are common in every ruined town, many of them in a remarkable state of preservation. The dates inscribed upon them range from 398 to 510 A.D. The porticos of these houses were their most interesting feature; here the ornament was massed, here the inscriptions were carved, and here, doubtless, the leisure hours of the ancient owners were passed. Between the columns of the upper story was a parapet composed of rectangular slabs paneled, molded, and otherwise ornamented. Many of these apparently thin slabs are, in reality, the backs of settles cut in solid stone, with comfortable seats and curving arms. The wooden floors of all colonnades like this have, of course, perished, so that now, when one sits in one of the settles, his feet are necessarily suspended in space; but these seats are an index of the homelike ease and luxury that these ancient people enjoyed in the open loggias of their town residences, when the floors were in place, when a sloping roof afforded welcome shade within the portico, and when clinging vines twined about the pillars of stone.

The bazaars of these ancient towns, which are still recognized as such by the people who live among the ruins, who have no bazaars of their own, but have seen them in Aleppo, consist of long, narrow structures facing directly upon the street; often they occupied both sides of a street of unusual width. The fronts of the shops have two-story porticos of square monolithic piers carrying equally plain architraves. Behind the portico is a building, also of two stories, composed of a series of small rooms which were undoubtedly storerooms in the ground story and living-apartments above. The arrangement was not unlike that of the colonnades of the Greek market-places, and, indeed, they seem to have been called *stoæ*, as we learn from an inscription upon one of them. We may then suppose that the lower story of the porticos was employed for the display of merchandise in the daytime and that the goods were removed to the store-rooms at night.

Not all the interesting remnants of this ancient civilization, however, are to be found within the limits of the cities and towns. One of the most imposing, perhaps, of all these monuments of the past is a Roman military road, built undoubtedly in the reign of the Emperor Trajan, which may be traced eastward from the region of Antioch, around the northern end of the Djebel il-A'la and the Djebel Bārîshā, and across the southern part of the Djebel Ḥalaḳah. It first appears in a narrow defile where it was cut in the solid rock, and where a Greek inscription carved in the side of the cutting high above the roadway gives us the name of one of the Antonine emperors, having been carved about a hundred years after the road was built. Farther along the road disappears beneath the soil of the plain of Sermedā, which seems to have risen as the hills became bare; but it appears again in the hills to the south, where it ascends the slope in almost unbroken completeness, one of the most perfect monuments of Roman engineering that have been preserved to us, a highway twenty feet wide, built of huge blocks of limestone, many of them four feet square and four feet thick, joined with perfect accuracy, and still so smooth that horses stand with difficulty upon it; for the ancient transverse grooves have been worn away by the tramp of myriads of camels.

At one side of the plain, not far from the opening of the defile described above, the road passes beneath a great arch which

From a photograph furnished by the author

A DISTANT VIEW OF BĀSHAKŪḤ

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spans the way like a triumphal bow. Stripped of its ornaments and broken at its ends, it still stands in gray solemnity, trying to tell us of some forgotten victory. For more than fifteen hundred years it has watched the tide between the East and the West. In its early history it stood above one of the main channels between Orient and Occident. Countless armies it has seen: armies exultant with hope, pressing toward the riches of the East; armies jubilant with victory, loaded down with spoil; armies dejected and depleted, returning disgraced to a thankless mistress. What worlds of wealth have passed beneath its broad expanse! For, during many centuries, one of the main currents of the commerce of the East passed within the compass of its piers.

Our expedition happened to be encamped at a ruin called Bābiṣḳā when Easter day came. It seemed like Easter, too, for the ground among the ruins was strewn with tulips and narcissus. Our tents were pitched between the two ruined churches, and it seemed fitting that we should observe the day with proper services. When our people had all assembled, sitting in semicircles about the door of our largest tent,—a motley congregation of Mohammedans, Druses, and Christians (Orthodox Greeks, Greek Catholics, and Protestants), all of our servants, in fact, except two Roman Catholics who kept discreetly in their tents,—it seemed quite like the apostolic age, so diverse were our tenets; and when Dr. Post, gray-bearded and erect, began, in clear tones, to read, "In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre," I could not but reflect that this was undoubtedly the first time in thirteen centuries that those familiar words had resounded about the walls of these early abodes of Christianity, and that the Greek language, in which those words had last been repeated here, was now exchanged, first for Arabic and then for English, two languages as foreign to the original as could well be imagined.

Looking westward toward the mountains from the ruins of Bābiṣḳā, one may see a solitary building of severe and stately lines, perched upon a sharp spur just below the summit of the Ḳubbit Bābuṭṭā, like a sentinel above a ruined city. This ruin is the temple of Burdj Bāḳirḥā. The site is well worthy of a visit, both for the sake of the temple and for the magnificent view that may be had from this "high place" of the ancient Syrians. Where else in the world could we find a view to match this scene of desolation and death? And this is only a small part of the region of deserted cities in northern central Syria: ten ancient towns, the greater number of them of considerable extent, abandoned and in ruins, with no evidence that they have been inhabited since the beginning of the seventh century! This desolation was not the work of any great physical catastrophe such as that which destroyed the cities beside the Bay of Naples; these conditions cannot have been brought about entirely by invasion, war, and pillage, for conquerors seldom destroy a country, but take it for their own gain.

What, then, can have wrought the change by which a wealthy, populous, and necessarily fertile land was transformed into a rocky wilderness strewn with the remnants of once thriving cities? I believe this to have been due primarily to the cutting of trees. There is every evidence that, for five centuries at least, the inhabitants of these hills drew heavily upon the forests of the region. Every building, large and small, had a wooden roof and intermediate floors of wood, besides doors, shutters, sheds, and other details which must have been of the same material. Such a lavish use of the product of the forest would indicate the presence of extensive woodlands in the immediate vicinity; for importation of materials into these rough mountain districts would have been both difficult and costly. We may believe, then, that the mountain-sides were once clothed with forests, which means that there was soil for trees to grow in. There are many other evidences that there was plenty of soil covering the bare ribs of the earth that are now exposed. Wine- and olive-presses may be counted by the hundreds in places where there is not sufficient soil to support a single vine or olive-tree, and there are slopes that were terraced up with a succession of walls; but the walls have fallen down, and there is no remnant of earth behind them.

The desolation, then, we may presume, is the result of the gradual washing away of the soil from the hills, caused primarily by the cutting of the forests. For a time the inhabitants saved their country by the

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judicious building of terraces for their vineyards and orchards. Then came the invasions, first, of the Persians who destroyed Antioch in 538, then of the Mohammedans, in the train of the prophet, in 632, and the consequent poverty which made it impossible for the people to keep their terrace walls in repair. After this the work of destruction was rapid, and the winter rains of thirteen centuries have washed the hills to the gray bareness of their limestone frames, while a continuous series of earthquakes has wrecked the buildings of antiquity, leaving only here and there a well-preserved example of their former splendor.

No one who looks at these pictures of the Syrian hills can fail to see in them an object-lesson for our day and generation.

STRANDED IN A SPANISH HILL TOWN

BY THOMAS ROBINSON DAWLEY, JR.

WITH PICTURES BY S. CRUSET

MURCIA is an Arabian-like city among date-palms and orange-trees, in the midst of delicious gardens in a southeast corner of Spain. A journalistic mission took me there. My next mission was to Cadiz, which is due west from Murcia, and naturally I thought the line of railroad running west would get me to Cadiz. The railroad is marked on the map, but I failed to notice that it terminated somewhere in the middle of southern Spain, and did not begin again till a bit farther on.

To get the morning train I rode on a queerly fashioned, two-story tram-car to a little town of sun-baked mud called Alcantarilla. I then learned that I could get a ticket only as far as Baza. I scarcely knew where Baza was beyond the fact that it was on the way to Cadiz. I had some faint recollection of it as the scene of the friar's love-story in "Guzman de Alfarache," and one of the first cities Ferdinand laid siege to in his conquest of Granada.

As I bought my ticket my next discovery was that, beyond a few centimos, my money was all gone. By some mysterious means a portion of my cash had been extracted from my purse, which I finally laid to a clever valet in one of the hotels where I had been stopping.

With my railway-ticket in one hand, my empty purse and a few centimos in the other, I was confused. The train was about to start, and, with my scattered wits half collected, I knew that I was no better off stopping where I was than going on to Baza, which would certainly bring me nearer to my destination. So I climbed into one of the cars and dropped into a corner with a bewildered feeling, wondering what was to become of me.

Hardships inure men to many kinds of discomfort, but of all the discomforts I know, to be stranded in the midst of civilization and plenty is the worst. I imagine I must have looked strangely out of place in that car, knowing that I had no money, and with no prospects of a breakfast or dinner before me. An old peasant, with his brown manta over his broad shoulders, sat opposite me, gazing at me with one eye, which was the only eye he had, and, oddly, a blue one. He may have divined that something was the matter, and to satisfy his curiosity, he began by asking me where I was going. Groutily I answered that I did not know, which, instead of dispelling his curiosity, increased it, and, after a pause, he asked what I was going for. I did not know that either, and the old man

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Drawn by S. Cruset. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"MEN LAY STRETCHED UPON THE FLOOR, WRAPPED IN THEIR MANTAS"

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became excited. His next question was whether I was on business or pleasure; and fearing that he might take me for an escaped lunatic if I again told him I did not know, I replied, "Both." This seemed to allay any fears he might have had, for after asking me if I kept on going that way forever, and receiving "Yes" for a reply, he changed his seat to my side, and placing one hand on my knee like an affectionate old grandfather who had all my concerns at heart, talked with kindly interest.

Shifting his one eye over to the barren mountains bordering the plain, he asked me if I had been to see the monks who lived there. I had not.

"You will certainly return to Murcia," said he, "and we will go together and pay them a visit. We will make a day of it. The holy brothers are good people; they pray, and feed the poor, who walk all the way there to get a meal; but we will ride."

I looked at the distant mountains and thought of the poor people climbing up them to get a single meal, and wondered how soon it would be when I would sadly be in need of a meal myself.

"You ask, on your return, for Diego Hernandez, who lives in the *barrio* of San Benito, on the Cartagena road. They all know me in the barrio; just ask for old Diego who has two sons, army officers," said my one-eyed friend.

He then told me that, although a poor peasant, he had succeeded in giving his two sons a military career, and they had been to America as second lieutenants, returning a rank higher. They now lived at home, with nothing to do but live on their pay, which, as they were in the reserve, was only a fraction of what they would get if they were assigned to duty.

Thus the old man abstracted my thoughts from my own dejected self. Spaniards have a way of doing this. They may know you for five minutes, or they may not know you at all, but they will make you feel as though you had known them all your life. So it was with old Diego as he edged up to me with his bright, merry blue eye, and rough old hand affectionately on my knee.

"I am going to a pig-killing at my daughter's," he finally said. "She lives over there where you see that clump of trees." Pulling the woolen manta about his shoulders, he opened the door of the compartment as the train stopped; and as he backed down his farewell was: "Don't forget—the barrio of San Benito, on the Cartagena road. Everybody knows me there. We will make a day of it."

Then he backed away, his one blue eye turned up to me, smiling as he waved a final adieu.

With the cry, "Viajeros al tren!" followed by the ringing of a bell and the blowing of a horn, the train, jogging and bumping, rolled on. A party of Spaniards on the other side of the low partition separating the compartments discussed Cuba and why it had been lost to Spain. Vituperations were directed against the government and the people whom they sent to Cuba to steal.

We came to Lorca, a large city as cities go in Spain. We could see the castellated walls of the old citadel crowning the hill and the agglomerated city beneath them. The railroad terminates fully a mile below the city, I suppose to give the numerous clamoring hack-drivers at the station a chance to earn their fares. As I got down from the car I mentally vowed that they would not get my remaining eighteen cents, for that was all the money I had.

But I was not to get off so easily. Two of my fellow-passengers, seeming to think it their sacred duty to look out for a lone stranger in their land, bustled me into a kind of omnibus, notwithstanding my protestations to be allowed to walk. I told them I always preferred walking, and I certainly do when I have no money to pay for a ride.

"But you have n't breakfasted," said one of them, as they jammed me into a seat as if I were in a crowded street-car at home. "And it would be very bad to walk after such a long ride in the train before breakfast," said another.

I did not want to confess that I had no money to pay for the breakfast, and when the omnibus-thing stopped in front of the *fonda*, I tried to give them the slip as they led the way in. As I turned off up the street, several men and boys waiting for something to do headed me off, informing me that I was going the wrong way. As I insisted that I wanted to go up the street, they set up a clamor, attracting the attention of my would-be benefactors, who joined their efforts with those of the mob in trying to get me back to the fonda, where they insisted I should breakfast. My em-

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barrassment changing to anger, I said something very angrily, and the mob howled and yelled behind me.

"Poor fellow, he 's a foreigner," remarked one of my would-be benefactors, "and I guess he is crazy. Let him alone."

Just as I thought I was making my escape, the driver of the omnibus came running after me, with the yelling mob at his heels. He said I had not paid him, and he wanted his fare. I gave him ten of my eighteen remaining cents, and then he wanted a pourboire. I may have mentioned some other place, but I clung tightly to my last eight cents, and the crowd hooted and jeered again as I turned on my heel and started up the street as fast as I could, with one little old man, his face nearly buried in the folds of a great comforter wrapped around his neck, hanging on my flank.

Knowing that he would claim pay for some service, either real or imaginary, I told him to go with the others; but he said no, they were all great rascals, and he did not care about keeping their company. He showed me the way to the railway-station, on the other side of the city, from which the train would leave in a couple of hours for Baza. There I deposited my valise, and as I could not get rid of the little old fellow, I concluded to let him guide me up to the ruined towers and battlements of the citadel, a thousand years old. They were more interesting to me than my own stranded condition.

The way led up a narrow, crooked street, till it became so steep that the pavement was like stairs. At the top were the old citadel walls from which the Goths defended their city against the invading Berbers, and subsequently the Moors against the conquering Castilians. From the top I could look over the city to the plains beyond, where the last battle was fought between the Berbers and the retiring Goths. There the defeated soldiers of Teodomiro were put to the sword, but the valiant Teodomiro, so the story goes, escaped to Auriola. The Berbers, in close pursuit, found upon their arrival that he had that city's walls crowded with warriors; but an envoy appeared proposing to the Berber chief honorable terms for the capitulation of the city, threatening that if they were not accepted Teodomiro would defend it to the last, and then consign the city and all it contained to the flames. The Berber chief, Abd-ul-Aziz, agreed to the proposed terms, and when the compact was signed, he expressed his desire to see the doughty Teodomiro and the city so bravely defended. The envoy then threw off his cloak, declaring himself to be Teodomiro, and leading the Mussulman into the city, showed him that the warriors on the walls were only women.

As I returned to the city, my little old man and I became good friends, and he showed me where I could buy seven cents' worth of bread and sausage. I gave him my remaining cent, and as it was near train-time, I climbed into a compartment filled with as typical a looking lot of brigands as I ever saw. Their clothes were the color of the soil I saw from the car-window, and all carried heavy brown mantas in which to wrap themselves. They were fierce-looking, with hard, wrinkled faces. Some weeks later, when I heard a Spaniard telling some others that there was a town in his province where the people were so bad that neither the judges nor the *guardia civiles* could do anything with them, and that the town was Lorca, I thought of the jeering mob in front of the fonda, and the scowling brigands seated on the wooden benches of the car, tapping the floor with their long whip-handles, that afternoon.

Like a swaying caravan the train rolled over a rocky, deserted region. It presented a stern landscape, bold and rugged, set against a transparent sky. There were dark cliffs and mountain-peaks streaked with deep seams and shadows, with a yellow-stone village standing out brightly upon a shelf of rocks, and a rare bit of green below. The people that I saw from the swaying train appeared in harmony with it all. They were a hardy lot, living upon the rocks, defying hardships, and scorning the voluptuousness of the mild, soft regions below. Ill clad, with tattered garments fluttering in the wind, I saw them in the biting cold, man or woman or boy, stern, silent, regarding the passing of the train with a stoicism equaled only by the rocks upon which they stood.

The passengers were constantly shifting with the various stoppages. The brigandish-looking gentlemen of Lorca made room for others of a slightly different type, armed with picks and ox-goads. As still higher

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altitudes were reached, it grew colder, the shadows longer, and the sky faded to a pearl-gray; with tints of orange and pink shooting up from the west, it changed to blue and to darkness, leaving only the dim oil-lamps in the roof of the car to light up the interior in a feeble way.

Suddenly, as the train made a stop, the side door swung open, and in came a pyramid of bandboxes, with a bursting imitation-leather valise for its foundation. The pyramid rose and fell and swayed as some one poking it along tried to get in behind it, and then it fell apart, the bandboxes rolling all over the floor, disclosing a tall young priest with despair depicted upon his countenance as he looked down at the wreck of his baggage strewn about.

A young man dressed in an embroidered costume of black cloth, with a long whip-stalk in his hand and a smiling face, sprang to the priest's assistance, and gathering up the contents of the valise, endeavored to squeeze the miscellaneous collection of shirts, gowns, rosaries, and a prayer-book, all having the air of antiquity, back where they belonged. The priest endeavored to hold the top of the valise down while the young man tried to tie it together with the tangle of string which had held the pyramid together, but hopelessly he tied up the priest, his long skirts, and the valise all together. They finally straightened things out, and stowed the valise and bandboxes away under the seat. The priest talked all the time, and becoming good-natured, turned his attention to me. He plied me with questions, which I scarcely knew how to answer, owing to the predicament I was in. I finally told him I was a journalist, and he opened his merry little eyes at me very wide, saying:

"Why, I always thought journalists made lots of money, and traveled with counts and marquises, and even princes."

I told him that I sometimes traveled with grand people, too, but just then I was studying the more humble phases of society.

"So-o-o?" drawled he, with credulous wonder, wagging his head. "And are you going to Guadix?"

I did not know where Guadix was, and so I told him I was going as far as the train went. He seemed surprised, and his questions bothered me. As he persisted in them, I feared he would take me for a lunatic, as they had done at Lorca, and perhaps turn me over to the guardia civiles, so I finally came out flatly, and told him I had no money, and did not know where I was going, or what was going to become of me. He looked at me in blank amazement, and then at the young man in black, and at a man in brown next to him, then back to me again. I did not know but he was going to call the guardia civiles, after all; for a man who dresses well and confesses that he has no money has no business to be at large. But the train stopping, and Baza being announced, I seized my valise and elbowed my way through a crowd clamoring about the car, as quickly as I possibly could.

Outside the station a bright light shone like a single star low on the horizon out of the inky darkness. I took my way toward it, followed by two shadowy figures pressing their services upon me. I told them I had nothing for them, and as they were persistent, I peremptorily told them to "get out," whereupon each declared to the other that it was he who should get out, and suddenly they fell to pommeling each other with a pugilistic spirit scarcely ever witnessed in Spaniard before. I paused to see the end of the fray, but as there appeared no immediate prospect of either knocking the other out, I strode on.

Seeing that I was about to escape them, they mutually desisted from their pommeling and ran after me again. Catching up to me, one on each side, one said to the other, in a very mournful tone:

"This poor sir is a stranger here; he does not know where to go, and unless we guide him, he will certainly be lost."

The other fellow said:

"But he is very suspicious; he will allow no one to touch his bag. He must have much money in it, and he thinks we are thieves."

As they would not leave me, I used some choice language upon them which I had picked up from a bandit chief in Cuba, whom old Gomez had given me for a guide. This seemed to have the proper effect, for they slunk away in the darkness, just as I saw in a sudden gleam of light flashed from an open door the silhouetted forms of the tall priest and the young man with the whip in the frame of light. It was only for a moment, and as they stepped within, the door closed, and all was darkness again.

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Scarcely knowing what I was going to do, I stepped up to the door, and hearing voices, pushed it open and stepped within. There were the priest and his friend with the whip standing in the middle of a long, low, barn-like interior, calling for a drink. A great fire crackled and blazed in the middle of a brick floor at the far end of the place, around which was seated in a circle a most curious group of peasants, reminding me of some scene set upon a stage. A great chimney orifice, like the hood to a smith's forge, hung over all, covering the entire group. On a bit of whitewashed wall at the side over the entrance to another room shone brightly in the firelight a collection of polished brass household utensils arranged like pieces of old armor on a knight's panoply.

The foreground had the solid ground for a floor, and naked beams overhead. Donkey-saddles and bags of grain were piled against the walls, and men lay stretched upon the floor, wrapped in their mantas, more like shrouded dead than tired men sleeping. The munching sound of the donkeys eating their grain came from the rear, and there was the strong odor of the beasts. I was in an old-fashioned inn such as that in which Christ was born.

In answer to the priest's summons, a tall, thin man came forward from the group about the fire. He was in black—a black calico blouse over his black trousers and a black cap on his head. His face was clean-shaved and very white, with intensely black eyebrows.

Saluting both the priest and me, he led the way to a small room at the other end of the apartment, and I followed. He set out three small glasses on a counter, and filling them, the priest nodded to me, and I joined him in taking the drink. I had not eaten anything all that day except my seven cents' worth of bread and sausage, and in Spain one gets very little for seven cents. My head ached violently; and the silent company looked at me gravely, as though they thought me a very strange character indeed. I asked the man with the striking eyebrows who served the drinks—I took him to be the innkeeper—if I could have a room. He nodded assent, and taking a tall, biblical-looking lamp with four wicks to it, picked out one of the wicks, and lighting it, bade me follow him.

As I turned with him I confronted one of the fellows who had followed me from the railway-station, with his hand on my valise, ready to take it to the room for me. The sight of him in my disturbed state of mind angered me so that I gave vent to my feelings with another flow of Latin-American adjectives which made him gasp. He looked at the astonished priest and innkeeper as, in a whisper, he told them I must have a lot of money in the bag, because I was fearful of letting any one touch it.

My host led me up a crooked, narrow flight of stairs, and showed me into a room directly over the hearth below. It was a curious old room, with the great funnel-shaped chimney coming up through the floor, leaning up against one side of the house, and poking its top out of the roof formed by the rafters of unhewn timbers, which all sloped from the top of the chimney and came down and spread out to the irregular walls around the sides. The floor was paved with red bricks, and was about as level as a duck-pond, though there was no water in it.

The innkeeper set his ancient lamp down on a rude table, as he watched me glance about the room, and as I turned to him, he looked at me with a grin, saying good night, and left.

It was the most curious room I had ever seen in all my life, and as I looked about again I wondered why the innkeeper had grinned. The room was so crooked that there must have been ten corners in it. A little cot jutting out from one side, with a dark blanket draping it, resembled a funeral bier. By the side of the cot was a bunch of hay, which, on further investigation, proved to be a grass mat. Several rush-seated chairs, several tables in as many different angles of the room, a water-jug and wash-bowl of brown clay, and several colored prints of saints on the walls, completed the furnishing; and this was the best room the house afforded. I was greatly comforted to find everything scrupulously clean, and, without fear of either robbers or ghosts, I crawled into my bier-like bed.

I was awakened by the blowing of a horn and the jingling of bells. I thought it was morning, but I could not see anything, the darkness was so complete. I did not feel sleepy, but my bed was warm, and I thought I would wait for daylight, in the

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meantime pondering over in my mind what I should do to get out of my scrape. I thought I might walk on to Granada, where I could wait for a remittance; but I was in debt for my night's lodging, and I did not have enough money for a postage-stamp.

That was the longest wait for daylight that I ever knew, and had it not been for a tiny ray of light that I discovered coming in through the shutter, I might have kept on waiting all day. Jumping out of bed, I pulled the fastenings to the shutters, threw them open, and let in the broad daylight. A wintry landscape, hemmed in by a range of snow-clad mountains, spread before me, presenting a great contrast to the orange-groves and date-palms of Murcia, which I had left the morning before.

Dressing myself with a final mental ejaculation that I was "in a hole," I went down the narrow, crooked stairs fearing immediate arrest for having no money to pay for the night's lodging. When I have no money I am a coward; that I know.

I left the inn without any one molesting me, leaving my valise in my room as security. A cold, biting wind sent the tears down my cheeks as I followed a road bordered with tall poplars along the edge of the town to the plain. A man sat there on the ground, with his body in his sentry-box-like hut and his feet outside, sunning himself, and waiting for some one to come along with a load of wood, a chicken, or a basket of eggs on which it was his duty to levy the octroi, or municipal tax.

Turning back into the town, I trod narrow and steep streets, amid queer old dwellings, convents, and churches. There were ragged, hungry-looking beggars there, barefooted friars, and bareheaded women going to market. They gazed at me curiously, as though they thought I had strayed into the wrong place, and I felt so, too. Two begging monks saluted me, evidently under the impression that I was a rich man traveling for pastime.

I strayed into the cathedral, a dark and gloomy temple within, undoubtedly containing many religious relics, as most Spanish churches do. Services were being held, and as no one spoke to me or offered to show me anything, I went out, and climbed to the top of a hill which seemed so close to the cathedral that a good jump would land one on its roof. The hill was a projecting promontory from the range behind. The crumbling walls of the citadel which held out so bravely and so long against the armies of Ferdinand and Isabella bordered its crest, and Gipsy huts, like rabbit-burrows, were built into the tottering ruins—a universal privilege which the Gipsies in Spain seem to have of taking possession of all that remains of the grandeur of the Moorish occupation.

At my feet lay the city proper, a broken field of tiled roofs and queer chimney-pots, and beyond spread the plain where the orchards and gardens lay in which the fierce fighting between the Christian conquerors and the Mussulman defenders began when Baza fell.

"The morning sun rose upon a piteous scene before the walls of Baza," says Irving. "The Christian outpost, harassed throughout the night, were pale and haggard; while the multitudes of slain which lay before their palisades showed the fierce attacks they had sustained and the bravery of their defense."

As I stood there contemplating the scene, a solitary frayed figure in the wind came running and leaping toward me over the rough ground and debris like a mountain goat. It was a dwarfish-looking creature, too old to be called a boy, too small to be called a man. As he approached me he saluted, and hugging himself to keep warm, said his house over there, pointing to the Gipsy huts, and all it contained was at my service. The offer was made just at a time when I should have liked to have had a house and something in it, too, but I doubted the sincerity of the offer. Before I could question the youth regarding it, he offered his services as guide.

"What can you show me?" I asked.

"Nothing, señor," he replied, hugging himself still tighter as the wind whirled up his loose trousers.

"Then tell me something about these ruins."

"There is nothing about them, señor, except the gold which the Moors buried here, heaps of it; but the authorities will not allow us to dig for it."

"I should think they had been digging enough already," I said, glancing at the yawning holes all about, some of them caves big enough to put a house in.

"Oh, we did n't do that. That 's been done a long time; the people who dug

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those holes did n't know where to find the gold," he said, with a knowing gleam of contempt at their stupidity.

"Look here," said I, it dawning upon me suddenly, "were n't you one of the fellows who tagged me from the railway-station last night, pressing your services upon me?"

"Si, señor."

"Well, why did you do it?"

"I was afraid you would get lost, señor, and I was in need of a few centimos."

"Do you suppose anybody is going to pay you for making a nuisance of yourself?"

"But, señor, I was in need of a few centimos to buy bread."

"Now look here, my lad," said I, in a burst of confidence. "I am dead broke myself, and have n't a centimo to buy coffee. I did not breakfast yesterday or dine, neither have I broken my fast to-day, and I must be as hungry as you were. Now can you tell me how to get something to eat and drink and get out of this place without stealing or begging?"

The youth looked straight at me. He did not believe a word I said.

"Fact," said I.

"Why, señor you are rich and get plenty to eat, while I scarcely ever get anything but dry bread."

"Well, I should like to get out of this town before I freeze or starve to death, and if I were you I would get out, too, before I would stay here hugging those rags in the cold and living on dry bread."

"But, señor, I have no money."

"Neither have I; but I would walk before I would stay here."

"It is a long way to walk, but there is a stage-coach for Guadix to-night."

"How can I go on the stage-coach without money?"

"Hang up your watch," said he, looking at my watch-chain. "They will take you to Granada, and there you can get the watch back by paying the amount, for you must have money there."

I followed his eyes to my watch-chain, and his suggestion seeming a good one, I immediately engaged his services to assist me in transacting the business.

He led the way to the office of the *diligencias*, a room which was empty save for the little stool and desk in one corner, and there we waited for a big, fat man to wabble in and put himself on the stool. With my newly found companion in misery hanging to the desk, I explained my predicament. The fat Spaniard did not seem to think either the predicament or the arrangement proposed anything unreasonable, and he promised that if I would return in the evening, a little before the time set for the departure of the stage-coach, he would fix the matter up.

The necessity of doing things at once seldom occurs to a Spaniard, and as I saw my name go down on his books for a seat in the coach, I was so well satisfied that I thought I could well fast another day and wait till night for the small cash advance which I asked for on the watch in addition to the fare.

My would-be guide, who, according to his own statement, could show me nothing and tell me nothing, now thoroughly convinced that I had no money, went his way till such time as I was to receive some, while I, with the conviction that I could postpone till evening the payment of any claim mine host might have against me, returned to the hostelry.

The peasants, with their bags of grain and donkeys and saddles, had taken their departure. I wandered through the stables, half-underground places with age-stained rafters low overhead. It was warm in there, where the poor overworked donkeys evidently found comfort when their daily work was done.

My host, the tall man with the white face and great overhanging eyebrows and the black cap and the blouse, whom they called José, invited me, in an unmistakable tone of hospitality, to join him and two or three others about the embers of the fire under the great hooded, funnel-like chimney, and as I took the proffered seat, he called to some one to "Fetch some wood to stir up the fire to make the gentleman warm." And then, after sizing me up awhile, he fell to dozing in his chair. I am quite sure that the keepers of these Spanish inns never go to bed.

A shriveled old man, with a fuzzy, black, peak-crowned, cone-shaped hat, with a tuft of fuzz on the point of it, rose and brought a handful of wood. A very fat man, with a sash fully a foot wide swathed around him, and an air of prosperity in a small way, gently nodded a welcome, and a happy-go-lucky chap opened the conversation, as he

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poked at the fire, by asking me if my country was anything like Baza, and the others eyed me with a lurking curiosity for a reply. I saw an opportunity to divert my mind from the beastly craving of an empty stomach, and I soon had them all animated and somewhat confused in their ideas with my accounts of some of the institutions and industries of my own country. They were too honorable and simple themselves to suspect me of lying, and when I told them that we bored holes in the ground to obtain gas which we piped and used to light cities and run machine-shops, they marveled greatly.

The jovial young fellow who poked the fire said that he had been a soldier of artillery and had been stationed at Cadiz, where he had seen a great many wonderful things, but nothing so wonderful as that.

He wanted to know if I was a Frenchman, and I told him I was a Yankee.

"We don't know the difference here; we call all foreigners Frenchmen," he replied, apparently never having heard the name Yankee before.

As José continued to doze in his chair, he frequently interpolated a semi-unconscious growl at some customer who interrupted him, or sat up with a start and blinked his eyes long enough to listen to some of my descriptions of that marvelous land from which I had come.

"And you have a war there, have you not?" inquired the fat man.

"We had a war," said I. "Did n't you hear about it? It was with Spain, and our soldiers fought yours at Santiago de Cuba, don't you know?"

"Heard something about it," he answered. "But tell us what you know, for we don't get much news here."

"Well, I was there, and we had one big fight. After that we put in sixteen days, our soldiers and yours, looking at one another, and finally we agreed not to fight any more."

"That 's right," exclaimed José, lifting his head and snapping his little black eyes. "Those soldiers had good sense. If governments want to fight, I say let them do their own fighting among themselves, and if soldiers had any sense, they would make them do it too. They would just put down their guns and tell the governments to do their own fighting."

And as no one disputed this statement, he sat back in his chair and soon dozed off again.

But when I began to tell how we built sky-scrapers in New York, he pricked up his ears, and his nodding stopped.

"We run them up very high," said I. "They are twenty-six or more stories high, and sweep the sky."

"My God!" he exclaimed, with a start that nearly upset his chair, and then they all looked up the chimney with a long-drawn "Jesus!" ("Haysoos!") on their lips, as though to see how high those houses really were.

"How the devil do they get to the top?" José asked, now thoroughly awake.

"Elevators," said I; but if I had said bean-stalks they would have been less puzzled.

Here the ex-artilleryman tried to help me out by explaining that an elevator was a spiral railroad running around the outside of the building like a train going to the top of a mountain.

A woman oil-vender came in to fill the oil-lamps, and then José, regardless of our presence, neglected his dozing to chaff and declare his love for the dispenser of oil, who was not at all young. His fun changing to pathos, he mentioned the loss of his own wife, and his being left alone with eight motherless children; and though he would not change his position for that of Don So-and-so, the richest man of Baza, with all his houses and rents, he was lonely. The woman laughed as she measured out the oil, and told him he should find a new wife; but José declared that he did not want to marry again. Then the barber came around with a brass wash-basin under his arm, and the tools of his art rolled up in a towel. He had the face of an Israelite, and was the only person I had seen with a mustache. He charged two cents a shave, and on my asking him if no one in Baza let his beard or mustache grow, he said: "It is the custom for everybody to shave clean here, with the exception of a few gentlemen of position."

So I took it that the Israelitish-looking barber classed himself with the few gentlemen of position, and a mustache or beard was a mark of aristocracy. Besides shaving people, he pulled teeth and bled the ill. For pulling teeth he was provided with an iron wrench, a cruel instrument, which they named after the English by calling

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it the *llave Inglese*, or "English wrench." With it the barber not only removes your obnoxious molar, but he is liable to remove a part of your jaw as well.

As I sat there, other peasants came in from time to time and soberly seated themselves by the fire, and as the hour for their midday meal approached, they drew from their great, wide sashes of cloth their breakfast. A Spaniard, be he the proudest aristocrat or the humblest beggar, will not put food into his mouth in the presence of others without first offering it to them. Imagine, then, my feelings on this second day of fasting, seated with that group of Spaniards, each in turn thrusting his bread, fish, sausage, or whatever it might be, under my nose, with a "Would you like some, sir?" with no intention whatever of giving me any. He scarcely had enough for himself.

Nevertheless, in spite of the weary feeling somewhere midway between my mouth and my heels, I was greatly interested. These were the hardy, frugal, abstemious Spaniards of whom the world understands little. I have seen them go a long time without food and never utter a word of complaint, defying their hardships with a sober dignity which ought to bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of the effeminate, pampered aristocrats to whom Spain owes her downfall.

And this midday meal of these peasants, their breakfast, would be considered by the average over-fed American scarcely sufficient to keep a man alive. One, as he sat there by the fire, raked out some coals and toasted upon them a bit of dry codfish as big as his two fingers, which he ate with a piece of bread. Another, feeling in his sash, brought out a large potato, which, cutting in half, he rubbed with salt, then roasted, and gave half to a comrade.

An old woman, who appeared to be José's housekeeper, busied herself by turns in polishing the brass utensils hung on the wall and in cooking in earthenware jugs meals for those who could afford something more elaborate than toasted codfish or a baked potato. The fat man had invited the ex-soldier of artillery to breakfast with him, and the latter watched with unbounded glee the pot containing rice, potatoes, and a wee bit of pork, for it was a feast to him. For another, the old woman had cooked a casserole of potatoes and pepper. When a jaunty young driver came in and called to her to fry him "a pair of eggs," I thought it about time I made an attempt to get some of those eggs, too.

Turning to dozing José, I asked him in the most nonchalant manner imaginable if he did not think so too. He looked at me with an air of mingled surprise and injury, as though my wanting some eggs was not his fault, saying that I had but to order, and they would be prepared for me at once. I should have liked to have ordered a nice juicy beefsteak, but I knew that there would be about as much chance of my getting that as there was of the Yankee cavalryman whom I saw cleaning out a Cuban restaurant after the fall of Santiago, because he could not get pie, getting what he wished.

The old woman set a table for me in the adjoining room, with a plate, a spoon, a covered dish containing two fried eggs, a bottle of wine, and half a loaf of bread. As I noticed that every one carried huge clasped knives called *facas*, I understood that I was supposed to furnish my own knife, and that forks were as yet unknown in that part of Spain. The wine-bottle was a wide, transparent-glass, tea-pot-like arrangement, with a narrow spout from which etiquette requires one to drink the wine without touching the spout to his lips. One must hold the bottle over his head and pour the wine down his throat. I tried it. My first attempt sent a jet of wine into my eye, and my second sent it down my neck and on to my shirt-bosom. I finally managed to hit my mouth, but I hit almost everything else around it as well, and then I came to the conclusion that the wine was not any good anyway, for it was sour. But the bread and eggs were excellent.

I returned to the circle about the fire, feeling that I could put a few more stories on our New York sky-scrapers, and manufacture enough natural gas to keep all the peasants in Baza marveling till my next meal, provided I succeeded in getting one. The ex-artilleryman's breakfast with the fat man seemed to set him to thinking of the many such good feasts of potatoes and rice that he had not had, and the many more that he was not going to get. With a troubled face he implored me to take him away to that great country where they built houses like mountains, piped gas out of the ground, and slaughtered beef and pigs by machinery. He said he would cook

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for me, he would clean my boots, run errands, or wait on the table,—in fact, do anything I required him to do,—and all he would ask in return would be his food, lodgings, and clothing.

"And why should n't I?" he queried, peering into the faces of his countrymen as he bent forward in his chair. "Here I get nothing or scarcely anything to eat, and scarcely anything to do. Why should n't I go away with the señor, who will take better care of me than I can take of myself?"

No one condescending to answer him, he looked up with a sudden change in his tone, nodded his head, as if to say that the other fellows did not know anything, cocked up one eye, closed the other, and asked for a cigarette. I had no cigarette, but I had a snuff-box in a corner of my pocket, a curious little snuff-box which I had bought in London. So I pulled out the snuff-box, opened it, and handed it to the ex-soldier. He held it carefully, looked into it, and poked José with his elbow, saying: "Look here," and glancing around at the wondering faces, added with a knowing look, "Cinnamon." Then wetting the end of his finger, he turned to me with a look of inquiry. In pantomime I explained that he should snuff it, showing him with my fingers. His face lighted up with a gleam of intelligence as he looked around at his countrymen again and explained to them the use of the snuff. He set the example by taking a pinch himself, and then passing the box around, all took a pinch and snuffed.

The effect was startling. The ex-soldier looked at me in an injured way as the muscles of his face twitched. Then his head went back, came forward like a rebounding ball, and he sneezed. The fat man held his sides while he screwed up his face and then sneezed. One old fellow went off like an exploded bomb, as though his head had burst, and José, springing to his feet, tried to sneeze and swear at the same time. The old fellow with the peak-crowned hat made a noise like steam escaping from a broken steam-gage, while another roared like a mad bull. There was the most outlandish chorus of sneezes that I ever heard in my life, and then came a lull as all the faces looked at one another with a seriocomical expression, and then joined in a chorus of sneezes again.

As the last sneeze died up the chimney, and the faces were assuming their normal shape, our attention was attracted by a sudden uproar outside. We hastened to the door and looked out upon a crowd of men and boys congregated in the road a little below. They were attentively watching two ragged beggars who apparently had forgotten that they were cripples a few moments before, and were now actively belaboring each other with their crutches and shouting. One of them, receiving a whack which he seemed to think beyond all human endurance, moved hurriedly off to the opposite side of the road, and flinging away his crutch, drew from beneath his rags a long clasp-knife, which opened with a series of ratchety clicks. The other beggar backed up to the wall on his side, and did the same. A Spanish duel with knives, I thought, and stepped into the road, the better to observe the result. The crowd was silent, regarding with interest the two enraged men as they bent forward, their knives poised in front of them, each with his eyes fixed intently on the other. There was a moment of suspense, and then they went at each other with a wild rush, their blades gleaming in the air. The sight was enough to make one sick. They straightened up as they met in the middle of the road breast to breast. I expected to see them plunge their long knives into each other, but there they stood like two turkey-cocks, each with his knife held down a little behind him, ready to strike. But they did not strike. They simply grimaced madly into each other's faces, and then slowly backed away, one raising his head with recovered dignity, and declaring that it was no place there to settle the bloody encounter. The other proposed to adjourn to a more secluded spot on the outskirts of the town, and his opponent agreeing, they tucked away their knives, picked up the crutches, and suddenly remembering that they were cripples, hobbled away in opposite directions, each accusing the other of not caring to fight, and flinging taunts behind them. A shout of laughter went up from the spectators.

"They are Gipsies," said José, in a tone of contempt, as we went back to the fire again. "They won't fight."

As the day deepened to night, and the wind from the snow-capped mountains blew colder across the plain, lowly toilers

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and travelers came to seek the warmth of the fire and the shelter of the roof with their loaded donkeys and carts. A meek-eyed, long-haired, long-eared little donkey trudged soberly into the posada, his master at his heels just as sober, wrapped to his nose in the folds of his long blanket. A great two-wheeled, covered cart came in, drawn by a big mule and a very little donkey hitched tandem, the driver marching with long strides behind. There were also donkey-loads of wood, grain, and potatoes. The loads packed up, and the donkeys given their supper of barley and straw, armfuls of wood were thrown upon the fire, and the peasants gathered into the widening circle, happy that their day's toil was over and they could enjoy the blaze on the *hogar*, the place where the fire burns, and the only word in the Spanish language corresponding to our word "home."

The native peasants of Baza were distinguishable by the great silver-linked buttons which they wore in their waistcoats—buttons of a peculiar design that are worn nowhere else. A couple of orange-peddlers, who had come up from the more tropic lands of the coast, were trying to make a trade for potatoes with an old farmer whom the ex-soldier declared to be so rich that he should have his throat cut. Drawing his faca, he rose with the pretense of suiting the word with the act. The old potato-farmer, gnarled and knotted like an aged oak, also drew, and toying with the long, keen blade, with a humorous twinkle in his deep-set eyes, said he was still able to give a good account of himself, his potatoes, and his wealth. The ex-soldier believed him, and grinning at the circle of faces in the firelight, took his seat.

A tall, handsome, clear-faced youth, tapping his whip-stalk on the bricks next to me, said he also had come up to Baza to buy potatoes to take back to his own country, a Spaniard's country being his native town. Asking him if they did not produce potatoes in his own country, he replied: "Yes; but, you see, we harvest our potatoes about the time they plant here, and by the time they harvest their potatoes here ours are all gone. So you see we have to come here to get potatoes when ours are gone, and they come and get ours when they have none. That is the way the world goes."

José's eldest daughter, approaching the circle, looked over at her father, who addressed her kindly. She was a slim, pretty girl of perhaps sixteen, dressed from the top of her head to the tips of her toes in black. Only her white face and rosy cheeks shone out from the folds of the black kerchief covering her head and knotted under her chin. She had passed the entire day in sweeping, scrubbing, and cleaning, only stopping occasionally outside the circle about the fire to marvel with the rest at my wonderful stories.

She now found time to banter her father good-naturedly, telling him that he would soon lose her, for she was going to run away. With a sad shake of his head and in a mournful tone, José said: "Ah, daughter, if thou shouldst leave me, then I would be undone; my last prop would be gone."

It was now time for me to see the fat Spaniard of the stage-coach who had promised me the loan on my watch. I had some misgivings as to his keeping his promise, for I thought he might have given me the money at once instead of making me wait till night. But he had no intention of deceiving me. He was so honest himself that he took my watch without looking to see what it was worth. He gave me two dollars above the amount of my fare on the stage-coach, and in a pleasant tone told me I could get the watch back at Granada on the return of the amount.

I was so pleased to find myself with money in my pocket once more that I hastened away and spent nearly half of it on a good dinner at the principal fonda in town.

Finishing my dinner, I returned to the posada and demanded my account. I was only sorry I could not buy all those poor fellows a good dinner. I am sure they deserved it. I paid José what I owed him—only a sum equal to thirty cents of our money.

I shook hands with them all around, rough, horny hands of tillers and toilers, and they bidding me "Go with God," I went out into the cold night air to the stage-coach office, feeling extremely happy. It does one good to suffer and go hungry a little while. He realizes the goodness of things then. He feels a happiness that he who has never suffered can never feel.

The tall priest of the night before was at the office, in company with a short, fat priest. He shook hands with me and

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wanted to know if I had succeeded in making arrangements to get on to Granada. As I told him I had, his anxiety for my welfare seemed to increase, and still grasping my hand as though he would extract the whole truth and nothing but the truth from me, he took me aside, demanding to know over and over again if I was sure. "You know, I felt so sorry for you," he said. "I told the young man so, the one with the whip, and he felt sorry, too. But I am only a poor priest. I could have gone a dollar on you, and I have it here in my pocket now. If you will take it, you shall have it." And he even showed me the dollar and tried to press it upon me.

I thanked him for his kindness, and in a tone of still greater anxiety he implored me to tell him truly if I was certain that I had arranged everything all right. His friend stood by grinning, and, to convince him, I invited them both to take a drink. For the purpose we went over to an old Jeronomite monastery opposite, which had been turned into an inn, where there was another hearth, a blazing fire, an overhanging chimney, and a circle of Spaniards under it, like those at José's.

With jingling bells and trumpet-notes, a double string of eight mules came dashing around the corner, swinging with toppling peril the stage-coach behind them. They brought up at the posada door with a jerk and an emphasized jingle of the bells. The big, fat Spaniard, stepping into the firelight, called me "Don Tomas," as though he had known me all his life, and holding up my watch so that all could witness the transaction, said: "Here is your watch, and I want all to bear witness that I give it to the *mayoral*, who will take it in the coach with Don Tomas to Granada, where he can redeem it at his leisure."

The bronzed, wrinkled mayoral took the watch, bowed, and said I need have no care; he would fulfil his part of the trust. Then we all went out and gathered about the stage-coach in the moonlight. The priest, whose destination was Guadix, said his confrère, the little fat priest, had induced him to stop with him another day, and shaking hands with me cordially, repeated his name so quickly that I could never remember it—a long string of names. He said he was my friend, and, though only a poor priest, if ever I came his way I could count upon his poor lodgings and all he possessed as my own. A vision of those bandboxes and the bursting valise spilled over the car, and the dollar in his pocket, flashed across my mind. We shook hands again and all around, as though that one Yankee in the midst of those Spaniards had been an old acquaintance of lifelong standing. I glanced up at the grinning moon, and with one last look at the priests and the fat Spaniard, I crawled into the narrow coach, where I was followed by five other passengers. With the crack of the whip and the shouts of the postilion, we were soon swaying around the edge of the town and climbing up the mountain, leaving Baza, its quaint posadas and quaint people, things of the past, with other quaint countries and quaint people before me.

Drawn by S. Cruset

LUNCHEON

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LOVE'S SPRINGTIDE

(FOR MUSIC)

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

MY heart was winter-bound until
I heard you sing:
O voice of Love, hush not, but fill
My life with Spring!

My hopes were homeless things before
I saw your eyes:
O smile of Love, close not the door
To paradise!

My dreams were bitter once, and then
I found them bliss:
O lips of Love, give me again
Your rose to kiss!

Springtide of love! The secret sweet
Is ours alone:
O heart of Love, at last you beat
Against my own!

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UNAVAILING WEALTH

BY ELIOT GREGORY

Author of the "Idler Papers," etc.

N the pleasant days of antiquity, when people were content to take life tranquilly and worshiped a race of gods and goddesses as easy-going as themselves, a certain discontented mortal, Sisyphus by name, jealous of his papa-in-law (Atlas, supporter of the universe), started out to achieve a reputation for himself as financier and founder of enterprises. He, however, quickly got into trouble, being both rapacious and avid, so was promptly ordered off to Hades for his sins. To be energetic and grasping was then the surest way to exasperate public opinion, for it was an epoch when all reasonable people and even the gods themselves asked for nothing better than to sit in the shade and be comfortable.

In order to make his punishment coördinate this culprit's crime, he was condemned for all eternity to shoulder a rock up a mountain-side, only to see it go bounding down into the valley again as soon as he had got it laboriously to the top.

This story and that of the hungry wight who was always being tempted by good cheer just out of reach crop up continually in the writings of that day, both tales being amusingly illustrative of the Greek spirit and an age when to enjoy a cultivated leisure was considered as about the *summum bonum* of existence.

Fancy the amazement of those Attic peoples (who, between ourselves, may not have been so very far wrong in their view of life) had they been told that a race would one day spring up, quite as civilized as themselves and possessing far greater opportunities for cultivation and enjoyment, every member of which, rich as well as poor, would look upon weary Sisyphus's task as the one reasonable and commendable occupation for a gentleman.

Yet this view is almost universal in our land to-day, where an all-pervading rustle of bank-notes distracts men's minds so completely from the real aims of existence. Sisyphus is now held up as a model of industry and application. Parents urge their offspring to waste no time in preliminaries, but knuckle down as early as possible to the chief problem of to-day, the rolling of stones uphill, or, to put the idea minus the metaphor, the endless and aimless piling up of treasure, not for any enjoyment the store may bring its possessor (that is a minor consideration), but simply for the sake of accumulation.

To make this point clear, it may be as well to descend from classic myth to the present day and a purely personal anecdote.

I count among my acquaintances a clever St. Louis youth who, on his father's death six months ago, found himself the possessor of a comfortable fifty thousand dollars a year. The lad, who, by the way, bears one of the historic names of America (counting generals and statesmen among his ascendants), gave proof while at college of more than usual intelligence. Had not the "dollar" been so openly worshiped in this youth's surroundings, he would have developed into a desirable member of society and served his country to some good purpose, either in diplomatic posts abroad or by adding his mite toward the much-needed purifying of administration at home; he would, in short, have chosen one of the many paths that lead through the training of the mind to high achievement, for he had both ability and ambition.

Now, what do you suppose the boy did on coming into his fortune? Meditate on any of these plans or dream of making his life a pleasure to himself and useful to his fellow-men?

Not a bit of it! Being a youth of his

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day, and inoculated with the madness raging over all this country, he walked straight off to a friend of his, the president of a trust, and asked for a place in the concern. Quite a modest post was offered him, with a salary of two thousand dollars a year. This he eagerly accepted, and is now grinding away the priceless springtime of life in quarters and under conditions he would hesitate to impose on one of his grooms.

Happening to be in St. Louis about the time my friend shouldered his self-im posed burden, I found, to my amazement, that this act had called forth a murmur of approbation from his large circle of friends.

"Was n't it fine of him?" said a wealthy widow I was conveying in to dinner the evening of my arrival. "Such an example for other young men! Really quite noble; don't you think so?" And her fat neck heaved under a cargo of diamonds it had cost her late spouse nervous prostration at forty, and his life several years later, to provide. "Just the sort of young man my husband would have admired."

"Do you really want to know what I think?" I asked, unfolding my napkin. "Well, then, young B——'s act seems to me simply despicable." This was perhaps said with more emphasis than the subject warranted, for my neighbor positively gasped in her bewilderment. If I had emptied my glass of sauterne into her lap, her consternation could not have been greater.

"You are joking," she gurgled. "You surely would not have a young man remain idle all his life? Remember"—this with an amusing assumption of seriousness —"we are warned not to bury our talents in a napkin."

"But that 's just what the poor boy is preparing to do," I cried: "burying them deep in the folds of bonds and bank-notes. Don't you think that it would be more worthy of his name and a better use of his opportunities if he— "

But there I stopped, for it was perfectly evident that, to the stout matron absorbing terrapin at my elbow, there could be but one answer to such a question. According to the creed of her class (a large one, alas! at the present day), man had been placed upon the earth by a beneficent Providence simply to make as much money as possible. There could be no middle course between "being idle" (shocking idea!) and making money. The latter task (evidently man's first duty) must be pursued before any such frivolous side issues as health, the cultivation of individual tastes, or civic duties.

When I see intelligent people approving a life thus mapped out, from which all but one sordid ambition is effaced, it recalls the Irishman's idea of how statues are made. "It 's simple enough," he explained. "All a sculptor has to do is to take a big block of marble and just chip off all that is n't necessary for the figure."

The recipe for making a modern millionaire is not so very different. Take a robust, intelligent youth,—one with a not too delicate sense of honor preferred,—carefully pare off all tastes and ambitions which do not tend to the accumulation of capital, put to boil over a quick fire of business competition, add a dash of piracy, sprinkle with self-confidence, dress your dish with sprigs of conceit, and serve—cold.

It 's easy enough to foretell the future of my Western Sisyphus. Having drowned all his pleasant inclinations at their birth, like unpromising puppies, and settled down to a life of accumulation, he will quickly associate himself with the nabobs of tomorrow. Indeed, his chief idea in entering the trust was to meet such men and be included in their deals. The net result of twoscore years of toil will be, if paresis does not bar his road, that at sixty my friend will have the satisfaction of seeing his name on the list of those whom Wall street delighteth to honor—and forgets six months after their demise.

Just what he will do with all his wealth once it has been acquired is a matter to which he has probably never yet given a moment's consideration, beyond a vague impression that sometime when he has the leisure he will begin to spend and enjoy it. The magnates he knows and envies are, one and all, as incapable of disbursing a tithe of their incomes as they are of appreciating a work of art or really enjoying foreign travel.

It is perfectly evident that a lad who at twenty could see no nobler use for fifty thousand a year than to put it out at interest will derive but little satisfaction in old age from a greater income, beyond perhaps the platonic joy of summing it up on paper.

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One bitter morning last winter, when sleet and rain were battling for mastery of the black streets, untoward circumstances forced me into an elevated train at an hour when more fortunate beings were sipping matutinal coffee by their firesides. Having elbowed a way into the car, I found myself face to face with one of America's oldest bigwigs (my St. Louis friend matured and ripened, as it were), clinging precariously to an overhead strap. In reply to my look of amazement, B. W. answered: "Yes, I 'm always out as early as this. Have not missed a day at my office for forty years. These trains are uncomfortable, it 's true, but they get one downtown so much quicker than a cab, and, I can tell you, in times like these one can't afford to lose an hour!"

The acquisition of property for which the possessor has little or no use is fast becoming the dominant passion of our age. When a nation indulges in the weakness, it is, I believe, called "imperialism," and hides behind a screen of patriotism. Individuals and corporations excuse their greed in much the same way. All classes and conditions feel the ambient suggestion. Even our women are bitten by the madness. A dance is an excellent place to study, in miniature, this struggle for the unnecessary, which, for prosperous people, replaces the "struggle for life" of the poor, and goads us poor mortals like Io's insistent gadfly.

Few sights are more amusing (to any one who looks beneath the surface) than the eagerness of wealthy maids and matrons to obtain the trinkets distributed during the figures of a cotillion. So strong is this that you will see tired elderly dames —who would be so much better at home and in bed—sitting doggedly through the dull early hours of an entertainment and an untouched supper, waiting for the "german" to begin.

The next noon finds my lady eying with languid disgust the trash piled on her *chaise longue*, and wondering why on earth she took the trouble to carry such rubbish home. Is this heap of gauze and gilded sticks the trophy she was so eager to obtain eight hours before, the desire for which had made her smile invitingly on men she disliked, flatter beardless boys, flirt with dotards, and (be it whispered under the breath) commit other little infamies to secure?

"Why," exclaims my intelligent reader, "it was not those toys your lady wanted, but the triumph they represent. What pleased her was having more favors than a rival, the carrying off of spoil under the eyes of the enemy." A dance is the battle-field of some women; it is there they measure the height of their success, the width of their popularity. Those parasols and flimsy straw hats, that no power on earth would induce them to wear, are but the badges and insignia of victory, the outward and tangible signs of success. That the spoil should be turned over to a maid, and end in the dust-heap, was a foregone conclusion.

The ambition of our great financiers is much the same, only in Wall street the tune is played in a higher key and with full orchestral accompaniment.

When we hear of old Crœsus using up his torpid liver in midnight conferences, does any one suppose it is because he feels the necessity of more money? Preposterous! He cannot, as it is, reckon up his possessions without the aid of a bookkeeper, and as far as personal wants go, the income of his income would largely suffice. Millions are but the cotillion favors of such men. It is the vanity of pushing through a "deal" or astonishing the world by the daring of a new combine that holds them with their noses to the grindstone.

One would simply sigh at such wasting of life's heyday and pass the matter by, if it were not that, in order to succeed, Dives will (like his wife at a dance) cajole the unworthy, consort with men he despises, and receive at his table fellow-promoters of more than doubtful records, provided they can aid the scheme on which he has set his heart.

Just where honorable industry ends and avaricious piling up of treasure begins no one can take it upon himself to say. The spirit, however, that impels a young man to sacrifice all the nobler aims of life in order to turn a liberal competence into wealth too great to be spent (and the giving away of which, unless carefully regulated, is a doubtful good) is certainly to be deplored, in spite of what the fat lady in St. Louis thinks.

When for my sins I sit next to one of these money-making machines at dinner or club, he gives me the same sensation

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one gets at Monte Carlo or Aix. A whirling of wheels, a clinking of coin, seems to be going on inside the gentleman's brain, a ceaseless raking in and paying out of gold, that causes you to glance instinctively for the croupier's rake. In the game the magnate is playing, as in the more open one on the *tapis vert*, no matter what colors come up, the "bank" is sure to be richer at the end of the sitting.

Last year, during the spring season at Salso Maggiore, a Yankee plutocrat arrived, seeking from those waters some alleviation from the cruel pains that tortured his overworked system. Rest and peace, however, were not for him; he was much too rich. The second day of his stay news came of an impending panic, and poor crippled Crœsus scurried off to London in a night train, bewailing the hard luck that for three successive years had prevented him taking his much-needed "cure."

To be forced, in stifling June weather, to quit mountain air and to sit in stuffy confab with other perspiring magnates would seem to most people a high price to pay even for success. To be too rich to take ordinary care of one's aching bones is a doubtful return for forty years of labor.

A friend who at that time expostulated with the sick banker, and begged him to rest and consider his failing health, was surprised to find he took a high moral stand in the matter. He spoke of "a captain abandoning a ship," of duty to one's country and offspring, and used other eloquent phrases with apparent sincerity. For this is one of the amusing symptoms of the millionaire malady. Men who have sacrificed youth and health, scrimped their families, and injured their digestions in the acquirement of a "pile," often think they are public benefactors, and that humanity in general owes them a debt of gratitude for being so rich. In consequence they resent as a cruel injustice the fatigue, chagrin, and newspaper notoriety that money invariably brings in its trail. It would be about as consistent for a little boy who had gorged himself on purloined apples to feel injured when an avenging stomach-ache followed gluttony.

Robert Louis Stevenson once said that Atlas seemed to him simply a gentleman with a protracted nightmare. Many men in these days are troubled in the same way, being convinced that the universe rests on their shoulders—a terrible illusion, were it not that a sense of importance and prestige compensates the dreamers (as it doubtless did Atlas) for their pains.

Now, it is quite possible that a dash of sour grapes is influencing my point of view. *Nous autres* impecunious idlers are, after all, but poor judges of what may please the very rich. Let us be generous, therefore, with what does not belong to us, and pardon the millionaires their little vanities, especially as the country at large is often the better for their labors. It is not their work I am inclined to find fault with, but the spirit which makes too many of our financiers delve eagerly and long for the superfluous; for they get nothing out of life, and set a deplorable example to their fellow-mortals.

A recent article in the "North American Review," treating of America's commercial supremacy, throws an amusing side-light on this problem, and gives a quite new reason why rich Americans continue to labor on after wealth has been achieved. "On the Continent and in England," says Mr. Van Cortlandt, "social and political life offer so many alluring possibilities to the successful business man that he is tempted to retire early from the fray, leave the toiling to his younger partners, and devote his declining years to an elegant leisure."

Now, the result of such culpable self-indulgence, the author points out, is fatal to the business interests of a community, as it withdraws men from trade just at the moment when their experience and matured powers make them capable of the best work.

America fortunately is spared this danger. No sirens wave their white arms, over here, to lure middle-aged financiers away from their desks. In consequence the Yankee trader remains in harness a score of years longer than his English or German confrère, to the greater glory of the Golden Calf, which grateful animal rewards their devotion with all the good gifts in his power.

When one comes to think of it, perhaps the gentlemen who refuse to leave their offices are right, for this chaotic land of ours offers but meager opportunities for the disbursement of large fortunes. Conditions unavoidable in a growing coun-

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try (but none the less disagreeable for all that) render both urban and suburban life unsatisfactory to the very wealthy. Our cities were not planned nor are they maintained with an eye to beauty or enjoyment, and country existence is only a shade less trying to a retired millionaire.

A guest at the recent coronation in England told his friends that the sight which impressed him as the most absurd in all that day of superannuated mummery was when, after the service, the peers, with their bulky mantles grasped in both hands and coronets askew, were seen running about the streets near the Abbey looking for their carriages.

Court trains and mantles, under the most favorable circumstances, are but unwieldy additions to the toilet, tripping up their owners, and rendering the simplest movements difficult. Hardly one person in a generation is able to master the difficulty and move gracefully with all those yards of superfluous fur and velvet trailing at the heels.

It is much the same thing with great fortunes: only very clever people are able to rise above the disadvantages of wealth or make a dignified use of millions. In the majority of cases the money gets twisted around its owner's feet, and interferes with the freedom of his movements.

New York is perhaps the richest city in the world. It certainly is the ugliest, in spite of nature's loveliest gifts. Our city's wealth and prosperity to-day stands as the chief obstacle to any improvement from either an esthetic or a practical point of view. In Chicago and most of the Western cities the conditions are the same.

The gold of those men whose names have within the last decade become the synonym for billions (like the wealth of our cities), in almost every case, not only blots out all charm and grace from its victims' lives, but, like Sindbad's grotesque burden, keeps repose and peace of mind at bay.

That many of these combatants feel the absurdity of their position and would fain leave the arena is certain, but nothing is so difficult as to change one's habits after middle age. So most of these victims of their own successes continue to labor on, some from pure force of habit, others simply because they know in their hearts that they would be bored to death without the routine of the office to fill in the long days. As few bankers have taken the time to acquire any information not required by their business, this fear is perfectly well founded. But the largest class of all is composed of those "just about to retire" and enjoy their wealth. "It is not as easy as you seem to think," said an old friend to me not long ago. "I 've worked like a slave these last fifteen years, but in a season or two I 'll be free, and then I 'm going to make up for lost time. I have looked forward to it all my life, and intend to make you show me all those delightful nooks and corners of the Old World you 've talked so much about; we will get young again rambling about together in Italy and Greece." Poor chap! he was out of business before the year was done, free, but with a greater freedom than he had dreamed of; and as I stood beside his open grave my thoughts turned, in spite of me, to all the unavailing wealth he had so laboriously accumulated.

It is ambition, we are told,—a commendable desire to be honored and envied, to make one's mark in the world and leave a respected name as an inheritance to one's children,—that impels many of our men to years of needless toil.

If the people who place such a value on prestige and honor, and moil so furiously in the gold-mill to achieve this end, would only suspend their labors long enough to look about them, they would see another objection to the accumulation of wealth for wealth's sake that outbalances the minor reasons pointed out above as mind outweighs matter.

The really great rewards, the splendid and lasting prizes worthy to crown a life of effort and abnegation, have never yet been accorded in any land or by any race to mere wealth, not even here on this money-loving continent and in our material age.

With certain exceptions, it is the Motleys, the Choates, and the Andrew D. Whites who are selected to represent us at imperial courts and international congresses. It is the features of their Shermans and Lincolns that an admiring nation casts in everlasting bronze, not those of pool presidents or syndicate magnates, pile they never so high. When discouraged by the sordid bent of men's minds and the disproportionate place ac-

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corded to the dollar on this side of the water, it is a satisfaction to recall this fact, for it proves that, in spite of appearances, the heart of the great mass of Americans is in the right place.

Although, too, many of us run breathlessly after lucre, casting hardly a glance at the flowers by the roadside as we hurry on, yet when it comes to choosing a compatriot to hold the helm of state, or some other position of trust and honor, we turn instinctively to those men who have kept themselves free from the taint of gain; and logically, for when intelligent people read of a vast and sudden fortune, they are apt to ask one another if it be possible for a man to have become so very rich while quite honestly respecting *all* his neighbors' rights and liberties. So strong has this feeling become of late that even when the public is told of some aged magnate expiating youthful greed by giving away the millions which have turned to ashes on his old lips, the news is received with a shrug of the shoulder and often with a sneer.

On the other hand, few people will deny that the most admired man to-day in this country, the most respected and the most loved, is our young President, whose mind and thoughts have ever been fixed as far above financial ambitions as that of a Cromwell or a Washington. It is for this, as well as for his brilliant statesmanship, that our Chief Magistrate's name to-day has the power to thrill the nation's blood and make its pulses beat faster.

Not long ago a group of men were chatting in much this strain over their coffee on a hotel piazza, when an old stock-broker, whose counsels have long been considered sage, turned toward his neighbors and remarked, with a smile: "What you fellows have been saying is very good talk, and much of it is true; but, you can take my word for it, money ain't going out of fashion just yet, all the same."

THE HOUR

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THE slow, sweet hour that shrines the setting sun,
Or that which broods above the summer noon
Perfect in golden beauty—gone too soon
After its vanished sisters! Or the one
Long looked for, when the heavy day is done,
That comes dim-lighted by the rising moon
And fragrant with the roses born to June,
To whisper sorrow past and joy begun—
Nor this, nor any, do I name the best:
But if an hour shall come that sees us meet,
That brings thee close, thou, all unknown, yet mine,
Stranger, yet most myself! Above the rest—
Above the one which finds us at Love's feet—
I 'll set it, token of the Power Divine.

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PRINCESS PONTIOFF

BY ABIGAIL H. FITCH

IT was Princess Pontioff's "at home." The princess was not in the drawing-room, but Miss Polton was there. She had been directed to preside over the tea-table until the princess felt disposed to appear. Miss Polton was the children's governess; she was elderly and English. The position of teacher to little Russian children with Tatar dispositions was not a sinecure, but at the present moment Miss Polton thought it preferable to facing single-handed Princess Pontioff's callers. There would be a great many; they would be of different nationalities, and would converse in different languages. Miss Polton knew only her own, and that often entirely deserted her when she felt frightened.

Tiny waves of nervousness danced up and down her spinal column in a shivering procession as she sat erect, starched, and self-conscious by the tea-table. The drawing-room of the Russian legation in Peking, in which she was awaiting the callers, was furnished with Eastern gorgeousness and stiff Western conventionalism, a combination frequently seen in the homes of foreigners in China, and always startling to one's sense of harmony. The long, low-beamed ceiling was supported by pillars. Oriental rugs in rich, subdued colors covered the floor. On the walls hung silken stuffs of glaring blues and reds, all gold-embroidered in fantastic Chinese designs. In one corner of the room stood a white wooden screen of graceful filigree-work, forming a background for a large bronze vase, dragon-encircled; and, near by, a carved ebony cabinet showed through its glass doors an assortment of small, serene-faced Buddhas, their ancient appearance carefully hidden under a liberal coating of gilt. Miss Polton had spent an entire evening in this inartistic application. Scattered over the room with neat precision were heavy upholstered chairs and lounges, their rigid awkwardness accentuated by the incongruity of their surroundings. The "head boy" was stepping noiselessly about the damask-covered tea-table, arranging cups and saucers of milky transparency about the steaming samovar. Without, the sun was shining through amber clouds of sand, wind-swept from the great plateau, and whirled in yellow splendor to burst upon the city.

As the governess watched the swaying of tall bamboos and the helpless flurry of young-leafed lilac-bushes just outside the windows, she let a timid hope nestle in her brain that this golden sand-storm would keep the princess's drawing-room empty of callers. But the hope, like a frightened bird, took flight at the sound of quickly treading footsteps on the stone walk of the compound. When the heavy portières were drawn aside, and Mr. Amati, the Japanese minister, stepped briskly into the room, Miss Polton gave a hysterical gasp, then, with the resignation that comes from desperation, composed herself to meet him. Mr. Amati spoke English fluently, rapidly, and unintelligibly. That his remarks seldom elicited appropriate replies did not in the least disconcert him, his confidence in his own linguistic powers being too deeply rooted to be disturbed by so slight a matter. His Japanese secretary, who dressed after the latest London fashion and spoke English perfectly, seldom accompanied the minister on his visits. It was suspected that Mr. Amati resented the young man's quiet persistence in acting as interpreter as obtrusive and altogether unnecessary, and therefore preferred making his calls unaccompanied, except by his own complacency.

Mr. Amati seated himself near the governess, and carefully laying his hat on the floor by his chair, rubbed his hands, drew

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in his breath with a hissing suction, then proceeded to talk in a rapid series of gurgles. Miss Polton listened in dismay and bewilderment; she felt quite incompetent to divine intuitively the polite platitudes he was showering on her. When he paused, after a rising inflection in his voice, she was painfully aware that he had asked a question, but without in the least knowing what it was. In this trying situation she did what a more experienced woman of the world would have done—she offered Mr. Amati a cup of tea. As he sipped the fragrant beverage with noisy appreciation, the portières were again opened, and a young woman entered. The curves of her graceful figure were outlined against the silken curtains as she lingered a moment to cast an inquiring look about the room. A suspicious twinkle puckered the corner of her eyes on noting the scene by the tea-table. She understood at a glance Miss Polton's look of mingled anxiety and relief, and the expression of serene satisfaction shining from Mr. Amati's placid countenance.

"Am I disturbing a confidential tête-à-tête?" she asked. "Do tell me what you were talking about. I am sure it was interesting. I am always interested in anything Mr. Amati says; he stimulates one's imagination, and that is so refreshing."

Here the Princess Pontioff, for it was she, turned her large violet eyes on the minister from Japan, and smiled sweetly. Mr. Amati rubbed his hands and gurgled a pleased response. The governess looked uneasy.

"I enjoyed so much your lecture on the Yeddos the other night, Mr. Amati," she continued. "I never shall forget it—no one could who heard it. Thank you; yes, one lump, please." Poising her cup in one hand, while she daintily stirred its contents, the princess continued reflectively: "I never knew what strangely incomprehensible people the Yeddos were until you told us about them. We had stereoscopic pictures of them, too," she said, turning to the governess. "They belonged to that young globe-trotter who is here; he lent them to illustrate the lecture, and I remember he said afterward that they probably would never again serve so good a purpose."

"It appears," said the governess, a faint blush on her sallow cheek, as she gazed out of the window—"it appears to be blowing harder."

The wind had, in truth, increased in violence; like a thickly spangled gauze veil the sand-spotted air was twirled and twisted in serpentine coils round the trees and shrubbery of the compound; every now and then clouds of sand were dashed against the window-panes, making a sharp, scratching sound.

The princess smiled. She was not sure which amused her more, Mr. Amati's innocent complacency or the distressed uneasiness of the governess. But the Japanese minister now began again a series of gurgles in which could be distinguished the words, "Chinese trouble soon." The princess knew that he was launched upon his favorite topic. Mr. Amati's "croakings," as his warnings about probable Chinese uprisings were called, were regarded indulgently, but not too seriously, in the legations in Peking.

"Indeed?" murmured the fair Russian; then she complimented the minister on the excellence of his English.

A few minutes later, when he had bowed himself out of the room, his sedan-chair, carried by officially clad bearers, was seen passing the window, and the minister himself, smiling complacently, was just visible behind the curtains of his Oriental carriage.

"Conceit, my dear Miss Polton," remarked the princess, turning to the governess, "is a commodity every one should possess. No family should be without a large supply of it for general use; it costs nothing, and is invaluable for protective purposes."

Having delivered herself of this opinion, she leaned back in the cushioned hollow of her chair with graceful indolence. Unlike most tall women, she understood the art of lounging gracefully. She had a theory that only small and medium-sized women could afford to maintain a perfectly erect position when seated.

"When one is as elongated as I am," she would say, "one should know how to fold up gracefully."

Princess Pontioff was the wife of the Russian minister. She was the cleverest woman in Peking and the most fascinating. The women feared her and the men adored her. Her husband did both.

"There are as many sides to my char-

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acter as there are colors in a kaleidoscope," was an item in her journal. "The prince will never see them. He is too stupid to think of shaking me."

And again she wrote:

"More women have been driven desperate by marrying fools than rascals.

"There is only one thing worse in the world than a fool, and that is an ill-natured fool."

From which we may infer that the princess did not reciprocate her husband's adoration.

In another part of her journal one might also have read the following extracts:

"To escape sorrow, care nothing for others, and not much for yourself"; and, "Those who demand shall receive; those who plead shall be imposed upon."

The princess was evidently something of a philosopher. Although a Russian, her knowledge of that language was not extensive; she admitted to having a decided preference for English or French, in both of which tongues she expressed herself with perfect accuracy. She belonged to that type of Russian women of the upper class who are perhaps more thoroughly worldly and fascinating than the women of any other country.

Her eyes could express the most enchanting playfulness and the most passionate emotion; her delicately curved lips suggested quick transitions from gay laughter to storms of anger, like the uncontrolled waywardness of a wilful child; her skin was soft; her movements were languorous and full of grace.

She was now watching a tall man hurrying past the window, his hat pulled low over his forehead and his coat collar turned up to protect his face and neck from the needle-like pricks of the flying sand.

"I think you had better see what the children are doing," she said abruptly; "no doubt they are in mischief."

The governess escaped gladly, if somewhat awkwardly, from the room.

"So you decided to come after all, Captain Bertram?" she said, greeting the young man, when, a few minutes later, he entered the drawing-room.

"Yes; I felt sure of finding you alone. There is such a beastly sand-storm raging that few will venture out in it even to call on you."

Captain Herbert Bertram was first secretary of the English legation, and good to look at, in spite of his somewhat ponderous size. He had that boyish freshness of aspect which some Englishmen retain through life, and which is not without a certain charm. A pleasant healthfulness seemed to permeate the air about him.

The princess drew her skirts aside and made room for him on the sofa.

As he sank down by her side, she said, "I am glad you came," and inclined her head, with its profusion of warm brown hair, toward him. The golden ray of a slanting sunbeam coquetted with a silken curl that had escaped from detaining hairpins and fell over her white temple.

"Do you know, I was feeling most wickedly till I caught sight of you through the windows?" she murmured.

Captain Bertram rose and stood with his back toward her.

"Why are you doing that?" she asked without moving.

"Self-preservation is—" he began.

"Then why did you come?" she interrupted.

He seated himself again. The corners of her mouth dimpled deeper.

"Then why did you come?" she repeated.

"To banquet on scraps," he replied, picking up the handkerchief the princess had dropped, and drawing it through his fingers in a thin white line.

"Yet you came near refusing them a minute since," she said.

"I was afraid I should forget my manners and take more without asking."

"That," said the princess, gravely, "would have been very reprehensible."

"But pleasant," added Bertram.

"That would depend," said she.

"On what?" he asked.

"On *me*," replied she.

"I wonder," said he, "if you realize the depth of my—"

"Esteem," she interrupted. "You should feel very grateful to me, Captain Bertram," said she after a momentary pause.

"Undoubtedly; but why?"

"Because this—this esteem I have inspired in you may have kept you out of all sorts of difficulties. You will never, for instance, fall in love now with a freckle-faced, snub-nosed thing."

"A danger I was peculiarly liable to, I admit," said he. "I have, of course, al-

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ways had a sneaking admiration for freckle-faced, snub-nosed things. I might"—with rising indignation—"even have married one."

"And had freckle-faced, snub-nosed children," laughed the princess.

"Detestable little brats!" said the captain, as though they stood in the flesh before him.

"And now," continued she, "I have prevented all that; I have placed a definite stamp upon your taste, directed it, formed it—made it, in fact. It will always be a credit to you, Captain Bertram."

The princess clasped her hands over the back of her head and glanced at him. A delicious mischievousness sparkled in her eyes.

"You are the most— " he began.

"Who is that?" she asked suddenly, looking out of the window.

Bertram refused to follow her gaze. "Confound him! Why could n't he stay at home in such weather?"

"Possibly," said the princess, "it was the weather that induced him not to. Some people like to go out in sand-storms, you know, Captain Bertram."

"They are duffers—fools," muttered the young Englishman.

"That," said the princess, sweetly, "is not for me to say. But who is it? I do not recognize him," she added.

Bertram watched the approaching figure. "Ah, it 's Lane," he said, a degree less sulkily.

"The young man sent to take charge of the American legation?" she queried.

"Yes; until their new minister, Mr. Danford, arrives."

"What is this Mr. Lane like?" asked the princess, faintly interested.

"Young—a widower—lots of brainy substance in his cranium," was the brief description.

"Agreeable?" demanded the princess, lazily.

"Suppose so. Rather fancy, though, he will refuse to join your row of victims. Don't try to persuade him. There is something about him that makes me think you won't succeed."

"Nous verrons," said the princess, calmly.

There was not a trace of coquetry observable in the princess as, a few minutes later, she greeted Mr. Lane. Her manner was pleasing because simple, even as water is purest which has no taste, and air freshest which has no odor.

Lane returned her frank greeting cordially. He was tall and dark; a slight stoop marked his shoulders. The intelligence of his mind was reflected in his face, and was of that peculiar order which produces upon others the impression of disinclination to attempt any work of high order rather than inability to succeed.

"I am told you are a musician, Mr. Lane," said the princess, after the first commonplaces had been exchanged.

"I play the violin," he replied quietly.

"Ah, you will be a welcome addition to our small musicales. We have them once a month, and execute Chopin waltzes or Beethoven sonatas, and we sing; and though our performances are not such as imperatively to demand an encore, they often attain that peculiar degree of excellence which makes the delighted hearer involuntarily grateful that they are not worse."

Lane smiled.

"I did not expect to run up against a musical club in Peking," he said.

"We keep abreast of the times, even in North China," the princess gravely assured him, "and, like this democratic age in which we live, we have music for our art and pessimism for our philosophy."

"And feeding for our recreation," murmured Bertram, in whose rooms lay a list of dinner invitations appallingly long.

"So you are a believer in that theory of relationship between music and pessimism?" said Lane, turning with interest toward his hostess. "Wagner, now— "

The princess and Mr. Lane plunged into an animated discussion of matters musical.

It was with something of relief that Bertram saw Prince Pontioff enter. The conversation had taken a turn beyond his musical depths, and chewing the end of his blond mustache had ceased to be an amusement. Prince Pontioff was a short, dark man, conspicuous principally from the shape of his mouth, which was large and loose, a protruding lower lip giving him an expression of fishy stupidity. His whole appearance was in striking contrast to that of the brilliant woman who was his wife.

The marriage had been arranged by an aunt of the princess. She had admitted to

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her niece that Prince Pontioff was "affreusement laid; mais, mon Dieu, Gabrielle," she expostulated, "que veux tu? Tu n'as pas de dot."

The prince was full of the coming races.

"Who 's your jockey this year?" he asked, turning to Bertram.

"Young Leddings of the Customs."

"Rather heavy, is n't he?" asked the prince.

"No; he 's very fit; been training."

"Buffer rides for me," said the prince. "I shall enter Nakat for the Yamen cup-race and for the Haikuan challenge cup. What did I do with that paper?" he continued, searching his pockets. "Ah, here it is! Listen, Gabrielle."

He smoothed the printed slip out on his knees and read:

"'Haikuan challenge cup, value one hundred taels; fifty dollars added from the fund if won for the first time. Presented by Sir Lawrence Clark and gentlemen of the Imperial Maritime Customs. The cup to become the property of any gentleman residing in Peking whose pony or ponies win it at two consecutive meetings. One mile and a half. The winner of one race to carry four pounds extra, of two or more races seven pounds extra weight.' That," said he, "is worth trying for with Nakat."

The princess suppressed a yawn. There were two subjects which never interested her in the least—her husband and the races. Later, when her guests had gone, she said to the prince: "Next week we go to the hills. I shall invite Mr. Lane."

II

FIFTEEN miles from Peking, on the other side of the western hills, lies the Sleeping Buddha temple, so called because of a gigantic image of the god there reclining on a kang. Female attendants of vast proportions stand guard over the sleeping deity. The temple, formerly an imperial one, has extensive grounds, with shady grottoes, lotus ponds, picturesque *tingers* in groves of trees, and many flowering courtyards.

It was the guest-house of this temple that Prince Pontioff leased from the Buddhist priests, and it was here that the princess entertained Mr. Lane for one sunny week.

When he arrived at the hills he found the princess not only charming, but supremely fascinating. She read to him, she sang to him, she scolded him; and there are few things that flatter a man more than to be scolded by a pretty woman—provided she is not his wife. She was full of quaint whims and changes of mood, each one more delightful than the last. She might have disturbed the repose of the dullest bachelor into Elysian dreams of widow-weeds and second husbands. Her airy summer costumes accentuated a certain girlish look she sometimes had, and caused one to forget that she was the mother of two bouncing boys. They were not often *en evidence* when she had company. In appearance they were the counterpart of their papa, their resemblance to the princess beginning and ending with the cordial dislike they entertained for their English governess, the melancholy Miss Polton.

Lane saw them always at tiffin; they never appeared at dinner.

During his visit it was a caprice of the princess that the evening meal should not be served twice in the same place. The gentlemen never knew beforehand where they were to dine. This gave a piquancy to the dinner-hour which they enjoyed. Sometimes they found the table set in one of the many courtyards surrounded by palms and pomegranates, or on the smooth grassy lawn beyond the gates; or, again, on the hillside, in a grove of trees. And once they found it in the ravine, through which ran a shallow little brook, with stones placed by each chair for the feet. In this sylvan glade, to the purling of water, they drank their wines and ate their meats.

"Ah, Gabrielle," the prince would say, "what mad tricks are you up to?"

Then, with the flavor of antiquity on his palate from rare old wines, the sight of antiquity before his eyes in the hoary temples, he would be moved to repeat jokes of antiquity from his worn-out repertoire.

And Lane would wonder for the twentieth time why she had married him. Yet the prince was a wiser man than he knew.

When dinner was rounded off with coffee, the princess would propound conundrums of her own framing for each to sharpen his wits upon.

"What is love?" she once asked.

Now this was a difficult riddle, and for a moment there was silence.

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"Love is the offspring of chance, cradled by circumstances," said the princess, who was feeling cynical.

"Love is the poetry of life," said Lane, who was feeling sentimental.

But the prince said: "Love is life."

And again she asked:

"What is happiness?"

"Happiness is a hope," said Lane.

"No," she answered; "happiness is a castle in Spain."

"Happiness," said the prince, blowing his nose, "is a memory."

Whereupon the princess abruptly tossed her cigarette aside and suggested a stroll.

THAT night, when the moon was high, the princess and Lane sat on the temple porch. Faint strains of music from Chinese guitars reached them from afar. The sweet scent of a warm summer night was in the air. The princess lighted a cigarette, placed it between her curved red lips, and daintily puffed it once, then held it out to Lane. "While you smoke I will sing," she said.

She seated herself on the steps by his chair, and leaned her head against the pillar. The yellow glow from a lighted candle streamed through the window and illumined her face while she sang in a low, hushed voice:

"This morning I vowed I would bring thee my roses;
They were thrust in the band that my bodice incloses,
But the breast-knots were broken, the roses went free.

"The breast-knots were broken: the roses together
Floated forth on the wings of the wind and the weather,
And they drifted afar down the streams of the sea.

"And the sea was as red as when sunset uncloses;
But my raiment is sweet from the scent of the roses—
Thou shalt know, love, how fragrant a memory can be."

Lane forgot to smoke; he leaned forward in his chair and listened. Her voice was as mellow as the summer night and as sweet as a dream of love. When the last note died away she turned toward him.

"Did you like it?" she asked.

"The song is only less beautiful than the singer," he answered gravely.

There are men who have a genius for falling in love. Their hearts throb as rapturously, their pulses beat as feverishly, their souls glow with the same sensuous warmth, with their tenth love as with the first and all the intervening ones; nor are their affections in the least crippled by this steady drain on them. Lane was not one of these; he was a man who loves but once.

The princess was brilliant, she was fascinating, she was beautiful; yet his pulse did not beat by one stroke the faster as he sat alone in the starlight with her. His heart was with a silent little figure, wrapped in bridal robes, and lying in a country graveyard far beyond the seas.

"When I leave," he said, "I shall always think of you sitting there on the steps, with the light on your face, and singing."

"Don't talk of leaving," she said softly. "Remain yet another week."

"I thank you; it is impossible," was the cold response.

An hour later the prince heard his wife's voice in her room. She was sobbing. He jumped out of bed and hastened to her.

"Mon Dieu! Gabrielle," he said in alarm, "what is it?"

She turned upon him fiercely. This little man in his white pajamas, who had the privilege of intruding on her, should be made to suffer, too.

"I am unhappy, I am miserable; he will not stay with me, he cares nothing for me!"

The prince stood still a moment, bewildered; then the full meaning of his wife's words came to him, and he went up to her.

"Gabrielle, *mon ange*," he said, laying his hand gently on her heaving shoulder, "don't cry; you still have me."

The princess rose and looked at her husband. Her dark eyes were wet and shining, for the tears that most bedim our eyes are those we do not shed.

"Nicholas," she said, "go to bed and sleep. I shall not cry any more. You are a good man, and you can't help being a fool." Which was the kindest speech the princess had made to her husband in a long time.

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Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'GABRIELLE, MON ANGE, . . . YOU STILL HAVE ME'"

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IN THE QUICKSAND

BY LEWIS B. MILLER

WITH PICTURES BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"'WHAT IS THAT THING YE 'RE STANDIN' ON?'"

ALF BONHAM, ferryman, stood on his flatboat, gazing down the river. The river-bed was four or five hundred yards from bank to bank; but the water, which covered scarcely a third of this space, had dug itself a deeper, serpentine channel. Two hundred yards below the ferry was a ford, where a sandy road could be seen leading into and out of the water.

The noise of wheels came from the woods to the north, and a white-topped wagon soon appeared on the river-bank, following the ford road. The wagon halted, and the driver stood up and gazed around, then got out and came down the hill, accompanied by a little bobtailed black dog. After tramping across the sand and taking a look at the river, he came up the water's edge toward the ferry.

Though old and somewhat stooped, he walked as nimbly as a boy. His trousers, the legs of which were stuffed into his boots, were held close up to his arms by cloth "galluses." He had a thin face, high cheek-bones, prominent ears, and a bushy tuft of gray beard. His sharp eyes looked the young ferryman over critically.

"Howdy! What is that thing ye 're standin' on?" he called out in a playful way.

Alf smiled responsively: "A ferry-boat."

"Set people acrost with it when the river 's boomin', don't ye?"

"Yes; or any other time."

"How much for a wagon?"

"Fifty cents."

"Fifty cents!" the old man fairly screeched, throwing up his hands. "D' ye mean to tell me that anybody 's fool enough to pay you a whole half-dollar to put 'em acrost that creek?"

"I 've ferried one wagon over this morning. That 's how I happen to be here. Live on the other side."

"Ye did!" scoffed the traveler. "Why, with a good runnin' start I could jump clean acrost that."

"Then you must be a lively jumper. It 's a hundred and fifty yards, if it 's an inch."

"The old woman could take a mop-rag and mop that puddle-hole dry. If I just had time to wait till the sun gits up good, guess it soon would n't leave anything but a damp place."

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Alf only smiled at the old fellow's sarcasm. After a brief silence, the traveler inquired, but seriously now:

"How deep 's the water down there at the crossin'?"

"Look here, old man, my business is to run the ferry, not the ford. I don't mind telling you, though, that the *water* is only about hub-deep."

"Hub-deep! And you try to make me believe that anybody pays you ruther than ford hub-deep water!"

"It 's not the water they 're afraid of; it 's what 's under it."

"And what mought be under it, young man?"

"Oh, nothing but quicksand."

"Quicksand!" The traveler gave an incredulous, indignant snort. "Now looky here, young feller, there ain't a bit of use tryin' to pull the wool over my eyes, specially after I seed all them wagon-tracks goin' in and comin' out. Maybe ye don't know who I am? Then I 'm goin' to tell ye. My name 's John Thomas Smoot. And before I started to Texas—me and the old woman—I was one of the fo'most citizens of Taney County, Missouri. Now don't try to cram any more big yarns down me."

Alf nodded cheerfully. "Howdy, Mr. Smoot! Glad to make your acquaintance. My name 's Bonham. I can't lay claim to anything much myself, but my father sometimes brags that he 's the red-headedest man in north Texas. Says that 's why he settled on Red River; feels at home here. My hair did n't happen to be quite as red as his. As for that quicksand, you need n't take my word for it unless you want to."

"No; I guess I won't take yo'r word for it, young man—not after all them tracks. I 've been away from home before, and I 've heared people talk before. Reckon, though, ye think ye 've got to tell folks some yarn to git 'em up to your boat, and that 'll do as well as any. Let them swaller it that don't know no better. Why, I 'll just bet ye that river 's got a hard, gravelly bottom. Now own up; hain't it?"

Alf's florid face flushed, but he answered quietly: "Try it and see."

"Now, young feller, I 'll tell ye what I 'll do. One of my mules is a little tender-footed, and ruther than pull 'im acrost the river and hurt his feet on them gravel, I 'll give ye twenty cents to ferry us."

"Only one price, Mr. Smoot."

"Times is downright hard now," suggested the traveler.

"If you 're hard up, my friend, blurt it out, and across you go—free! Father never charges widow women a cent; and as you 're an old man, if you 're short of cash, I 'll pass you over in the same gang with the widows."

Mr. Smoot flared up angrily. Thrusting his hand deep into his trousers pocket, he jerked out a buckskin bag. After flourishing it about his head a few times, he shook it at the young ferryman till the coin in it clinked loudly and the little dog barked at Alf.

"You impydent young rascal! I 'll give ye to understand that I 've got money—oodles of it!" shouted the irascible old fellow, hopping about on the sand wrathfully. "And I 'll give ye to understand, too, that if ye call me a widow woman any more, I 'll—I 'll—"

"Mr. Smoot, I did n't call you a widow woman or any other kind of a woman. I only said that if you could n't pay I 'd set you across free. But as you 're a moneyed man, of course you 'll have to fork over half a dollar."

"I won't!" snapped Mr. Smoot. "Fifteen cents is every cent ye 'll git. And if ye want that ye 'd better say so quick."

"Fifteen!" laughed Alf. "Why, only just now you offered me twenty."

"But the water 's dried up lots. Ain't nothin' much left but a damp place now. If I stand here jawin' you any longer, the whole river-bed will be dry and dusty."

Alf laughed. "I see you 've made up your mind to try the ford, Mr. Smoot. I hope you 'll get across safely. But don't let your team stop, especially if you 're heavy-loaded."

The old man had started away, but he turned angrily, and cried:

"I 'll let ye know that I don't need any advice from young snips like you!" Then he tramped on.

A sharp-featured woman occupied a chair in the fore end of the wagon. As her husband drew near, she inquired:

"Well, pap, what did ye find out?"

"We 're goin' to ford it, if we have to swim," answered the man, gruffly. He sprang into the wagon, seized the reins, and started the mules.

"But did ye find out how deep—"

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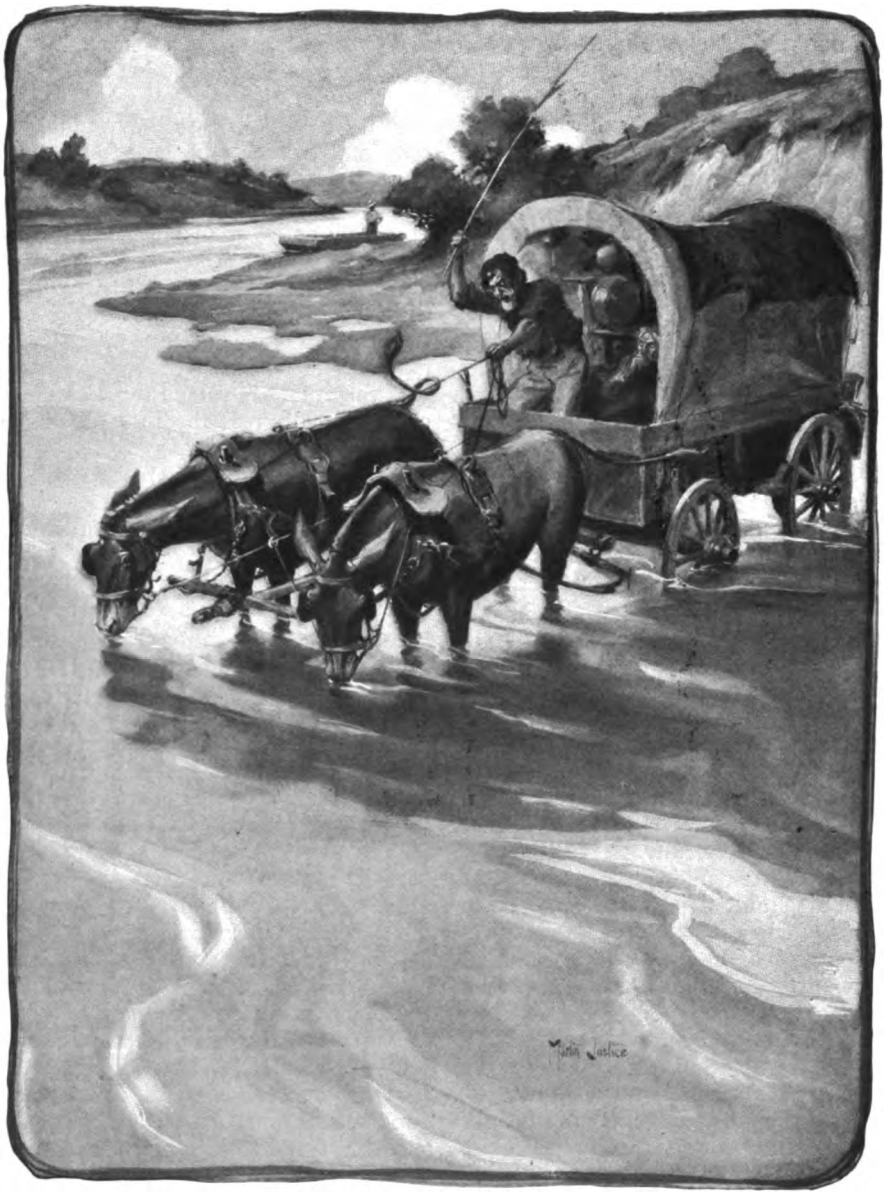

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"NOT AN INCH WOULD THEY BUDGE"

"Look here, ma, ye 'd better not bother me! If ye do, just like as not I 'll sass ye. That bigoty-feelin' young chap up there has got me all riled up."

The woman looked at her husband, but discreetly kept silent. Wagon and mules trotted down the bank till they struck the sand. Then came hard pulling, for the wheels cut deep into the loose, dry stuff. The old man shook the reins, and sometimes struck the mules smartly with a dogwood switch. Near the water he stopped them. While they were resting he remarked:

"What d' ye think, ma? That scamp of a ferryman tried to make me believe there 's quicksand in this river."

"Well, don't ye reckon there is, pap?"

"Not a bit. Don't ye see all these tracks? How could people cross over quicksand?"

"Maybe they know the right place, pap.

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Would n't it be awful if we got stuck? If that feller would set us acrost cheap, b'lieve I 'd let 'im."

The man considered. Finally he stood up, leaned out, and shouted:

"What 'd ye say? Twenty cents?"

"Half a dollar," came back.

"B'lieve I 'd offer 'im a quarter, pap."

"Two bits?" yelled the old man, interrogatively.

"Four bits."

"Go to Guinea with your old boat!" Mr. Smoot sat down so hard that the whole wagon creaked. "I 'll show 'im he cain't rob me."

He urged the mules into the water. Though angry, he remembered the ferryman's advice, and kept lashing them with his dogwood and scolding them sharply. The sand under the water seemed much firmer than the dry sand; but the wheels kept grinding, and the whole wagon trembled as with an ague. The water gradually deepened, though the deepest part scarcely covered the fore hubs. The wagon pulled heavily, but moved well enough till it reached midstream. Here the mules somehow got a taste of the water.

Though not particularly thirsty, they were salt-hungry, and Red River is decidedly brackish. No sooner had the animals discovered that there was salt in the water than they stopped and began to suck it up greedily.

The driver shouted, and lashed them with the dogwood. The thick-skinned animals kept moving their feet, switching their tails, and shaking their ears, but not an inch would they budge till they had drunk their fill. All the time the wagon kept settling down.

When the mules were ready to pull, the wheels seemed grown to the bottom. The excited driver scolded and shouted and stormed, plying his switch mercilessly. The mules, frightened now, pulled with all their might; but the bottom gave way under their feet, and, in spite of their tuggings and strainings, the heavy wagon, clutched in the quicksand's relentless grip, stood calmly in its place. Finally the driver sat down in his chair, leaned back, and looked about helplessly.

"Well, ma, we 're stuck!"

"So I see, old man. Nice fix ye 've got us in! What ye goin' to do 'bout it?" Her tones sounded severe.

"Ma," he appealed meekly, "hain't I done *ev*'rything that mortal man *can* do?"

"Huh!" was the doubtful response.

"If somebody would come along, I 'd git 'im to double teams and pull us out. Reckon I 'd better take the mules loose before they bog down, too."

The mules were trampling restlessly to keep their feet out of the sand. Their owner, after reaching down and unhooking the traces, drew the team back, and succeeded in mounting the off mule from behind. Then, dropping the tongue from the breast-yoke, he brought them around, with the near mule by the fore wheel.

"Climb on, ma. Ye cain't stay here. The water 's already lickin' the bed. I 'll take ye over to the Texas side."

"Not a step do I budge without this wagon!" She settled herself back doggedly.

"Why, ma!"

"How deep will the wagon go?"

"Jedgin' from the way it 's settlin' down, it won't stop much this side of Chiny."

The woman looked angry. "I did n't want to come to Texas, but nothin' else would do ye. Now ye see what ye git by it!" She gave no sign of relenting.

The man started the mules. "Ma," he called back, "I 'm goin' on to Texas. Air you goin' to Chiny?"

"Just lieve go one place as t' other."

Her husband clucked to the team and splashed away. On reaching the dry sand, where the little dog, which had swum the river, was waiting, he got down, separated the mules, and turned one loose. Then, after unharnessing the other, he mounted again and came splashing toward the wagon.

"Ma, I 've been to Texas and come back. If you 're bound to stay here, let me have that feather bed. No use gittin' that wet."

The woman got up and disappeared. Soon the huge bed, with its faded striped tick, was pushed out. The man took the big armful in front of him, and rode away. After depositing the bed on the sand, he returned. Only a few inches of the fore wheels were now above the water. The woman was squatting on her chair.

"Ma, if ye 'll let me take ye out, I 'll call that ferryman down and see what he can do. Seems like nobody ain't comin' along."

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The woman consented, and mounted behind her husband. When they had reached dry sand, she slid off. After beckoning to the ferryman, Mr. Smoot turned and rode back, the little dog swimming in the mule's wake. Alf walked down, and the two met at the north edge of the stream. The old man's face wore a sheepish expression as he dismounted.

"Well, there is *some* sand under this water. Reckon maybe I druv a little too fur up-stream to hit that gravel."

He expected to hear "I told you so"; but Alf, though he smiled at the old fellow's way of putting the matter, only remarked:

"That 's not the first wagon I 've seen stuck in this ford."

"I just knowed ye 'd be tickled to see me bog down, specially after the way I 'd sassed ye; but—"

"But I 'm not tickled, Mr. Smoot. I don't blame you for saving half a dollar if you can. The ford 's safe enough with an empty wagon, or even with a moderately loaded one if the team keeps moving."

"How did them other fellers git out?"

"When they could, they spliced teams. But some of 'em had to unload. I brought my boat down and took one man out last week."

"How much will ye charge to git my wagon and things to dry land, me helpin'?"

"Five dollars."

The old man started and gasped. "I cain't pay that much."

"It 's your wagon, Mr. Smoot. You know whether it 's worth five dollars or not."

"I just 'lowed ye 'd charge like sixty, but I did n't think— If ye could do it for two dollars, say—"

"Six dollars is the least, Mr. Smoot. I—"

"Six? Just now ye said five! What—"

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'SIX? JUST NOW YE SAID FIVE! WHAT—'"

"The wagon 's settling down fast, and every minute we wait, the harder it 'll be to get out."

The old man argued and protested, concluding with: "I 'll give ye five, cash down—what ye said at first." He drew out his buckskin bag and untied the strings.

"Seven is the least I can take now, Mr. Smoot. The wagon 's still going down." The traveler pleaded, but Alf said: "A minute longer, and it 'll be eight."

"I 'll pay ye seven as quick as I can," the old man answered hastily. "For mercy's sake, don't make it any more!"

With trembling hands he counted out the money. His drawn face showed that he realized now what serious trouble he had got into. Alf, watching him closely, suspected that his "oodles" of money was a rather inconsiderable sum.

"Here 's the seven dollars, if ye cain't do it for any less."

Alf pocketed the money cheerfully. "I 'll get the boat down here right away," he said, and started off on a run.

The old man climbed upon his beast and splashed back across the shallow river. Dismounting, he let the mule go. Then he

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took off his boots and socks, and rolled up his trousers. While doing this he told his wife what the ferryman had demanded. The cost of their mishap sobered her.

"That 's an awful price, but I reckon ye could n't do anything but pay it."

"Yonder he comes now, as hard as he can pole."

"Look here, pap, if ye 're goin' to unload all them things, I want to be out there to see about 'em. I 'll climb one of the mules."

"Don't believe I 'd take a mule out there to stand, ma. He might git stuck. Then we 'd be plumb ruined. I 'm goin' to wade out. Why not let me tote ye?"

The woman agreed. Her husband threw his hat on the sand, and stooped till she could put her arms about him. Then, grasping his burden resolutely, he lifted her up and waded away. The little dog plunged in after them.

"Reckon there 's any danger of you boggin' down, pap, me bein' so heavy on ye?"

"Not a bit, ma. This bottom 's all right if ye keep steppin'. When ye first set foot on it, it feels hard; but before ye can step off it 's crawlin' out from under ye."

By this time little was visible of the wagon except the canvas cover and the tops of the hind wheels. As Alf poled the flatboat, he saw the old couple coming through the water, the little dog swimming near them. The woman's coarsely shod feet stuck out stiffly, and her wrinkled face rested against her old husband's tousled gray head. The young man smiled at the odd picture.

After bringing the end of the flatboat up against the wagon, Alf slipped off his boots, stepped overboard, and made the boat fast to the wheels with ropes. By this time the old man had deposited his wife on the boat, and he and the little dog had climbed on.

After removing the sheet and bows, Alf began to pull things up out of the water and set them on the boat. The man and his wife carried them farther back. The wagon-bed was full to the top of the side boards, and some of the furniture stood higher. The cooking-stove was the last and heaviest object taken out.

"No wonder the wagon got fast," Alf remarked. "You had a good, solid load."

The wagon-bed was now floating. They

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'THIS BOTTOM 'S ALL RIGHT IF YE KEEP STEPPIN'"

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lifted it upon the boat. Then the two, using the boat-poles as handspikes, went to work on a fore wheel, "prizing" it up and forcing the reluctant sands to relinquish their grasp. When the wheel was high enough, the nut was removed and the wheel slipped off the axle. In this way, a piece at a time, the whole wagon was extricated.

"Now climb aboard, Mr. Smoot!"

The old man obeyed, and dropped wearily into a chair among his wet household goods and the pieces of his dismembered wagon. Alf threw a rope over his shoulder and waded southward, towing the flatboat.

When everything had been unloaded on the sand near the feather bed, Alf helped put the wagon together.

"There! That 's all we can do for a few hours—till your things dry. Fellow waiting up yonder now, but I 'll come back and help you load up when you 're ready. Sit down here in the shade of this wagon and rest till noon. You look tired out, both of you. I 'm going to take you up to dinner. Mother will be glad to see you; and maybe she 'll have some milk and vegetables for you, besides."

"Thanky," said the woman. "We 'll be the gladdest kind to git 'em."

The young ferryman started, but came back with his hand in his pocket.

"Mr. Smoot," he said, "here 's six dollars and a half. Guess I 'm entitled to a dollar or two by good rights, but I only charge you the usual fifty cents. I don't mind giving a neighbor a lift. Made you pay seven dollars just to show you how mean I had a chance to be if I felt like it; and I hand this back to prove that I don't feel like it."

"Well, now, we 're a thousand times obleeged—" Mr. Smoot began in stammering surprise.

"That 's all right," Alf called back from the boat. "I may get stuck in a sand-bog myself some day, or some other tight place. And, if I do, I don't want any thief to come along and rob me, just because I can't help myself. See you later!" He pushed off and poled away.

"Pap, if the Texas people 's all like him, I don't know as I 'm so bad put out because we 've come. He 's the cleverest, 'commodatin'est young feller I 've seen in a' age. What was you thinkin' about when ye called 'im bigoty?"

"Ma," answered the old man, humbly, "I al'ays was too spunky. And, on top of that, reckon I must be gittin' old and childish."

STORM

BY JOHN H. BONER

I LOVE the dark and stormy day—
The lashing bough, the broken spray,
The swirling and incessant rain,
The pearled and dripping window-pane,
The clouds so dense that one may know
For hours and hours it shall be so.

Click, click upon the shining street
Go scurrying horses' nimble feet,
A lone pedestrian slantwise bent
Against the drenching element.
No bird or fowl in tree or sky,
Torn leaves in tumult drifting by,
And rolling with a muffled swell
A slowly tolling funeral bell.

Where now the throngs on pleasure bent,
The eager step, the pressed intent?
They must await the sunlight ray;
Storm has no path for such as they.
And fancy now her wand may wave:
I see the rivulet round the grave,
And with the twilight comes to view
Night closing in on Waterloo.

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CHUMS

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

DON'T you remember when, your mother laughingly dissenting, your father said that you might have him, and with rapture in your heart and a broad smile on your face you went dancing through the town to *get* him?

There was quite a family of them—the old mother dog and her four children. Of the puppies it was hard to tell which was the best; that is, hard for the disinterested observer. As for yourself, in the very incipiency of your hesitation something about one of the doggies appealed to you. Your eyes and hands wandered to the others, but invariably came back to him.

With the mother anxiously yet proudly looking on, you picked him up in your glad young arms, and he cuddled and squirmed and licked your face; and in an instant the subtle bonds of chumship were sealed forever. You had chosen.

"I guess I 'll take this one," you said to the owner.

And without again putting him down you carried him off, and home.

How unhappy he appeared to be, during his first day in his new place! He whined and whimpered in his plaintive little tremolo, and although you thrust a pannikin of milk under his ridiculous nose, and playmates from far and near hastened over to inspect him and pay him tribute, he refused to be appeased. He simply squatted on his uncertain, wabbly haunches, and cried for "mama."

You fixed him an ideal nest in the barn; but it rather made your heart ache—with that vague ache of boyhood—to leave him there alone for the night, and you went back many times to induce him to feel better. Finally, you were withheld by your father's: "Oh, I would n't keep running out there so much, if I were you. Let him be, and pretty soon he 'll curl up and go to sleep."

Sure enough, his high utterances ceased, and nothing more emanated from him. Whereupon your respect for your father's varied store of knowledge greatly increased.

In the morning you hastened out before breakfast to assure yourself that your charge had survived the night; and you found that he had. He was all there, every ounce of him.

What a wriggly, rolly, awkward lump of a pup he was, anyway! How enormous were his feet, how flapping his ears, how whip-like his tail, how unreliable his body, how erratic his legs! Yet he was pretty. He was positively beautiful.

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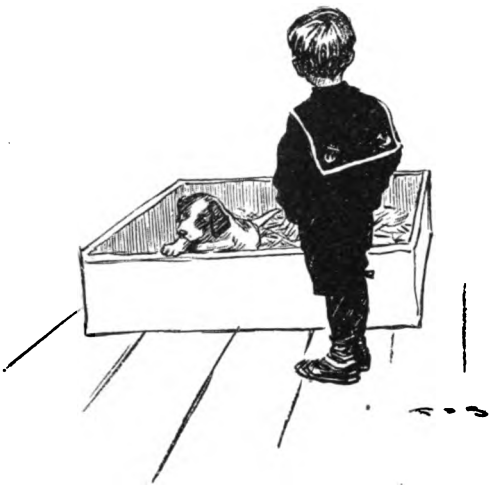
Your mother could not resist him. Can a woman resist anything that is young and helpless and soft and warm? With pictures in her mind of ruined flowers and



chewed-up household furnishings, she gingerly stooped down to pet him; and at the touch of his silky coat she was captive.

"Nice doggy!" she cooed.

Upon which he ecstatically endeavored to swallow her finger, and smeared her slippers with his dripping mouth, and peace was established. Thereafter mother was his stoutest champion.

The christening proved a matter requiring considerable discussion. When it comes right down to it, a name for a dog is a difficult proposition. It may be easy to name other persons' dogs, but your own dog is different.

Your father and mother, and even the hired girl, proposed names, all of which

you rejected with scorn, until, suddenly, into existence popped a name which came like an old friend. You seized it, attached it to the pup, and it just fitted. No longer was he to be referred to as "it," or "he," or "the puppy." He possessed a personality.

The hired girl—and in those days there were more "hired girls" than "domestics"—was the last to yield to his sway. She did not like dogs or cats about the house; dogs caused extra work, and cats got under foot.

But upon about the third morning after his arrival you caught her surreptitiously throwing him a crust from among the table leavings that she was bearing to the alley; and you knew that he had won her. Aye, he had won her. You also found out that he much preferred a crust thus flung to him from the garbage to any carefully prepared mess of more wholesome food.

Probably this subtle flattery pleased the girl, for although her grimness never vanished, once in a while you descried her smiling through it, in the course of a trip to the back fence while the puppy faithfully gamboled at her skirts in tumultuous expectation of another fall of manna.

He grew visibly—like the seed planted by the Indian fakir. Enormous quantities of bread and milk he gobbled, always appearing in fear lest the supply should sink through the floor before he had eaten his fill. Between meals his body waned to ordinary size; but, mercy! what a transformation as he ate! At these times it swelled and swelled, until, the pan empty, the stomach full, its diameter far exceeded its length.

However, there was a more permanent growth than this, as you discovered when you awoke to the fact that his collar was too tight for him. So you removed it, and in the interval between removing the old and getting the new properly engraved, his neck expanded fully an inch. The old collar would not meet around it when, as a test, you experimented.

So good-by to the collar of puppyhood, and let a real dog's collar dangle about his neck. The step marked the change from dresses to trousers.

Not only bread and milk and other

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mushy, non-stimulating stuff did he eat, but he ate, or tried to eat, everything else within his reach. Piecemeal, he ate most of the door-mat. He ate sticks of wood, both hard and soft, seemingly preferring a barrel-stave. He ate leaves, and stones, and lumps of dirt, and the heads off the double petunias and the geraniums. He ate a straw hat and a slipper. He attempted the broom and the clothes-line, the latter having upon it the week's wash, thus adding to the completeness of the menu.

In his fondness for using his uneasy teeth, new and sharp, he would have eaten *you*, did you not repeatedly wrest your anatomy from his tireless jaws.

As it was, you bore over all your person, and particularly upon your hands and calves, the prints of his ravaging, omnivorous mouth.

Your mother patiently darned your torn clothing, and submitted to having her own imperiled and her ankles nipped; while your father time and again gathered the scattered fragments of his evening paper, and from a patchwork strove to decipher the day's news.

And "Look at him, will you!" cried the hired girl, delighted, indicating him as he was industriously dragging her mop to cover.

WELL, like the storied peach, he "grew, and grew." Speedily he was too large for you to hold in your arms, and although he

insisted upon climbing into your lap, you could no more accommodate him there than you could a huge jellyfish. He kept slipping off, and was all legs.

He fell ill. Ah, those days of his distemper were anxious days! He would n't eat, and he would n't play, and he would n't do anything except lie and feebly wag his tail, and by his dumbness place upon you the terrible burden of imagining his condition inside.

Here came to the rescue the old gardener,—Uncle Pete, black as the ace of spades,—who gave you the prescription of a nauseous yet simple remedy which you were compelled lovingly and apologetically to administer three times a day; and behold, the patient was cured.

You did n't blame him any for rising from his bed; and you would n't have blamed him any for cherishing against you a strong antipathy, in memory of what you forced down his throat. But he loved you just as much as ever.

Now he developed roaming propensities, which took the form of foraging expeditions. Once he brought back a five-pound roast of beef, his head high in the air, and buried it in the garden. Diligent inquiry exposed the fact that the beef had been intended by a neighbor for a dinner for a family of six, and for subsequent relays of hash, etc. Your mother, with profuse apologies, promptly despatched a substitute roast, the original being badly disfigured.

Upon another occasion he conveyed into the midst of a group consisting of your mother and father, and the minister, guest of honor, sitting on the front porch, a headless chicken, still quivering. You were commanded to return the fowl, if you could; and after making a canvass of the neighborhood you found a man who, having decapitated a choice pullet, and having turned for an instant to secure a pan of hot water, was mystified, upon again approaching the block, to see, in all his level

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back yard, not a vestige, save the head, of the feathered victim. When you restored to him his property, he laughed, but not as if he enjoyed it.

Along with his foraging bent, the dog acquired a passion for digging. One day he accidentally discovered that he *could* dig, and forthwith he reveled in his new power. Huge holes marked where he had investigated flower-beds or had insanely tried to tunnel under the house.

He grew in spirit as well as in stature. He had his first fight, and was victorious, and for days and days went around with a chip on his shoulder, which several lickings by bigger dogs did not entirely remove. Out of that first fight and the ensuing responsibility of testing the mettle of every

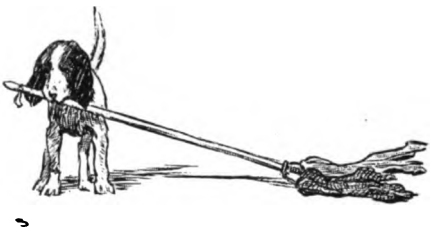
canine whom he encountered came dignity, poise, and courage. His puppy days were over. He had arrived at doghood.

What sweet years followed! It was you and the dog, the dog and you, one and inseparable. When you whistled, he came. All the blows you gave him for his misdemeanors could not an iota influence him against you. Other comrades might desert you for rivals of the moment, but the dog never! To him you were supreme. You were at once his crony and his god.

When you went upon an errand, the dog was with you. When you went fishing or swimming or rambling, the dog was with you. When you had chores to do, the dog was your comfort; and when you were alone after dark he was your protection. With him in the room or by your side you were not afraid.

When you had been away for a short time, who so rejoiced at your return as the dog? Who so overwhelmed you with caresses? Not even your mother, great as was her love for you.

Did you want to frolic? The dog was ready. Did you want to mope? He would mope, too. He was your twin self, and never failed.



THE sun and you were up together on that summer morning, and the dog joined you as soon as you threw open the barn door. Almost you had caught him in bed, but not quite, although he had not had time to shake himself, and thus make his toilet.

Intuition told him that such an early awakening meant for him a day's outing, and he leaped and barked and wagged his glee.

You worked with a will, and when the hired girl summoned you to breakfast the kitchen wood-box had been filled, and all the other jobs laid out for you had been performed, and you were waiting. So was the dog, but not for breakfast. He was waiting for *you*.

How he gobbled down the scraps constituting his meal;

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never pausing to chew, and frequently desisting in operations in order to run around the house and investigate lest, by hook or crook, you might be slipping off without his knowledge!

Now your boy companion's whistle sounded in front; and hastily swallowing your last mouthfuls, disregarding your mother's implorations to "eat a little more," with the paper packages containing your lunch of bread and butter and sugar and two hard-boiled eggs stuffed into your pockets, sling-shot in hand, out you scampered; and the dog was there before you.

Along the street you gaily hied, the three of you, until the overarching, dew-drenched elms and maples ended, and the board walk ended, and you were in the country.

Civilization was behind you; all the world of field and wood was ahead.

Don't you remember how balmy was the air that wafted from the pastures where the meadow-larks piped and the bobolinks rioted and gurgled? Don't you remember how the blackbirds trilled in the willows, and the flicker screamed in the cotton-woods? Don't you remember how you tried fruitless shots with your catapult, and how the dog vainly raced for the gophers as he sped like mad far and wide?

Of course you do.

The morning through you trudge, buoyant and tireless and fancy-free; fighting Indians and bears and wildcats at will, yet still unscathed; roving up hill and down again, scaling cliffs and threading valleys, essaying perilous fords, and bursting the jungles of raspberry-bushes; and you guess at noon, and sprawl in the shade, beside the creek, to devour your provisions.

During the morning, some of the time you have seen the dog, and some of the time you have not. Where you have covered miles he has covered leagues, and more than leagues; for a half-hour he will have disappeared entirely, then, suddenly, right athwart your path he hustles past, in his orbit, as though to let you know that he is hovering about.

While you are eating, here he comes. He seats himself expectantly before you, with lolling tongue, and gulps half a slice of bread, and looks for more. A dog's only selfishness is his appetite. He will

freeze for you, drown for you, risk himself in a hundred ways for you, but in the matter of food he will seize what he can get and all he can get, and you must take care of yourself.

The lunch is finished, and the dog, after sniffing for the crumbs, sinks down with his nose between his paws, to indulge in forty uneasy winks until you indicate what is to be the next event upon your program.

Presently, however, with a little whine of restlessness, he is off.

You are off, too. It is the noon siesta. The air is sluggish. The birds and the squirrels have relaxed, and the woods are subdued. The strident *scrape* of the locusts rises and falls, and the distant shouts of men in harvest-fields float in upon your ear. You are burning hot; but the water of the creek is cool—the only cool thing in your landscape.

A swim, a swim! Your whole being demands that you go in swimming.

The dog already has been in a num-

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ber of times, as his wet coat has evidenced. Feverishly following the winding stream, envying the turtles as they plunge in, upon your approach, you arrive at a bend where the banks are high, and the current, swinging against them, halts and forms an eddy. Here the depths are still and dark and beckoning.

To strip those smothering garments from your sunburnt body is the work of but an instant, and in you souse, not without some misgiving as to possible water-snakes and snapping-turtles, but spurred by a keen rivalry as to which shall "wet over" the first.

Oh, the glorious, vivifying thrill that permeates you as you part the waters!

The dog again! From the bank he surveys the proceedings with mingled curiosity and apprehension, and finally, with a whine of excitement, dashes into the shallows and makes for your side. You are neck-deep, and he is swimming. His hair feels queer and clammy against your skin, and his distended claws raise a welt upon your bare shoulder as he affectionately tries to climb on top of you. You duck him, and grab at his tail; and convinced that you are in no immediate danger, he plows for the shore, where he contents himself with barking at you.

Despite the dog's remonstrances and entreaties, you sported in that blissful spot until the sun was well down the west; now you frolicked in the cool eddy, now you dabbled amid the ripples of the shoals just below, and now you dawdled on the warm, turfy banks. The dog stretched himself by your clothing and went to sleep.

At length, with blue lips and chattering teeth, and a ring of mud encircling your mouth, marking where years later the badge of manhood would appear, you donned your clothes, and, weak but peaceful, to the rapture of the dog started homeward.

He did not know that you were going home. When you had left home in the morning he did not know that you were coming here. He did not care then; and he does not care now. You are doing something, and he is a partner in it; and that is sufficient.

Homeward, homeward, through woods and across meadows where the birds were gathering their evening store and voicing their praises and thanks because the sun had been so good. Homeward, homeward, not talking so much as when your faces were turned the other way, not frisking so much as formerly, and with the dog trotting soberly near your heels.

You were dead tired, the three of you.

When you were about a block from the house, the dog pricked up his ears and trotted ahead, to wait for you at the gate. While you ate your supper he slept on the back porch; and after his own supper he slinked straight into the barn, to bed.

And soon, he in his nest up-stairs in the barn, you in your nest up-stairs in the house, alike you were slumbering; for neither could possibly sleep sounder than the other.

YEARS sped by, and the dog remained an integral part of the household. Such a quaint, quizzical, knowing old chap, with an importance ridiculous yet not unwarranted, with an individuality all his own,

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thoroughly doggish, but well-nigh human. He was affectionate toward the rest of the family, but you he adored. He might occasionally bluffly growl at others, but never at you. You could make him do anything, anything. To him you were perfect, omnipotent, and with you at hand he was happy.

You emerged from the grammar school into the high school. Then arrived that summer when you went to visit your aunt and uncle, and stayed three weeks. You remember the visit, don't you?

And when you disembarked at the station on your return, and your mother was there to meet you, even while kissing her you looked for the dog.

"Where 's Don?" you asked.

"Why, Ted," reproved your mother, as so often she had jokingly done before, "do you think more of seeing your dog than of seeing me?"

This silenced you.

But when you had entered the yard, and next the house, ungreeted by the familiar rush and volley of barks, you were impelled to inquire again:

"Where *is* Don, mother?"

Mother put her arm around you, and laid her lips to your forehead; and even before she spoke you felt what was coming.

"Ted dear, you never will see Don any more," she said; and she held you close while you sobbed out your first real grief upon her breast.

When you could listen she told you all —how they had found him, lifeless, where he had crawled under the porch; how they had buried him, decently and tenderly, where you might see his grave and put up a headboard; how they had kept the news from you, so that your visit should not be spoiled; and how, all the way from the depot, her heart had ached for you.

Thus the dog vanished from your daily life, and for weeks the house and yard seemed very strange without him. Then, gradually, the feeling that you were to come upon him unexpectedly around some corner wore off. You grew reconciled.

But to this day you are constantly encountering him in dreamland. He has n't changed, and in his sight apparently you have n't changed. You are once more boy and dog together. This leads you to hope and to trust—indeed, to believe—that, notwithstanding your mother's gentle admonition, you *will* see him again, in fact as well as fancy, after all.

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MODERN MUSICAL CELEBRITIES

BY HERMANN KLEIN

III. SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, IMPRESARIO — JEAN DE RESZKE, TENOR

PROPERLY speaking, Augustus Harris's formal managerial connection with opera dates only from 1887. He himself, however, would probably have dated it from his cradle. "My father was stage-manager at Covent Garden," he would say; "and if any infant ever stage-managed his father, I was that infant. Almost as soon as I could run alone, he used to take me with him to the theater. I remember quite well, as a little boy, standing in the wings as he walked about the stage, while the great prima donnas came and petted and kissed me." This was in the sixties, when Augustus Harris, Sr., was staging the heavy Meyerbeer revivals, and when that brilliant star, Adelina Patti, had not long been shining in the operatic firmament. It is only literally exact, therefore, to say that the youthful Augustus (or "Gus," as all his friends were wont to call him) was reared in the very atmosphere of the coulisses.

He was educated partly in France, partly in Germany, and as a matter of course he went constantly to the theaters in both countries. After his return to England, at the age of seventeen, one of his first essays as an actor was to play the part of the boy in "Pink Dominoes," under (Sir) Charles Wyndham's management at the Criterion. His earliest acquaintance with the duties of an operatic stage-manager was when he accompanied the Mapleson troupe round the British provinces in that capacity. The experience was invaluable; but his chief ambition then was to become lessee of Drury Lane Theater; and with the assistance of his father-in-law he was enabled to fulfil that desire when he had barely attained legal age. His first pantomime and his first "autumn drama" were both successful, and before a year had passed he could boast that he was paying his way at a theater which had "spelled ruin" for more than one astute manager.

With the dramatic productions of Augustus Harris I am not concerned. I have simply stated the above facts in order to show the association of the musical and theatrical elements in his nature at the earliest periods of his career. It must have been late in 1878 or early in 1879 when I was first introduced to this remarkable man one night at the Green Room Club.

The youthful Drury Lane manager was full of life and high spirits, and I found it very amusing to listen to his vivacious chatter. We had not been talking two minutes before the subject turned on opera, for even then, as in after years, it was his favorite topic. Why, he wanted to know, should London be worse off than the small German cities, where the theaters were subsidized and opera was being performed nearly the whole year round? Why was the English press powerless in this matter? Or was the press merely indifferent, like the people whose opinions and wishes it was supposed to voice? I told him I thought that neither the cities nor the people were indifferent, only that the love of opera had not yet become ingrained in the heart of the nation; while, as to the question of state support, I was doubtful whether such good results would accrue from it as from individual enterprise, working upon independent lines and combining artistic with commercial considerations to the fullest practicable extent. Then fol-

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lowed a very pretty argument, which lasted well into the small hours.

Augustus Harris was even then a being of extraordinary temperament, brimming over with energy and new ideas, fond of speaker; but he loved to "rattle on" upon a subject that interested him, and he would invariably lead the laugh over his own jokes. His disposition was honest, frank, and kindly in the extreme, and he was

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SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS

innovations, impatient of the smallest delay in carrying out a project; the strangest imaginable mixture of conceit and modesty, rashness and discretion, extravagance and common sense. He owned the gift of imagination in an uncommon degree, and from the outset he seemed to have the faculty of surrounding himself with clever "heads of departments," with useful assistants and loyal friends. He was by no means a first-rate raconteur, or even a fluent generous to a fault. Such, briefly, was the character of the man who was subsequently to be responsible for the renaissance of opera in England. And such, with slight developments and few changes, it remained until the close of his life. Toward the end he grew apt to listen too readily to the voice of gossip, and to trust less to his own judgment than to that of his immediate entourage. Nevertheless, so correct were his instincts in most things that he made

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less than ten per cent. of the errors with which his critics credited him.

If Harris inherited his father's genius as a *metteur en scène*, he brought to it something else. He possessed much higher powers of organization. He had a wholesome capacity for disregarding stupid and worn-out traditions. He learned a great deal from the German stage-managers, and especially from the Meiningen troupe which he brought to Drury Lane. The moving and the grouping of the street crowds in the Meiningen production of "Julius Cæsar" were simply marvelous, and Augustus Harris was wise enough to make the most of that object-lesson. He applied it to every branch of his work—pantomime, melodrama, comic opera, and, last but not least, grand opera. Where he felt that special technical advice and aid were necessary, he was satisfied with none save the best. During the preparation of one of his autumn dramas (I think it was "Human Nature") I went to Drury Lane while a rehearsal was in progress, and sat down in the stalls to watch the training of an army of supers in an imaginary fight with some African natives. In due course this was followed by a home-coming and a triumphal march through Trafalgar Square, with the hero (dear old Henry Neville) at the head of his victorious company. The whole business was splendidly done.

Actively assisting the manager in these operations was a gentleman in a frock-coat and tall hat, of undeniable military appearance, who impressed me both by his quiet, masterful manner and the imperturbable patience with which he directed manœuvers to be repeated over and over again until they were satisfactorily executed. After the rehearsal was concluded I went upon the stage. Augustus Harris was talking to his military adviser. He beckoned me to approach. "Klein, I want to introduce you to my friend Major Kitchener, who has been kind enough to come and help me with this 'soldiering' work. What do you think of it? Did you ever see such fighting and marching on the stage before?"

I certainly never had, and I offered my congratulations. They were accepted with a murmur of thanks and a shake of the hand by the man who was afterward to be the hero of Omdurman and the victor in the great South African War. He had gladly consented to place his knowledge and experience at the disposal of the popular theatrical manager.

The art union of Augustus Harris and Carl Rosa was an outcome of that affinity, of that peculiar magnetism which brought together men who had ideas in common and could definitely work them out to their mutual gain and for the benefit of the world at large. Alas! their partnership was all too brief. What it would have achieved had it endured another ten or fifteen years I will not attempt to guess, though undoubtedly it would have set opera upon a far more solid and exalted pedestal than it occupies in England at the present moment. Still, as it was, it accomplished much. The Carl Rosa seasons at Drury Lane marked a distinct forward stride in the progress of opera in the vernacular, particularly in the evidence that they afforded of the existence of a school of young British composers palpitating with genuine talent and evincing an unsuspected mastery of the modern forms now essential for appreciation and success. More than this, the association of the two managers helped to improve the artistic education of the younger, and to mature the aspirations which eventually blossomed forth with such effulgence in the brilliant opera revival of 1887.

Early in the spring of that year I was lunching one day with Augustus Harris at the old Albion Restaurant, opposite Drury Lane Theater.[1] As a rule, the busy manager allowed himself at most twenty minutes for his midday meal (a year or two later he allowed himself no lunch at all); but on this particular day he lingered over his coffee, called for cigars, and proceeded to deliver himself of what was to me a wholly unexpected piece of news. Leaning back against the upright wooden partition which separated the tables in the old-fashioned dining-room, and, with a familiar

[1] This was the resort, in the days before theatrical clubs existed, of all the best-known actors and managers in London. The walls of the smoking-parlor were hung with portraits of Sarah Siddons, John Philip Kemble, Charles Kemble, Edmund Kean, Macready, and other histrionic celebrities of the century. What became of the pictures I cannot say; but the place, if not yet pulled down, has been occupied for some years as a kind of warehouse.

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gleam in his bright, penetrating eyes, he said:

"Klein, I have made up my mind to do something big."

This was not very astonishing. Augustus Harris was always doing "something big." His pantomime and autumn dramas were the very biggest things of their kind; and in the summer of the previous year he had mounted a new comic opera by Hervé, entitled "Frivoli," which was at once the costliest spectacle and the most dismal failure of his managerial career. This recollection suggested a rather cruel expression of hope on my part that he did not intend going in for more French opera bouffe. He smiled, and shook his head:

"No; it is to be the real thing this time. What I am going to do is to give a month of Italian opera on a large scale at Drury Lane, at the height of the London season."

Still smiling, Harris stared hard at me, to judge the effect of his words. I was genuinely surprised, and told him so. Did he not think he had sufficient responsibilities already, without launching his ship upon the treacherous waters of Italian opera, which had wrecked one English impresario after another, and profited none?

"I know. But why should I suffer the same fate? Why should not opera pay, provided it be well done? All this talk about Italian opera being 'moribund' is merely because the management of it has been going from bad to worse, because society is no longer interested and the public has lost confidence. Look at what Carl Rosa has done and is doing for English opera! He has won over the public, and makes money in the provinces, if he can't in London. See what Lago did last year at Covent Garden with what I consider a mediocre company and limited resources! Economy helped him out, it is true, but at least he proved that Italian opera was still gasping. He is going to try again this year; this time, however, I mean to show him that 'opera on the cheap' is not what London actually wants. He may get the old fogies and habitués at Covent Garden; I intend to draw the real aristocracy to Drury Lane."

I saw that he was serious. To some extent I realized that his conclusions were just. Grand opera in its noblest forms, of whatever school or language, if adequately presented, could not die in England any more than in other countries of equivalent musical caliber. And England, I may say, is not now half so "unmusical" as it is habitually depicted. Without the aid of a state subvention, opera upon a "grand" scale all the year round might be impossible; but not even for three months in the year would society, or, indeed, any section of the public, be willing to purchase guinea stalls and pay high prices all round for performances of only moderate excellence, supported by two or three "stars" and an otherwise second-rate personnel. I agreed that Lago could not go on long under present conditions, and I told my companion that I thought he might stand a chance if he could contrive to get together a strong company.

"There," said Harris, "is where you can be of service to me, if you care to."

I replied that in such a good cause I should be only too delighted to assist him in every possible way.

"Then," he continued, "come abroad with me at Easter. I have already laid the ground in several directions. I have even engaged my conductor,—a man quite unknown, but said to be very clever,—Luigi Mancinelli. He is now conducting at Madrid, and I want you to go there with me to listen to some artists whom he has recommended."

I replied without hesitation that I would do so with the utmost pleasure. Then suddenly an idea occurred to me:

"I know of a splendid tenor for you—if you can get him. He sang here years ago as a barytone, but is really a tenor, and I heard him last summer at the Paris Opéra in 'Le Cid.' He has a magnificent voice and is a thorough artist."

"You mean Jean de Reszke," broke in Harris. "I have been told about him, but have not quite decided what to do."

"Don't hesitate. He will make a great hit here now; and his brother Édouard, who has already sung at Covent Garden and has the finest bass voice in the world, will of course have to come too."

"I shall see if I can get them both," said the new impresario; and with that we parted.

In less than a fortnight the two brothers were engaged, Jean at £100 ($500) a night, and Édouard at £320 ($1600) per

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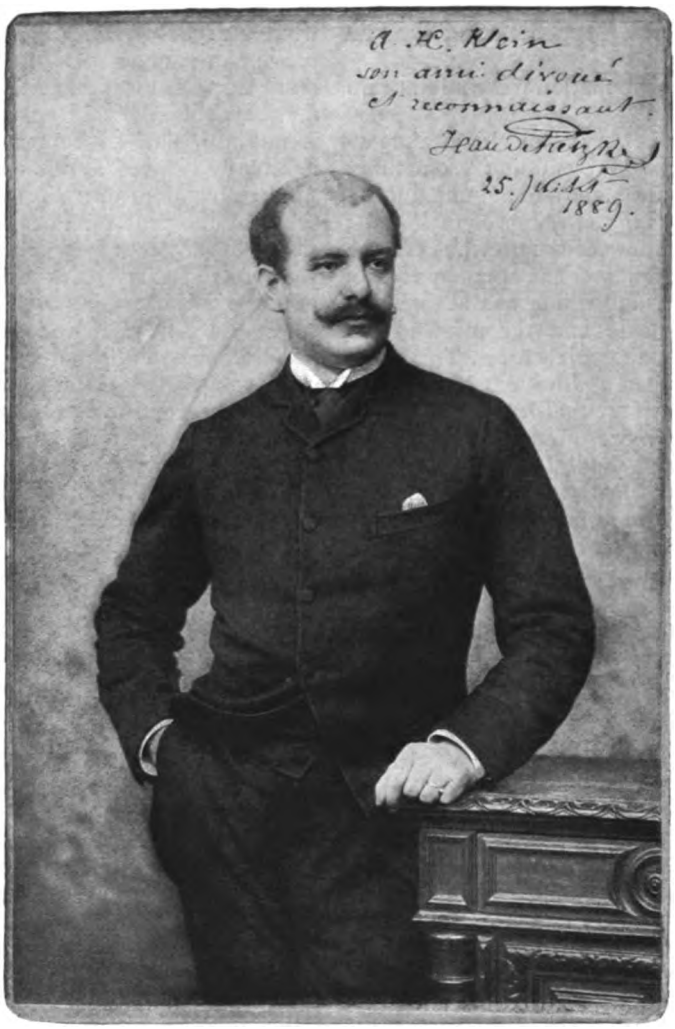

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JEAN DE RESZKE

month, salaries which at that period they were well content to accept.[1]

In such fashion did the preparations for the campaign begin, quietly and without fuss. For the moment everything was kept secret. The pantomime had not yet run its course, and there was still a four weeks' Carl Rosa season to be held at Drury Lane during the month of May. Augustus Harris naturally desired, therefore, that the public should not be informed until his plans were more matured. At Easter we started together for Paris, en route for Spain.

Little did I then dream that the mission upon which we were setting out was to have results of far-reaching magnitude, that it was to affect the whole future of opera in England, and also, in an appreciable degree, the nature and methods

[1] It has been asserted that M. Jean de Reszke's services were offered in 1886 to Signor Lago at a very moderate salary, and refused. There is good reason to doubt the accuracy of that statement. It is possible, of course, that some musical agent in London or Paris did offer to endeavor to secure the new tenor for Signor Lago; but if so, it was not done at M. de Reszke's instigation. In any case, the "refusal" would not have come so much from the impresario as from Signor Gayarre, who was at the back of the concern, and would assuredly have objected to the engagement of an artist who might prove a formidable rival to himself.

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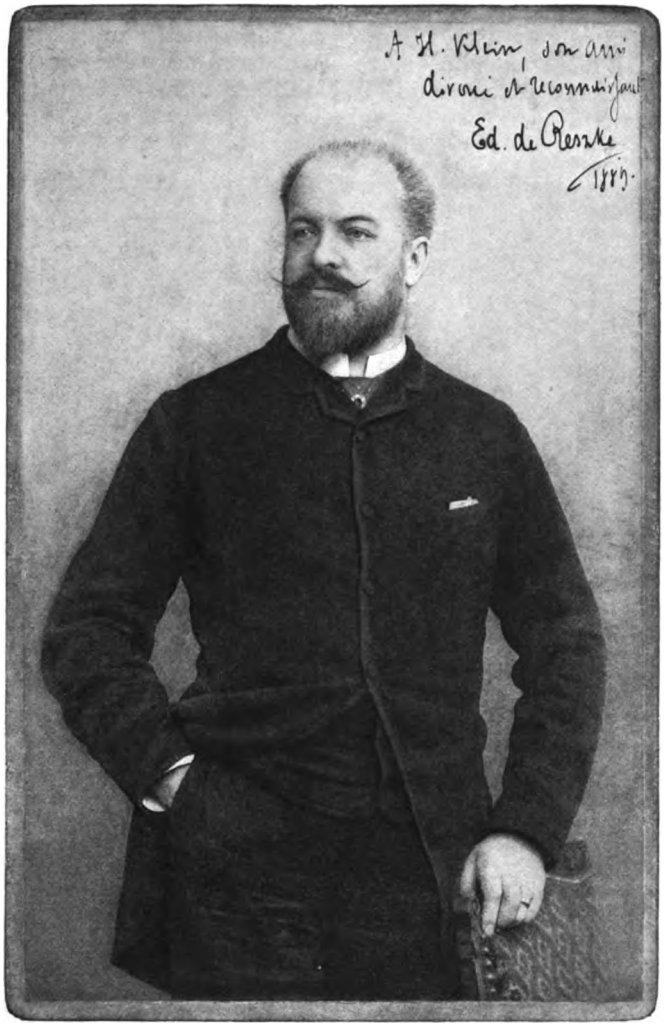

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ÉDOUARD DE RESZKE

of operatic enterprise in the United States. Less still did I imagine that the words which turned the balance in favor of the engagement of Jean de Reszke were also to mark the turning-point in the singular career of that illustrious artist—to lift him from the clinging waters of the sluggish stream of Parisian operatic life, to pave the way for his brilliant rise to fame in the two great English-speaking lands, to lay the foundation of a friendship that should enable me materially to aid in kindling those Wagnerian aspirations which have borne such precious and universally cherished fruit.

In London, at least, the hour for the operatic renaissance had arrived, and with it the man. In America no doubt the time for reaping the new harvest was also near at hand. Mapleson, who had all but reached the end of his tether at home, could no longer send over Italian companies worthy of attention. The sole European attraction upon whom an American manager could rely with certainty was Mme. Patti, a name to conjure with any time these forty years, a genius whose light gives no sign even now of growing dim. On the other hand, German opera, thanks to the crusade so bravely led by Dr. Leopold Damrosch, had been firmly established in New York, and the love of Wagner had entered even more strongly into the hearts of the people there than in

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London. Consequently the time was ripe for a bolder and more extended movement on both sides of the Atlantic. In due course it came.

popular French operas. This done, we took breakfast with M. and Mme. Édouard de Reszke and their family, including, of course, Jean, then a lively bachelor of less

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JEAN DE RESZKE AS THE "CID"

But to return to our journey. Augustus Harris made the briefest possible stay in Paris. We arrived in the morning and called upon Choudens, the publisher, to arrange for the exclusive English rights, so far as they could be secured, of certain

than forty. Édouard remembered me at once, and reminded me of our last merry meeting at a dinner given by Pauline Lucca. I found his wife a charming woman as well as an attentive hostess.

The elder brother made a great impres-

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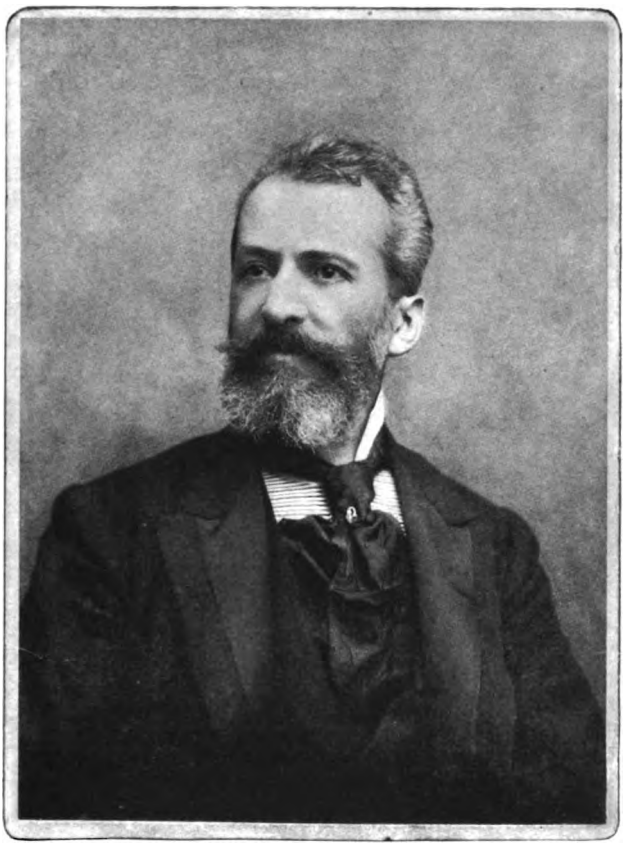
sion upon both Harris and me. Already a great favorite in Paris, Jean de Reszke seemed to be wholly free from affectation or conceit—in a word, a delightful man and a thorough gentleman. His conversation was marked by ease and freedom, and it offered a fascinating combination of humor and intellectuality. He then spoke and follow this up as quickly as possible by singing "Lohengrin" (in Italian) for the first time on any stage. He realized that London had known him as a barytone, and he was anxious to make manifest without delay that he was a genuine tenor. I asked him how the mistake had originally come about.



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SIGNOR LUIGI MANCINELLI

very little German and still less English, though as a boy he had studied both languages. French and Italian, of course, he spoke fluently; indeed, in the former tongue his accent was so pure and his diction so correct that, had I not known him to be a Pole, I could readily have taken him for a Parisian.

The arrangements between Jean de Reszke and his new impresario were quickly settled. He would make his appearance on the opening night in "Aïda,"

"It is difficult to say," he replied. "We were always a musical family, and accustomed to attend operatic performances whenever there were any going on in Warsaw. My parents were both very musical, and my mother had a fine soprano voice. I remember once in Warsaw her singing the duet from 'Semiramide' with Trebelli. When I was only fifteen I began to take lessons from Ciaffei, an old tenor, who was a professor at the Conservatory at Warsaw. He decided that I was a

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MME. NORDICA AS "BRÜNNHILDE"

barytone, and what part do you think he gave me to study first? *Leporello!* Notwithstanding this, I always had good high notes. When I made my début at the Fenice at Venice, in 1874, in the 'Favorita,' I finished up the cabaletta with a ringing A natural! The real test, of course, lies in the capacity for sustaining the tessitura. A barytone may be able to bring out a B flat or even a B natural, but no example has yet been known of a barytone who was capable of sustaining the tenor tessitura through long and heavy rôles. The thing is a rank impossibility."

I inquired how long he had given himself to effect the necessary change of method.

"Two years, which I spent partly in Paris and partly in Poland. That was from 1877 to 1879. I made my reappearance at Madrid as *Roberto*, and was immediately hailed as a real *tenore robusto*. I assure you, I found it much easier and more comfortable than singing barytone. My voice at the end of the performance felt a great deal less fatigued. But I still had to work very, very hard to feel myself thoroughly equipped at all points. Then there came an offer to appear here at the Italiens, and I sang my first French rôle when I created *John the Baptist* in 'Hérodiade' four years ago."

He expressed his regret that we could

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not remain to hear him in "Le Prophète," which he considered his most successful opera in Paris. For my own part, I should have liked it above all things; but Augustus Harris, one of the most restless specimens of concentrated nervous energy that ever lived, had fully determined to proceed forthwith to Madrid, and no amount of persuasion could deter him from leaving Paris that same night. We accordingly bade the brothers *au revoir*, and looked forward to meeting them again in London early in June. Thirty-six hours later we were safely installed in the Spanish capital.

Our first business was to find Signor Mancinelli. He lived in a house overlooking some public gardens not far from the Royal Palace, and on the way thither Harris confided to me for the first time that he was not quite sure whether he ought to have engaged the man we were then going to see, or his brother Marino Mancinelli, who was the conductor at the Lisbon Opera-house, and, according to some people, the more gifted of the two. On this point I was happily able to reassure my friend. I had not seen both brothers; but, when at Bologna in 1879, I had seen Luigi Mancinelli direct at the Teatro Communale a remarkably fine performance of Gounod's "Faust" (with a Covent Garden soprano, Mlle. Turolla, as *Margherita*), and I had considered him a *chef-d'orchestre* of the first order. Harris was able to confirm this opinion for himself by means of a representation of the selfsame work at the Royal Opera-house.

The season in Madrid was fast nearing its end. The audiences, however, were still tolerably brilliant, and the two Infantas, aunts of the present King of Spain (then a child in arms), were present nearly every evening. Queen Christina, naturally, did not go to the opera; but by a welcome chance I saw her one day at the hotel where we were staying in the Puerta del Sol. The queen regent, who was attired in deep mourning, came to the hotel for the purpose of visiting some distinguished Russian personage whose name I have now forgotten, and as Harris and I bowed low when she passed down the stairs, her Majesty returned our salute with a gracious smile.

Shortly after our arrival, we went to pay our respects to the British ambassador, Sir Clare Ford, who received the Drury Lane manager with marked cordiality. He invited us to a déjeuner in honor of some of the opera artists, among the guests being the late Lord Beaconsfield's popular secretary, Lord Rowton, who had not long been raised to the peerage.

We met, among others, Gayarre; Battistini, the barytone; Mme. Kupfer-Berger, a well-known dramatic soprano; and Guerrina Fabbri, the contralto; all of whom were subsequently engaged for London, with the exception of Gayarre, who was, as a matter of course, once more to be the principal tenor of Lago's season at Covent Garden. In addition to these, a young light tenor, De Lucia, was also secured; and altogether, so far as the men were concerned, there was ample reason to be content with the results of our visit. As regards the *prime donne* I was not equally impressed. Neither the two above named, nor two other Italian sopranos recommended by Mancinelli (who then had had no experience with English audiences), proved to be suited to the London operatic boards.

One of the many acts of attention bestowed upon us by the ambassador was to send us tickets for a private bull-fight given by the Duchess d'Alva in the great bull-ring at Madrid. I could not confess to an overwhelming desire to witness one of these spectacles, but I was naturally curious; while Augustus Harris was positively anxious to see one, in order, as he explained it, to get the necessary points for a realistic production of the last act of "Carmen." This particular bull-fight, it seemed, was an extremely select annual affair, to which the duchess invited all her friends, and in which the performers, from the matador down to the humblest banderillero, consisted of the *fine fleur* of the youthful aristocracy of Spain. They made a brave show, did these young fellows, in their handsome costumes. The programs were printed upon yellow satin, and the elegant assemblage, if not nearly large enough to fill the huge galleries of the Plaza de Toros, comprised some of the most fashionable families in Madrid.

Among the ladies present was Mme. Christine Nilsson, who a few months before had become the Countess Casa de Miranda. She confided to me that she did not really care for bull-fights, and had come solely in order to please the count,

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MME. MELBA

a statement fully to be credited from the manner in which she constantly used her fan to shut out the proceedings in the arena from her view. From a sporting standpoint, however, the function was a dire failure. The bulls refused to show fight, and the amateur matadors were never exposed to the smallest risk from which their agility as runners could not speedily have removed them.

It was not at this absurd affair that Augustus Harris obtained the real suggestions for his projected revival of "Carmen." We went subsequently to one of the regular bull-fights at the same amphitheater, and at this he made plentiful notes for the procession of the Alcade, the picadors on horseback, and the group of banderilleros, for all of whom he ordered real and costly Spanish costumes. He even arranged for an exact copy of the curious hurdle-like contrivance, drawn by three ponies, used for the purpose of dragging the bodies of the dead horses and bulls out of the arena.

Not satisfied with this, we paid a twenty-four hours' visit to Seville in order to obtain touches of the true *couleur locale*. We went to the great cigar and cigarette factory where *Carmen* is supposed to conduct herself with so much impropriety. We obtained photographs of the Giralda Tower, we sketched the entrance to the Plaza de Toros, and we gathered together every authentic detail that it was possible to procure for uniforms, costumes, and scenery.

Thus was it that the *mise en scène* of "Carmen," as prepared by Augustus Harris, proved to be by far the most ac-

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curate and picturesque that Bizet's opera had ever been vouchsafed.

I must not dwell longer upon the events of this interesting Spanish trip, nor is it necessary to describe in further detail the preparations for the Drury Lane Italian season. Suffice it to say that the troupe finally collected by Augustus Harris was the strongest heard in London for several years. The opening representation of "Aïda," on June 13, given with brand-new costumes and scenery expressly imported from Italy, fairly took critics and opera-goers by surprise. The triumph of Jean de Reszke was instantaneous and complete. Here, at last, was the great tenor for whom the world had been waiting since the death of Giuglini and the retirement of Mario. Édouard de Reszke was unable to leave Paris in time for this performance, but he arrived later in the month, and worthily supported his brother on their débuts in "Lohengrin." On the whole, despite Mme. Kupfer-Berger's vocal shortcomings as *Aïda* and *Elsa*, the rendering of both Verdi's and Wagner's operas aroused the admiration of experts, while the inspiring zeal and magnetism of Luigi Mancinelli were readily recognized.

Soon London began to talk. It was a new thing to find a series of operas placed nightly upon the stage with the highest care and efficiency, and distinguished not only by a rare liberality in the mounting, but by the improving touches of a stage-manager courageous enough to sweep away the more absurd anachronisms that disfigure the traditions of Italian opera, and capable of replacing them with artistic and appropriate ideas of his own. Naturally the audiences did not numerically realize Harris's hopes. His losses, especially during the first fortnight of his four weeks' season, amounted to many thousands of pounds; but the comparisons between the work that he was doing and the dull representations at Covent Garden or the still more slipshod proceedings at Her Majesty's were all in favor of the new impresario. The Prince and Princess of Wales, who had at once become ardent admirers of Jean de Reszke, came several times to hear him. By degrees society followed, *more suo*, the royal example; and, just when the brief campaign was reaching its close, people began to perceive that Italian opera, so called, as given at Drury Lane, was an art-product still possessing vitality and attractiveness.

The proudest night of the month for Augustus Harris was when he revived "Les Huguenots" with a splendid cast, and in such fashion as to make old habitués declare that "the son had beaten the father at his own game." Imagine Jean de Reszke at this time as *Raoul!* Always remarkable for its refinement, distinction, and passionate warmth, his impersonation was just then peculiarly imbued with the spirit of the true Meyerbeer school. Alike in a vocal and a histrionic sense, it was supremely ideal. His "velvety" tones, as fresh, clear, and mellow as a bell, were emitted with an unsparing freedom that would thrill the listener not once, but twenty times, in the course of a single scene. There was no "saving up" for the last act then; it was *laissez-aller* throughout, with plenty to spare at the finish. And what tenderness, withal, in that famous grand duet of the fourth act! Not Mario himself had phrased the "Tu m' ami, tu m' ami!" (this was still an Italian performance) with a greater wealth of delicious surprise and pent-up adoration. Little wonder that Nordica nearly lost her head through nervousness and emotion. It was the very first time she ever sang *Valentine*, and for a young, inexperienced artist—so youthful, so pretty, so winning, that she fascinated others besides *Raoul*—her achievement was in the highest degree creditable. The fifth act, generally suppressed in England, was on this occasion duly given; but the noise of the firing and the smoke from the gunpowder proved too much even for Augustus Harris. It was subsequently omitted as usual.

Sir Arthur Sullivan once described an English triennial festival as a kind of musical boa-constrictor which so overfed itself during a given week that it required the whole of the intervening three years to perform the operation of digesting the feast. Some such period of rest for the purpose of assimilation would appear to have been needed by the metropolis after the Gargantuan operatic banquet which it enjoyed during the summer of 1887. At any rate, ten consecutive months elapsed before serious opera was again heard there.

But in the meantime Augustus Harris was not idle. Quick to perceive the effect

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that his brilliant little season had created, and feeling pretty sure that he had frightened all his rivals out of the field, he set about preparing the ground for still more extended operations in the near future.

but I asked: "Do you expect the leaders of fashion and their following to come to Drury Lane?"

"Certainly not," was Harris's reply. "I have every intention, all being well, of

From a photograph made by Benque & Co. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

J. LASSALLE

His heavy loss over the initial experiment did not trouble him. "I shall recoup myself," he said, "with the aid of society. I shall work this time upon a totally different plan. Instead of burdening myself with the whole responsibility, I shall have the support of the leaders of fashion, and be guaranteed a big subscription before I start."

This sounded both wise and promising; taking Covent Garden at the earliest practicable date, and directing the regular season of the 'Royal Italian Opera,' there next summer."

So the secret of the manager's ambition was out at last. He had used his own theater only as the stepping-stone. He had wanted to prove that he was equal to the task; and, with such material as he could now command, the rest seemed com-

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paratively easy. However, there was an enormous amount of work yet to be done. He needed all his friends to help him in the good cause; and I, for one, begged him to consider me always at his disposal. My duties as a critic had not so far proved an obstacle to the exercise of friendly offices, freely (and of course gratuitously) vouchsafed; nor had my interest in the enterprise prevented me from writing about every performance with perfect impartiality. Harris knew this as well as I did, and his thanks were expressed with the utmost heartiness.

But for the accomplishment of the next important step Harris owed nearly everything to the enthusiasm and influence of Lady de Grey and Lady Charles Beresford. These popular women, veritable pillars of society, had already watched with something more than superficial interest the progress of the Drury Lane experiment. They were devoted lovers of opera, and intense admirers as well as personal friends of the De Reszkes. What more natural than that they should desire to see the personnel of the Harris establishment transferred to its proper home, shining in a worthy atmosphere, amid fitting and congenial surroundings? All the impresario stipulated was that so many boxes should be taken for the season. This was enough for the two ladies. With the aid of Mr. Harry V. Higgins (brother-in-law of Lady de Grey) they immediately began the hunt for subscribers, restricting their

From a photograph made by Fritz Luckhardt. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

MME. MINNIE HAUK IN MOZART'S OPERA "DIE ENTFÜHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL"

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canvass, of course, to such members of the "smart set" as would be acceptable to themselves and their friends. The very selectness of the circle was an inducement to join it. The requisite number of boxes was speedily taken up, and by a certain date the fair canvassers went to Harris with their list.

Meanwhile the astute manager must have got wind of the success that was attending the search. At any rate, he suddenly discovered that he had been too modest in his demands. It began to occur to him that Covent Garden Theater and its contents, including piles of well-worn costumes and stacks of shabby, useless scenery, were now getting into an extremely dilapidated condition, and that in all probability it would cost him an outlay of two or three thousand pounds to renovate the opera-house sufficiently for occupation by a high-class troupe and an aristocratic *abonnement*. He was afraid that unless as many more boxes were subscribed for, he would not dare venture to lease the theater. Lady de Grey and Lady Charles Beresford obligingly saw the reasonableness of the request, and tried again, to such good purpose that within a few hours nearly the whole of the boxes on the grand and pit tiers were definitely allotted. This time Harris simply beamed with delight. He saw himself the proud impresario of Covent Garden, with the biggest subscription known for years; and for better than that he could not wish.

On Monday, May 14, 1888, Harris began his first Covent Garden season. The aspect of the house offered the strongest possible contrast to the records of the preceding ten years. The Prince and Princess of Wales headed one of those brilliant assemblages that were formerly associated only with "Patti nights," and altogether there was abundant evidence that, with the reawakening of an exalted social interest, the fortunes of the "Royal Italian Opera" were once more in the ascendant. The De Reszkes did not appear at the outset.

With wise diplomacy, the impresario kept back for a space his strong trump card, and in the interim showed his new subscribers that he possessed alike the ability and the resources for presenting their favorite operas with attractive ensembles and fresh features of stage treatment. In "Lucrezia," the opening opera, the perennial Trebelli filled her old part of *Maffio Orsini;* in "Carmen" the Gipsy was impersonated for the first time by Nordica; a successful début was made as *Michaela* by Marguerite Macintyre, a pupil of Manuel Garcia; in the "Traviata" Ella Russell appeared; in "Faust," Albani and Trebelli; in "Don Giovanni," Sigrid Arnoldson, Fürsch-Madi, and D'Andrade.

Then on the 24th was given "Lucia di Lammermoor," for the début at Covent Garden of a new soprano who had been winning substantial laurels at the Brussels Monnaie. This was Mme. Melba. For months we had been reading wonderful accounts of Mme. Marchesi's Australian pupil, and curiosity concerning her vocal powers had been roused to a high pitch. It was not actually her first appearance before a London audience. She had sung two years previously under her own name of Mrs. Nellie Armstrong at a concert at Prince's Hall (now the Prince's Restaurant in Piccadilly); but, beyond admiring the quality of her voice, I had not been much impressed by her efforts on that occasion. Harris also heard her in 1886 at the annual dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, at which he presided that year. She had been introduced by Mr. William Ganz, and sang (of course without fee) the "Ave Maria" of Gounod. But it was not until nearly a year later, when Harris was preparing his Drury Lane season, that he gave thought to "Mrs. Armstrong," who was working hard with Marchesi in Paris.

Mme. Melba's initial success at Covent Garden was not wholly unequivocal. The audience, truly, went into raptures and gave her an enthusiastic reception. On the other hand, the calmer judgment of the critics took exception to certain "mannerisms" of style; and I, for one, while noting the extraordinary beauty of her timbre and her exceedingly brilliant vocalization, was fain to declare that her singing was "to an extent deficient in that indescribable something which we call charm"; that "her accents lacked the ring of true pathos"; and that, despite admirable intelligence, "the gift of spontaneous feeling had been more or less denied her." As an actress she still had everything to learn. In point of fact, it was not during this season that Melba began to build up the

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pyramid of her real London triumphs. The raising of that structure began only after another twelve months of hard study and practical stage experience.

The impatience with which the return of the De Reszkes was awaited can be better imagined than described. It was emphasized by the fact that they were to be accompanied by their friend and confrère Jean Lassalle, and that the "French Trio," as they were subsequently rather inaptly designated, would make their *rentrées* together in a gorgeous revival of "L'Africaine."

That was a great night. The house was literally crammed from floor to ceiling, and the Prince and Princess of Wales led the applause that greeted the now famous Polish tenor on making his début upon the stage of Covent Garden in the rôle of *Vasco di Gama*. He sang magnificently, while Lassalle's *Nelusko* was, if possible, more fervid, more picturesque than ever. Nordica was less well suited as *Selika* than as *Marguerite* in "Faust," which part she sang with the three distinguished artists later in the season. Altogether, though, it was a remarkable performance, and fairly set the seal upon Jean de Reszke's renown in England, besides adding materially to Harris's prestige as a *metteur en scène*.

Mme. Minnie Hauk was a prominent member of the new Covent Garden company in 1888, and her presence afforded opportunity for a worthy celebration (on June 22) of the tenth anniversary of the first production in England of Bizet's "Carmen." In addition to the popular American soprano, Signor Del Puente, Mlle. Bauermeister, and Signor Rinaldini appeared in the characters which they sustained at Her Majesty's in 1878. The representation was marked by notable enthusiasm, and I recorded at the time that the admired artist, of whose *Carmen* one could never grow weary, received a profusion of floral gifts. Later in the same month Mme. Minnie Hauk sang *Pamina* in an interesting revival of Mozart's "Flauto Magico," the cast of which further included Miss Ella Russell as *Astrifiammante*, Mlle. Sigrid Arnoldson as *Papagena*, Mme. Scalchi (who "doubled" the contralto parts of the *Damigelle* and *Geni*), Signor Ravelli as *Tamino*, Signor Del Puente as *Papageno*, and Signor Novara as *Sarastro*. Mr. Randegger conducted.

From a photograph

MINNIE HAUK AT THE TIME OF HER FIRST BERLIN SUCCESS

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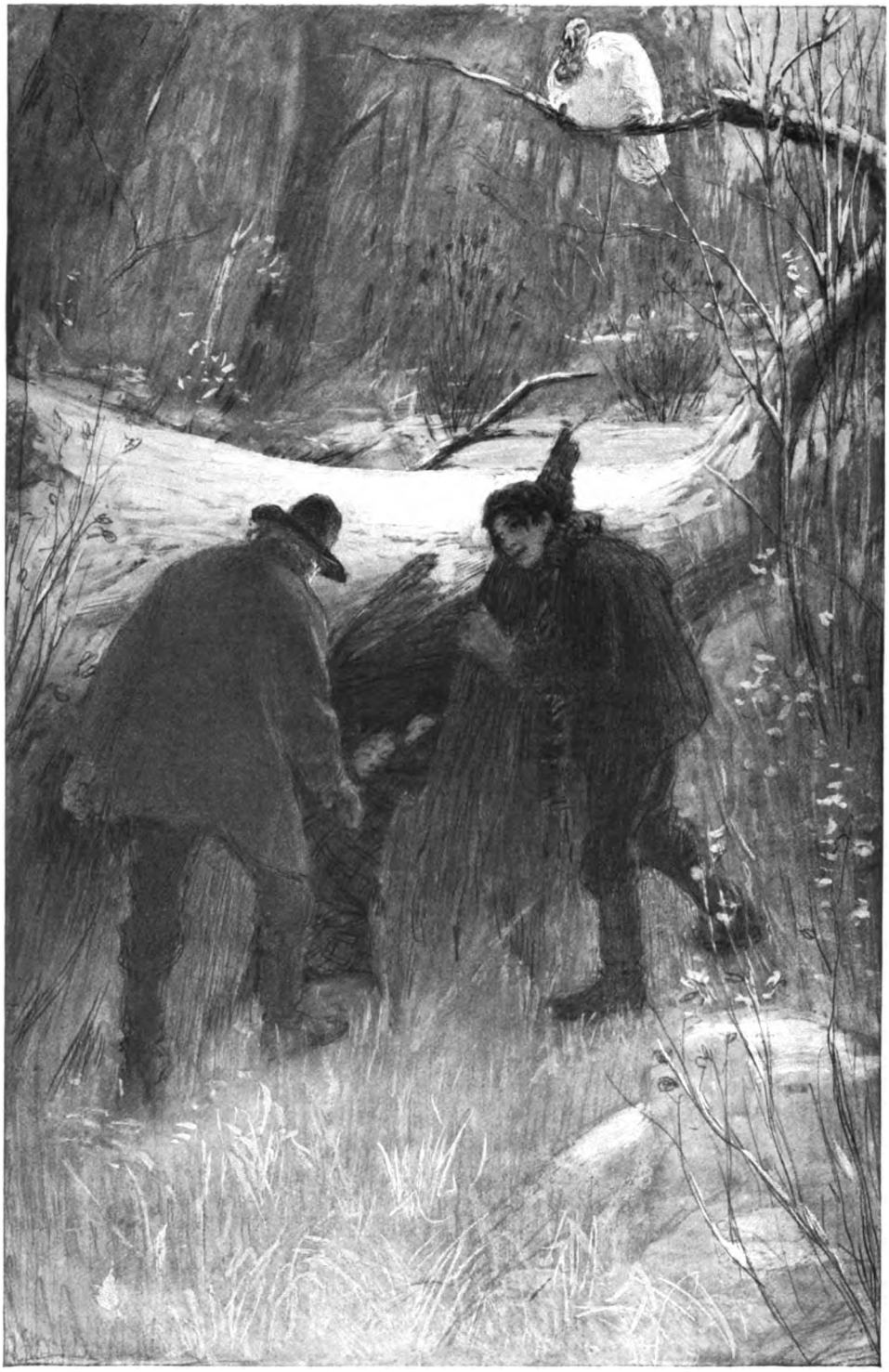

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THERE . . . WAS MA GLADDEN"

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THE WHITE TURKEY

A "PA GLADDEN" STORY

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

"But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee;
And the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee."

THE farm kitchen was dark and empty in the dusk of the November evening. Pa Gladden slipped off his heavy boots inside the door, and shuffled across the floor in his carpet slippers toward another that led into the log part of the house. Out of that door flared great and warm glows that rose and fell unevenly. Out of it also came a song that stirred the very heartstrings of Pa Gladden:

"'Hi, pretty Polly, and have I now found you here?
I might have married the king's daughter fair, if it was n't for the love of you.'"

Pa Gladden paused on the threshold, quavering a reply:

"'If you could have married the king's daughter fair,
I 'm sure you were to blame;
For it 's I that have married a house-carpenter,
And I 'm sure he 's a nice young man.'"

"I did n't know that you knew that old song, Pa Gladden," cried Persephone from her wooden rocker and over a pair of woolen socks she was darning. "My mother used to sing it, and she heard it from her grandmother."

"I hed clean forgotten it myself ontil ye struck up," beamed Pa Gladden, "but my own grandmother—she thet war from over the seas—she uster sing thet song an' lots o' others thet air jes lyin' sleepin' in me, I s'pose. It war in the air anyhow, Persephone. The bitter cold air comin' airly this year. I got the feel o' the north ter-night. Thet never fools me like other signs. An' the fire air inspirin', Persephone. I do like ter see ye settin' whar my mother uster set; actoolly I do."

The winter before, with the rescue of Persephone Riggs from penury and slander, there had been rekindled the ancient hearth fire of the Gladden homestead. Black had been the rough stone hearth for twenty years until that bitter midnight when Pa Gladden and Doc Briskett brought in a most pitiful wreck of a woman. There was no stove in the seldom-used "off room," the log nucleus about which the rest of the brown house had been built, but Pa Gladden was determined to install Persephone there. Strong hands tore out the fireboard and built high a glorious blaze that warmed the very cockles of Pa Gladden's heart. To her dying day Persephone will associate her rescue with the glories of a wide, crackling wood fire and the coming up of a broad and generous warmth. In the days that followed, when she lay broken in spirit and health on the wooden settle that had been Pa Gladden's mother's, the hearth fire was often her only company and solace. Into its deep and roseate glows she looked and sorrowed. By its soaring light Pa Gladden poured forth his comforting philosophies in the evening hours. Soon the hearth fire became inseparably connected with Persephone's presence in the Gladden homestead, and to its warmth and light the farmer always hurried.

Pa now cleared his throat and assumed

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a careless tone that did not for a moment deceive his listener as he went on:

"I 've cornered ye up now ter tell ye a bit o' good news, Persephone. Yer debt over ter Sinai thet we all took on ourselves hez been paid up. Ye hev heared thet movin' story o' leetle Billy, whut spent some time with we-all. Waal, I promised Elder Torrence then thet when I found a sufferin' fellow-creetur I 'd let him know erbout it, an' he 'd make a thank-offerin'. Ye kin thank leetle Billy fer yer total freedom, my darter. An' may God bless ye an' keep ye safe till yer life's end!"

Persephone's face grew rosy. She was yet frail and worn. A cough had racked her all summer, despite Ma Gladden's "yarb" teas and Doc Briskett's tonics.

"Thar air more ter say, my darter. Ye air ter go away from us fer a leetle spell, till ye gits over thet deep cough on yer lungs. Ye air ter go with the elder, an' with leetle Billy an' his ma, down ter whar it 's warm an' all the flowers air growin' now. We all hev 'ranged it fer ye. An' later—later on—when ye 're well, ye kin come back here, er stay erway, jes wharever ye kin be the happies', Persephone."

"But I do not want to go among strangers," sobbed Persephone, completely overcome.

"Doc Briskett says ye shorely must," said Pa Gladden.

Persephone waited irresolute for the moment. Then she caught at the nearest rough hand with a half-sob.

"Pa Gladden, I do not want to go away!"

Pa Gladden took her face between his palms.

"Now, leetle woman, don't ye fret! Why, when I went arter ye thet night, I got so plumb wrought up thet I kind o' 'dopted ye; an' sence ye hev been here we 're wonderful 'livened. We hed truly been sorter lonesome sence we hed Mary Hebbs a spell, an' then leetle Billy; and sometimes ma an' me hev talked over the foolishes' things we war goin' ter do when the Lord sent us a leetle better crops. Ye kin shorely come back here ef ye want ter come. But, really now, not wishin' ter be imperlite, we all jes must send ye away a spell."

"I can come back if I want to?" asked Persephone, still clinging to Pa Gladden's arm. "Can I come back to both of you?"

"Ef yer heart tells ye so, Persephone. When ye 've been away an' hev seen many furriners an' furrin doin's, then ef ye still warnts ter come back, we 're a-waitin' fer ye at the old place. But don't ye bind yerself down ter nothin'. Young ye air, an' ef ye hed half a chance ye 'd still be good-lookin'. Ye don't know jes whut air waitin' ter give ye a welcomin' hand out en the big wide world. Don't ye say any rash words now, 'cause yer Ma Gladden an' me hev got a lot o' feelin' on the subjec'. Says Elder Torrence ter me, 'Whut more kin I do fer ye, Pa Gladden?' An' says I, 'Jes conjur' up suthin' ter git our Persephone well ag'in an' I 'm in yer debt.' Says he, 'I wull try, fer I owe ye our leetle Billy, ye know.' 'No,' says I; 'no, elder; ye owe thet restorin' o' yer boy ter the onspeakable marcy o' yer Maker; an' I hope a leetle o' thet wull be extended over our way so ez ter fix up our 'dopted darter's bad cough.' Now don't ye dissolve yerself inter tears over them fac's, but jes tell me whar air yer Ma Gladden."

Persephone looked up with a startled inquiry.

"Has she gone out again? I did n't know it. She has been worrying all day over her white turkey. It was gone a long time yesterday, but was here awhile this morning. I never have seen Ma Gladden quite so worried over anything, pa."

"Ef yer Ma Gladden hez one actool an' endurin' weakness, Persephone," said Pa Gladden, uneasily, "it air in the durrection of turkeys. She air wuss than an old sheep with twin lambs. Ye can't settle her down. Thet air why I got her them white-turkey aigs at a truly ridic'lous price. I hed heared thet white turkeys wull stay on the premises. But this last fancy fowl she raised hez been a gadder from the shell. We hev fotched it from Leetle Dutch an' from four mile over toward Sinai. Every one knows thet big turkey, an' when we 're ridin' erlong, I al'ays hez the feelin' nowadays thet, ef I am goin' ter church er ter market, every livin' human I meets considers me ez goin' ter hunt up Ma Gladden's white turkey.

"Gimme a leetle hot tea er suthin', my gal, an' I 'll purceed ter put on my boots an' hunt after Ma Gladden myself. I 've done it in years gone by, but o' late she hain't been so giddy-like an' hez stayed in o' nights."

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Persephone quickly obeyed. When she lighted the kitchen lamp she was amazed at the great gravity of the farmer's face. As she poured the tea she took courage to say:

"She has not been gone over an hour, Pa Gladden, at the outside. You surely are not worried—are you, dear pa?"

The small man gulped down his tea before he answered. Then he took his red comforter from its nail.

"Wull ye mind me now ef I tell ye suthin', Persephone? Ye stay right here, an' ye keep up fires an' hev hot things ready. It air a dark night, an' it air turnin' bitter cold fast. The feel o' the north air 's in me, an' it says trouble ter me. I been tryin' ter throw it off all day, but it hev struck me all of a heap ter find yer Ma Gladden gone out."

"What can I do?" cried Persephone. "Cannot I hunt? Oh, cannot I do something, too?"

Pa Gladden lighted his lantern with fingers that shook, but he tried to speak calmly:

"Sho! She mebbe air right outside now —er a leetle way on ter the barn. It war the foolishes' thing fer her ter go out. It air comin' on ter sleet er ter snow. Keep up the fires an' pray, darter—pray ter yer Maker."

II

SCARCELY had Pa Gladden stepped outside the door when there closed in upon him those invisible forces of the night and the air that wholly confound a human being. The metal and glass of his puny light at once felt the multitudinous blows of the frost-flakes—that cold and pitiless sleet peculiar to early winter storms. Swirling currents blew fiercely from the four points of the compass, and, raging against each other, seemed to combat, in unison, this sorely troubled man. The west wind carried with it a sullen roar as from an angry sea, and it died away with a great moan as it passed onward through the gap in the hills toward Sinai. The north wind carried the sound of tremendous sighing, the protest of huge pines and old trees high on Olive Hill and Marrowbone against the first onslaught of winter storms. Pa Gladden recognized these sounds, but he also knew that never before had they seemed so loud and so fierce; never had they predicted so wild a November night as this one promised to be.

"Shorely Drusilly could not hev gone fur," he kept repeating to himself, "an' I don't jes know whar ter turn. Turkeys never leaves no clue ter their travels. She hev never meant ter go fur; but the dark hez caught 'er somewhar—the dark an' the storm."

Only his habit and an actual instinct turned him again and again in the right direction. He could not see a hand's-breadth ahead of him. The winds twisted and swung him; the sleet blinded him, and struck so sharply at his light that he finally covered it over and over with his red comforter and went onward in the black, baffling, combating darkness. On all sides pressed the wild winds, the formless void.

"God! Whar air my Drusilly?"

His knees struck suddenly against tall snapping weeds. He was out of his narrow pathway. He pulled off his stout yarn mitten with his teeth, thrust it into a deep pocket, and felt like a blind man to right and to left. Thus he kept his path over the slope. Sometimes the wind sounds made his heart almost stand still, for in them there seemed cries, shrieks, moans, and even fragments of deep execrations that were flung at him from every direction.

He was going over to the great barn, as a mere chance. The big and splendid bird that had for a year been at once Ma Gladden's pride and anxiety had but once condescended to appear at the barn door. Pa Gladden always associated that time with disaster, as he lost one of his best cows the same day. He could but think of the strange picture the fowl made in the brilliant sunlight as it stood in the barn doorway, big, portentous, solemn, dazzlingly white, while the poor animal moaned out its life in the straw of the stall. Many times after that, when the great turkey strutted alone in the autumn pastures, the sun making it a sight almost magnificent, Pa Gladden would shudder and shake his head. Alone the bird wandered, proudly disdainful of its darker and smaller brethren, and never condescending to notice any human being but Ma Gladden, who fed and petted it.

The great barn gave Pa Gladden no comfort to-night. Once reached, he crept about it, rapidly making the entire circuit, and calling loudly, although the winds

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snatched away his voice and mocked at him. He peered into the outer cattle-sheds, and at last into the locked barn as a forlorn hope. The thought of Mary Hebbs came to him, of the "leetle Christmas feller" who had been born in that lowly place, of "leetle Billy," and of Ma Gladden's loving care of him. Then the man's throat filled. He looked at Sheila, the collie, who lay crippled on a bed of straw.

"The mule kicked ye at a bad time, Sheiler. I need ye sorely."

There was no answer save a loud whinny from Cephy, the horse, in a distant stall. He was so far away he could not hear Pa Gladden's words, and jealously resented the fact.

"Ef 't war daylight, Cephy, ye 'd be doin' yer part," retorted Pa Gladden, speaking louder. "Rest ye now an' feed yerself well. I may need ye come daylight. Lord, I don't know jes whut ter do! It wull probably come ter me, ef ye wull take the helm."

Suddenly he went to the barn door. A fierce and cold northern blast blew. There seemed a new note in it. Pa Gladden held the lantern high, looking and listening attentively.

"The feel o' the north ag'in," he murmured.

Again blew the keen, cold, cutting wind, the shrieking blast that had in it a skreigh like a badly used Scotch bagpipe.

Pa Gladden gazed without solemnly.

Straightway before his eyes passed a picture. He saw a wide fallow field in a murky mist. Then there flitted across it vague shapes, as of the great white turkey and the shawled and hooded figure of a woman.

At this Pa Gladden cried out in his eagerness:

"I 'm shore thet air the Big Spring field! I wull find ye, Drusilly; I wull find ye yet, sence I 've got a clue. Jes ye wait fer me, an' don't ye give up. The Lord wull keep ye in the holler of his hand till I find ye oncet more."

Trembling like a leaf, he closed the barn door and returned the way he had come. A glow of hope filled his breast, and he found the struggle not so long. As he neared the house he became aware of lights and shouts, and many men with lanterns met him and tried to talk, but the wind tore the words into disjointed fragments. Pa Gladden knew they questioned him of Ma Gladden, and he wondered why they were there so soon, much as he needed them.

Persephone held up the lamp within the door, a picture of distress.

"Then you have not found her?"

"But I wull, Persephone. I know whar ter look. I b'lieve I know whar she follered thet white turkey. Don't worry, darter; God wull keep her fer ye an' fer me."

He looked around at the dozen men clustered about him in the kitchen.

"I do take this kindly, neighbors, but ye arrove quick."

"We all wanted ye ter help us," broke in a hoarse voice. "Thar 's other troubles ter-night, Pa Gladden. We all air rousin' up this hull side o' the Valley ter hunt fer Billy Borger's child. She hez been lost all day, an' we hain't got a trace o' her. We been up an' down Leetle Dutch an' through them lower hill woods clean up ter Tarleton. We air now goin' ter hunt yer lower fields."

Pa Gladden gazed at the speaker as if fascinated with his words.

"Billy Borger's child, too—a real leetle child?" he repeated slowly.

"Four, come a Christmas," said Balsy Omerod. "Ye mind they lost the third child time o' the drought. It seems like thar 's no end o' trouble when it begins a-comin' ter some folks."

Pa Gladden looked up confidently.

"Men, this air a wild night, an' we orter hurry. Can ye trust yer old Pa Gladden? We wull find them—an' safe an' warm. I promise ye with the promise of a lovin' Creator. We wull find them—an' safe an' warm. How d' I know? I hev thet feelin'. I tell ye, men, the ways o' God air past findin' out."

They looked at him strangely; but Persephone took his cold, wet hands in hers.

"Oh, Mr. Omerod, Mr. Hyde, don't you mind him! He is in mortal trouble."

Pa Gladden turned on her his reproachful eyes.

"Ye ag'in' me, darter? Waal, I forgive ye. Ye see, ye air all o' different blood. My grandmother uster tell thet her family hed the second sight—'way back in them days when they lived by the North Sea. An' the feel o' the north hez been in me all ter-day. I tell ye, I am shore thet ye wull find the lost. Air the Valley roused up, men?"

"The Valley an' the hills, an' even Pe-

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gram by now," returned Salmon Ritter; "but ef ye air so positive about the field, Pa Gladden, we all kin strike right down our lane an' trail over toward Leetle Dutch. It air a long way off, an' we must n't lose time. It air freezin' harder every second. Huntin' Ma Gladden, we may find thet child."

"The winds air turrible," said Balsy Omerod; "they harry a man wuss ner anything. Ye can't hear yerself holler, which air a wearyful thing, I 'm thinkin'."

"Pa, I can't stay here!" cried Persephone.

Pa regarded her tenderly.

"Thar wull be action fer ye in makin' ready, darter. I depend on ye ter keep fires goin' an' hot drinks ready, sustainin' an' soothin'. I 'll bring yer Ma Gladden back. The good Lord won't separate us yit. I got ter make up lots o' my shortcomin's ter yer Ma Gladden. She hev been thet lovin' an' patient with me, an' most likely I been real keerless-like o' her, er the Lord would n't be givin' me this hyar sharp wrench ter realize whut thet woman air ter my existence. I hev sot myself up ez a dictater ter her, an' yit I never hev hed half the insight she air got. Thar, I 'm goin' out, Persephone, an' ye must pray. We air goin' ter find the lost ones, an', ef any one else comes, we 've gone down Ritter's Lane toward the Leetle Dutch."

If the other men wondered or murmured, it was useless. Salmon Ritter and Balsy Omerod marched stoutly by the side of Pa Gladden.

"We 'll leave our hosses in the shed here," said the men, "fer they air wuss 'n useless on sech a close s'archin'."

They returned after midnight from a fruitless hunt. In the meantime other men from Pegram way and the hills came in, slowly groping along the wide roads. Pa Gladden had been fairly dragged back to the house, protesting every step.

"We cannot do any good until daylight," the others had decided; "we cannot hear or make any one hear in the wind."

"But they will freeze to death in the awful sleet!" protested Persephone.

"We hev tried everything," replied Salmon Ritter; "the wind and ice wull not let us hev a fire at all. The wind may die down toward mornin'. As soon as it does, we wull go out ag'in."

Pa Gladden drank no coffee, but sat with his head in his hands. Now and then he made a little moan.

"Don't, dear pa!" wept Persephone.

"It air a trial o' faith, a tribblelation onspeakable, thet air on my soul, my darter. Thet pictur' come in a blink o' time, but I wull stan' by it. The Big Spring gits the hull sweep o' the wind, an' ye can't holler, ner build no fires, ner hunt. It wull all come right, but this wait air worryin' me sore."

Presently he slipped out, ostensibly to see the weather. But he went into the wagon-shed, and fell upon his knees.

"God o' my fathers, shelter my Drusilly an' thet pore leetle one! She air my best holt on life an' on good deeds. Lord, we hev loved each other through wuss an' better, shorely, because we hed no other ties ter bind. Lord, I hev desarved her by faith ter my promises ter her. Thar hain't never been no other woman in my life, 'cordin' ter thy word—ner a man in hers. But I hain't loved her half enough yit—ner could I etarnally. Shelter her through thet redeemin' love o' thine."

The cold wind blew shrill and sharp.

Pa Gladden prayed once more:

"Dear God, I wull be patient, and I wull wait fer the dawn. But the hours between this and then air shorely eterminable ones. Air this the big trial o' my faith? Air this the all-absorbin' plan o' Satan ter make me doubt ye? God onspeakable, never afore hev I felt sech a need o' a strong hand ter pilot me. All the hosts o' sin air rampin' roun' the hull world; but ahind them fearsome clouds the stars air shinin', an' heaven air, an' thet Presence thet never war worsted an' never failed ter guide an' durrect me yit."

A long shriek reached him. It was Persephone's terrified voice in a frightened call at the door:

"Pa Gladden! Pa Gladden!"

He ran toward her, at once cheerful.

"Here I be, Persephone! Did I frighten ye? Don't ye know yer Pa Gladden yit? The wind hain't so fierce, either. I b'lieve it air dyin' down. Thar air other help close ter hand, darter. I hears shouts an' hosses' feet in the road, an' up toward the settlement I kin see lights a-bobbin' when the wind holds up a second er two."

"Salmon went off to rouse the whole Crossroads," trembled Persephone; "but it certainly grows colder."

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Pa Gladden strode into the kitchen, and poured out a cup of coffee.

"Eat an' drink, men. We wull be at the Big Spring field when the dawn breaks, an' beat all the woods thar-erbouts. Thar air others comin'. We wull take kindlin' an' straw, an' make fires, an' work from them."

But the men shook their heads behind Pa Gladden's back, and Persephone's face was wan and drawn with her terror.

Pa Gladden listened attentively, and, when he heard the clatter of horses' feet over the sound of the storm, he opened the door quickly and eagerly.

A roughly clad, red-cheeked girl, splendid in her eager courage, sprang in. It was she who lived up Marrowbone, Dellabella Smoots. Her eyes sought Pa Gladden at once.

"Pa Gladden, we air down hyar ter holp the Valley. We heared o' thet lost child, an' every man we could mount kim down the slope 'long o' me. Hit war turrible."

"So ye air my help sent, Dellybella? I mought hev known it, seein' ye air the Lord's own strong arm. Yer Ma Gladden, too, air out in the night, my darter dear, an' she air trailin' her white turkey somewhar. I seen it plain all in a blink o' time arter I fust prayed ter-night, but these folks can't understand me."

"They don't live up in the hills," said Dellabella, firmly. "We all lives by signs an' natur' up yan. I hev heared a lamb bleatin' fer three nights, an' none air comin' ter our place till Jinooary, anyhow. Thet air a shore sign o' trouble. I believes in ye, Pa Gladden, 'ca'se ye air shorely nigh ter yer Maker. Come in, men, ef ye hev tied up."

The hill men crowded in behind her, an indescribable clan. There were a full dozen men and boys, uncouth of garb and seemingly fierce of feature. The gipsyish lad who had once ridden through the Valley on an autumn night to call the men to Dellabella Smoots now stood close to her elbow, her faithful lieutenant. He was wildly and defiantly handsome.

Never before had the hill and the valley men met in such an intimate contact as in Pa Gladden's cheerful kitchen. He stood between them, his inspiration awakened.

"Men an' brethren," he said gravely—"men an' brethren meetin' tergether, ye must clasp yer hands over God's work. This air indeed a movin' occasion. Thar air shorely preparin' a great wave o' redeemin' grace fer this valley an' these everlastin' hills. Thar wull be sech a Thanksgivin' ez never war hereabouts. The lost shell be found, an' all the old grudges buried erway. Fer the fust time the hill and the valley folks hev arrove ter oncet through storm an' stress ter help out one another. Ye all know whut we air owin' ter Dellybella Smoots—the Lord's own child. Wull ye all shake hands an' bind a good feelin' in this tryin' hour?"

He advanced and shook hands with Dellabella and her men. Persephone followed, and led the hill girl to a seat. The lad stood close to his leader, and the men, abashed and embarrassed, huddled into the corners after the silent hand-shaking had taken place. On Dellabella's face was a great light. She set down her cup and went straight to the heart of affairs.

"Yer dear woman hev trailed arter a turkey?" she queried.

"Arter a big white turkey, Dellybella," said Pa Gladden, "an' both air somewhar lost in the storm. Out in the big barn thar onrolled the Big Spring field afore me, with the turkey an' yer Ma Gladden hurryin' on. But we could n't find any trace o' them in the awful dark an' wind. An' when I war prayin' ag'in awhile ago, I felt, suddint-like, her heart beatin' warm—somewhar. Ye who hev ever loved a woman—ye all wull know—jes—how—a man mought feel."

The sobs of the women replied.

"She is not dead," went on Pa Gladden; "ner air thet small child. Thanksgivin' time air not, as a usual thing, the resurrectin' time; but, men, thet wull be in all our hearts when the dawn air at hand an' the angel rolls the stone erway. Ye wull know how good God air."

The hill boy stood forward excitedly.

"Whut air we all waitin' fer?" he demanded. "Miss Smoots, ye knows ez I kin trail up any bird. Ef I mought go whar thet man seen the flittin', I kin speer out thet turkey. Lemme call 'im—ye 've often heared me a-huntin' yer birds through wood an' holler. We don't hev ter wait tell no light comes fer thet."

Dellabella sprang to her feet.

"Gart kin do it—he kin shorely do it, Pa Gladden. He air thet smart with birds an' all livin' an' creepin' things. Come, men; the hill folk wull find them lost an' gone ones, shorely."

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Gart danced out, exultant.

"I kin yelp ye up any bird a-struttin'," he boasted. "Daddy he tort me, an' he l'arnt it from he's daddy, a C'lina man, er tar-heel hunter in the Big Smoky. Dem ye all! I hev got my bone tied in my shirt now. Hit air allers handy ter hev hit erbout me."

Pa Gladden gazed at the ragged figure, confounded at the turn affairs had taken.

"Him hain't hup ter snuff," jeered a rough voice; "show him yer wood trick, boy."

The lad leaped to the center of the floor. He poised with the grace of some free animal. His eyes glittered, and he lifted an arm almost bare from its torn sleeve. Something shone small and white in his fingers.

"See! Mist' Man Turkey goes a-wanderin'! Gart hides—so, low in the bushes. Gart makes his yelp—so!"

Then the boy shook his fingers.

There rolled out a succession of strange wooing sounds like the staccato notes from a shepherd's pipe. Then a liquid change, softer, sibilant, enticing with varying cadences and quivering arpeggios. In the memory of man there had never been such a call through the Long Valley; every one knew and felt the perfection of the thrilling mating-cry.

"Gart fotch out Mist' Man Turkey every time," said the boy, proud of the impression he had made. "He come stalkin' up ter the bushes. He lose he head when he hear thet. Gart knows birds; trailed a hun'erd turkeys."

"I heared o' them turkey calls oncet," said Balsy Omerod, "but I do 'low thet thar fancy fowl o' Ma Gladden's air so upstarty thet yer wild callin' mought not move him a peg."

"He air turkey natur'," retorted Gart, "an' I 'm doin' this hyar fer Miss Smoots an' 'ca'se these hyar folkses in trouble hev stood by her oncet."

"I know ye wull do yer plumb an' level bestes'," soothed Dellabella, cheerfully; "an', Gart, ye cl'arly sees the trouble this hyar leddy an' Pa Gladden air in, an' we air all dependin' mortally on ye."

Gart nodded darkly.

"I wull do it," he said. "Jes ye show me thet place he seen in the dark. I wull git thet turkey out fer ye; yep, I wull."

III

A FEW moments later the twenty men at the farm-house filed out of the kitchen door. Pa Gladden had said a fervent broken prayer, and Persephone stood with her face hidden in her apron. The hill girl paused before her, irresolute.

"I dunno whut ter say ter yuther women-folkses," she began awkwardly, "but I feels fer ye stayin' ahind. I 'd jes die ef I could n't be in this huntin'."

"But she is not strong," broke in Pa Gladden, "an' I hev laid a command on her, Dellybella, ter stay in an' do her part here. Persephone air like my very own now."

"I calkilate," responded the hill girl, "thet thar air great need o' all sorts o' women-folkses in the world. My heart air in doin' an' not in waitin'. But ye air a bit o' cheeny, an' I am a bit o' crock. But, Pa Gladden, whar air them winds?"

With the opening of the door had come a calm, a silence so sudden and marked that it seemed supernatural. Every man held his breath and strained his ears for those fierce and terrible blasts that had held the night. After a few moments there was not even a sigh of air through the pregnant, silent darkness. The sleet had ceased. An invisible hand had been stretched forth; a power had said to the winds, "Peace, be still."

"Hit air jes the turn o' the night," said the hill boy.

Far away a cock crew.

"The day air in," announced Dellabella, "an' we all 'd better be a-movin'."

Slowly they crept forward over the icy ground. The light of the lanterns confused the hill men. They soon fell into a body behind, but Dellabella and Gart stayed with Pa Gladden.

"The Lord God Almighty hev been tryin' me this night," Pa Gladden said to the girl as they proceeded side by side down Ritter's Lane. "It air often hard ter tell jes the percise thing he air chastisin' one fer, but I kin eenymost lay finger on it this time. I hev been repinin' some sence last summer at growin' old an' not hevin' any son ter prop up my declinin' years. Ye see, things may be layin' in a man's mind sorter fermentin', an', suddint-like, run clean over the crock. I war n't content with whut I hed fer plumb three months.

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I war not countin' any blessin's, but broodin' on my desires. Fer thet carnal state o' mind I am now sufferin' punishment. The Lord hez undertook the task o' showin' me, 'ithout any circumventin', jes whut I hed thet war of vally ter me. He air showin' me thet, over an' above any childern I could hev, I hed a lovin' pardner. She air makin' up ter me fer any other lackin' in life, Dellybella. The Lord, in givin' me Drusilly, did n't make no mistake. Arter nigh on ter twenty-seven year o' merried life with sech a passel o' trials an' tribblelations an' pure stubbornness ez I be, she air still ez wholesome an' fresh an' sweet an' harndsome ez a winter apple well put down. It air wonderful whut yer Ma Gladden actoolly air, Dellybella. Seems like ye must hev knowed her, 'ca'se ye both air so honest an' sound-like. Ye air the salt o' the airth, the sort ter depend on an' ter tie yer idees about women up ter. Thar air var'ous kind o' females, some o' stronger make, an' some, like Persephone, suitin' a man better fer a leetle proppin' up. I shorely hev been blessed in knowin' women-folks, an' thar hain't no other angels but good women here below. Ye understand, fer ye air natchully a child o' grace, ef thar ever war one."

Dellabella upheld him when he began to stumble.

"I hed better mind my steps 'stead o' talkin'; but I hez ter talk, Dellybella, an' a woman hez ter watch a man's steps, er he goes nigh ter perdition at times. Often I thinks women air the hold-back strops ter keep a man from runnin' erway with hisself. But we air nearin' thet field, my darter, thet place whar I seen them flittin' shapes passin' over like shadders. I want ter locate them two tall sycamores in the back hedge, an' then we got erbout ez near ez I kin tell ye."

Gart pointed upward.

"It air goin' ter cl'ar," he said. "Thar air stars showin' north an' east a'ready."

The terrible darkness was really lifting as they crossed the field. Fallow it had lain during the past year, and it was weed- and brier-grown. A strange and weird glow came as they crossed it. All were silent at Gart's earnest request.

"Ef ye skeers Mist' Man Turkey thet away, he go like a ghostess hisself, an' fur enough off. Ye never kin see 'im er hear 'im. He air the wariest bird thet goes, Mist' Man Turkey air, an' he knows lots moah 'n folkses. Lemme fotch 'im out. When ye gits ter thet place, ye all must hide in the hedges an' keep still. Thet air the way ter fotch him erlong."

He curveted and pranced like a young colt.

"Ef the clouds keep on rollin' like thet," said Balsy Omerod, turning back, "we wull soon see the old moon. Ef thet hill devil's yelp don't bring out the bird, we 'll build fires an' beat the woods in squads."

"Shet up, an' go in the hedge thar," growled Gart. "Gimme a chance, wull ye? I 'm hidin' in this bush myself."

The men lined up in the hedge-row, two or three here and there, and nearest to Gart were Pa Gladden and Dellabella Smoots.

"Don't ye trimble so," soothed Dellabella; "it air shore ter turn out right fer ye all, Pa Gladden."

"I know, I know," he murmured; "but I can't feel nothin' jes now."

Suddenly out across that ice-bound winter field shot a clear sound that startled them all. Whence the power and inspiration that made a rude wing-bone the musical instrument that it became? It was a strange cry, one that thrilled the listeners with its primeval suggestion.

"Come ye, come ye, come ye! Dawn is near. Wake ye, wake ye, wake ye, and rejoice in light and love! I draw thee, draw thee to the world's rim. Lo, the winds are stilled and the sun in his glory comes! I would lead thee, I would bring thee. For love is as strong as death, and many waters, frosts, and cold cannot quench or stay love. Wake ye, wake ye, wake ye, thou that hast found my favor! Come ye, come ye, come ye! Dawn is at hand."

Wheedling, wooing, coaxing, insistent with vehement stress, daring in subtle promises, delicate in cadences and flattery, there poured out from the low bush the mating-call. Breathless the men waited; but Dellabella alone felt a calm confidence in the result.

In the east the sky grew tenderly and quickly yellow. In the west the clouds rolled backward and showed a waning and hollow moon. It coldly lighted the sleet-covered field. Then there was a sound somewhere—a sound that made Gart redouble his efforts and weave his body wildly back and forth as he put all his strength into the work of wooing.

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It seemed hours, but it was minutes. Like a spirit cry from beyond and out of the dim and distant woods there came a reply that startled Gart. Never before had he heard such a full, such a sonorous and splendid answer. Never before had Pa Gladden heard it at all, but his worn face paled and flamed alternately.

No one moved or scarcely breathed, and Gart went on enticingly, softening his wilder clamor now to roll out evasive and subtle clickings and clucks. Defined against the sparkling frost there silently came into view a great white turkey-cock, with every feather preened, with every wary sense alert, but splendidly, recklessly defiant.

When he was in the open and coming straight for the bush, Gart stopped with a long and tender diminuendo. Suspicious at once, the turkey stood still and seemed to understand that he had been treacherously beguiled. He did not run away, but he seemed suddenly to melt into the opaline glory, and was gone.

The hill boy was no less wary. He, too, was up and away before any one knew it. When the men reached the gap in the hedge he was not in sight. They followed him, panting and breathless, over slopes of woodland, and finally to a creek hollow, where they lost visible trace.

As silently and suddenly as he had disappeared Gart was with them. His peculiar eyes glittered and shone. He ran up to Pa Gladden.

"Boy, air she alive?"

Gart shook off his hand.

"She air asleep, but I must n't wake her. Thet air fer her man ter do."

Gart led the way forward a little. Suddenly Pa Gladden saw ahead a large fallen tree. One long, bare limb stretched out far over the ice-bound creek. On it, stately and solemn, sat the white turkey. Nor did it condescend to notice the amazed man who stumbled breathlessly toward it.

The tree had broken off about four feet above the ground, and had fallen across the hollow so as to form a little inclosed chamber. About it lay many great pieces of bark, and one of these Gart had to push aside to allow Pa Gladden to peer in.

Heaped high with dry leaves was the dark wood chamber, and there, curled down deep in them and almost covered with her heavy shawl, was Ma Gladden. She was turned to the right. In the hollow of her arm and the curve of her body nestled the small Borger child, warm, dirty, with earth-stained fingers and a pinched, tear-marked face.

Gently Pa Gladden moved the shawl from Ma Gladden's head. He looked into a sleeping face, one placid, calm, and rosy. His tears ran over his own cheeks and fell upon hers.

She opened her eyes, and seeing him disturbed and anxious, her own eyes lighted up.

"Hev ye come at last, pa? I knew ye would. Here 's a pore lost child from som'er's. Hez it been missed?"

"Drusilly," sobbed Pa Gladden, "wull ye ever know whut we hev been through this night? The county air risin' ter hunt fer thet leetle child an' fer ye. Drusilly, war n't ye cold? How did ye find sech a shelter? God be thanked fer ye!"

Ma Gladden sat up, took off her hood, and smoothed her hair a trifle.

"It air some cold. Ye see, Obydiah trailed me all day hither an' yan; I could n't ercount fer his manoovers, pa. Toward night I war chasin' him over here, an' I found this leetle gal cryin' by the creek. I hed corn-pone ter tempt up the turkey, an' I feeds an' drinks her by breakin' ice down thar. Arter I cuddled an' fed her, she war thet worn out she could n't walk, an' thet heavy I could n't kerry her. Then the dark come on awful suddint. I hed been pitchin' leaves in here ter lay her in, an' I tell ye I worked ter make a bed. When the sleet come on, I crawled in thar, an' kep' listenin' fer ye ter hunt us up. I meant ter keep awake, but oncet, when I looked out, I seen Obydiah settin' upright over me so pertectin' I jes said my prayers an' went ter sleep. We all war real warm. Ye see, I was extry dressed, an' could spare a flannin skirt ter put eroun' her."

She smilingly handed up the sleepy and protesting child, who was speedily turned over to Dellabella, who had followed.

"Come out, Drusilly," said Pa Gladden. "It war shorely only the actooal summer thet air allers in yer heart thet hev kep' ye from freezin' on larst night. Come out o' yer shell, an' let me tech ye oncet more an' know ye air livin'! Raise yer voice up, Gart; give a reg'lar hosanner in the highes', hallerlujer, shoutin' an' praisin' the God eternal, omnipytent, an' onspeakable for-

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evermore. Drusilly, hold ter my arm an' stand up afore me."

Ma Gladden settled her hood and walked unsteadily toward her beloved bird.

"Obydiah, Obydiah, come erlong home!" she said soothingly. "Come down an' go erlong with yer Ma Gladden!"

The great fowl turned his head once at the sound of that kindly voice. Then, without warning, and with no attempt to raise his snowy pinions and drop to the ground, he fell helplessly. When Gart and Pa Gladden reached him there was a look almost human in the glazing eyes, but not a feather fluttered or moved.

"He air shorely frozen," remarked the hill boy; then he rose with a look of fear, saying: "Whut war thet out in the open thar? Miss Smoots, I 'm gone cold ter the marrer. These hyar air no doin's fer pore Gart. He don't tech no moah white-turkey trails, not even fer ye—no, mem! Gart hev got enough, he hev!"

THE WAYS OF NATURE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I WAS much amused lately by a half-dozen or more letters that came to me from some Californian school-children who wrote to ask if I would please tell them whether or not birds have sense. One little girl said: "I would be pleased if you would write and tell me if birds have sense. I wanted to see if I could n't be the first one to know." I felt obliged to reply to the children that we ourselves do not have sense enough to know just how much sense the birds and other wild creatures do have, and that they do appear to have some, though their actions are probably the result of what we call instinct, or natural prompting like that of the bean-stalk when it climbs the pole. Yet a bean-stalk will sometimes show a kind of perversity or depravity that looks like the result of deliberate choice. Each season, among my dozen or more hills of pole-beans, there are usually two or three low-minded plants that will not climb the poles, but go groveling upon the ground, wandering off among the potato-vines or cucumbers, departing utterly from the traditions of their race, becoming shiftless and vagrant. When I lift them up and wind them around the poles and tie them with a wisp of grass, they rarely stay. They, in some way, seem to get a wrong start in life, or else are degenerates from the first. I have never known anything like this among the wild creatures, though it happens often enough among our own kind. The trouble with the bean is doubtless this: the Lima bean is of South American origin, and in the Southern Hemisphere, beans, it seems, go the other way around the pole; that is, from right to left. When transferred north of the equator, it takes them some time to learn the new way, or from left to right, and a few of them are always backsliding, or departing from the new way and vaguely seeking the old; and not finding this, they become vagabonds.

How much or how little sense or judgment our wild neighbors have, is hard to determine. The crows and other birds that carry shell-fish high in the air and then let them drop upon the rocks to break the shell show something very like reason, or a knowledge of the relation of cause and effect. Froude tells of some species of bird that he saw in South Africa flying amid the swarm of migrating locusts and clipping off the wings of the insects so that they would

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drop to the earth, where the birds could devour them at their leisure. Our squirrels will cut off the chestnut burs before they have opened, allowing them to fall to the ground, where, as they seem to know, the burs soon dry open. Feed a caged coon soiled food,—a piece of bread or meat rolled on the ground,—and before he eats it he will put it in his dish of water and wash it off. The author of "Wild Life Near Home" says that muskrats "will wash what they eat, whether washing is needed or not." If the coon only washes his food when it needs washing, and not in every individual case, even then it would look like an act of judgment. And so with the muskrat. But if they always wash their food whether soiled or not, the act looks more like instinct or an inherited habit, the origin of which is obscure.

The birds and animals probably think without knowing that they think; that is, they have not self-consciousness. Only man seems to be endowed with this faculty; he alone develops disinterested intelligence —intelligence that is not primarily concerned with his own safety and well-being, but that looks abroad upon things. The wit of the lower animals seems all to have been developed by the struggle for existence, and it rarely gets beyond the prudential stage. The sharper the struggle, the sharper the wit. Our porcupine, for instance, is probably the most stupid of our animals and has the least speed; it has little use for either wit or celerity of movement. It carries a death-dealing armor to protect it from its enemies, and it can climb the nearest hemlock-tree and live on the bark all winter. The skunk, too, pays for its terrible weapon by dull wits. But think of the wit of the much-hunted fox, the much-hunted otter, the much-sought beaver! Even the grouse, when often fired at, learns, when he is started in the open, to fly with a corkscrew motion to avoid the shot.

Fear, love, and hunger were the agents that developed the wits of the lower animals, as they were, of course, the prime factors in developing the intelligence of man. But man has gone on, while the animals have stopped at these fundamental wants—the need of safety, of offspring, of food.

Probably in a state of wild nature birds never make mistakes, but where they come in contact with our civilization and are confronted by new conditions, they very naturally make mistakes. For instance, their cunning in nest-building sometimes deserts them. The art of the bird is to conceal its nest both as to position and as to material, but now and then it is betrayed into weaving into its structure showy and bizarre bits of this or that, which give its secret away and which seem to violate all the traditions of its kind. I have the picture of a robin's nest before me, upon the outside of which are stuck a small muslin flower, a leaf from a small calendar, and a photograph of a local celebrity. A more incongruous use of material in bird architecture it would be hard to find. I have been told of another robin's nest upon the outside of which the bird had fastened a wooden label from a near-by flower-bed, marked "Wake Robin." Still another nest I have seen built upon a large, showy foundation of the paper-like flowers of *Antennaria*, or everlasting. The wood-thrush frequently weaves a fragment of newspaper or a white rag into the foundation of its nest. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." The newspaper and the rag-bag unsettle the wits of the birds. The phœbe-bird is capable of this kind of mistake or indiscretion. All the past generations of her tribe have built upon natural and, therefore, neutral sites, usually under shelving and overhanging rocks, and the art of adapting the nest to its surroundings, blending it with them, has been highly developed. But phœbe now frequently builds under our sheds and porches, where, so far as concealment is concerned, a change of material, say from moss to dry grass or shreds of bark, would be an advantage to her: but she departs not a bit from the family traditions; she uses the same woodsy mosses, which in some cases, especially when the nest is placed upon unevenly sawed timber, makes her secret an open one to all eyes.

It does indeed often look as if the birds had very little sense. Think of a bluebird, or an oriole, or a robin, or a jay, fighting for hours at a time its own image as reflected in a pane of glass; quite exhausting itself in its fury to demolish its supposed rival! Yet I have often witnessed this little comedy. It is another instance of how the arts of our civilization corrupt and confuse the birds. It may be that in the course of many generations the knowledge of glass will get into their blood, and they will cease

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to be fooled by it, as they may also in time learn what a poor foundation the newspaper is to build upon. The ant or the bee could not be fooled by the glass in that way for a moment.

Have the birds and our other wild neighbors sense, as distinguished from instinct? Is a change of habits to meet new conditions, or the taking advantage of accidental circumstances, an evidence of sense? How many birds have taken advantage of the protection afforded by man in building their nests! How many of them build near paths and along roadsides, to say nothing of those that come close to our dwellings! Even the quail seems to prefer the borders of the highway to the open fields. I have chanced upon only three quails' nests, and these were all by the roadside. One season a scarlet tanager, that had failed with her first nest in the woods, came to try again in a little cherry-tree that stood in the open, a few feet from my cabin, where I could almost touch the nest with my hand as I passed. But in my absence again she came to grief, some marauder, probably a red squirrel, taking her eggs. It was clearly an act of judgment that caused this departure in the habits of a wood-bird. Will her failure in this case cause her to lose faith in the protective influence of the shadow of a human dwelling? I hope not. I have known the turtle-dove to make a similar move, occupying an old robin's nest near my neighbor's cottage. The timid rabbit will sometimes come up from the bushy fields and excavate a place for her nest in the lawn a few feet from the house. All such things look like acts of judgment. It is in the preservation of their lives and of their young that the wild creatures come the nearest to showing what we call sense or reason. The boys tell me that a rabbit that has been driven from her hole a couple of times by a ferret will not again run into it when pursued. The tragedy of a rabbit pursued by a mink or a weasel may often be read upon our winter snows. The rabbit does not take to her hole; it would be fatal. And yet, though capable of far greater speed, so far as I have observed, she does not escape the mink; he very soon pulls her down. It would look as though a fatal paralysis, the paralysis of utter fear, fell upon the poor creature as soon as she found herself hunted by this subtle, blood-thirsty enemy. I have seen upon the snow where her jumps became shorter and shorter, with tufts of fur marking each stride, till the blood-stains, and then her half-devoured body, told the whole tragic story.

There is probably nothing in human experience, at this age of the world, that is like the helpless terror that seizes the rabbit, as it does other of our lesser wild creatures, when pursued by any of the weasel tribe. They seem instantly to be under some fatal spell which binds their feet and destroys their will power. It would seem as if a certain phase of nature from which we get our notions of fate and cruelty had taken form in the weasel.

The rabbit, when pursued by the fox or by the dog, quickly takes to hole. Hence, perhaps, the wit of the fox that a hunter told me about. The story was all written upon the snow. A mink was hunting a rabbit, and the fox, happening along, evidently took in the situation at a glance. He secreted himself behind a tree or a rock, and, as the rabbit came along, swept her from her course like a charge of shot fired at close range, hurling her several feet over the snow and then seizing her and carrying her to his den up the mountain-side.

It would be interesting to know how long our chimney-swifts saw the open chimney-stacks of the early settlers beneath them before they abandoned the hollow trees in the woods and entered them for nesting and roosting purposes. Was the act an act of judgment, or simply an unreasoning impulse, like so much else in the lives of the wild creatures?

In the choice of nesting-material the swift shows no change of habit. She still snips off the small dry twigs from the tree-tops and glues them together, and to the side of the chimney, with her own glue. The soot is a new obstacle in her way, and she does not yet seem to have learned to overcome it, as the rains often loosen it and cause her nest to fall to the bottom. She has a pretty way of trying to frighten you off when your head suddenly darkens the opening above her. At such times she leaves the nest and clings to the side of the chimney near it. Then, slowly raising her wings, she suddenly springs out from the wall and back again, making as loud a drumming with her wings in the passage as she is capable of. If this does not frighten you away, she repeats it three or four times.

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If your face still hovers above her, she remains quiet and watches you.

What a creature of the air this bird is, never touching the ground, so far as I know, and never tasting earthly food! The swallow does perch now and then and descend to the ground for nesting-material; but the swift, I have reason to believe, even outrides the summer storms, facing them on steady wing, high in air. The twigs for her nest she gathers on the wing, sweeping along like children at a "merry-go-round" who try to seize a ring, or to do some other feat, as they pass a given point. If the swift misses the twig, or it fails to yield to her the first time, she tries again and again, each time making a wide circuit, as if to tame and train her steed a little and bring him up more squarely to the mark next time.

The swift is a stiff flyer: there appear to be no joints in her wings; she suggests something made of wires or of steel; yet the air of frolic and of superabundance of wing-power is more marked with her than with any other of our birds. Her feeding and the twig-gathering seem like asides in a life of endless play. Several times both spring and fall I have seen swifts gather in immense numbers toward nightfall, to take refuge in large unused chimney-stacks. At such times they seem to be coming together for some aërial festival or grand celebration; and, as if bent upon a final effort to work off some of their superabundant wing-power before settling down for the night, they circle and circle high above the chimney-top, a great cloud of them, drifting this way and that, all in high spirits and chippering as they fly. Their numbers constantly increase as other members of the clan come dashing in from all points of the compass. They seem to materialize out of empty air on all sides of the chippering, whirling ring. For an hour or more this assembling of the clan and this flight festival go on. The birds must gather in from whole counties, or from half a State. They have been on the wing all day, and yet now they seem as tireless as the wind, and as if unable to curb their powers.

Last fall they gathered in this way and took refuge for the night in a large chimney-stack in a city near me, for more than a month and a half. Several times I went to town to witness the spectacle, and a spectacle it was; ten thousand of them, I should think, filling the air above a whole square like a whirling swarm of huge black bees, but saluting the ear with a multitudinous chippering, instead of a humming. People gathered upon the sidewalks to see them. It was a rare circus performance, free to all. After a great many feints and playful approaches, the whirling ring of birds would suddenly grow denser above the chimney; then a stream of them, as if drawn down by some power of suction, would pour into the opening. Only a few seconds would this downward rush continue: as if the spirit of frolic had again got the upper hand of them, the ring would rise, and the chippering and circling go on. In a minute or two the same manœuver would be repeated, the chimney, as it were, taking its swallows at intervals to prevent choking. It usually took a half-hour or more for the birds all to disappear down its capacious throat. There was always an air of timidity and irresolution about their approach to the chimney, just as there always is about their approach to the dead tree-top from which they procure their twigs for nest-building. Many times did I see birds hesitate above the opening and then pass on. Apparently they had not struck it at just the right angle. On one occasion a solitary bird was left flying, and it took three or four trials either to make up its mind or to catch the trick of the descent. On dark or threatening or stormy days the birds would begin to assemble by mid-afternoon, and by four or five o'clock were all in their lodgings.

The chimney is a capacious one, forty or fifty feet high by nearly three feet square, yet it did not seem adequate to afford breathing-space for so many birds. I was curious to know how they disposed themselves inside there. At the bottom was a small opening. Holding my ear to it, I could hear a continuous chippering and humming, as if the birds were still all in motion, like an agitated beehive. At nine o'clock this multitudinous sound of wings and voices was still going on, and doubtless it was kept up all night. What was the meaning of it? Was the press of birds so great that they needed to keep their wings moving to ventilate the shaft, as do certain of the bees in a crowded hive? Or were these restless spirits unable to fold their wings even in sleep? I was very curious to get a peep inside that chimney when the swifts were in it. So one afternoon this

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opportunity was afforded me by the removal of the large smoke-pipe of the old steam-boiler. This left an opening into which I could thrust my head and shoulders. The sound of wings and voices filled the hollow shaft. On looking up I saw the sides of the chimney for about half its length paved with the restless birds; they sat so closely together that their bodies touched. But a large number of them were constantly on the wing, showing against the sky light as if they were leaving the chimney. But they did not leave it. They rose up a few feet and then resumed their positions upon the sides. It was this movement that caused the humming sound. All the while the droppings of the birds came down like a summer shower. At the bottom of the shaft was a mine of Peruvian guano three or four feet deep, with a dead swift here and there upon it. Probably one or more birds out of such a multitude died every night. I had fancied there would be many more. It was a long time before it dawned upon me what this uninterrupted flight within the chimney meant. Finally I saw that it was a sanitary measure: only thus could the birds keep from soiling each other with their droppings. Birds digest very rapidly, and had they all continued to cling to the sides of the wall, they would have been in a sad predicament before morning. Like other acts of cleanliness on the part of birds, this was doubtless the prompting of instinct and not of judgment. It was nature looking out for her own.

In view, then, of the doubtful sense or intelligence of the wild creatures, what shall we say of the new school of nature writers or natural-history romancers that has lately arisen, and that reads into the birds and animals almost the entire human psychology? This, surely: so far as these writers awaken an interest in the wild denizens of the field and wood, and foster a genuine love of them in the hearts of the young people, so far is their influence good; but so far as they pervert natural history and give false impressions of the intelligence of our animals, catering to a taste that prefers the fanciful to the true and the real, is their influence bad. Of course the great army of readers prefers this sugar-coated natural history to the real thing, but the danger always is that an indulgence of this taste will take away a liking for the real thing, or pervert its development. The knowing ones, those who can take these pretty tales with the pinch of salt of real knowledge, are not many; the great majority are simply entertained while they are being humbugged. There may be no very serious objection to the popular love of sweets being catered to in this field by serving up the life-history of our animals in a story, all the missing links supplied, and all their motives and acts humanized, provided it is not done covertly and under the guise of a real history. We are never at a loss how to take Kipling in his "Jungle Book"; we are pretty sure that this is fact dressed up as fiction, and that much of the real life of the jungle is in these stories. I remember reading his story of "The White Seal" shortly after I had visited the Seal Islands in Bering Sea, and I could not detect in the story one departure from the facts of the life-history of the seal so far as it is known. Kipling takes no covert liberties with natural history, any more than he does with the facts of human history in his novels.

Unadulterated, unsweetened observations are what the real nature-lover craves. No man can invent incidents and traits as interesting as the reality. Then, to know that a thing is true gives it such a savor! The truth—how we do crave the truth! We cannot feed our minds on simulacra any more than we can our bodies. Do assure us that the thing you tell is true. If you must counterfeit the truth, do it so deftly that we shall never detect you. But in natural history there is no need to counterfeit the truth; the reality always suffices if you have eyes to see it and ears to hear it. Behold what Maeterlinck makes out of the life of the bee, simply by getting at and portraying the facts—a true wonder-book, the enchantment of poetry wedded to the authority of science.

Works on animal intelligence, like Romanes's and Lloyd Morgan's, abound in incidents that show reason and forethought in the animals in their simpler forms; but in many cases the incidents related in these works are not well authenticated or told by trained observers. The observations of the great majority of people have no scientific value whatever. Romanes quotes from some person who alleges that he saw a pair of nightingales, during a flood in the river near which their nest was placed, pick up the nest bodily and carry it to a place of safety. This is incred-

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ible. If Romanes himself or Darwin said he saw this, one would have to believe it. Birds whose nests have been plundered sometimes pull the old nest to pieces and use the material, or parts of it, in building a new nest; but I cannot believe that any pair of birds ever picked up a nest containing eggs and carried it off to a new place. How could they do it? With one on each side, how could they fly with the nest between them? They could not carry it with their feet, and how could they manage it with their beaks?

My neighbor met in the woods a black-snake that had just swallowed a red squirrel. Now your romance-naturalist may take such a fact as this and make as pretty a story of it as he can. He may ascribe to the snake and his victim all the human emotions he pleases. He may make the snake glide through the tree-tops from limb to limb, and from tree to tree, in pursuit of its prey: the main thing is, the snake got the squirrel. If our romancer makes the snake fascinate the squirrel, I shall object, because I don't believe that snakes have this power. People like to believe that they have. It would seem as if this subtle, gliding, hateful creature ought to have some such mysterious gift, but I have no proof that it has. Every year I see the black-snake robbing birds' nests, or pursued by birds whose nests it has just plundered, but I have yet to see it cast its fatal spell upon a grown bird. Or, if our romancer says that the black-snake was drilled in the art of squirrel-catching by its mother, I shall know he is a pretender.

Speaking of snakes reminds me of an incident I have several times witnessed in our woods in connection with a snake commonly called the sissing or blowing adder. When I have teased this snake a few moments with my cane, it seems to be seized with an epileptic or cataleptic fit. It throws itself upon its back, coiled nearly in the form of a figure 8, and begins a series of writhings and twistings and convulsive movements that is astonishing to behold. Its mouth is open and presently full of leaf-mold, its eyes are closed, its head is thrown back, its white belly up; now it is under the leaves, now out, the body all the while being rapidly drawn through this figure 8, so that the head and tail are constantly changing place. What does it mean? Is it fear? Is it a real fit? I do not know, but any one of our romance-naturalists could tell you at once. I can only suggest that it may be a ruse to baffle its enemy, the black-snake, when he would attempt to crush it in his folds, or to seize its head when he would swallow it.

I am reminded of another mystery connected with a snake, or a snake-skin, and a bird. Why does our great crested fly-catcher weave a snake-skin into its nest, or, in lieu of that, something that suggests a snake-skin, such as an onion-skin, or fish-scales, or a bit of oiled paper? It is thought by some persons that it uses the snake-skin as a kind of scarecrow, to frighten away its natural enemies. But think what this purpose in the use of it would imply. It would imply that the bird knew that there were among its enemies creatures that were afraid of snakes—so afraid of them that one of their faded and cast-off skins would keep them away. How could the bird obtain this knowledge? It is not afraid of the skin; why should it infer that squirrels, for instance, are? I am convinced there is nothing in this notion. In all the nests that have come under my observation, the snake-skin was in faded fragments woven into the texture of the nest, and one would not be aware of its presence unless he pulled the nest to pieces. True, Mr. Frank Bolles reports finding a nest of this bird with a whole snake-skin coiled around a single egg; but it was the skin of a small garter-snake, six or seven inches long, and could not therefore have inspired much terror in the heart of the bird's natural enemies. Dallas Lore Sharp, author of that delightful book, "Wild Life Near Home," tells me he has seen a whole skin dangling nearly its entire length from the hole that contained the nest, just as he has seen strings hanging from the nest of the king-bird. The bird was too hurried or too careless to pull in the skin. Mr. Sharp adds that he cannot "give the bird credit for appreciating the attitude of the rest of the world toward snakes and making use of the fear." Then, a cast-off snake-skin looks very little like a snake. It is thin, shrunken, faded, papery, and there is no terror in it. Then, too, it is dark in the cavity of the nest, consequently the skin could not serve as a scarecrow in any case. Hence, whatever its purpose may be, it surely is not that. It looks like a mere fancy or whim of the bird. There is that in its voice and ways that suggests something a little uncanny. Its call is

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more like that of the toad than that of a bird. If the toad did not always swallow its own cast-off skin, the bird would probably seize upon that.

At the best we can only guess at the motives of the birds and beasts. As I have elsewhere said, they nearly all have reference in some way to the self-preservation of these creatures. But how the bits of an old snake-skin in a bird's nest can contribute specially to this end, I cannot see.

Nature is not always consistent; she does not always choose the best means to a given end. For instance, all the wrens seem to use about the best material at hand for their nests except our house-wren. What can be more unsuitable, untractable, for a nest in a hole or cavity than the twigs the house-wren uses? Dry grasses or bits of soft bark would bend and adapt themselves easily to the exigencies of the case, but stiff, unyielding twigs! What a contrast to the suitableness of the material the hummingbird uses—the down of some plant, which seems to have a poetic fitness!

Yesterday in my walk I saw where a red squirrel had stripped the soft outer bark off a group of red cedars to build his winter's nest with. This also seemed fit—fit that such a creature of the trees should not go to the ground for its nest-material, and should choose something soft and pliable. Among the birches, he probably gathers the fine curling shreds of the birch bark.

Beside my path in the woods a downy woodpecker, late one fall, drilled a hole in the top of a small dead black birch for his winter quarters. My attention was first called to his doings by his white chips upon the ground. Every day as I passed I would rap upon his tree, and if he was in he would appear at his door and ask plainly enough what I wanted now. One day when I rapped, something else appeared at the door—I could not make out what. I continued my rapping, when out came two flying-squirrels. On the tree being given a vigorous shake, it broke off at the hole, and the squirrels went sliding down the air to the foot of a hemlock, up which they disappeared. They had dispossessed Downy of his house, had carried in some grass and leaves for a nest, and were as snug as a bug in a rug. Downy drilled another cell in a dead oak farther up the hill, and, I hope, passed the winter there unmolested. Such little incidents, comic or tragic, as we happen to look at them, are happening all about us, if we have eyes to see them.

The next season, near sundown of a late November day, I saw Downy trying to get possession of a hole not his own. I chanced to be passing under a maple when white chips upon the ground again caused me to scrutinize the branches overhead. Just then I saw Downy come to the tree, and, hopping around on the under side of a large dry limb, begin to make passes at something with his beak. Presently I made out a round hole there, with something in it returning Downy's thrusts. The sparring continued some moments. Downy would hop away a few feet, then return to the attack, each time to be met by the occupant of the hole. I suspected an English sparrow had taken possession of Downy's cell in his absence during the day, but I was wrong. Downy flew to another branch, and I tossed up a stone against the one that held the hole, when, with a sharp, steely note, out came a hairy woodpecker and alighted on a near-by branch. Downy then had the "cheek" to try to turn his large rival out of doors; and it was Hairy's cell, too: one could see that by the size of the entrance. Thus loosely does the rule of meum and tuum obtain in the woods. There is no moral code in nature. Might reads right. Man in communities has evolved ethical standards of conduct, but nations, in their dealings with one another, are still largely in a state of savage nature, and seek to establish the right, as dogs do, by the appeal to battle.

One season a wood-duck laid her eggs in a cavity in the top of a tall yellow birch near the spring that supplies my cabin with water. A bold climber "shinned" up the fifty or sixty feet of rough tree-trunk and looked in upon the eleven eggs. They were beyond the reach of his arm, in a well-like cavity over three feet deep. How would she get her young up out of that well and down to the ground? We watched, hoping to see her in the act. But we did not. She may have done it at night or very early in the morning. All we know is that when Amasa one morning passed that way, there sat eleven little tufts of black-and-yellow down in the spring, with the mother duck near by. It was a pretty sight. The feat of getting down from the tree-top cradle had been safely effected, probably by the young clambering up on the inside walls of the

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cavity and then tumbling out into the air and coming down gently like huge snowflakes. They are mostly down, and why should they not come down without any danger to life or limb? The notion that the mother duck takes the young one by one in her beak and carries them to the creek is doubtless erroneous. Mr. William Brewster once saw the goldeneye, whose habits of nesting are like those of the wood-duck, get its young from the nest to the water in this manner: The mother bird alighted in the water under the nest, looked all around to see that the coast was clear, and then gave a peculiar call. Instantly the young shot out of the cavity that held them, as if the tree had taken an emetic, and came softly down to the water beside their mother. Another observer assures me that he once found a newly hatched duckling hung by the neck in the fork of a bush under a tree in which a brood of wood-ducks had been hatched.

The ways of nature—who can map them, or fathom them, or interpret them, or do little more than read a hint correctly here and there? Of one thing we may be pretty certain, namely, that the ways of wild nature may be studied in our human ways, that the latter are an evolution from the former, till we come to the ethical code, to altruism and self-sacrifice. Here we seem to breathe another air, though probably this code differs no more from the animal standards of conduct than our physical atmosphere differs from that of early geologic time.

Our moral code must in some way have been evolved from our rude animal instincts. It came from within; its possibilities were all in nature. If not, where were they?

I have seen disinterested acts among the birds, or what looked like such, as when one bird will feed the young of another species when it hears it crying for food. But that a bird would feed a grown bird of another species, or even of its own, to keep it from starving, I have my doubts. I am quite positive that mice will try to pull one of their fellows out of a trap, but what the motive is, who shall say? Would the same mice share their last crumb with their fellow if he were starving? That, of course, would be a much nearer approach to the human code, and is too much to expect. Bees will clear their fellows of honey, but whether it be to help them, or to save the honey, is a question.

In my youth I saw a parent weasel seize one of its nearly grown young which I had wounded and carry it across an open barway, in spite of my efforts to hinder it. A friend of mine, who is a careful observer, says he once wounded a shrike so that it fell to the ground, but before he got to it, it recovered itself and flew with difficulty toward some near trees, calling to its mate the while; the mate came and seemed to get beneath it and buoy it up, so aiding it that it gained the top of a tall tree, where my friend left it. But in neither instance can we call this helpfulness entirely disinterested, or pure altruism.

Emerson said that he was an endless experimenter with no past at his back. This is just what nature is. She experiments endlessly, seeking new ways, new modes, new forms, and is ever intent upon breaking away from the past. In this way, as Darwin showed, she attains to new species. She is blind, she gropes her way, she trusts to luck; all her successes are chance hits. Whenever I look over my right shoulder as I sit at my desk writing these sentences, I see a long shoot of a honeysuckle that came in a crack of my imperfectly closed window last summer. It came in looking, or rather feeling, for something to cling to. It first dropped down upon a pile of books, then reached off till it struck the window-sill of another large window; along this it crept, its regular leaves standing up like so many pairs of green ears, looking very pretty. Reaching the end of the open way there, it turned to the left and reached out into vacancy, till it struck another window-sill; along this it traveled nearly half an inch a day, till it came to the end of that road. Then it ventured out into vacant space again, and pointed straight toward me at my desk, ten feet distant. Day by day it kept its seat upon the window-sill, and stretched out farther and farther, almost beckoning me to give it a lift or to bring it support. I could hardly resist its patient daily appeal. Late in October it had bridged about three feet of the distance that separated us, when, one day, the moment came when it could maintain itself outright in the air no longer, and it fell to the floor. "Poor thing," I said, "your faith was blind, but it was real. You knew there was a support somewhere, and you tried all

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ways to find it." This is nature. She goes around the circle, she tries every direction, sure that she will find a way at some point. Animals in cages behave in the same way, looking for a means of escape. In the vineyard I see the grape-vines doing the same thing, reaching out blindly in all directions for some hold for their tendrils. The young arms seize upon each other and tighten their hold as if they had at last found what they were in search of. Stop long enough beside one of the vines, and it will cling to you and run all over you.

Behold the tumble-bug with her ball of dung by the roadside; where is she going with it? She is going anywhere and everywhere; she changes her direction, like the vine, whenever she encounters an obstacle. She only knows that somewhere there is a depression or a hole in which her ball with its egg can rest secure, and she keeps on tumbling about till she finds it, or comes to grief by the foot of some careless passer-by. This, again, is nature's way, randomly and tirelessly seeking her ends. And when we look over a large section of history, we see that it is man's way, too, or nature's way in man. His progress has been a blind groping, the result of endless experimentation, and all his failures and mistakes could not be written in a book. How he has tumbled about with his ball, seeking the right place for it, and how many times has he come to grief! All his successes have been lucky hits; steam, electricity, representative government, printing—how long he groped for them and many other things before he found them! There is always and everywhere the Darwinian tendency to variation, to seek new forms, to improve upon the past; and man is under this law, the same as is the rest of nature. One generation of men, like one generation of leaves, becomes the fertilizer of the next; failures only enrich the soil or make smoother the way.

There are so many conflicting forces and interests, and the conditions of success are so complex! If the seed fall here, it will not germinate; if there, it will be drowned or washed away; if yonder, it will find too sharp competition. There are only a few places where it will find all the conditions favorable. Hence the prodigality of nature in seeds, scattering a thousand for one plant or tree. She is like a hunter shooting at random into every tree or bush, hoping to bring down his game, which he does if his ammunition holds out long enough, or like the British soldier in the Boer War, firing vaguely at an enemy that he does not see. But nature's ammunition always holds out, and she hits her mark in the end. Her ammunition on our planet is the heat of the sun. When this fails, she will no longer hit the mark or try to hit it.

Let there be a plum-tree anywhere with the disease called the "black-knot" upon it, and presently every plum-tree in its neighborhood will have black knots. Do you think the germs from the first knot knew where to find the other plum-trees? No; the wind carried them in every direction, where the plum-trees were not and where they were. It was a blind search and a chance hit. So with all seeds and germs. Nature covers all the space, and is bound to hit the mark sooner or later. The sun spills his light indiscriminately into space, and a small fraction of his rays hit the earth, and we are warmed. Yet to all intents and purposes it is as if he shone for us alone.

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THE REAL SPRINGTIME FOR ME

MY OLD MAID'S CORNER

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

Author of "Hezekiah's Wives"

IN the early summer, when the wind plays in the only tree that I can see from my southern windows, the sound is that of pattering rain; for each crisp young leaf, rising on the billows of the wind, is then lifted from below and taps gaily on the back of one of its fellows, as the rain of summer, when it falls, taps them on their bright young faces. At no other time of the year do I hear this particular sound from that tree. In the autumn, after the first frost has touched it, the noise of the wind in the tree is of rattling papers. All the dry leaves then shiver convulsively together, and those that are dislodged scrape a last sad, noisy way past all their old companions, with whom they are to be united again only when for one brief hour they strew a little circle on the asphalt below. Nothing could exceed in desolation the mournful tone of these leaves, bewailing in dry cracked voices the end of their own delights. No dozen trees, were there happily a dozen near my corner, could so impress me. A solitary tree on a city block, with half-dead foliage shivering in the wind, is like a single baby crying when the nights are still and the windows open. If you live on the same block, you can hear nothing else.

For all that, when my single neighbor of a tree begins to assume this mournful tone —a tone about which I am now as philosophic as we all become whenever the constantly repeated griefs of our neighbors are concerned—I grow suddenly glad: autumn has come to my corner.

And autumn on my corner is one of the most delightful of all seasons, for my rubber-tree comes home from the florist's, the cheeks of its young leaves as rosy as sprigs of red coral. My palms come back, and my ferns arrive with hundreds of new shoots to show me. My brasses, too, emerge from their summer wrappings, my curtains show a pristine freshness, and all my old companions of silk cushions, when rearranged about my room, look as if the

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summer had made them over. Autumn is the spring of the year to me, indeed, who live my days in town.

My friends begin then to come home from the country with their cheeks rosy too and their faces shining with the pleasure of new purposes. The very air that floats in at my windows has a sparkle in it that I cannot resist, and each cloud that I see sailing across the deep blue of the sky might be my ship coming in at last, so full of glorious import does it seem.

With the coming of autumn, too, comes the charm of early twilights, which I never shut out with drawn curtains. For then, after the sun is gone and the color has all faded out of the dark wood-green of my background, I see on every brass candlestick and hanging lamp, on every polished Dutch milk-can and Russian pot, and even on my tongs and shovel, myriads of tiny specks of light beginning to appear, that, as the darkness grows, will gleam like stars until the very room is filled and a new and indescribable loveliness is added to my apartment. My brasses never mean so much to me as at this time. They are like friends whom I know, who hold a sweet remembrance in the heart for the coming of an hour that may be dark on my corner. For it is as though the brasses had absorbed into themselves part of the sunshine that had caressed them all day, that had played and danced and frolicked over their surfaces—sunshine which "by and by black night doth take away," and all is sealed in rest.

My married cousin Susanna also returns to town in the autumn, bringing, as is her invariable custom, a hundred new plans for rearranging my life. She has never, in fact, come back from a summer without them, and, curiously enough, the more contented she finds me, and the brighter and more cheerful my corner, the more valuable to her seem these plans for my upheaval. Sometimes I have fancied that it worried her to find me happy. It left her in such doubt about the condition of my mind. She is always, at any rate, proposing that I move somewhere else—into her house, into that of her melancholy sister, that I take charge of some charitable institution; for there is not a plan which she has suggested until now that has not had to do with the giving up of my corner, as if I, an old maid, would be anywhere without a corner! But when Susanna comes home in the autumn, packed full as she is at that time with the vitality and energy lent her by solitude in the mountains, there is nothing which she is not willing to undertake in the management or disposal of my person. She would have me first here, then there, try me in half a dozen places, until I begin to feel like some piece of superfluous bric-à-brac which an energetic young housekeeper keeps moving from room to room. Whenever Susanna, indeed, chances upon an empty place in anybody's life, she immediately thinks that I might "do" to fill it. Sometimes I protest at her attempted control, being content where I am.

"Susanna Peake," I once said to her, amiably, of course, since I know that at least Susanna means well—"Susanna, have you never in some quiet moment regretted not being the wife of a country clergyman and having a whole parish to regulate?" This, I am sorry to say, hurt Susanna's feelings, and she thought me ungrateful. But then Susanna never will realize that no old maid likes being shoved about, especially by the married ones, who do everything for us with a superior air. I control myself, therefore, with my cousin, and have never told her how adorable I thought she would have been at the head of some department of charities in one of our new colonial possessions, before any laws or systems had been established for the regulation of the envoy.

Generally, however, I say nothing in protest to Susanna, because I feel it to be part of my duty as a friend to let her fuss and bother as much as she chooses about me and my premises, knowing what a safety-valve my corner must be to her. I know this because I know *Harry*. I find, by the way, that our knowing what the husbands are makes a great difference in our understanding of the wives. But it is only of late that I have realized this. In the old days, when I recognized signs of conjugal trouble breaking out in a family, I used to think it sufficient to feel the pulse of the wife's temperament. Now I like to get a look at the soul of the husband. I borrowed this method from the doctors, who go through a whole household when an epidemic has begun to rage.

Perhaps I ought not to refer to Harry at all, since he is Susanna's husband, and I believe in that kind of loyalty to friends

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which, even in secret, does not permit of a judgment of their affairs. But when I see how restless Susanna is, I cannot help feeling that her husband is not that great ocean of delight which she would have me believe him, in whose deep nature she can plunge at any time for her refreshment. I do not care for his hands, with those tight muscles keeping all of his fingers together. I have yet to see them laid in any tenderness on her, even on her cheek or her shoulder. I am quite sure that, though he says but little, he always has his own way. Then he never laughs, being a quiet man in everything, as she expresses it. There is a sound in his throat when you tell him something pleasant or funny, while he lays down his book to listen. Sometimes there is a succession of sounds in his throat, but they are as non-committal in character as the politeness of certain people who have condescended to pause at our approach: it never commits them to anything, and we can translate it just as our vanity prompts. I suppose that my cousin calls this laughter, but I would not, for the lids of his near-sighted eyes are not even drawn together behind his glasses. Real laughter ought never to be over in a moment, without a ripple following. Then, again, Harry takes up his book the very moment you have ceased speaking. When I think of this man, and of what it must have been to one of my cousin's ardent temperament to work faithfully for twenty-five years, as she has done, without being able to get a single spontaneous expression out of him, somehow or other I think that there must be harder things to bear than even having to be a spinster. I understand then, too, why Susanna is so restless, forever beating against that same adamantine rock of a phlegmatic husband's unresponsive nature, and she so pretty, too, when she began. Even a wave will turn in new directions when a way is opened, and my cousin, being an honest woman, turns all her energies in mine. I have learned not to mind it since I began to understand what a relief even an old maid must be after Harry. At least, she knows that I will answer her when she speaks.

When Susanna arrived on my corner this autumn, however, although she brought new plans for me, as was her wont, they differed materially from those of other years. This time, for instance, she does not want me to move, but to remain in my corner, with my books and my brasses, because she wants to have some old and forlorn people of her acquaintance to come and share my sunshine. She tells me that they will give me such an interest in life. When I parry this attack, she is ready with another—my having certain children to train. They would bring so much to my corner, as she says; and then my books would be such an advantage to them. She saw the very children, in fact, at a summer hotel, and began to discuss the subject with their irresponsible mother. Again, as to-day, I escape with some excuse, and this time she goes to my windows, where my birds are singing on their rubber-tree, and says that she thinks cats so much better adapted to spinsters.

I have made a great mistake, I fear, in not keeping a list of my cousin's suggestions. But then where is the spinster without a cousin Susanna of her own? I believe that if I walked across the street now and asked any other old maid whose rooms I can see from my southern windows,—any other old maid, I mean, who has made herself perfectly comfortable,—she would supply me with a duplicate list made by some interested or devoted or restless or energetic or disappointed friend of her own. For there is that about us who are the old maids (I have never divined exactly what it is) that inspires in the minds of most of our acquaintances (not of all, to their glory be it said) a desire to manage us as Susanna wants to manage me. Every one would have a hand at us. It may be because most people think that, being spinsters, we are unfortunate, and the unfortunate, as well as the poor, I discover, must submit to many managements, else where would be the joy of most charities? It is certainly because we are without husbands. A man in the house serves to keep off many approaches.

Susanna's second grandchild has arrived. The eldest is only eighteen months old, and the little mother but twenty-three. Susanna tells me how sad she thinks it is—so many children and so much care. She cannot say enough about it as she stands looking at my birds.

"But I think that it is lovely," I exclaim at last, in a cheerful tone. Sometimes her tone of depression makes mine more cheerful than its wont. "But I think it is lovely,"

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I repeat—"all young together, all growing up together, father, mother, and all. What an enchanting family they will make in half a dozen years! Children, too, adore young fathers. Think how they will adore your son-in-law!"

There is no answer from my cousin as she turns, but I know by the drawing in of the lips that there are things which she could say if she would. She goes instead to a vase of mignonette,—she must always be doing something when she is agitated,—and picking out several large stalks, she recrosses my room and puts the mignonette in among my white roses, something she is doing repeatedly, although I am sure she has heard me say a dozen times that I never like anything in with those special white roses of mine except, perhaps, some maidenhair fern. I shall take the mignonette out when she goes, as I have done on every other occasion. In the meantime, as she moves about, I find it delightful to talk to her from my chair.

"Seriously, now," I begin, "why should you not be glad about Amelia's children, and what is the care compared with the joy of them?" (No answer from my cousin.) "Where 's the logic in your attitude?" I go on. "Were one of those little children to die, or both, would you not be tempted to cry out against the Almighty who has sent them? Would you not look at other young mothers with little children and question with rebellious heart why your daughter alone was called upon to suffer a bereavement? And would you not look at old people, and deformed people, and people who are only burdens to themselves, yet who linger on as cares and troubles to those about them—would n't you look at them and question Providence, asking why it was in life that those who were old and infirm should be left to us, while those who were young and beautiful should be taken away?" (Still no answer from Susanna. She has only turned her back, and is looking out of my window.) "And then," I continue, for the subject has now touched upon deeps in my own convictions—"and then, have you never thought what this attitude against the coming of children may lead to? Who knows what the next child may be, what message it may have to carry into this world? Other great leaders have still to be born to us, other discoverers, other poets, other artists, other teachers. Can't you imagine that the attitude against the coming of children might keep some of the great ones away from our particular doors?"

I was half inclined to believe from the expression of my cousin's shoulders, lifted in silhouette against the panes, that what I was saying had impressed her; but as she turned, when I had finished, it was only to take her gloves from the mantelpiece and to observe, as she put them on: "You talk like a visionary, as you always do, and as if you did not know what a backache was. My daughter is not strong."

When my cousin says "my daughter" to me, as she has done once or twice,—to me, her old friend, and about Amelia, whom I have carried in my arms, Amelia, whom I have helped to bring up, who is like my own child indeed,—I give up the discussion. It is as though my cousin had not only shut a door between us, but let me hear the clicking of the key as she turned it in the lock.

There are times when this manner of Susanna's disturbs me, but not in the autumn, when everything shines on my corner and the sun of soft October days caresses everything it touches. Besides, I know very well that, whatever the nature of my cousin's exit may be, her return to my corner is sure. I think that away down in the bottom of her soul she likes it—likes it, at least, when she finds me at home. When I chance to be out it disturbs her. She will refer to the subject, if need be, half a dozen times, until she is sure that she understands just why it happened that my corner was deserted. I was sure just now that she would not leave even when I saw her gloves go on, so I did not rise from my seat. And I was right. She stopped at the door, and lifting the metal balls of the harp that hangs there, she let them fall back one by one against the strings, asking me, as she lifted them, whether I did not think that women were uncharitable and critical in what they said. Then I knew that something had been said about my cousin's new way of arranging her hair with those little soft, short curls that she purchased recently. Her own hair had become hopelessly thin on the forehead. But it was not for me to say so, though I think she is much too old for the curls.

"Not when women are left to them-

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selves," I said from my chair. "When they are critical about one another they are only reflecting the judgments of the men at home—of husbands and fathers and brothers, who are always frightening the women of their families by telling them what other men say. Listen to this," I went on, tucking a cushion under my head. Then I told her of a small boy and girl I had met at a watering-place. He was eleven and precocious, being trusted with his own sail-boat and his rifle. He lived in a college town, and had caught the swagger of the freshman from one of his older brothers. She, the girl, was eight, and came from some quiet village where boys and girls played together. She wanted to play now with the young Elisha, and she used to go after him at all hours to join her in a game of tennis or croquet, and when it rained, a game of authors on her porch. Sometimes Elisha went; sometimes, being a young man, he made his excuses. He was clearly embarrassed by her attentions. Finally he fell ill and went to bed with a cold, and she, the little girl, brought him flowers and candy. When she was not admitted to the house, she would stand under his window waiting for news of him. "Somebody ought to speak to Katharine," he said to his mother. "She 's a little bit too fresh. All the boys will be laughing at her." I think he spoke to Katharine himself, for I used to see her, after this, hanging about her porch alone, a melancholy little figure, suffering from her first harsh lesson in self-consciousness before men. Elisha took to fishing every day. He was free then of her advances.

"Tell me frankly," I said to my cousin when the story was told, "has n't Harry said much the same thing to you a hundred times in these twenty-five years? Has n't he said that he did n't want any man saying things about his wife, and that they would say them if you did what the pretty woman across the street was doing? And has n't Harry junior checked the enthusiasms of his sister as many times by saying, 'I can't have the fellows talking about you, and they will talk if they see you speaking to So-and-so'? And would n't Amelia's husband say much the same thing to her if Amelia herself were not so splendid and so fearless and so big in all her nature, teaching *him* how to be human and generous and kind, and not to judge people by their acts always, but more by their attitude toward their own acts? Laugh at us who are the spinsters," I continued, "but one reason why our corners are so comfortable is that we reflect no one man's opinion in them."

But my cousin only continued to stand by my door, lifting those little metal balls from the harp and letting them fall back against the strings. Then suddenly she turned and went down the hall, with only a good-by tossed back at me over her shoulder.

I never, I confess, have quite the same assurance with Susanna when discussing questions of judgment in the spring, for having then spent the winter under her eye, as it were, she has all my mistakes of the season to point to—a long list sometimes, filled with what I insist are experiments, but which she pronounces failures, as if failures were not experiments, too, proving just as many principles.

But now the winter with all its hopes is before me, and I can keep myself serene, buoyed up by bright anticipations even when my cousin takes me to task. For in the courage of my convictions at this season I have that spirit of eternal hope which comes to us all who live our lives out in towns with the summer once more behind us.

Marion will come, and Mildred and Eleanor, bringing their secrets, and we shall all be girls together as I listen, the logs piled high on my fire. Young Jonathan will come with his merry smile, and Harold, bounding breathless up my stairs, and Clarence, grown as tall as any giant, will try to lift me off my feet by my elbows when he shows me how strong he has become. And Jack will show me his sketches, and Alfred his new book.

And then—then in the autumn Richard—yes, my Richard—always comes home again.

No wonder that the autumn is the springtime of the year to me.

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THE THIRD

BY BARONESS VON HUTTEN

Author of "Our Lady of the Beeches"

UNDER the glare of the August sun stretched the smooth sea, waveless as if molten. The dead air quivered hotly and reeked with the smell of the tar oozing from the seams of the beached fishing-boats.

Antonio Vestri sat on a bench before his door, mending a net, weaving the shuttle deftly in and out of the coarse brown mesh, the new cord leaving a white track as his hands crept along. The salt caught in the knots sparkled and hurt his eyes.

"Accidenti!" he said aloud, passing his hairy arm over his face. Then he turned and peered into the blackness of the open door behind him. The one window, covered with a bean-flower, let in a faint greenish light, by which the man could see part of a bed and a white plaster St. Joseph on a bracket. The white of the pillow was blurred by a black mass, and the clothes fell in sharp angles as on a dead person. But she was not dead.

"'Tonio," she said faintly, "come."

The man rose sullenly, his jaw protruding, and went in.

"Chi c'è? What do you want now?"

"I am dying, Antonio, and I want Don Benedetto."

"You want to confess. The worst of 'em come to that. Confession—rubbish!"

"My husband! It is not true; that you know. I have told you so often."

He took up his red woolen cap with its long tassel, and drew it over his rough, curly hair.

"Yes, yes, you 've told me, and I have n't believed you. You are a cursed liar—and I loved you. Basta! I 'll go and fetch the tinker of souls. He can't keep you from burning afterward."

Then he went out and left her alone in the hot green darkness.

WHEN he came in she was asleep. The sun had slid far down the sky and sent a shaft of orange light athwart the bed, showing up cruelly clear the death-like face, with hollow, long-fringed eyes, on the dingy pillow. The man sat down, his big hands dangling loose between his knees, and watched her.

"Cristo!" he whispered, "Cristo!" His brutal face quivered. "I could hate and yet live, I could love and yet live; but to do both is more than I can stand. There 's no God, that 's clear, but there is a devil."

The immaculate statue of St. Joseph simpered down at him across the bar of light, and he raised his great fist in the air threateningly.

"Ed accidenti a voi—" he began furiously, when his ear caught the soft whispering of slow footsteps in the dry sand. He straightened up rigidly and squeezed his cap tight in both hands. "It 's Don Benedett'. And he is to know, by God! and I am never to know!" For a moment he hesitated, and then with a quick movement dropped to the ground and slid quietly under the bed.

"AND I have often been discontented, padre, and cross—che. It 's been a hard life. And I 've lied often. I told Sabina Caltri that I had four strings of coral, and

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I 've only three. Also—God forgive me—I 've not gone to mass regularly."

Don Benedetto shook his fat head.

"Male figlia, mia. Very wrong. But the good God can forgive much, with the intercession of the Blessed Mother. Anything else?"

"Yes, padre." The man under the bed pressed his face roughly into his hands to keep from crying out.

"Yes, padre. You know, riverenza, I wished well to Gianbattista Pastore, and he to me? Then there was a quarrel, and he went away. I married Antonio. Poor Antonio! He wishes me very well, but he 's a hard man and knows cruel words. Mamma mia, he has given me hard names! Ebbene, I did my best, but it 's ill being married to a man when—you—love another."

The old priest did not speak. He was listening but drowsily. A slight breeze had come up and was stirring the hairs on his red neck in an agreeable way.

"And I loved Gianbattista. Then Antonio went away, and—and—God forgive me! Gianbattista used to come in the evenings and see me."

"My daughter, my daughter!"

"Yes, it was wrong," went on the dying woman, a new note of energy sounding in her voice; "but that was all, padre. Once he kissed me. But—che la Santissima Madonna me senta,—that the Blessed Virgin may listen to me,—the baby was Antonio's."

The priest's platitude was unheard both by the woman and the hidden man.

"I was bad, but not so bad as that. Antonio came back suddenly and found Gianbattista here, and struck him. Gianbattista knocked him down. He is very strong, Gianbattista! And, padre, Antonio does not believe me. I have sworn, and he gives me the lie. It is dreadful. But perhaps more dreadful for him, poverett'. I am glad the baby died."

"My daughter, you have done very wrong, and I regard you as having been peculiarly under the protection of our Blessed Mother, or you would have had even worse sins on your conscience."

"Poverett'," she murmured.

"And by the grace of God, my child, I may now promise you forgiveness, as you sincerely repent. Have you told me all?"

"Si, riverenza. That is all."

"Ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis—" The priest went on to the end, then rose. "In an hour, my daughter, I will come with the blessed sacrament. Rest in peace."

Then silence fell on the poor room, and the light softened slowly as the sun sank in the sea. Antonio dared not move.

"Madonna mia and Gesù mio, San Giuseppe, and all the others, let her sleep, that I may get out! She is innocent, and I was a devil. Canaglia beast that I was!" He whispered the words into his cap, trembling from head to foot.

"May I die of an apoplexy if I ever say a rough word to her! May I die without confession and without sacrament if I do not make her happy!" Then, as he waited breathless, he muttered aves as fast as he could say them. "Six big candles for this to Our Lady of the Sea. And I will go to Naples and do the stations of the cross on my knees next Holy Week."

At last he felt a new stillness in the air, and knew that she slept. Softly he crept out, stiff and weak, and slowly rose by the door. As he straightened up, his eyes fell on the statuette, and he lifted it down reverently and kissed its feet.

"Even if she should die," he said gently, "I can beg her pardon; I can tell her—No, she must not die!"

Then he turned to the bed.

In the clear evening light she lay dead.

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THE STATE BOSS

AND HOW HE MAY BE DETHRONED

BY L. F. C. GARVIN

Governor of Rhode Island

THE political boss of any State, when fully developed, is readily cognizable by the public. Not only is he known individually, but his general characteristics and powers are estimated correctly. He is not popular with the people, not even with the rank and file of his own party. The "workers" like him, the party machine yields him a cheerful obedience, the legislature does his will; but the masses distrust him. He elects mayors, governors, legislators, but he himself can be elected to no office in the gift of the people. When he attains office, as he often does, it is by executive appointment or through the agency of a legislative body. The one high office open to him is that of United States senator, as is evident from the political history of the States of Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, and Ohio.

The devil is said to be persevering, and, no doubt, finds the one good quality essential to the success of his calling. In like manner, and unquestionably for a like reason, the boss has the single virtue of being true to his word in all business transactions. Whether acting as the paid agent of an individual or a corporation, or whether dealing with sub-bosses and heelers, his promises are to be relied upon. Only in his relations to the public does the rule not hold good. The people he fools and deceives unhesitatingly and openly.

What is the cause of bossism? Why is its power constantly augmenting, its field continually widening? Or, to put the case more definitely, by what means is the State boss able to name the governor and dominate the legislature of his State?

His immediate source of power is control of the State organization of the dominant political party.

It will be observed that, with scarcely an exception, the party dominant in any State is the one which has the most money. Occasionally the impoverished opposition wins a victory, but it is temporary at best, and usually but partial. In the Southern States the Democratic party is in permanent ascendancy; in the New England, Middle, and Pacific States, the Republican party; and in a few of the Rocky Mountain States the Silver party is, or has been, dominant: but everywhere it is the richer party. This portentous situation is due to the fact that money counts more and more every year in determining the result of political campaigns. A strong party organization, covering every section of a State, entails a large expenditure. The money comes chiefly from candidates, the holders of lucrative offices, and the beneficiaries of legislation, all of whom are to be found in much greater numbers and stimulated by much higher hopes in the permanently dominant party.

The distribution of the large sums derived from these several sources is not made by the contributors themselves, but through one individual, the boss. He determines the destination of the fund, in what directions it shall be paid out, and from whom it shall be withheld. Reputable candidates, aware that their contributions to the campaign are to be used corruptly, do not desire any itemized account of expenditures. All they ask for is the delivery of the goods.

Just how a State boss controls a legislature was once explained to a company of

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gentlemen in my presence by Benjamin F. Thurston, Esq., of Providence, Rhode Island, who, when living, had an enviable national reputation as a lawyer in patent cases. The *modus operandi* when, for instance, the boss wished to get rid of a troublesome State senator was described as follows:

When, a few weeks before the campaign opened, a wire-puller from the obnoxious senator's town called, according to custom, to see the boss, a conversation of the following nature would ensue:

Boss: "Can't you send up for senator a better man than Mr. A.?"

Wire-puller: "Oh, no. He 's very popular, and, besides, it is the custom of our town to give senators a second term."

Boss: "It 's a nice day."

Wire-puller, after a long pause: "How will it be about funds this election?"

Boss: "Oh, there will be no money this year."

Whereupon the visitor, taking his departure, indulges in a brown study; but about a week later he appears again, when the same topic of conversation is revived.

Boss: "So you are going to reëlect Senator A., are you?"

Wire-puller, hesitatingly: "I suppose so. It would be hard work to beat him in caucus."

Boss: "Can't B. defeat him in caucus?"

Wire-puller: "Perhaps so, but it would take a lot of money."

Boss: "Oh, you can have all the money you want for that purpose."

From this typical conversation it may be understood how the manager of the dominant party, by holding the purse-strings, can easily keep a majority of both branches of the legislature subservient to his will. In the event of his failing to defeat an objectionable candidate at the primary meeting, he is ready to furnish money for use against him at the polls, and in this way, not infrequently, to secure the services of his successful opponent. Every powerful boss has at his disposal, in a pinch, some members of the legislature who nominally belong to the opposition party.

With a boss at the head of a State machine, acting through sub-bosses, each of whom is intimately acquainted either with a city or with an extensive rural community, it is easy to see how he can force a State legislature to enact unpopular laws and elect a United States senator who is not only offensive to a majority of the entire electorate, but who is far from being the choice of a majority of the members of his own party. By the lavish but judicious outlay of the campaign fund, in packing caucuses, hiring workers, corrupting active opponents, bringing out the vote, and, when necessary, bribing the voters, it is manifest that the will of the people finds but a small chance of gaining its ends through an ordinary election.

Only in extraordinary times, when public sentiment is stirred to its depths, when citizens, usually indifferent, devote time and thought and some money in support of a popular movement—only on such exceptional and infrequent occasions is the supremacy of the boss really endangered. When, after a long interval of quiescence, such a period of awakening occurs, it too often happens that the immediate grievance felt by the public is a comparatively small one, and the remedy applied, though for the time effectual, is only superficial. The temporary vigilance soon passes: that slow-moving giant, the public, goes to sleep again, and the boss resumes undisputed sway.

The stronghold of the State boss is the legislature. When he selects a candidate for governor or other elective executive officer, he finds it necessary, in most States, to take into account the voters. The largest constituency in the State is the most difficult to deceive and the most costly to corrupt. Moreover, the people have something of a prejudice in favor of a respectable figurehead as candidate for governor, and even for mayor. They have been known, in so boss-ridden a State as Pennsylvania, to stampede to the opposing candidate. But the bosses are not greatly distressed at losing a governor, since the real power in a State, the legislature, is rarely carried in both branches by popular uprisings, however extended. The boss of any State, if able to retain control of either senate or house of representatives, frequently manages to carry his pet measures through the other branch; and, at the very worst, he can hold radical reforms in abeyance until after another election, at which he is quite sure to find, the energy of the public being exhausted, an easy victory all along the line.

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The distribution of campaign funds by the boss is supplemented, no doubt, by his equally shrewd distribution of salaried offices. But even though civil-service reform were fully established in any State, the boss, if well supplied with the sinews of war, would find no difficulty in maintaining his hold upon its policies.

Boss rule exists, and year by year becomes more complete, by reason of our outgrown system of elections. The choice of members of the legislature by single districts gives power to the caucus, invites the expenditure of money, and renders the great body of the voters comparatively powerless. The spirit of party is so strong as to assure the continuous support of perhaps four fifths of its members for the regularly nominated candidate; and the party machine is kept in such good order, and so well fed with pecuniary oil, that only at the rarest intervals does it fail to produce the result aimed at by the boss. The Mugwump vote, which is ready to abandon its party when provoked by unfit nominations, is not very numerous, and often may be offset by another independent element, the corrupt voter of the minority party.

In the game of politics, therefore, which goes on year after year between the boss, on the one side, and liberty-loving voters, on the other, the boss plays with the dice loaded and the cards stacked in his favor. After losing time and again, the patriotic citizen gets discouraged, and either abandons the game by staying away from the polls, or votes his party ticket while he grumbles.

Therefore the question presents itself, What change can be made in our system of electing legislators that will rob the caucus of its tyrannical power, and at the same time render money of little avail in determining the result of an election? Such a system has been invented and is in partial operation in some of the cantons of Switzerland, in Belgium, and in portions of Australasia. Its essential features are: that single districts shall be abolished; that a considerable number of legislators shall be elected from each district; that the members chosen shall be apportioned to each party, however small, in the ratio of the vote cast by the several parties; and that the vote of each elector shall be counted for one candidate only.

For application in any one of the United States, a constitutional change is necessary. As an illustration of what is needed, a constitutional amendment, in substance such as has been proposed in Rhode Island, is hereby given:

ARTICLE —, OF AMENDMENTS

The senate shall consist of thirty-six members. The State shall be divided into three senatorial districts, to be kept substantially equal in population. Each district shall elect twelve senators. The vote of no elector shall be counted for more than one candidate.

In each district, any political party or other considerable group of voters may nominate for the office of senator not exceeding twelve candidates: and each of such parties, or groups, shall be represented in the senate in the proportion which the number of votes cast for its candidates bears to the total number of votes cast for all candidates; and whenever so represented, it shall be by such of its candidates as receive the highest number of votes.

In order to apply the above amendment, let it be assumed that a senatorial district casts a total of 12,000 votes. It is evident that the twelve senators will be elected, each by a separate constituency; that any candidate who receives 1000 votes is absolutely sure of an election; that any party or group which casts a total of 3000 votes will certainly elect three senators; that any party casting 5000 votes will elect five senators, and so on. It follows, moreover, that a weak candidate will get few votes and fail of an election; that a strong candidate will be elected, and, if upon a ticket with other candidates, may aid his party to elect as his colleagues those standing next to him in popularity. Since, under this system, every tub must stand on its own bottom, the manner of nomination will have but little influence upon the result. A well-known and well-liked citizen, whether put forward upon nomination papers or placed upon a ticket with others by a party convention, will be about equally sure of an election. As a consequence, the party machinery will be robbed of the power it now possesses of making or marring a political career. To expend money for the purpose of controlling primaries would be to waste it. Every mere tool placed upon the ballot by the boss would only serve to lessen the vote for the ticket as a whole, and consequently to reduce the party's representation in the senate. To exclude from

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the ticket a strong and popular member of the party would only lead to his independent nomination and probable election. Caucuses would again become, what originally they were, conferences of voters holding like political views.

Thus deprived of what has been the most effective method of using party funds, in the making of nominations, it may be thought that by concentrating all expenditure upon the hiring of workers and the buying of votes on election day the boss may still retain his supremacy. But the power of corruption at the polls will likewise be reduced to a minimum. With the people freed from party tyranny at the primaries, able to make their votes count on election day for the man of their choice, corrupt methods will lose their force, for two reasons:

1. When it becomes evident that the managers of the machine are buying votes, that large majority in every party which desires honesty in politics, being no longer confined to a choice between evils, will refuse to vote the party ticket. Corrupt expenditure, therefore, may thus have the effect of hurting rather than helping the chances of victory.

2. The number of purchasable votes will be very much lessened. Or, if it be said that most men have their price, the market price of votes will take an enormous rise. Electors now sell their votes very readily for from two to five dollars, because, so far as the voter can see, his ballot is of no appreciable benefit to himself. He has no particular choice between the parties or the candidates, and does not think it will make any perceptible difference to his future whichever of the two sides wins. But with the power given to select from two dozen candidates for the office of senator, he will certainly find one in whose election, for some definite and weighty reason, he feels a personal interest. No doubt, with the opportunities and hopes given to every candidate by such a law, the canvass conducted would be so active as to create a general public interest and, in many cases, greatly to arouse popular enthusiasm. All this would tend strongly to do away with that indifference, as to both men and issues, which, prevailing so largely under present conditions, invites and almost forces the ambitious, in order to be successful, to make use of corrupt methods.

It is, however, conceivable that an extremely rich candidate may enter the field, and even at a high market price buy the necessary quota of one thousand votes. That is true; and it is far better that all the venal vote of a multiple district should be concentrated upon one candidate rather than to have it, as too often now, hold the balance of power between the two leading candidates in many districts. In a senate nearly every member of which was elected upon his merits a candidate successful by means of a purchased constituency, as a known representative of boodlers, would find his influence nil. A senator elected by the proposed system would be both able and independent. The boss, having no power to defeat his renomination or reëlection, would be powerless to exercise control over him by any other means than that of direct bribery. If bribed to vote against the interests of his constituents, they would have the easy redress of preventing his return to office. Any people who, under such a free electoral system, cannot choose to a legislative body an incorruptible majority, are not capable of self-government.

The other important advantages to result from the election of legislators by the system here proposed necessarily cannot receive full consideration in this article. The chief objection which has been raised, in England especially, to this method of electing representatives is that it will do away with party government. Such has not been its effect in Switzerland or Belgium. That it will modify party government, as now existing in the United States, is to be expected and most devoutly desired. That a representative body composed of able men, who are genuinely representative of and amenable to public opinion, would give as bad a government as the boss rule of to-day, is beyond the bounds of possibility.

From what has preceded, two conclusions may logically be drawn:

1. That to overthrow a particular boss is but a short and ineffectual step in the direction of destroying bossism. If no radical change is made in the present electoral system, his successor will soon appear; and, judging by the past, each new boss will be more powerful, more unscrupulous, and more piratical than his predecessor.

2. That any slight reform in existing electoral methods will not put an end to bossism. Even the Australian ballot,

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made compulsory for the nomination of all candidates in a legalized caucus, will no more remedy the evil than its adoption for elections has stopped bribery at the polls. It may be that some other reform than the one here advocated can be found, which will force the boss to be less brazen than now in the use of corrupt measures, and even demand of him an increased outlay of party funds; but, with political prizes already large and growing larger, with many ambitious men already rich and growing richer, it is safe to assume that managers can be hired of sufficient ability to overcome far greater obstructions to the attainment of office by the unworthy than those which now exist.

But the remedy herein set forth, judging by its recent partial application in other countries and by the obvious merits of the system itself, will render the corrupt expenditure of money in elections of no avail, thereby dethroning the State boss for all time.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE WORSE THINGS BECOME, THE LONGER THEY WILL STAY BAD

SHALL WE HAVE AN ETHICAL CIVIC REVIVAL?

IN the discussion of public corruption, citizens sometimes comfort themselves with the saying that the sooner things get worse the quicker they will get better. While there is some truth in the idea that the more outrageous and notorious become evil conditions, the more certain are they to meet with discovery, exposure, and remedy, it can also be said with truth that the worse things become, the longer they will stay bad, the harder it will be to work an improvement in them, and the longer it will take to make them better. This is often so in physical and mental illness. It is so in the history of individual health and morals, and it is so with the health and morals of communities. If so-called good citizens, through cowardice and indifference, allow corrupt practices to continue, these corrupt practices grow more and more corrupt, till there is danger that the whole body politic will be morally debilitated.

This is shown in the history of more than one American community where there has been governmental corruption. In New York in the days of Tweed there was either interested acquiescence or complaisant and well-nigh criminal ignorance on the part of leading citizens, to such an extent that decent names were obtained not only for the denial of wrong-doing, but actually for a movement to erect a monument to him who was afterward discovered to be the arch conspirator and thief. Things got worse with a vengeance, and stayed worse, till at last came the long-delayed exposure and explosion.

The election to the "overshadowing Senate" (Mr. Nelson's now popular phrase)[1] of one prominent corruptionist after another has so hardened the conscience of the American people that the other day, openly and notoriously and shamelessly, an infamous political dicker was made which resulted in placing in the Senate of the United States the alleged agent and understudy of the most notorious corruptionist in America. There was a time when such callous indifference to the honest sentiment of the country could not have been so publicly exhibited.

So far as the composition of the United States Senate goes, while it may be true that conditions as to membership there will have to get worse before they get better, it is also true that things have so long been bad there, in this respect, that they are getting worse continually, and there are those who either boastfully or regretfully predict that within two years the capstone of public shame will be put upon the edifice of senatorial corruption.

If Minneapolis had not kept on electing and reëlecting men notoriously unfit, it would not have taken such a convulsion to throw off the incubus of corrupt city government; and it has been conspicuously

[1] See THE CENTURY for February, 1903.

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shown of late that St. Louis's long acceptance of foul conditions deadened the public conscience to a degree truly discouraging and alarming. In Rhode Island political corruption has been permitted so long that honest men have had to go outside of the State to gain assistance in arousing the conscience of the people. There is a psychological side to public corruption, as to all forms of crime; and the continuance and constant repetition of evil "suggestion" gradually spreads the moral disease, like a foul infection, in all directions. Speaking psychologically, the "suggestion" toward morality is made more and more difficult the longer the opposite "suggestion" is given opportunity.

What is to be done to overcome the present tendency to corrupt practices in America? It is all a matter of individual conscience: if individuals are good, the government, of course, will be virtuous. Then, it may be said, let the pulpits and let the unbought press preach individual virtue! They are, however, always doing that in a general way, sometimes in a specific. Meantime, so far as the church goes, the community is keenly aware of the fact that church connection is no guaranty of scrupulousness in either business or politics. Even apparently sincere religiousness seems often to be as queerly separated from ethics in the case of some of our capitalists and managers of corporations as in the case of the pietistic colored brother who appropriates a chicken on the way home from a vociferous revival meeting.

A prominent Philadelphian said, not a great while ago, that the trouble in that city was not so much with the "tough" as with a certain type of "the head of the family" who goes to church regularly, with his hymn-book under his arm, but who will cast his vote for the boodlers every time. There is a strong reform movement in Philadelphia, but we are told that the wrong-voting church-goer is still one of the most serious problems of the reformers there. We know that one of the most corrupt and corrupting of all the politicians we ourselves have ever come personally into contact with had an apparently sincere religious side; he was prominent in church affairs and highly exemplary in his family life. He would one day secretly commit a State-prison offense and the next morning lead earnestly in prayer at the family altar. As with many politicians and men of affairs, there was an insufficient connection between his religion and his daily activities.

In business circles in New York the story is well known of one of our leading citizens, a man who had held high office in the national government, who resigned his position on the board of a rich corporation because he would be no party, by direct affirmation or tacit consent, to the corrupt and secret appropriation of a certain sum of money, a sort of appropriation notoriously common in connection with the boss and legislative systems of the Empire State. There is another and similar story of a scene at a board meeting of another large corporation, where was present as member and as legal counsel one of our ablest lawyers. The question was as to an appropriation the purpose of which was not to be spread upon the official books. "What is it for?" asked the lawyer; "why this secrecy?" It was for something that the corporation wanted, replied a posted member of the board. "Are we honestly entitled to it?" asked the lawyer. "We are," was the answer. "Then," he asked, "why not fight for it?" It was explained that such a course would be less certain and convenient. Whereupon the lawyer, being no hypocrite, resigned his place both on the board and as counsel. We are not assured that his action aroused the consciences of his fellow-trustees; on the contrary, it is shrewdly suspected that matters took their course as originally intended.

These stories are in themselves reassuring, inspiring; but the fact that they can be told as somewhat exceptional would seem to corroborate the suspicions of the people of New York that the system we have referred to has long drawn into its vicious circle any number of our heaviest corporations, managed by some of our most prominent citizens, some of them conspicuous in church affairs as well as in society.

What we have said as to general conditions in New York is not based upon irresponsible rumor or mere newspaper innuendos; it is indeed of common knowledge, and has been proclaimed by as respectable members of the bar as Wheeler H. Peckham, now president of the City Club, and Joseph H. Choate, now ambassador to Great Britain. The Rev. Dr. John P. Peters, a courageous fighter for better things in the metropolis, recently did a pub-

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lic service in reminding the community—in connection with the latest fight against suspected legislative corruption at Albany—of a certain frank and moving appeal made by Mr. Choate at a public dinner in New York, just after the election of Mayor Strong on a reform ticket.

The only way [said Mr. Choate] in which this legislative corruption can be stopped is by holding up such men publicly to opprobrium; they must be driven from the churches; they must be branded in society as men dishonest and unworthy for honest men to associate with. Not until the attack is made directly upon the directors of corporations who are responsible for this sort of corruption will it be possible to cure this evil.

The churches constitute a tremendous organ for good; they are everywhere more and more working for ethics, for the unity of the emotional nature with the active experience of men; but there is need, at the present crisis in our history, of an ethical civic revival, both inside and outside the churches. We have heard and read suggestions recently in this direction, and the time is ripe for such a movement. It is needed, and it is needed at once, and not merely in certain cities and commonwealths where political corruption has been advertised of late by efforts to overcome the evil, but throughout the nation. For, we repeat, the worse things are allowed to become, the longer they will stay bad.

OPEN LETTERS

The Sultan of Morocco

BEING about to sail for Morocco within the week, and because of the Sultan's prominence in the newspapers of late, I send these few lines to correct false impressions.

Astounding accounts appear occasionally in the daily papers which certainly must have originated from sources where even a poet's license is disregarded.

In his excellent introduction to my articles, Mr. Williams naturally supposes that the Moors look with disfavor at the Sultan's allowing wild boars in the palace grounds. I do not so understand it, these animals having been presented to the Sultan by good Mohammedans, generally the chiefs of tribes, who expect him to do as he likes with them, except to make use of their meat for food. In certain parts of Morocco wild boars are kept among the horses, who dilate their nostrils, snort, and, so think the natives, "become strong."

Arthur Schneider.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1903.

Robertson, the Preacher

REV. JESSE H. JONES of Halifax, Massachusetts, writes to us, apropos of the article on Frederick W. Robertson, in THE CENTURY for December, 1902, suggesting a commemoration of the great preacher throughout the English-speaking world, and the establishment of some fixed memorial, on August 15 next, the semi-centennial of his death.

EDITOR.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Deacon Talks about Lynchings

"I FEEL praoud," said Deacon Abner Perkins, "thet so much of aour country is up to the top notch of civilization."

"Meanin' what?" said Sol Bradford, the postmaster, who had sorted the mail and was preparing to lock up the post-office. One or two loungers who had been warming themselves at the air-tight stove had risen to go, but waited to hear the remarks of the deacon, and to enjoy the obfuscation of the postmaster, who never knew how to take satire.

"Well, I was thinkin' of these here lynchin's. Wherever they have one of those lynchin's, civilization has had a setback, an' if they was prevalent in all parts of the country all the time, I dare say we 'd become barbarous, an' foreigners could p'int the finger of scorn at us; but the six Noo England States an' Noo York is free from 'em, an' they ain't always prevalent in the West an' Saouth, an' I think we ought to hold aour heads pretty high, seein' we 're the youngest of nations, an' it 's only age thet brings wisdom, generally speakin'."

Sol, with a puzzled expression, said at this point: "But I was readin' thet we 're the only country where they have lynchin's at all. We call Spain cruel, but they don't lynch people there, an' burn colored folks, with people applaudin' an' actin' 's if they was at a county fair."

Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

"'MEANIN' WHAT?' SAID SOL BRADFORD"

"No, they don't do sech things naow," said the deacon, "because they have reached years of discretion. But did you ever read about those inquisitions they used to have—an' when they was older than we be naow? Of course they warn't so open ez we be. They squeezed men to death, an' burned 'em an' b'iled 'em an' cut 'em to pieces, in secret, because it was their nater to; but we 're open an' aboveboard, an' the other day when aout West they cut a man's toes off an' sold 'em ez keepsakes, they

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did it in broad daylight, with a craowd to see it, an' thet was a big advance on the Spanish way, although the doin' the thing itself was wrong, to my way of thinkin'. But what I was go'n' to say was thet when Spain did these things she was older than we air, an' she ought to have known better. We ain't *old* enough to know better, an' the fac' thet in mos' of the States we *do* know better, in spite of aour youth, is cause fer crowin', I say.

"Mind ye, I ain't stan'in' up fer these roastin's an' other cruelties. I 'm only puffed with pride to think thet we can say to England an' France an' Spain an' Germany an' Rooshy: 'We 're only a hundred an' twenty-six years old, an' aout of some fifty States not more 'n ten of 'em burn colored people.' I tell you, it 's a fine record. We *might* burn 'em every day. There 's enough black folks to go raound. But ez it is, it don't happen more 'n once or twice in a month, an' then it 's always done by the best citizens of the place, in full view of the public. Considerin' aour youth, it 's a perfec' wonder we don't do it here in Noo England. Thet 's what gives me hope fer aour country. Ef, young ez *we* be, *we* don't do it, arter a while, in the course of a couple of hundred years, folks aout West and daown Saouth 'll find thet old countries don't think it civilized to cut a human bein' to pieces an' burn him, no matter what he 's done, an' so I 'm praoud to belong to a country thet is learnin' all the while."

Charles Battell Loomis.

A Ballade of Fables

The popularity of the fable seems to be declining.
REVIEW.

OLD Æsop did his tales unfold
At once to teach and entertain—
Precepts, like pills, in sugar rolled.
And later on came La Fontaine,
Who made his points in some such vein
As, "Nous pouvons conclure de la "—
That is, to make the meaning plain,
"From this we learn," et cætera.

In forms and guises manifold
Others have followed in their train:
Fables for slangy, young and old,
For fair, for frivolous, for vain,
In prose or in poetic strain;
And in the divers genera
Authors are careful to explain,
"From this we learn," et cætera.

They came and, what was more, they sold;
They pleased at first the jaded brain.
Perhaps it might have been foretold
Their popularity would wane.
Now this has happened, some maintain,
And so, mutantur tempora.
We 've cast away in high disdain
"From this we learn," et cætera.

L'ENVOI

MAKERS of fables, why complain?
Be guided, de te fabula.
Your books on book-shops' shelves remain,
From which *we* learn—et cætera.

Philip L. Allen.

Dey 's All Got Sumpen

DE pitifulest truf dar is, fer folks ter steddy out,
Is when er critter 's hones', dar 's sumpen else erbout;
An' hit started wid de fust man dat de good Lord eber made,
Erfore he w'ar er fig-leaf, er eber were er-fraid.

He tole hit 'bout de apple, 'Nias tole hit 'bout de lan',
An' so on, down ter you an' me, de fac' is boun' ter stan'.
When folks brags de loudes' on deyse'fs, des s'arch dem sanctified,
'Ca'se dey 's all got sumpen dat dey wanter hide.

De cap hit fit de white man an' hit fit de nigger, too;
Des here dey rights is ekil—I is tellin' what is true;
Fer de Jedge dat do de 'cidin' know de business dat is his,
An' he gwine ter size, not what you got, but size up what you is.

De big man in he kerridge lookin' mighty brave an' gran',
Des lack he own de hull yeth an' de fullness er de lan';
But he mighty po' dar somers, 'spite er fine close, 'spite er pride,
'Ca'se dey 's all got sumpen dat dey wanter hide.

Dey bow down ter de 'zorter, an' he smile an' look erroun',
Lack he des too good fer nuffin but ter preach an' 'zort an' 'spoun';
But dar 's sumpen on his cornscience, too,—er chick'n er er horg,—
An' he got ter come ter jedgment, 'umble es er yaller dorg.

De 'omenses dey come in, too—dey got ter b'ar dey part;
Long tongues is 'cute, an' empty haids is lack er rattlin' cart;
An' S'phiry she were mighty clost ter 'Nias when he lied—
Fer dey 's all got sumpen dat dey wanter hide.

I hain't er-hittin' folks dat 's got er leetle bit er sin
Dey kin tie up in er han'kercher, an' easy keep hit in;

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But dem dat try ter tote erroun' er great big
las' ye'r's shote,
An' do lack dey hain't got hit dar—hit mek
me t'ar my coat.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

Ye Laste Wylle and Testymente of Hyr Trewe Luvyer

I, HYR Trewe Luvyer, ryche butte in
yntente,
Beeyng of sounde and, eke, dysposeyng
mynde,
Welle knoweyng Dethe may clayme me when
ynclyned,
Declayre thys my laste wylle and testymente,
Revokeyng anny whych from itte dyssente.
I gyve, devyse, bequeathe, and fyrmlie bynde
Unto my Ladye Luve alle whych I fynde
Worth gyveyng in my spyrite's tenemente;

To witte: One Herte whych throbbes for Hyr
alone;
Item, One Soule—ye halle-marque is Hyr
Owne;
Item, One Luve whych doth my lyfe uppelyft—
Butte, by Luv'ss Bowe! I gave Hyr these
long syne;
Soe I confyrme my former deedes of gyfte
And bidde Hyr tayke whate'er She wylle of
myne.

William E. P. French.

A Question

AS Wisdom, at his task applied,
Sat high within his tower,
Beneath his window, dewy-eyed,
Youth passed, with sprig of flower.

Tricked out in guise of courtly page,
With cap and dancing feather,
She smiled, and tossed the wondering sage
Her spray of rosy heather.

He left his scroll, he closed his book,—
Alas, for lore and learning!—
And followed that beguiling look
Without a thought of turning.

And since the day his heart has known
Sweet Youth, and learned to prize her,
Some say that Wisdom 's overthrown,
And some that he 's grown wiser.

Margaret Ridgely Schott.

Ballade of the Melancholy Bard

NO more for me are gauds or gear;
Without my threshold, hungerly,
The wolf cries loud for all to hear,
And tradesmen lurk with threat and plea.
Alas, not thus it used to be!
Erstwhile the magazines liked well
My lines of dark intensity;
Now only comic verse will sell.

A melancholy bard, the sear,
Sad songs of life meant bread to me.
Death and disease, things dank and drear,
Drew coin into my treasury.
Why should the magazines agree
That laughter makes subscriptions swell?
My harp is on a willow-tree;
Now only comic verse will sell.

My muse rhymes only doubt and fear
And blasted hopes and tragedy;
And manuscripts that reappear
Fail to awaken lines of glee.
Would I might urge Melpomene
Some tale in dialect to tell,
Or sing a heartbreak wittily!
Now only comic verse will sell.

L'ENVOI

OH, editor, this prayer to thee:
End here this reign of humor fell;
Grant us a round of misery—
Now only comic verse will sell.

Theodosia Garrison.

Train-time

ONE summer, when my funds were low,
And I felt need of relaxation,
I went where Northern breezes blow
The casual tourist to and fro
(At least, the railway guide said so),
To spend a casual vacation;
In fact, to make my story short,
I spent the time at a resort.

It was the last—or should have been,
If Justice had not lost her balance.
As for that wielder of the pen
Who wrote of "many a shady glen,"
That most imaginative of men
Had fructified his native talents;
No napkin hid them from the air,
Nor had the hostel one to spare.

But daily, as each passing train
Stopped, while the engine puffed derision,
The band struck up in such a strain
Of joyous sound that (I 'll explain
That distance caused its charm to gain)
There came of gay delights a vision;
And those whose tickets took them past
Mourned o'er lost joys unknown and vast.

Nor did they dream, as on their way
They traveled to their destination,
That we were very far from gay;
That not a note that band would play,
Through all the listless, dusty day,
Until the next train passed the station.
Thus did the wily spider try
To lure to him the traveling fly.

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Yet from those days of discontent
I drew at length a mighty moral:
Though fraud and blare of trumpets blent
May eke deceive to some extent,
Time will divulge the fell intent,
And but the worthy win the laurel;
And in this life the man of brains
Should judge of things "between the trains."

To those who may these verses scan,
The scene 's not laid in Michigan.

Beatrice Hanscom.

Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

ALTRUISM

One summer day, out in the wet,
A chappy boy his old friend met.
"Ah," quoth he, "my dear old fellah!
Won't you come in under my umbrella?"

E. Warde Blaisdell.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS

SEVENTH OF THE SERIES

MENIPPUS

BY

VELASQUEZ

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From the original painting in the Prado Museum, Madrid. See "Open Letters."

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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AT FRIENDS WITH LIFE

A SUMMER REVERIE

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

GIVE me green rafters and the quiet hills
Where peace will mix a philter for my ills—
Rafters of cedar and of sycamore,
Where I can stretch out on the fragrant floor,
And see them peer—the softly stepping shapes—
By the still pool where hang the tart wild grapes.

There on the hills of summer let me lie
On the cool grass in friendship with the sky.
Let me lie there in love with earth and sun,
And wonder up at the light-foot winds that run,
Stirring the delicate edges of the trees,
And shaking down a music of the seas.

Bring some old book—"The Romaunt of the Rose,"
That song through which the wind of morning blows.
Let me stretch out at friends with life at last,
Forgetting all the clamors of the past—
The broken dream, the flying word unjust,
The failure, and the friendship gone to dust.

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The Sign of the Sphinx

By Homer Hulbert, A.M., F.R.G.S.

IT was the unanimous verdict of the mess-room that young Malden was taking his life in his hands. They voted that all his babble about original manuscripts and buried historical treasures was simply a fad which had incubated into a monomania under the wing of a fierce Indian June. They said the place for him was in the belly of a hammock, with a bag of ice on his head, rather than stumbling about among the foot-hills of the Himalayas in search of literary treasure-trove.

The opportunity of a lifetime had come to James Malden, subaltern in the Ninth Yorkshire Lancers—nicknamed the "Fiends" ever since that day, three years before, when they had joined in the terrible charge which broke the siege of Lucknow. His university course had led him to a rather close study of Oriental literature and had developed in him the passion for literary discovery. He had obtained his position in

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the army with a view to original research, but when the Mutiny broke out he set aside all else and fought it through like the man he was. Now that peace had come again, and all was quiet along the upper waters of the Jumna, he longed to be off to ransack old monasteries and discover to the world their hidden treasures. His superiors thought it meant a stroll up the valley for a few days, to get a look at native life in the rough, so they had granted him leave of absence on the nominal plea of scientific research.

Malden's ideal was a dual one: first, to become a specialist in Oriental literature, a discoverer of hidden literary treasure, and, second, to win the hand, as he had won the love, of Elsie Farnham, a chestnut-haired, blue-eyed girl in a quiet Yorkshire village. Meanwhile Bardur-din was disconsolately rummaging among chests and closets in search of the few absolute necessaries of what he believed to be a suicidal journey. It would not have been so bad had he been allowed to accompany his young master, but the refusal had been peremptory.

Malden had acquired a smattering of a few of the hill-tribe tongues, and he determined that the open geniality of his nature must do the rest. He felt sure that on the upper waters of the Jumna there must be monasteries where manuscripts that were worth their weight in diamonds lay hidden away in forgotten corners. He would hunt them out, buy them for a song, and startle the literary world with priceless histories, poems, liturgies, which should make his name famous among Oriental scholars. If there was anything probable, it was that his task was hopeless and dangerous; yet just such a one blind Fortune might use to show the futility of probabilities.

He was surprised that the farewells of his messmates were so serious, and still more surprised when Bardur-din, following him to the extreme limits of cantonments, bade him farewell with the words:

"I will watch the Jumna for the sign."

Malden's straightforward Anglo-Saxon nature had little in common with the mysticism of the East, and this oracular utterance had no ominous meaning for him, was no presage of swift-coming terror, of ultimate deliverance.

During the first week of his absence the mess-room of the Lancers rang with jokes at the expense of the literary Don Quixote. During the second week there was much quiet talk on the part of those who had lost wagers, three to one, that he would be back before the seventh day had passed. During the third week there were many thoughtful brows, and men counted the hours which should terminate their comrade's furlough. And Bardur-din would start to speak, stop, lick his dry lips, and try again, but dared not tell why it was that for five days and nights his head had never touched his mother earth in slumber.

Within an hour of the expiration of the furlough, swift messengers were despatched in various directions. Bardur-din, like a hound unleashed, sped up the valley with a dozen good men at his back. After a week's fruitless search the greater number gave him up for dead. Large offers of reward could bring no traces of him beyond a certain small village among the hills. Bardur-din, hearing a rumor that he had asked his way to a monastery far up the mountain's side, had made his way thither, but was coldly informed that nothing had been seen of the young man; and as the monastery was known to contain no books, he was compelled to give up in despair. The Ninth Yorkshire Lancers succumbed to the inevitable, and, with uncovered heads, stood while the sad fact was recorded on the roll of the regiment that James Malden, subaltern, had disappeared and was presumably dead. The colonel wrote the sad news home—news which bowed a chestnut-crowned head and dimmed a pair of blue eyes in a little village in Yorkshire.

But what indeed had become of the young officer? On that eventful morning when Bardur-din sorrowfully watched him out of sight, he sprang up the path like a wild animal released from a cage. He thought the goal was almost reached, when, in fact, the race was but just begun.

The first night he slept in a village inn, with all its concomitants of wrangling children, mangy dogs, and smells innumerable; but comfort was one of the things he had sacrificed on the altar of his ambition, and he gloried in these things as the fakir glories in the spikes on which he impales himself. The next day found him roaming about a picturesque old temple which seemed to be one with the cliff be-

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"'IT IS THE MONASTERY OF DELGAR VARG, AND IT CLINGS TO THE MOUNTAIN'S SIDE SO HIGH THAT THE EAGLE DARES NOT SOAR TO IT'"

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neath which it rested, so legibly had time written its wrinkles upon them both. The priests listened patiently to his broken questions, and answered them all with the Oriental "yes," which means nothing—or less. He found there only some few reprints of the commoner chants, and forthwith fled up the valley, leaving the priests in mild wonder, which turned to a gentle ripple of amusement as one of them tapped his head and said knowingly, "The gods protect such."

Four days later the jaws of the Himalayas closed upon him as he entered the cañons of the Jumna, where the path hung between heaven and earth, and all the horizontal lines of nature are turned to perpendicular. He had ransacked temples without number, had turned the pages of a hundred books with as thirsty an eye as the miser's when he turns the sod to find whether his treasure is still safe, but he had been disappointed at every turn. He was beginning to learn the value of the Oriental "yes." It was being slowly forced in upon his consciousness that here in the shadow of the Himalayas man is nothing; that the long evening shadows of the mountain-peaks, the voice of the Jumna, the silent caravan of the zodiac, are the only real things, and that man is a mere excrescence on the face of nature. His eye showed all its wonted fixedness of purpose, but it had quieted to a steady glow, and no longer burned with the quick flame of immediate expectation. Night brought him to a little hamlet where the eye acknowledged no north or south, no east or west, but where zenith and nadir seemed the only tutelar deities of the place. Here he found a simpler folk, who apparently were anxious to please him. Yes, there were monasteries, but they were all farther down the valley, and he had doubtless visited them all. As the little company of peasants crouched before him and the single guttering light threw its wavering beam upon their mobile features, he thought he detected the semblance of excitement in their faces, for now and again they threw quick questioning glances at one another, as if there were a secret understanding between them. When they had retired, he put his hand on his host's shoulder, while the straight Anglo-Saxon eye shot through his subterfuge like the sun through a morning mist.

"What is it? What does it mean?" said the young man, slowly and authoritatively.

"Oh," groaned the native, "let the young master only take his eye from me and I will tell him everything. Who am I that I should keep back what my lord has already divined? We are poor simple folk and did not suppose that my lord could read our hearts like a scroll. There is a monastery whose name we dare not speak aloud, so sacred are its inmates. They are not of us"; and he swept out his arm in a gesture which included the mountain-peaks, the sky beyond, and the Jumna roaring in its bed, as if to say, "They are like these—elemental, reverend." Then lowering his tone to a husky whisper and glancing about for fear of espial, he said: "It is the monastery of Delgar Varg, and it clings to the mountain's side so high that the eagle dares not soar to it. They have no books there, it is said, but now and again I meet them as I go to gather wood on the upper spurs, and they are always repeating words of strange sound and accent, as if the gods had come down and taught them."

The young man said:

"Listen to me. Put me on the sure road to this monastery before the day has dawned, and let none of your fellows know. They will think I have gone back."

Before that compelling eye there was no choice but to consent, and long before the western peaks were ready to greet the rising sun, Malden was far on his way toward the Delgar Varg—up beyond the tree-line, up beyond all vegetation, until, although beneath a tropic sun, he trod on the margin of eternal snow. He panted for breath; his head seemed full to bursting. The rarity of the air oppressed and yet intoxicated him. Far beneath him, so far that he dared not look, sounded the voice of the Jumna, and with singular irrelevancy the parting words of Bardur-din flashed across his memory: "I will watch the Jumna for the sign."

He was still puzzling over this enigma when he rounded a point of rock and saw before him the walls of the sacred monastery. Grim, forbidding, rough, they offered no comfort to the eye and promised none to the body. But here body was reduced to the minimum; here, if anywhere, the world was eliminated, and the soul

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"IT WAS JUST ON THE STROKE OF TEN"

covered himself,—remembering, hat surprise itself is a child of and with studied courtesy led man within the cloister. Left for a short space while his con- ired to announce his arrival to Malden looked curiously about. ed was a building that fitted the f his dream. Huge monoliths together like the Druid temples d. Massiveness, solidity, prime- city were everywhere evident. ly the abbot appeared, together r members of the brotherhood, ate, venerable. Where was the sh to see the foreigner which ed him at every border village? isitiveness itself was counted a nd no question was asked, no e invited.

s shown to an apartment near the front of the building, and there was lodged in the fashion of the brotherhood. No excuses were made for the simple though plentiful fare of millet porridge. No protestations of regret were made when they indicated the stone floor as his only bed and a block of wood his pillow. This he felt to be a delicate compliment, as if they realized that he must have renounced mere creature comfort in aspiring to this well-nigh inaccessible retreat; but no prying look, no leading question, invaded the privacy of his mind. They awaited the disclosure of his purpose with apparent apathy.

A day passed, and he began to feel uneasy. Here was a place where words were not wasted; here men had no time for gossip, no use for the common language of the world, and he was dimly aware that even his most casual word was accurately noted

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"A SMALL OPENING IN THE FACE OF THE PRECIPICE THROUGH WHICH WERE PASSING IN SINGLE FILE THE MEMBERS OF THE BROTHERHOOD"

and passed from man to man as being worthy of careful note. Here was no carelessness, no shuffling, no inconsequence. If there was a manuscript, its value would surely be known. That there was some such writing he felt sure, for in the dead of night he had heard one of the monks pacing the corridor, repeating what appeared to be a passage from some writing, which he was burning in upon the memory.

It was the second day of his stay. He felt that he must approach the object of his coming, whatever be the result. The abbot and two of the brotherhood were seated with him in the court. Little was said, but each man was busy with his thoughts. Summoning up what nonchalance he could, he asked, with apparent unconcern:

"Is your retreat supplied with books, like other monasteries?"

An instant later he saw that there was no concealment of his plans. The abbot shot a lightning glance at him. The other two sat with downcast eyes, but the slight expansion of their nostrils and the tense attitude in which they sat showed that they awaited each word as if it would decide the destiny of an empire. The abbot fixed his cold eye on him. Here were men who read without words, who conversed without language. It flashed through his

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mind that these were the men who, during the years of the Mutiny, would sit at a certain hour of evening and talk with one another over hundreds of miles of space, project their thoughts at will, and give warning of the movements of the English. He was aroused by the calm voice of the abbot:

"We have no books."

But if Malden's agitation had revealed his secret, none the less did the abbot's answer betray his. Its calmness was the calmness of suppressed excitement. It was the deadly stillness that intervenes between the lightning flash and the answering thunder. It was challenge, threat, and warning all in one. Not only was there a book, but it must be a book of priceless value; perhaps it contained the secrets of that almost superhuman lore that had lent such sinews to the rebellion.

But Malden had regained control of his features and was able to conceal the fact that he had guessed their secret. It made him tingle to the finger-tips to think what might have been the result had they seen that he read them even as they read him. In order the more perfectly to throw them off their guard, he made the frank statement that he had been wandering about looking at the native books in the monasteries, but as they had none, he would merely rest a few days and then go back down the valley. He was pleased to note that the tension was rapidly relaxed, and by the time the evening shadows fell he felt that he was entirely out of danger. He gave up the idea once and for all of trying to gain possession of their sacred book: he was not meditating a theft. But he hoped that Fortune would give him an opportunity of looking into the sacred volume, and perhaps when the monks became aware that he had seen it, they might let him copy portions of it. At any rate, he argued that it was then or never, and he must be willing to take a certain amount of risk for the sake of success. The acquisition of such a treasure would surely acquit him before his superior officer if he overstayed his furlough.

The moment he was alone he set to work to put together the fragments of knowledge which he had already acquired. In the first place, why was he lodged in a room in the extreme front of the building? Evidently the sacred book must be in some apartment in the rear of the house. He remembered that about ten o'clock that very morning he had heard a single trumpet, and then had heard hurrying feet on all sides, and after that perfect stillness for upward of an hour. Where had everybody gone? Here was his first clue, and it must be followed up. After a night's sound sleep he awoke with every sense alert and with hope burning high within him, though he did not let it appear in his face. Having eaten his simple meal, he took a stroll about the neighborhood of the monastery, and then returned to his room alone. It was close on the hour of ten. He sat with his face turned away from the door, and had drawn out his watch to note the time. It was just on the stroke of ten. He was holding his open watch in his hand, and on its crystal as in a mirror the wall behind him and the open door were clearly reflected. If he had not had himself well under control he would have started or uttered an exclamation; for there, reflected in the crystal of his watch, he saw the face of a monk peer in at him from the open door, as if to make sure of his whereabouts, and then silently disappear.

An instant later the long-drawn blast of the trumpet sounded, and again he heard the sound of hurrying feet. He leaped from his seat and hastened into the hall. It was empty. He ran into the inner court. It was deserted. He passed through a corridor leading to the rear of the building, and pushing open a heavy door, looked cautiously out. A narrow strip of ground intervened between the building and the side of the mountain which towered up into the blue; but his eye was fascinated by the sight of a small opening in the face of the precipice through which were passing in single file the members of the brotherhood. All were covered with long, somber robes, the cowls of which completely hid their heads. When the last one had entered, the opening closed; and so skilfully had it been contrived that, though Malden ran forward and examined the face of the rock closely, he could not detect where the joints of the door were. The rock was seamed and scored in all directions, and the joints of the opening had been cunningly contrived so as to follow the seams, with the result that the most suspicious eye never would have discovered the place. He could hardly believe the

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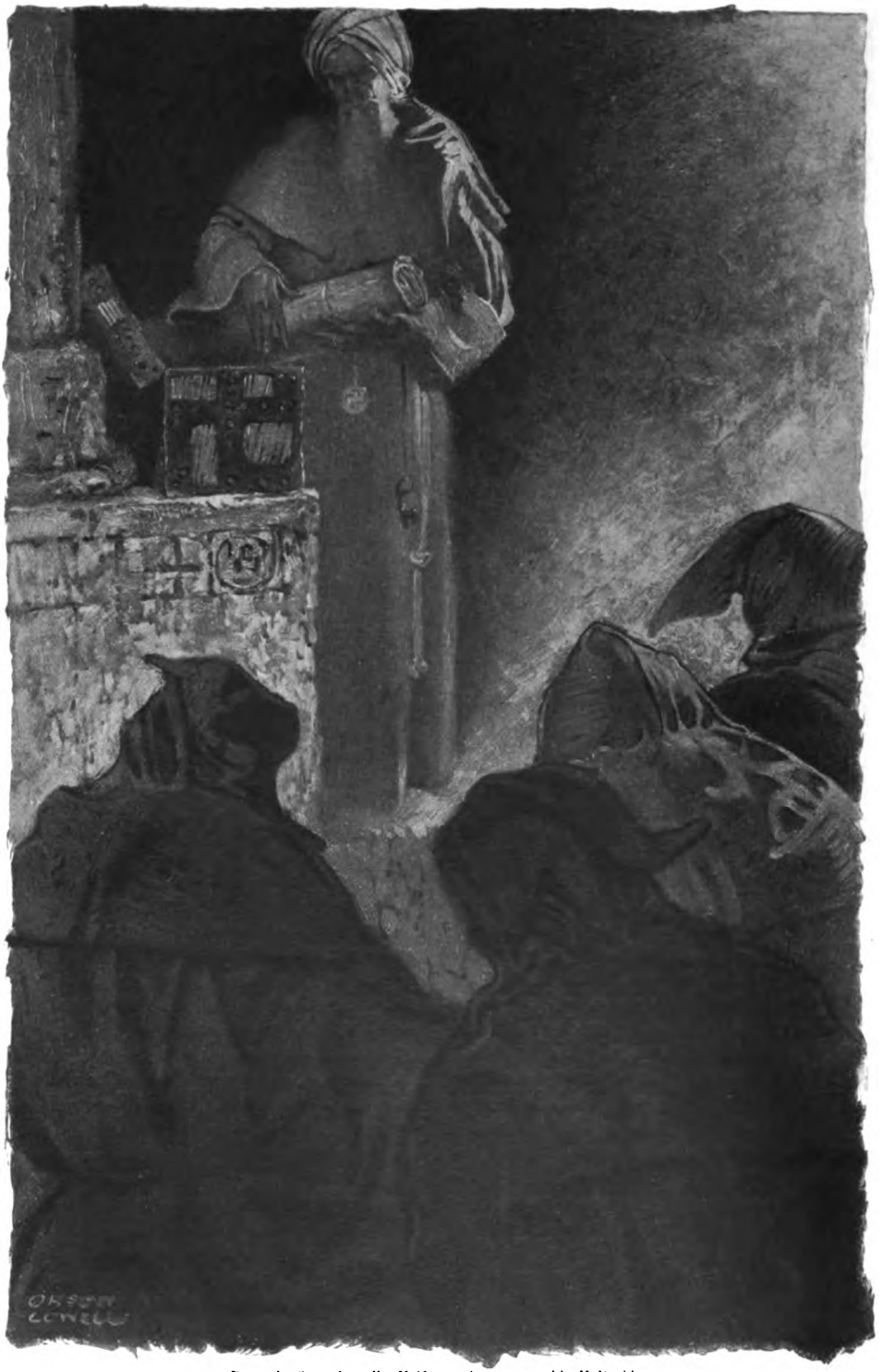

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"AN IRON-BOUND CHEST, FROM WHICH HE TOOK WITH REVERENT HANDS A HEAVY SCROLL"

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evidence of his own eyes, and yet he knew that he was awake and sane. He returned to his room with his head in a whirl and his pulse going at tempestuous speed. Here was a clue, indeed; but how to follow it into the bowels of the earth was a difficult question to solve. He revolved in his mind a dozen plans, but rejected them all. If it were down in the plains, it would be an easy matter to bribe one of the monks to introduce him into the secret chamber under cover of the night; but that would not do here. He might go at midnight and try to find the secret of the door, but this he knew would be useless. He might boldly ask to be admitted, but this would have been suicidal. At last a scheme flashed across his mind which sent the blood rioting through his veins and almost forced a cry of triumph from his lips. It was a desperate chance, but he had taken desperate chances before and come through safe. Having thought of it, he deemed it would be cowardice not to make the attempt. He must in some way get possession of one of the long hooded robes of the monks, and must then watch his chance to enter with them into the secret chamber. Once inside that secret door, he must leave the rest to good fortune and his ready wit. The disguise might be detected, but it was not probable, for the body and head were completely shrouded by the ample garment.

All that day he spent in trying to invent a plan whereby he could get one of the robes. He had seen none except those the monks wore when they entered the cave. The day brought no solution to this difficulty; but when his head touched the hard wooden pillow that night and he thought of his comfortable bolster in his quarters in cantonments, he lighted upon a plan which might succeed. The next morning he complained of headache, refused to eat, and lay tossing from side to side as if in pain. The wooden pillow seemed specially to add to his discomfort. He would push the wooden block away, and fold up his coat and put it under his head, only to draw it away dissatisfied. They brought him a bunch of straw, but he rejected it. A pillow of soft moss was likewise scorned. At last one of the monks appeared carrying on his arm one of the long robes of the brotherhood. This was placed under the sufferer's head. At first he seemed dissatisfied with it also, but after rearranging it two or three times he appeared to fall asleep.

The hour for retirement had come, and the trumpet sounded forth its single note. Through half-shut eyes Malden saw one of the monks bend over him to listen to his regular breathing, and, assured that he was asleep, all filed out of the door and hastened away. The next instant Malden was on his feet, looking surprisingly alert for an ill man. He threw the robe over him with a single motion and hurried down the hall. He was in time, for there was a silent line of men passing through the opening into the rock. He fell in near the end of the line, and bowed his head to pass the dark portal. Even as he did so he heard the far-off voice of the Jumna fretting against her rocks, and again there flashed across his mind the words of Bardur-din: "I will watch the Jumna for the sign." The cold, dark passage struck a chill to his heart, and he would even then have turned back. But it was too late now: the die had been cast; he had taken the hand of Fortune, and he must follow now, wherever she should lead.

As soon as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light that struggled down from some crevice far overhead, he saw that they had entered a vast cavern which seemed to branch off in many directions, and he heard the ripple of a stream of water somewhere in the darkness behind him. He had no time to examine his surroundings, for the abbot had already ascended a dais at one side, and the monks were arranging themselves in a double semicircle before him. Blind Fortune indeed had him by the hand, for at any moment any one of a thousand things might happen which would reveal his identity, and then that might occur which so often happens to Fortune's votaries. His only course was to follow closely the example of the others.

When all were seated, the abbot turned to a deep fissure in the rocky wall behind him, and drew forth an iron-bound chest, from which he took with reverent hands a heavy scroll, wrapped in what appeared to be a casing of parchment or of skin, dark with age, and polished smooth by the impress of hands that had lain in the tomb, it might be, for a thousand years. Seating himself on the floor of the dais, he unrolled the precious scroll as tenderly as a mother would handle a new-born infant. Malden

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"HE DREAMED OF THE LITTLE YORKSHIRE VILLAGE AND THE ONE WHO WAITED FOR HIM THERE"

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forgot all else. Here was the treasure of which he had dreamed, for which he had risked everything. It was worth the risk, even though life itself were the wager. But though the object of his search was in sight, it was apparently as far off as ever, for it was guarded as the apple of the eye, and it would require all his courage, patience, and skill to obtain an opportunity to examine it.

His train of thought was interrupted by the voice of the abbot as he droned forth a single sentence of the sacred writing. The sound was taken up by the monks, and each clause was repeated three times in unison. After a whole paragraph had been gone over thus, the abbot turned back to the beginning and began questioning the monks on what had been read. He began at the head of the line and questioned them one by one. Malden saw, to his dismay, that his turn would surely come and that discovery would then be inevitable. Fortune, having led him thus far, had deserted him at the critical moment. Slowly the questions came down the line, and each monk answered quietly and promptly. Now the man at his left was speaking. He heard his voice as if it were far away. He was not afraid, but it was hard to wait for the ax to fall. His neighbor ceased, and he heard the abbot propounding the question which might be the last he should ever hear. During that brief moment there passed before his mental vision the face of a beautiful girl in the Yorkshire village, the faces of his father and mother, the faces of his messmates of the Ninth Lancers, and lastly the face of Bardur-din as he pronounced those words: "I will watch the Jumna for the sign."

The abbot stopped. There was no answer. The question was repeated. Still all was silent. The abbot looked up in surprise, and the monks nearest him stirred impatiently. Still the question remained unanswered. The abbot repeated it in a stern voice. By this time all eyes were turned upon him. He arose in his place, and threw the cowl from his head. Instant death was preferable to this horrible suspense. The effect was as though an electric shock had been passed through the entire company. Every man leaped to his feet. The cavern rang with hoarse cries and deep-breathed curses. Ah! they were men, after all! Feeling had conquered. They were all feeling now. All the repressed passion of years had risen to the surface. As he stood that instant at bay and beheld the havoc that passion was playing with their asceticism, he knew that he was lost; not so much because he had discovered the sacred volume as because he had shamed them in the citadel of their faith. He had destroyed forever the fiction that human fear, hope, joy, love, and sorrow can be eliminated from the scheme of life. The pillars and walls of their fancied earthly Nirvana were falling in ruins about them. They seemed like a pack of wolves that had stopped to snarl before they sprang upon him.

At that instant the abbot's voice rang out in stern rebuke. He of all that company had preserved his outward calmness of demeanor. Only the eagle flashing of his eye, the heaving of his chest, and the death-like pallor of his face showed that passion had him likewise in its grip. But he had been betrayed into no outburst of passion; he had not openly blasphemed and denied the validity of his creed. His voice rang out like a trumpet above the discordant cries of the multitude:

"Silence!"

For a moment it seemed doubtful whether they would obey, but first one face and then another fell as the consciousness of their undoing came upon them. There stood the dauntless Englishman with folded arms looking straight into the face of death without a tremor. He it was of all that company who in the hour of trial had proved his mastery of passion. Here in tableau was shown forth the victory of the West over the East, the victory of Christian philosophy over pantheistic. On the side of the West it was the subjugation of the feelings; on the side of the East it was their annihilation. On the West it was the harnessing of the passions; on the East it was the chaining of them to a dungeon floor. On the West it was the taming and the use of impulse; on the East it was its crucifixion.

Again he heard the abbot's voice, slow, restrained, but inexorable, like that of the judge as he pronounces sentence of death:

"Our secret place has been discovered, our sacred shrine defiled, our book seen by alien eyes. We have been attacked at the point where the whole sanctity and power of our religion centers. This rash intruder

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"HE BECAME WELL-NIGH AS SACRED AN OBJECT AS THE BOOK ITSELF"

would carry away the mystic truths of this book and scatter them up and down the earth for scholars to gloat over and the swinish herd to ridicule. Yet we must not kill. By so doing we should become unworthy of the book and would snap the golden thread which holds us to its truths. No, we must not kill. But this man must never leave this place. He shall be forever immolated here as a perpetual sacrifice. Here to these grim walls he shall be chained until he shall have learned the emptiness of tears, the hollowness of laughter, and the nothingness of love. Here day by day he shall hear this book read and its truths expounded. He shall learn what he came to learn, but he shall never take that knowledge away. Does this meet with your assent?"

A deep note of approval fell from every mouth, for this they knew would be worse than death.

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Malden was glad. He loved life, he was young; he had never tasted the bitterness of hopeless confinement, or perhaps he would have begged them on his knees to end his life at once. But he had in fullest measure that typical Anglo-Saxon hardihood which gives up hope only with life itself.

By this time all show of passion had been repressed, and his captors went about calmly but swiftly to carry out the orders of their chief. A chain was fastened about his waist and riveted to a ponderous stone, which permitted him, though with great labor, to move about the floor of the cavern, but by no possibility to approach the niche where the sacred volume was placed. And there they left him to himself. There was the end of all his ambition. There he must wear his life away, a perpetual mark of scorn and vengeance. Wave upon wave of feeling dashed over and submerged him. He lay down upon the rocky bed which was to be his life-home and gave way to a paroxysm of self-reproach. It was not for himself that he mourned, but for those who loved him and who would never cease to feel that he had allowed the light fancy of a moment to lead him to his end.

The storm spent itself at last, and then he dragged himself toward the spot whence came the sound of running water. There he found a large spring from which a steady stream flowed away into the darkness. Beside this spring he made his home. Three times a day a monk would bring him his bowl of millet porridge and perform such offices as the case required. He had as good food, as good clothing, and as good a bed as any of the brotherhood. Liberty was the only thing he lacked, and that lack turned all the rest to wormwood. Every day the monks assembled at the appointed time and resumed the study of the book.

Malden's struggle with himself was tragic. Not a day passed when the memory of his home, his love, his work did not send him on a mad chase about the confines of his prison-house, dragging behind him the ponderous stone, until exhaustion felled him to the ground and merciful sleep spread its mantle over him. Many a time he said to himself that this was the road which many had traveled and which led to insanity, and he brought all the power of his will into operation to combat it. He set himself to work to formulate a scheme of existence which should tide him over the interval till he should hear the shouts of his countrymen as they battered down his prison door. He would spend part of the time in conning the words which were read from the sacred scroll, for even yet he might be able to make use of it. At other times he would recall by the aid of a quickened memory what passages he could from the great English classics, the greatest being, to his mind, the English Bible. And thus he schooled himself against the frenzy of despair that daily seized him. What at first was done by sheer force of will at last became the habit of his life. Within a month he acquired the stoicism of the life-captive. There were times when he almost exulted in his position. He rapidly acquired the language of the sacred book, though its meaning was far from clear. Hour after hour he would sit and repeat its sonorous periods, putting meaning into them, shaping tragedy or comedy as he pleased, and fitting them to the andante or allegro of the soul, as the impulse of the hour led him.

But ever and ever through his dreams there ran one strange refrain. Whether he dreamed of the little Yorkshire village and the one who waited for him there, or of the roar and tumult of battle, or of the noisy comradeship of the mess-room, there ran through it all, now slow and sad as a requiem, now exultant as a triumphal march, those eight short words: "I will watch the Jumna for the sign."

As time went on, the cold came creeping into his prison-house. The monks provided him with wood for a fire, though it must have cost them great labor to bring it up from the valley. Gradually he was becoming an object of interest to them for his own sake. His fortitude astonished them, and his growing knowledge of the sacred book they deemed little short of miraculous. When he lighted his first fire he was nearly swept off his feet again by the tide of memory; but he had learned stern self-repression, and even the old familiar smell of smoke and all the pictures that memory painted, dipping its brush into that flame, could not unman him.

But one night, not long after he had been supplied with fuel, he awoke at the hour of midnight, and thrusting out his hands toward the dying embers, burst into

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a peal of laughter so weird, so horrible, that it might have been an echo from the pit. He laughed long and loud, and the walls of the grotto took it up and laughed in chorus.

"O Bardur-din, forgive me!" he cried. "Hereafter I will be your servant and not you mine."

When the brotherhood entered the next morning they found him laughing aloud and gesticulating wildly. His eye gleamed with that old imperious light, and he shook his clenched fist at them and spoke rough English words the meaning of which they could not guess. If they had understood, they never would have said that he had gone mad.

From that day on he would sit the livelong day and carve into curious shapes the chips from his fire-wood, or he would take one of the sticks, cut it into sections, divide and subdivide it, and having fashioned each bit, would call the monks about him and say:

"See me launch my little boats."

Then he would place them on the surface of the spring, and ever and anon one of them would slip over the edge and float away into the darkness. The monks would stand about him with awe and reverence upon their faces, and would go away wondering that the gods should choose such a one for their inspiration. So, as the months went by, he sat and chanted the sacred book and carved his little boats, until he became well-nigh as sacred an object as the book itself. He knew it from beginning to end, and often the abbot would let the monks chant the sacred oracle to the measure of the "madman's" song.

IN the year 1884 there was trouble among the hill tribes on the upper waters of the Jumna, and among the first regiments ordered to the front was the Ninth Yorkshire Lancers. The old names were all gone now. Twenty-three years had done their work. The names were all new, and the Sepoy Rebellion was own kin to the "Arabian Nights" and to Grimm's "Fairy Tales." But the regiment was made of the same old stuff, as the recalcitrant hill tribe found out to its cost, and after a short campaign the Lancers went into cantonments on the same spot where, twenty-three years before, it had mourned the loss of a brave subaltern.

It was at the end of a February day, and a number of the mess were talking over Gordon's expedition into equatorial Africa, when there entered a young man of graceful carriage and scholarly brow.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I have been told that these people are superstitious, but I never supposed they carried it to this extent. I have been in and out of native houses in this vicinity for a month, and there is not one of them that does not contain a fetish like this"; and he threw on the table a small piece of wood carved in the shape of a diamond, and having a roughly executed H in the center.

Several of the mess smiled to think that any one should be interested in such child's play; but at that moment entered an aged servant, the pet of the regiment, too old to work, but too well beloved to be turned loose upon the world. As he passed the table his eye lighted upon the fetish, and he stopped. It was Bardur-din. He grasped the edge of the table, and looked wildly from one to the other.

"Well, what do you make of it, Bardur-din?" laughed one of the young men. But the aged servant could only make a hoarse sound in his throat. He swayed and would have fallen had not a strong arm been thrown around his shoulders.

"Here, some brandy, quick! The old fellow has had a turn."

He was laid on a bench, and a cushion was thrust beneath his head. Under the stimulus of the spirits he rapidly revived.

"Bring the big book."

"I am afraid he is wandering," said McElroy, rather sadly, for it was hard to see the faithful servant go to pieces.

"Nonsense," said Goode; "he is all right. He wants something; that 's all."

"The book—the big book with the names," repeated Bardur-din.

"It 's the regiment roll that he wants. Bring it out, Goode. There is something on his mind, and we had better humor him."

The book was spread out on the table, and Bardur-din, rising on his elbow, eyed it eagerly.

"Long ago—Malden—ten—fifteen—twenty years."

They searched, and found the record of the mysterious disappearance of one Malden, subaltern.

"Why, he was lost away back—just after

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the Mutiny, according to this. It says 'Probably dead,' but nothing more."

"Not dead, not dead," whispered Bardur-din, excitedly. "Show me the piece of wood."

They put it in his hands.

"Look!" he cried. "Where did this come from?"

"Why, every house about here has one. They say that Mother Jumna brings them."

"Does she bring them still?" There was life and death in the question.

"Yes, I believe so. The owner gave me this because he said that Mother Jumna had brought him a new one."

"Then he is alive. Listen."

They crowded about him now eagerly enough. The fetish was worth looking at, after all. The tension was telling on the old man, and he could hardly more than whisper brokenly.

"Sepoy Rebellion—sometimes officer captured—taken away, tortured, and killed." Gradually they drew from Bardur-din how that the regiment had made a system of signs whereby a captive might be traced. A scrap of paper, a rag torn from the clothing, a piece of knotted string, might be a clue to his whereabouts, and to this system many a man owed his rescue. The sign agreed upon by the Ninth Lancers was the shape of a diamond with the letter H in the center, and this was the fetish that Mother Jumna had been sending down the valley for nearly a quarter of a century.

"I promised him that I would watch the Jumna for the sign, and I did so for two months; but, unhappy man that I am, I gave him up too soon. Do not delay. Follow the lead of the Jumna, and she will tell you where he is."

The officers looked at one another in amazement. Could it be possible that an officer of the Ninth Lancers could have lain for twenty-three years in a dungeon in India? Before two suns had set, a strong party of men were on their way up the valley. Bardur-din was too weak to accompany them, but he told them of the village to which he had traced the missing man, and they made this their first objective point. It was the village where Malden had found the path to Delgar Varg.

Men were placed along the river's bank to watch for the sign, and before many hours had passed it was found that it came down a wild mountain stream from the west. Here was work indeed. It would take a better climber than the chamois or the wild mountain goat to follow that torrent to its icy birthplace; but the men were on a warm trail, and the thought that an officer of the Ninth—their regiment—had been lying for over two decades in some loathsome dungeon or in one of the frost-bound caves of the upper Himalayas gave them the will and the determination to climb, if need be, to where, as the villager had told Malden so long ago, the eagle itself dared not soar.

The company consisted of nineteen men in all, six of whom were officers and the rest picked men whose faithfulness could be relied upon. When it became plain that the path lay straight up the side of the mountain, Lieutenant Archibald gathered the men about him and said:

"Of course, men, we cannot tell what is before us. There is no precedent to indicate what sort of reception we shall get up there, or at the hands of what sort of men. It may be an easy enterprise, it may be desperate. We must be sure of working together to the last gasp. If there is one here who has a family dependent on him or who shrinks in any measure from this work, he may go back; but as for me, I follow this trail to its end, though it lead me to the highest peak of the Himalayas. There is an Englishman and a comrade, an officer of the Ninth Yorkshire Lancers, at the other end of this, and I shall never leave this valley till I find him."

The answer to this appeal was more expressive than words. Each man glanced up the dizzy height, with its ragged gorges and its frowning precipices, and instinctively tightened his belt. There was not one that wished to go back till this disgrace to the regiment had been wiped out and their comrade had been brought in triumph to the old familiar mess-room.

Then they began the ascent. There could be no path, for even had they known of the Delgar Varg, they could not have been sure that the stream came from it. The water was their only guide, and by it they struggled up the mountain-side, now winding their way through gorges where they had to wade waist-deep in the chilly water, now making long detours in order to surmount lofty precipices over which the torrent poured. Night overtook them

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half-way up the steep ascent. The violence of the exercise and the rarity of the air had begun to tell on all, but their resolution was as grim as ever. Dried grass supplied them with fuel for a fire, beside which they dried their sodden garments and then lay down to the sleep of exhaustion. Only Archibald sat all night with his hard, set face staring into the fire, his features now and then twitching with the motion of his thoughts. Ever and anon as he turned to heap another armful of grass upon the fire or glanced at the sky to note the progress of the night, he would murmur, "Twenty-three years—twenty-three years!"

As soon as it was light enough to proceed without stumbling, the party pushed on silently up the bed of the stream. They must be approaching the end of their climb, and so all unnecessary noise was forbidden. The men had no surplus breath to waste in speech, but each one had his senses on the alert to discover signs of human habitation. Obstacles were overcome which under ordinary circumstances would have daunted the bravest of them. They picked their way without fear or complaint along narrow ledges and up shelving reaches of bare rock where the rashest Alpine climber would have shuddered and where a false step would have been instant death. They were not mountaineering for pleasure; it was for human life, for British life, for the honor of the regiment: and every man kept his mental eye on the goal of his intent, and steadied his nerve by contemplation of the greatness of the interests at stake.

So on and up they climbed, stopping to rest only when the fierce exertion in that rare atmosphere brought blood from their ears and noses. This they wiped away as if ashamed that any single fiber in them should rebel at such a time.

Soon they plunged into a thick cloud which enveloped the upper reaches of the mountain. This added greatly to the obstacles in their way, for they could see only a few feet in any direction. Fortunately, this did not last long, for they came abruptly against the face of a precipice from the foot of which the stream seemed to flow directly. Here they stood in silence, exhausted, chilled to the bone, without shelter, and far beyond all vegetation that would serve for fuel. Yet there was no sign of weakness. Their faces were all upward. The rock before them was no sterner or more unyielding than their purpose. As they stood there panting from their violent exertion, and gazing into the waters of the stream, there floated out from the bowels of the earth another of those mute witnesses of Malden's faith in the regiment. The men looked at one another in silence, and blushed to think that the regiment had been thus late in proving itself worthy of his faith.

At this moment they were startled by a clear, long-drawn trumpet blast, which seemed so near that they could almost stretch out the hand into the mist and lay hold upon the one who blew it. Not a sound was made, but each man crouched as in the act to spring, and each hand sought its weapon. There was nothing to indicate whether this was a call to arms or whether their presence was as yet unknown. The sound put new life into the men. They were certainly upon the threshold of success or failure, which meant success or death. Removing their shoes, in order to preserve unbroken silence, they crept cautiously through the mist toward the point from which the sound had come. Almost before they were aware, they drew up against a wall built of massive stones overgrown with lichens and dripping with moisture. Not a sound was to be heard. They groped their way along beneath the wall till they came to the massive portal. The ponderous door was swinging partly open, and like ghosts the men slipped one by one into the darkness of the grim edifice.

A death-like stillness reigned. No being of human shape was to be seen. It might have been the house of the dead, so awful was the gloom, and so vainly did even imagination cope with the environment. Archibald and two of the other officers advanced slowly down the corridor, examining every side passage and every corner, for fear of a surprise or an ambush. The inner court showed no sign of human habitation. The men were summoned, and drew up in the court in perfect silence. The kitchen showed signs of human life. Various utensils lay about. The ashes of the fire beneath the great kettle in the fireplace were still glowing hot. Man had been here within an hour. A spasm of apprehension, not of fear, knocked at the heart of the

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leader. His memory brought back to him all that his boyhood reading had said of invisible beings and occult powers, but he repressed his feelings and sternly continued the search. The place was manifestly deserted; but for what reason, to what end? An unknown danger that cannot by any possibility be anticipated is the hardest thing for a soldier to bear, but there was nothing to do but to wait. Time must solve the mystery.

The men were hungry and cold, and here were food and fuel. While some kept a sharp lookout, others piled the fireplace with dried grass, and before long cold and hunger, those two coadjutors of fear, had been banished, and the men stood about, wondering what was to come next. It is hard to say how long they could have endured the tension. It was worse than climbing the steep ascent; it was worse than cold and hunger; it was almost worse than fear. With the odds ten to one they would have grappled with an open foe and been happy; but here it was hard to tell what they had to deal with. Manifestly it was no ordinary enemy. Even at this moment they might be surrounded by a foe who could strike death into their ranks and still remain unseen and safe from attack. The very roof might fall and crush them; the floor might open beneath their feet and swallow them. The only thing to do was to wait.

Archibald was about to begin another and more thorough search, more for the purpose of keeping the men busy than with any hope of discovering anything, when a door leading to a rear inclosure opened slowly and a tall hooded monk entered, followed by another and a third. These weird figures had already set foot upon the kitchen threshold when they caught sight of the unwelcome visitors. For an instant they seemed paralyzed with astonishment and fear, but the next moment they leaped back with a piercing cry, only to fall into the hands of half a dozen men who had intercepted them from behind. They did not struggle to escape, but cried out with all their might, as if to some one at a distance. Archibald pushed open the door by which they had entered, and looked out into the dim inclosure. He was none too soon, for at that very instant he saw, through the mist, a dark orifice in the rock close as if by magic. By a strong effort of the will he pulled himself together and hurried back to the kitchen, where the men saw by his pale face that something of moment had been discovered. He called the officers aside and told them what he had seen. The general opinion was that the secret door must be found and forced without delay. Every minute might mean death to the captive who was doubtless immured within. The men were hurried out into the rear inclosure, and there Archibald explained the situation and urged them to stand together like one man, whatever might happen. They needed no exhortation.

No beam of wood could be found to use as a battering-ram, so a huge stone was torn from a wall, and in the hands of six strong men was rushed across the inclosure and dashed against the face of the rock where Archibald had seen the opening. No effect was visible. Again and again the stone was hurled against the barrier, and still it stood firm. The men were beginning to show the effects of the terrible exertion. Their hands were torn and bleeding, and they were gasping for breath.

"One more, boys! One more, with a will; and if it does not work, we will try something else."

Again the boulder went crashing against the secret door with desperate force, and this time the blow told. The door had sunken in a full inch and was evidently about to give way. A few more blows sent it reeling in with a crash. Archibald leaped to the orifice, but was driven back by a burst of flame and smoke. A raging fire had been built in the passage, and no man could pass it. As the smoke drifted out, they peered in and saw dim figures beyond the fire darting this way and that, and fuel was being constantly added to the fire.

It was a crisis that must be met instantly and unerringly, for every moment lessened the chance of rescuing the prisoner. But Archibald was equal to the test. The three monks who had been taken were swiftly brought and made by signs to understand that they must go first into the cavern. They must walk to their death through the flames unless they could induce their comrades to extinguish them. At first they stolidly refused; but when they were dragged to the opening and the fierce fire threw out live tongues at them, their

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stolidity was melted, and they shouted piteously to those within and begged them to spare them. There was no response, and the determined men prepared to thrust one of the monks into the flames. They would surely have been sacrificed had not their comrades become assured that the threat was no vain one. A voice was heard from within, and the joy of the captives showed that their comrades had capitulated. The fire was quickly drawn back into the cavern. Through the hot embers and between the rocky walls, that almost glowed with the fierce heat, the officers rushed, closely followed by the men.

There they were brought face to face with a scene which branded itself deeply into the memory. In the center of the lofty cavern burned a fire, which lighted up every crack and crevice of their comrade's prison-house. Beyond it stood a line of figures, as motionless as if carved in stone. On a dais to one side stood the venerable abbot, holding in his hands a skin case. Anger, pity, sorrow, joy, triumph, despair grappled with one another for the possession of his features. But over it all there brooded the spirit of calm determination. It was a scene from the "Inferno," so weird were the shrouded shapes that waited their leader's commands, so high, so stern, so malignant was the face of him who was their master.

But the picture did not end here. To one side, beside a pool of water that glowed like the jewel eye of a god in the light of the fire, stood a man. Ah! was it a man indeed, or was it a spirit upon whom these fiends were wreaking vengeance, so still he stood, so white, so transparent, so wildly he looked out from beneath his long elf-locks? There was the lofty brow, the strong aquiline nose, the deep gray eye like that of a falcon sweeping to his prey. It was no youthful enthusiast in search of sacred lore, no dashing young officer. He had been all this, but now he was a decrepit old man who had forgotten the light of God's sun, but who had never lost faith in his fellow-Englishmen. Years might come and go, sorrow might shrink his hand to the thinness of paper, but it was the same free mind, the same unsullied temper, the same high faith in God.

It took a full moment for the rescuing party to take in this wild scene. Before that moment had expired the abbot rushed toward the fire and hurled the case and its contents into the flames. At sight of this the captive leaped forward. Lifting his clenched fist, he cried:

"No, you cannot save it from me, for I have its contents here in my brain, every word and syllable of it."

He began chanting passages from it in a wild, high voice. It was true. They had lost the document, and he had committed it to memory. He alone had it in his grasp. As the monks realized this, they made a rush at him as if to tear him to pieces; but they were too late. The band of rescuers were before them, and surrounded the person of the captive and drove back the rabble with their sword-points. Archibald with a single stroke of his blade broke one of the links of the chain, and Malden was a free man once more. How changed he was in a moment! He was no longer the frenzied captive chanting a heathen psalm: he was an English gentleman.

He turned to Archibald, shook him by the hand, and said:

"I have overstepped my furlough. I trust you will be able to make it right with the colonel."

Ah, how Archibald wanted to take him in his arms and hug him! How the men wanted to lift him on high and carry him in triumph from his living tomb! During all those years he had remembered that he was on furlough. He must be exonerated. Not a word against the regiment; not a breath of suspicion that during all those long years it had forgotten his name.

How they brought Malden down that mountain-side they were never able coherently to tell, but five days later they came into cantonments bearing in a roughly improvised litter no other than James Malden, subaltern of the Ninth Yorkshire Lancers.

In the deepest archives of the British Museum library you may find the record of a remarkable discovery in the line of Oriental literature and of the light it shed upon that fascinating subject. This you may find; but search as they may, James Malden and Elsie Farnham will never find those lost years again.

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THE SIREN

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG

Author of "Madame Butterfly," etc.

I

BRASSID

THEY tell yet, on the porches of the Crazy-Quilt House, —though it is two years,— how savage Brassid met the laughing Sea-Lady, and how, at last, he adored her laughter more the more she laughed at him, and how she loved his savagery more the more savage he was to her.

And, then, on to the consequences of that laughter and that savagery, which you are to know at the end.

Mrs. Mouthon—she is the lady who uses snuff—insists that it is all pretense: that Brassid was *not* savage in his room, and that Miss Princeps never laughed in her room. Mrs. Mouthon's was between theirs.

Nevertheless, Miss Carat, who has the one deaf ear, contends that it is absurd, absolutely absurd. For, she argues, why *should* they pretend, in the first place, and why should they *not*, if they liked, in the last place? But, then, Miss Carat, the other five whisper, always opposes anything which proceeds from Mrs. Mouthon.

It seems that Brassid, weary and seeking seclusion, arrived on the last train of a Wednesday night. The man who carried his bag up from the little station told him that the Crazy-Quilt House was a sanatorium for women. It appeared that Brassid and the porter, who was also many other things at the hotel, would be the only men in the house—a state of affairs which immediately created a subtle camaraderie between the two men, though the porter was colored.

"Please call me in time for the first train up to-morrow morning," said Brassid, as the friendly porter dragged himself out of his room.

"It goes at six o'clock, sir," warned the porter, perhaps wishing to detain him a little longer, for already the porter liked Brassid amazingly. Did I mention that every one did this, in spite of his ferocity?

"No matter," said Brassid, shivering at the thought of the unearthly hour—Brassid, who composed poems in bed until ten in the morning!

"All right, sir," said the porter, as if warning Brassid that he would regret it.

However, that was why Brassid appeared at the dinner-table in a dinner-coat —because he knew that the invalid ladies would be there.

There were six, and one vacant place—opposite. The lady on his left put up her lorgnon in haste. The one at the top of the table put something like a pepper-box into her ear and leaned to listen.

"Lovely weather!" said Brassid.

"Rheumatic weather!" said the lady with the pepper-box.

"It 's no such thing!" said the lady who took snuff. "It 's asthmatic!"

Something dropped with a small clatter into Brassid's plate. The lady on his left flung her lorgnon to her eyes. Miss Carat jammed her pepper-box to her ear. Some one laughed, then checked it.

An old locket, in the fashion of a heart, lay in Brassid's plate. A bit of ribbon gave evidence of some severed attachment. Brassid was hopelessly fitting back to its place a flake of blue enamel.

He tried to discourage the interest in his keepsake by covering it with his napkin. Then he looked up. The vacant seat was occupied, and the lady was trying to smother her laughter.

Brassid got red and crunched the napkin in a way which said plainly: "So it was *you* who laughed!"

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She did it again.

He restored the piece of napery with a brave nonchalance, and took up the locket.

The lady's eyes retorted as plainly as her lips could have done: "Too late!"

He remembered precisely how they did it,—out of the tops of their firm white lids,—with a movement which was personal, a fascination which was irresistible. He was to read other speeches of these eyes, often repeated. But he was to read this one only once more.

Well, Brassid broke his guard and laughed with her.

"It is no laughing matter," said the lady with the lorgnon, fixing the lady who had laughed with its stare.

It was a critical moment: the lady who laughed might have retorted. But nothing further happened—except to Brassid. He was falling in love.

"I think it is," he said in her defense. And he said it with all Brassid's savagery.

"Oh, well, it 's *your* souvenir," said Mrs. Mouthon, odiously.

"It is," said Brassid.

He sprung the little case open and showed them a savage face much like his own. But there was a uniform with a high collar.

"My grandfather, the Indian-fighter. I wear it around my neck."

And the lady opposite guiltily put her head down, permitting Brassid to see the loveliest of blond crowns, and, now and then, the edge of her smile; now, again, almost a laugh.

And so Brassid fell in love.

They cross-examined Brassid with the precision and directness of barristers. He informed them that he came from the City, and who his parents were, and their parents, and theirs, all of whom seemed to be known to some of the six. The lady opposite kept her head down, but the smile came and went, nearer and nearer to laughter.

"Do you intend making some stay with us, sir?" inquired the lady with the one deaf ear.

"It is quite possible," said Brassid, and the lady opposite barely restrained her inclination to look up. "It is such a delightful little place, and the swimming must be fine."

Now Miss Princeps did look up. She seemed a little startled, and, then, did Brassid detect a bit of pleasure in his announcement? At the same moment all of the six looked toward Miss Princeps and detected her. Perhaps they more than detected her.

"Bill" (that was the porter) "said that you were going up on the morning train."

Brassid laughed.

"Do you, then, swim?" asked Mrs. Mouthon.

"I am a very good swimmer," declared Brassid.

Again Miss Princeps looked up, sharply now, not caring that the six again stared at her. She inspected Brassid with some care. She seemed satisfied.

"Miss Princeps swims," said Miss Carat, simply.

Now the lady opposite and Brassid met in a frank stare. Brassid blushed, as we do when we think we have overstated our accomplishments in the presence of some one who knows.

"There is nothing the matter with her," one of the invalids said, and Brassid said with conviction:

"No."

Before the meal was over the lady with the pepper-box asked Brassid's first name, and formally presented him, including the lady opposite. But it was only as she rose and swept the table with a little smiling bow that Brassid really saw her superbness.

When she had left the room he found himself still on his feet staring out of the door whence she had vanished. They caught him in a sigh.

"Sit down!" commanded the lady who took snuff.

And they kept Brassid there and bullied him till he wanted to get up and fight the lot of them man-fashion.

They informed him severally that she was an actress; that she was a widow with a deformed child of which she was ashamed; that she was a deserted wife; that she had once been married to a very wicked man of title; that she was "strange"—sat for hours on the beach alone, sang, swam, walked, did everything but flock with them.

"God bless her!" said Brassid.

The lady who snuffed arose.

"Lord help *you!*" she said grimly.

"Eh?" said Brassid.

"What were those women who lured a man into a cave and made a swine of him?"

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Her appeal was to Brassid.

"I suppose you mean the sirens."

"Yes, that was their name. That woman is a siren!"

"And you 're in love with her!" charged the lady who was deaf, in a thick voice.

"In love!" laughed Brassid. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes. ha, ha, ha!" mimicked the lady who snuffed.

"I never saw her till to-day," said Brassid.

"Neither did that other man see the sirens until he passed them on his way home."

This convicted him before the six.

And, in the solitude of his room, it went far toward convicting him before himself, though he still laughed his hollow ha, ha, ha!

"Love at first sight! You! Old Brassid! Ha, ha, ha!"

He was speaking to the gentleman who faced him in the mirror.

At that moment she passed his door. She was softly singing:

"They sailed away
In a gallant bark."

He had seen her but once, yet he knew the rustle of her silken skirts.

The next morning at ten Brassid was composing poems in bed, quite as he did at home. He hummed and sang the things he fetched from within in a fashion which lent color to Mrs. Mouthon's theory.

Some one knocked on his door.

"Come in!" sang Brassid, happily.

But it was only the colored porter.

He was winking his eyes rapidly, fancying that in that way he looked penitent while he did not feel so. The rumor of Brassid's infatuation had reached the porter.

"I 'm sorry, sir," said the porter.

"Oh! What for, Bill?" So, suddenly, had their comradeship grown! "Everybody is sorry now and then. Brace up!"

The porter stared.

"The six-o'clock train, sir."

Now Brassid stared.

"I forgot it, sir."

"Thank you," said Brassid, and he gave the porter a dollar for forgetting the six-o'clock train! He had forgotten it more than the porter.

II

ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

THEY met more formally, presently, on the bottom of the sea. Brassid plunged in the moment he arrived at the surf, and went out and under with a long, strong push. He saw a face on the bottom. It stared uncannily up at him through the wavering green water. Brassid followed it and dragged it breathlessly to the surface. There she laughed at him.

"I—I—thought you were d-dead!" gasped Brassid.

"Not at all," smiled the Sea-Lady.

"Why, how long were you under?"

"Not long."

"It seemed as if you had been there all day!"

"My grandfather was a whaler," said the Sea-Lady, winking the water out of her eyes solemnly, as if that explained her.

"*My* grandfather was an Indian-fighter," cried Brassid, joyously, which was his way of saying that the one was as intelligible as the other.

Her laughter broke loose.

"Look at me!" commanded Brassid, suddenly, with that savagery which he had from his grandfather. "You are shamming—and doing it beautifully. You *were* in distress down there! And if I had n't come along—"

But by that time she was doing exactly what Brassid had asked—looking at him with the most wonderful eyes of blue Brassid had seen since his mother died. Brassid funked ingloriously.

"The lady with the lorgnon has seen us, and is coming," she warned.

"Yes!"

He was frightened too.

"Let us swim a little."

"Yes."

They plunged in.

"Be careful," said Brassid.

"*My* grandfather was a whaler," she laughed back as she raced away to sea.

"Oh, you *can* swim!" he exclaimed joyously.

"Can *you?*" she laughed.

"A little," he answered.

"Come!"

AFTER that she admitted Brassid to a precarious intimacy, based upon swimming. In the sea she was everything Brassid could wish. On the land she was not.

"She 's like a fish out of water," jested the lady who took snuff.

"Do not be discouraged," shouted she

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of the pepper-box. "I do not think she knows yet that you 're courting her."

All the ladies cackled.

"Who said I was courting her?" demanded Brassid, with ferocity.

The ladies laughed again. And when Miss Princeps came down they surrounded her and told her Brassid's delightful joke.

"I 've warned him," said one, "that you 're a siren—one of those ladies who—"

Well, it was his first comradeship, and it happened to be an extraordinarily perfect one. It was so very blessed that, to use the words of Mrs. Paradigm (she was the lady with the lorgnon), he went crazy over it. And perhaps if you had known Brassid's Sea-Lady you would not have wondered—you might have commended him for going crazy. You remember that she had the eyes of Brassid's blessed mother.

"I never hoped to see them on earth again," he said to the face in the mirror.

Oh, she was rich and splendid and fragrant and melodious—I am using Brassid's book of adjectives—and altogether more lovely in every detail of herself than any one else on earth! And he had constantly the ecstatic feeling that he had discovered her, really; but he never did. For the Sea-Lady was unlike any one he had ever known. He literally knew that she was wonderful in every way that a lover could wish a sweetheart to be wonderful, yet there was not a single admission to go upon. Whenever she caught herself showing Brassid her heart,—and she would have been fond of showing this to Brassid if he had been a woman, perhaps,—she went to cover—and asked him to swim! And I am glad to think that that is the only reason he never saw her heart—never really discovered her.

Until that last day—that second time the eyes said, "Too late!"

And of that I am to tell you now.

III

SHE MAY HAVE HAD BROTHERS—

"By Jove!" said Brassid, that day, as he watched her conquest of the choppy waves, "you *are* something nautical! I do believe that your ancestors wore scales!"

"Oh, Brassid! Thank you! Think of having such a crest as that! Eight carp gules! And the nearest I can come to it is the whaler! Brassid, in the sea I almost love you! And when you really begin to 'court' me and feel that you must propose, do it in the water, to the diapason of the waves, in the sight and hearing of my scaly relatives!"

"Hanged if I do!" said Brassid. "You have got to hear that; but it will be in your own house."

"In evening dress?"

"Very likely."

"On your knees?"

"On my knees."

"Horrid, Brassid!"

"It is your fate."

"But why, Brassid? Why must it be? Is n't this lovely enough?" Miss Princeps mourned.

"Because I love you," said he, stoutly.

"But, Brassid dear, that 's no reason."

"It is. Every man who loves a woman *must* propose to her—if for no other reason than to be rejected. Then and then only he will see his finish. And I won't see *mine* even then. And, to show you that you like me very much, at least, let me remind you that you quite unconsciously called me 'dear' just now."

"Brassid, my grandfather was a whaler."

"Well, what on earth has that to do with it?"

"I don't know."

"You love me — that 's what it means."

"Oh!"

"Yes!"

"I may have brothers—whom I call dear—and—so—"

"Have you?" demanded Brassid, with the ferocity that came and went quickly.

"No, sir," she answered obediently.

"Oh, you are the most delicious being on earth!" laughed he. "And I won't wait till we get to town!"

But Brassid had forgotten to tread, and got a generous mouthful of salt water.

"Brassid," wailed the lady, "I 'm sorry for you; but you are punished for taking advantage of me at a time and in an element when I almost love you."

"Don't you dare to pity me! I 'm not done with you!" sputtered Brassid. "This is my chance—you said it—in—the—sea."

"In fun! Only in fun!" she cried. "Can't you see a joke?"

Before he got his chance she said:

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"Brassid, we are far enough. You are tired. Let us go back."

"I won't!"

"Why?"

"You are mine out here. I am going to keep you—out here."

"Would you come and live with me in the Dragon King's palace beneath the sea, where it is always wet?"

"Yes. Whither thou goest I will go."

"Brassid, I am going home. You will not be restrained."

"And I 'll follow you. The only way to get rid of me is to marry me."

"Then I will never, never marry you, Brassid," said the Sea-Lady, leaving him that riddle, which he never solved. For it was the last day, and presently it would be the second time that her eyes of blue had said, "Too late!"

IV

BUT SHE WAS BEST OF ALL

SHE pulled him out of the water, and they bathed in the sun. Not a ship sailed the sea.

His voice spoke first, as if he dreamed a fragment: "But you are best of all!"

She looked up and found his eyes upon her. With her own she questioned him.

"Nothing is in sight, nothing can be heard, but what God has made. This!" He waved his hand at the immaculate sky. "That!" The limitless sea. "The earth!" He pointed where it stretched away from them to the vanishing-point. "You!"

"You!" she laughed.

"And it is all good. God alone knows how good. *But*," he repeated, while his gaze was fixed upon her upturned face, "you are best of all!"

She kept her eyes upon him in wonder; for if he had not solved the Sea-Lady, she had not solved him. And this was very strange from savage Brassid.

"Yes; God made nothing so perfect as a perfect woman—*you!*"

"You think *me* perfect?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Brassid!"

But something clanged in her brain.

"I love you!"

"Don't, Brassid!" she begged. "You have touched to-day what you have never touched before, what no one has—don't!"

It was a mighty occasion; but she would not have it. She fought it with her best weapon—levity. She laughed. She made him laugh, and it was done.

"Oh, Brassid," she sighed, "forgive me! But it is too lovely. And afterward we could not swim together any more."

"Why not?"

"Why, Brassid! Who ever heard of a rejected lover taking the same walks with his beloved under the same trees by the light of the same moon?"

"Walks?" questioned Brassid, dully.

"Our swims are the same as walks to other lo—"

"Aha!" cried Brassid, "you almost said 'lovers'!"

"Did I? How stupid of me!"

"Do you mean to say that you absolutely and positively refuse me?" shouted he, belligerently.

"Certainly not, my dear Brassid," she hurried forth. "I can't refuse what you have n't offered. And, dear Brassid," she went on caressingly, "I know that you won't offer—because—because—"

"Out with it!" cried Brassid, still in his ferocity.

"Because I like you so—to swim with!"

"And when there is no swimming?"

"No, Brassid—"

"I tell you there will be!" he threatened.

"Well, I 'm glad to hear it; for I should n't like this world so well without its Brassid—since I know him. But, Brassid dear,—there! the whaler again!—why *must* you *marry* me?"

"Because it 's every woman's business to be married."

"But not every man's, then? So that I might marry some one else, and not bother you with—"

"That is just the trouble!" cried the savage in him again. "You *will* marry some one else if I let you get away from me."

"As if I were game!"

"You are. The noblest game on earth."

"Brassid!"

"Yes. You could n't go long uncaptured. How have you escaped? All the men you knew must have been blind, deaf, dumb."

"Ah, well," Miss Princeps sighed, "if one *must* be married some time or other, thank God that there are Brassids! But who ever heard of two married people swimming together!"

"We will," still threatened Brassid.

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"We?"

"Yes, we."

"It does n't sound badly, Brassid."

"Now, that 's better. For you know that, though I 'm a poor enough sort, no one has ever adored you as I do, and that you —yes, you—were never such a comrade with any one else."

"Why, Brassid!"

"Is n't it so? Answer me!"

"Yes, sir," she said.

They laughed together.

"Please don't be cross, Brassid dear, just because I can't marry you! I 'll keep *on* calling you 'dear' if you won't."

V

HIS GRANDFATHER'S COURAGE MADE HER WANT TO LOVE HIM

In the sea again, whither she dragged him after that, far from land, as they looked back at the people on the beach:

"Before you came," laughed the girl, "I had all the fun to myself. They would follow me with their glasses, expecting me to throw up my arms and call for help. The hotel man actually bought a rope with straps and buckles and things on the end to save me. They used to bring it down every time I went in. Now Bill uses it to pull the trunks up. And no one ever minds us. See, not a soul is looking this way! Brassid, it was lovely of you to come. You are"—she laughed, and by a deft stroke came so close as to touch him—"both my chaperon and palladium. Of course I suppose if we should ever get into trouble I should have to save you. My grandfather was a whaler. But back there they have the most beautiful confidence in you, just because you are a man. I am not pleased with you in that, Brassid. It is false pretense. I shall let you save yourself—remember."

"I would n't let you save me."

"What! You ungrateful—Brassid! I can swim twice as far as you can. But I 'm glad to hear that."

"When I was taught to swim, my teacher dinned into my ears that I was never to forget when I went out that I had to come back. See?"

For reply she raced away from him.

"My grandfather was a whaler. I was n't taught to go back."

He followed as lustily until he had caught her. They laughed splendidly.

"*My* grandfather," he laughed, "the Virginia ranger, you remember, was too proud to call for help when he fought his last fight within a hundred yards of the pickets of his own regiment."

"Brassid, I love that!" she cried breathlessly, going to his side. "What happened to him?"

"He was killed. But when they found him he had five dead Indians to his credit, while his hands were clutched upon the throat of another."

"That 's why you adore him, is n't it? Otherwise you would probably never have heard of him. That is what makes us live in the memories of those who love us—just that one little thing, courage!"

"No. There is another and greater thing," said Brassid.

She looked up in her questioning way.

He smiled affectionately.

"Love," said Brassid.

She shook her head:

"Courage."

"Love," he insisted.

"Let us put them both together," she said, "courage and love."

"Love and courage," he acquiesced.

"You for love, I for courage."

Brassid watched her glowing young face and her strong young arms, as they struck out, in a new wonder. He had not yet solved the lovely Sea-Lady.

She went on with dilated nostrils:

"Say, Brassid, that makes me *want* to love you. An ancestor like that! Oh, it beats the whaler! That 's why I speak so often of him. It needed courage to be a whaler. Brassid, you never were so near winning me—is n't that what you men call it?—as right now. Go on, Brassid, about your Indian-fighter!"

"My grandfather probably would have won you," sighed Brassid.

"No; you. You are like him. I knew it from the first. Why did n't you tell me that at first? You would do as he did—if there were Indians."

"And what would you do?"

"As your grandfather did, Brassid—if there were Indians."

He retreated a little from her.

"Maybe I do love love a little, Brassid dear; but I adore the courage that dies without weakening—rather than weaken. I can't help it. It was born in me. I would n't do it. And if your grandfather

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had called for help I should have hated him—and you," she laughed.

And, after a silence, she said again, as if that was what she had been thinking about:

"Brassid, I love courage more than love." And again:

"Brassid, your name *is* Courage."

VI

HER ANCESTORS WORE SCALES!

"FOR immediate evidence of my pusillanimity," laughed Brassid, "let us return. We have never been half so far as this. And while you are a mermaiden, I am only a walrus."

"*Must* we go back?"

"No," laughed Brassid.

"Then let us go on and on and on forever! Brassid, I am mad to-day. That about the Indian-fighter did it. And if you knew how close—close—you are—why—come! Out there where it sparkles! It fascinates—calls to me. Oh, dear Brassid, perhaps my ancestors *did* wear scales! Come! Out there ask for—anything!"

She gave him, there in the water, his first caress—only a touch, after all.

Brassid's tongue was loosed. He talked on almost in strophes.

And she answered presently:

"Brassid dear, that sounds like the big love. I would n't have any other—if I had to have it at all. I wish I did love you. Oh, not so much for your sake as mine! I begin to feel, to see, to hear, what it is. Brassid, some day I shall demand it."

"And you shall have it."

"But not—now—Brassid dear! Not—to-day! *Please!*"

"Look here," said he, in his ferocity, "you do love me—and you are going to marry me!"

"No, no, no! Brassid, really, I don't love you. Not a bit—yet. It is courage—courage. But out here—to-day—Brassid, I like you—courage or no courage, I 'll confess that much—I like you a lot." Then, presently: "Brassid, do you really think I love you?"

He nodded.

"Why don't you speak? It is very impolite to nod a reply to such an important—ques—tion. I can't—marry—you—away—out—here."

They faced each other, and knew that they were out of breath.

"Out there is a bar. I have been watching it. We can rest there."

But Brassid did not touch her to help her.

Presently they reached it. Neither could have gone twenty yards farther. Brassid turned and looked shoreward. Something suddenly gripped his heart. The Crazy-Quilt House was a distant blur against the horizon. There were people on the beach, but they were as ants. He kept her face seaward. A ship, hull down, was sailing from them.

"And presently, when we are quite rested, we shall go home."

"I suppose so," she said petulantly. "But, oh, it has been *so* lovely to-day!"

"But I am hungry."

"Yes. Come."

Once more he kept her eyes seaward by pointing out that the ship was coming about.

"Brassid," she laughed, "to-morrow we shall go out to that ship!"

"Yes," he smiled.

She had come very close to him. She was dancing on her toes upon the bar. The tide was running in rapidly. The sun was overhead in all its September glory. She held by his arms and danced. Her hair was confined under a pale-green scarf, save where it escaped. Below in the green water he could see her loveliness foreshortened.

"Brassid, you are staring at me. Do you see the scales?

"Why are you so quiet—now?

"Brassid, I can touch bottom no longer. See! I *must* be in your arms! That is my only excuse—I am tired. Aha!"

She laughed gloriously.

"Brassid — dear — good — luck — to — you!" she whispered.

He kissed her.

"Brassid, what does that mean?"

"That you are engaged to me—"

"Brassid, I don't mind being engaged—that much—out here—"

He kissed her again.

"Yes," she said. "But remember that I do not love you, and that I shall never marry you. It will be quite different when we land. I heard the snuff lady say that we must be engaged, or it would be very improper to be so much alone—out—here. So now you may tell her that—we—are engaged—that everything is proper—and you need n't say that it is only a little."

She stopped to laugh again.

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"Oh, Brassid, it is glorious! And you are lovely. And I have everything I want now—since we are engaged a little. And if I ever marry any one it will be some one just like you, who can swim, and has the big love—and courage. But I won't love *you*, Brassid, I won't. You should not expect *that*."

"No," laughed happy Brassid.

"Kiss me!" she commanded. "And laugh!"

Brassid did both.

VII

STRANGE THAT LOVE SHOULD MAKE ONE AFRAID!

THE fierce inrush of a wave swept him from his feet. She spun around with a little cry. Then she saw what Brassid had seen and had kept from her. Fear touched the heart which had never feared before.

"Brassid," she whispered, "I did not know that we had come so far!"

Brassid tried to laugh.

"The tide will help us."

"Brassid, you kept me here—you kept me from looking—so that I might rest—and be—strong?"

"I kept you here," said Brassid, "to make you mine."

"Brassid," she whispered, "why did you do so splendid a thing? I am afraid to drown now. I was n't before."

"Why are you afraid now?"

"Because then I should never see *you* again. That is what made the little fear you saw. It all came in a flash. I know. But I am not—afraid—not now."

"Not now! My love!"

But he saw that panic had followed fear, that every nerve had slackened, that every muscle was unstrung. She swam, panting now,—he had never seen her do that,—and for a while conquered fear. She kept at his side. Now and then she touched him, and always she watched him piteously.

"Brassid—you are stronger—than I thought—stronger than I—as a man ought to be. I am—glad."

"Yes," gasped Brassid, "I am strong—and you are brave—"

"Brassid, I don't mind being saved by you."

"I should think not."

"We will not forget the—Indian-fighter—Brassid."

"Nor the whaler."

"Yes; I want to live—to be—your—wife—Brassid."

"My wife!"

Then was silence; nothing but the beating of their breath.

"Brassid—dear—if we do not—get home—stay with me! I do not want—to—stay out here—alone! Alone! Brassid—will you—stay with me—no—matter—no matter—"

"No matter—what!"

Perhaps it was wrong to say that. But his love was what he had called it—the big love. She gave up.

"Then—beloved—if you—will stay—with—me—"

She could even smile at him.

"The Indian-fighter — the whaler!" pleaded Brassid.

"Yes."

She responded, and again and again responded. But he saw her first stroke fail. Each of his own cost what seemed a life.

"I am too—tired—Brassid."

"Courage!" gasped Brassid.

"Yes; once more. To be your wife!"

They swam silently.

"Brassid—I am thinking—of all the dear things you—said. I did n't notice some of them then. But now—as the drowning do—they are all—very—sweet."

"You are not drowning," said Brassid, with his last ferocity.

"It is so strange—that love—should make—one—afraid! I never was—afraid—until—I loved you—Brassid—Brassid! Until I—loved—you!"

Brassid put his arm under her to float her. As he did so she sank away from him.

"Can't—Brassid—dear," she whispered. "I—am—too—tired—too—tired—"

He saw the dear face with the green water between them. The sun made it glorious—piteous.

"Too late!" said the eyes, as they had said it that first night—he could read it now as plainly as then. And another smile, as then. Her eyes kept upon him. She was quite still. Her arms opened to him. They closed about him, and once more he followed the lovely Sea-Lady to the bottom.

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MAHMOUD PASHA OF THE D. P. W.

BY FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD

Author of "Present-Day Egypt," Former United States Diplomatic Agent to Egypt

WITH PICTURES BY FERNAND LUNGREN

ANY one familiar with the peoples of the great African desert could see by the slashes on his cheeks that little Mahmoud sprang from a tribe of husbandmen on the banks of the river in the neighborhood of Khartum. No one knew how he came to be at the Barrage; but there was an impression that he had come down-stream with the flotsam and jetsam of the last high Nile.

For his years Mahmoud was small; he was fourteen, but looked no more than eleven. The engineer in charge, Jarvis, who had an eye for color, insisted that the boy was black and tan.

Jarvis was the great Jarvis, the irrigation authority; to be exact, the highest-paid man on the salary-list of the Egyptian government, who was certain in a very few years to get his C. M. G. from London. What his chance for it might be, Jarvis gave it no thought. A man staggering under responsibilities, as was Jarvis, devotes little attention to matters of a vainglorious character. Jarvis was more directly responsible, if the truth were admitted, for the welfare of virtually a whole nation than any other functionary in the world, probably; for the great Barrage near Cairo is the keystone of Egyptian existence. The conserving of the winter's surplusage of water until summer has converted the Delta into a cotton-field, producing a crop that pays the way of the administration at Cairo, as well as keeping thousands of European bond-holders satisfied with their venture in Egyptian securities.

From the character of the few words of English that Mahmoud knew, and the fact that he could pipe-clay shoes better than most servants, there was a suspicion that in his wanderings Mahmoud had tarried at some garrison town, where he had been forced by Tommy Atkins to render menial tribute to the majesty of Great Britain by cleaning sword-belts and footwear of valiant Britons on service in Egypt.

One night at mess, Trehane asked Jarvis where he had found Mahmoud. Trehane was principal inspector of public works, with a roving commission, and old enough to be fond of those comforts of person which in the East have long been the prerogatives of officialdom. He had noticed that Mahmoud brought his coffee in the morning at precisely the hour indicated on the occasion of his first request, and woke him from his afternoon siesta with a regularity worthy of a chronometer. It was but natural, consequently, that Trehane was interested in Mahmoud.

"I found him about the kitchens a fortnight or so ago, but was informed that he had actually been an inmate of my house for several months," Jarvis said languidly.

"Pay? No; I give him nothing. Last week I sent him to Cairo to deliver a basket of fruit at the Devonshires' mess, and when dining that night with Major Gruff he too asked about the boy. I 'm delighted to have even a runner of errands who excites interest. Not in a dog's age has any one seemed to care a straw for any adjunct of the Barrage.

"Old Gruff said that a kid looking like Mahmoud attached himself to the commissariat of the Devons a few days after the shindy at Omdurman, and was brought down the river with other friendlies. Recalling the boy's face, Gruff concluded it was our Mahmoud, and he said decent things of him.

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"No, indeed; you must n't lure the lad away. To-morrow he officially joins my outfit at a hundred piasters a month. He 'll be worth that, at any rate, and I 'll be willing to provide him with a new tarboosh and a cotton gelabieh every quarter, as well. Now go to bed, Trehane, and sleep off your covetousness of my man-servant, for we must talk business with fairly clear heads to-morrow concerning one or two urgent matters relating to this antiquated piece of masonry that I am paid by the Public Works Department to keep in place."

Little Mahmoud did not serve Trehane with coffee at six-thirty the next morning, nor was he despatched to Cairo for the purchases intended to prove Jarvis's sudden appreciation of his services. Different indeed was the program from that mentally outlined the night before by the engineer. It was, instead, a day of concern to every official—a day never to be forgotten by any actor in the events thereof.

"For the sake of Heaven," ran the note sent at break of day by Jarvis to Trehane, "hurry to the observation-room. A leak has occurred midstream in the Rosetta section. If we can't stop it, the structure may collapse within the day."

Trehane knew, as did Jarvis, and as every subordinate engineer knew, that a leak that could not be checked must in a few hours undermine the dam to the extent of jeopardizing every foot of the mile-long structure. For obvious reasons the public had never been informed of the vulnerability of what was meant to be Mehemet Ali's greatest legacy to his people; but the experts of the Anglo-Egyptian administration at the capital knew that the Barrage, mainspring of the country's prosperity, was not as secure as it should be. Knowledge of this fact had long been the skeleton in the closet of the Ministry of Public Works, where English draftsmen got their heads together over drawing-boards and muttered sentiments not complimentary to the memory of the French engineers who planned the gigantic work. The functionaries of the Ministry of Finance, likewise, had long been apprehensive of the permanence of the Barrage. If anything happened to it there would be no water for the crops, and consequently no taxes that could possibly be collected, and England's boasted unselfish and intelligent work in regenerating the country would go down like a house of cards. Every official, whether native or European, knew that if the Barrage ever gave way under stress of the imprisoned Nile, bankruptcy of the reawakened land of the Pharaohs must ensue.

As Trehane rushed half dressed from his chamber to the offices on the dam, he murmured a prayer for the millions of people living in the Delta at that moment, little suspecting the danger threatening their existence. "If the dam goes," he said to himself as he hurried along, "I would n't give sixpence for all left alive for sixty miles down-stream."

Anxiety was stamped on the countenance of every man in the observation-room when Trehane joined the little group. No sign of confusion was to be noted, nor was fear expressed by a single face in the room. Jarvis, whose reputation for administrative ability under trying circumstances had for years been a theme of approval from Calcutta to Piccadilly, was superb in his self-control. But there, three hundred feet from the dam, was the eddying, swirling rush of water that told of the subterranean breach in the masonry, or, worse still, in the unstable soil beneath it. When detected at dawn by a watchman there was only a suggestion of surface disturbance, now grown to be a whirlpool. That the escape of water was increasing with fearful rapidity was only too evident.

Calmly did Jarvis give orders right and left to subordinates, whose reports he received with absolute imperturbability. After an examination of more than fifty sluice-gates, from the water's surface to the sills, the divers reported that they were positive that the leak was not in the structure itself. "It is somewhere up-stream," asserted the chief diver, as he left the room.

"I knew it," was Jarvis's response. "The break is up-stream. The water is passing under the ballasting of the dam, and the whole confounded mass may be undermined in a day. As everybody knows, what it rests on is no more than a bed of mud."

"Why not relieve the pressure by raising some of the gates?" inquired Leveson-Gower. "That would save the dam—"

"Yes," broke in Jarvis, "and reduce the cotton crop by half. Your suggestion would cost enough to make every bondholder in England howl when told that his Unifieds would have to go without interest for years to make up for a season's

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cotton famine. No," he snapped; "not a gate will be lifted until I cease to be an engineer and become a blathering humanitarian. Oh, God forgive me for—"

No one heard the final words of Jarvis's sentence, for he threw himself into the telegrapher's room, and the door closed behind him.

It was a morning of terrible suspense with every one at the Barrage. No appliance of engineering, or resort to conventional experiment, so often successful, was rewarded in any manner. The gravity of the situation was beginning to be understood by the native laborers.

Messages were ticking back and forth

Drawn by Fernand Lungren. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"DOWN-STREAM WITH THE FLOTSAM . . . OF THE LAST HIGH NILE"

The critical news was communicated to the ministry at Cairo in the secret language of the government. Back flashed the coded instructions to omit no measure in attempting to find and check the leak, and to be specially careful not to let the news get out that there was any real danger either of the Barrage falling, or of losing the summer's supply of water, as every fellah farmer between the dam and the Mediterranean would immediately become panic-stricken and do foolish things.

meanwhile between Çairo and the Barrage; but there, a hundred yards or so down-stream, was the gurgling rush of water, now grown to a maelstrom.

"It 's no use," confessed Trehane to Leveson-Gower; "we must soon lessen the strain, or to-morrow's sun will rise on a desolated Delta, with half the population drowned like rats in a trap. It is no time for speculation, and I must decide within an hour whether to order Jarvis to release the water, or wait for a miracle to be per-

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Drawn by Fernand Lungren. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'HE WAS KILLED BY KITCHENER'S SOLDIERS'"

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formed; for nothing connected with man's agency can keep this ancient fabric together another day, in my judgment."

"Do you not think we should order Whitehouse and Hewat and the rest of the men stationed down-stream to place themselves beyond danger by immediately starting for Cairo?" inquired Leveson-Gower, falteringly. "It makes my blood chill to think of their peril. Say the word, and I 'll use the code sentence that will bring them above-dam before nightfall."

Trehane reflected an instant, and his reply, vehemently delivered, was "No!" Then he went on, saying: "When a warning goes out with my sanction, it is to be general; for I believe the life of the humblest peasant to be as valued in the eyes of the Creator as that of the greatest official. If the dam is doomed, we 'll go with it—we and every down-stream Englishman."

"What 's that? Speak up, man!" was Jarvis's command to a peasant droning out a complaint at the door of the observation-room. "It is no time to come whining here with your troubles; so away with you, or you 'll find yourself in the caracol. Be off, I say! *Imshi!*"

"But," persisted the Egyptian, "he took the dyestuff from me by force, and threatened to flog me if I cried out; he actually struck at me with his kourbash. All the dyestuff in my shop, full forty oke, he took from me by force, I say. If your Excellency will not compel Mahmoud to pay me the value of the dye, I will be forever ruined," persisted the miserable man.

"Mahmoud, Mahmoud—what Mahmoud are you talking about?"

"It is the Sudanese boy of your Excellency's kitchen. He came to our village there, at the end of the Barrage, and, with two Berberins to help him, has taken not only all my dyestuff, but many palm baskets and ropes from the bazaar. All these he has carried away in the felucca of Andraas Milek, the Copt. He ran through the village like one possessed, pushing cripples and children away, and taking whatever he wanted. Oh, Excellency, your wallad is surely mad; he had a wild fire in his eye, and I believe he would have killed any one who tried to stop him. He is even compelling Andraas Milek to row his own boat, with all the stolen things in it. There is the felucca—there, Excellency," and the sobbing creature pointed to a primitive craft zigzagging across the channel of the river, a pistol-shot up-stream from the dam, in proof of the brigandage of demure Mahmoud.

There the boat was, sure enough, with two rowers, moving up-stream and down-stream, now back and forth, with Mahmoud and another youth apparently absorbed in the management of a tangle of lines trailing behind.

"What does it mean?" Jarvis asked himself. "Has the boy gone hopelessly crazy at this accursed time, or can it be the effect of hashish or arrack on the juvenile brain? No, it is n't intoxication," soliloquized Jarvis, "for there appears to be some method in what he is doing. His running amuck in the native village was an odd performance, surely: he 's an odd being—but this is no time for pondering over anybody's fanaticism or strange antics."

Back and forth, drifting for a few minutes down-stream with the current, then urged up-stream by the sweeps, the boat continued on its mysterious mission, traversing an appreciably large area. In the stern was Mahmoud, erect, intent, masterful; his men were obviously obeying him like so many puppets.

It was this display of unquestioned control, probably, that caused experienced engineers with significant letters attached to their names, men who had done great things, to turn their gaze from the trembling dam to the unexplained evolutions of the boatful of natives out there on the surface of the brown lake. There they stood, as if transfixed, on the coping of the Barrage, Trehane, Jarvis, Liuener, Leveson-Gower, and the rest, with eyes riveted upon the actions of the occupants of the felucca—natives controlled as completely by Jarvis's kitchen helper as if he were responsible for their being. In the face of desperate crises in the lives of great warriors on land and sea, rendering fame indelible or wrecking careers, it has long been recognized as a psychological fact that incidents most trivial have for minutes held their attention.

The spell was brief, of course, but for the moment it was impossible to turn away from the boat. They saw Mahmoud and his helpers lifting baskets to the thwarts, where heavy stones were placed within or tied to the outside of these crude receptacles. When these were hurriedly thrown

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overboard, more ropes appeared at the stern. It was obvious that the river's bottom was being dredged; but with what, and for what object?

"What a fool I am! I comprehend it all now," said Jarvis, as he flew to the open windows of the observation-room. "There's blue dye in those baskets. It 's a trick employed by native engineers all over India, as old as the hills. I was told of it at Allahabad—and forgot it the next week. Praise to an intuitive genius, who says little, but acts intelligently! say I. The boy has saved the day."

Drawn by Fernand Lungren. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

"IN THE STERN WAS MAHMOUD, ERECT, INTENT, MASTERFUL"

"Quick, Mr. Trehane and Mr. Jarvis, come to the observation-room!" shouted young Farquhar from the lookout window. "A discoloration of the water has just occurred. It is there, in that eddy—don't you see it? It 's blue, like a native's gelabieh! Look; the whole channel is turning blue!"

"And saved the cotton crop; for I was going to order the sluices raised," added

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Trehane, speaking like one awaking from a trance.

Jarvis stalked into his office, followed by Trehane, and slammed the door. There was work to be done, and they knew how to do it—now.

Mahmoud's felucca had located the position of the fracture at the edge of the great rubble "floor," nearly an eighth of a mile up-stream.

The order then was for everybody at the Barrage, whatever his sphere of action in normal times, to get to work and help close the breach. Every man, every barge and launch, performed his or its share of the task. Clumsy floats laden with crushed stone bound for the Mahmudiyeh Canal were sunk in the Nile by Jarvis's autocratic command. By nightfall hundreds of tons of broken rock had been thrown into the river at the point buoyed by Mahmoud's boat, and at midnight the water below the dam had assumed its accustomed muddy-brown shade.

But hours before midnight the good news was telegraphed to anxious officials at the Ministry of Public Works, and to his Highness the Khedive, and to the British representative as well, that all danger at the Barrage was past; not a life was to be imperiled, not a stalk of cotton killed for want of nourishment. Those controlling affairs of state went to their rest that night in a better mood for slumber than any one during the day could have hoped. The common people, in Eastern countries never taken into the confidence of the government, would know nothing of it. There would be rumors, naturally, but rumors scarcely grow into concrete facts in the Nile Delta, and bazaar chatter is seldom recorded in printed pages.

The following day Mahmoud was received in private audience by Trehane and Jarvis in the inner chamber of the private offices of the Barrage; the attendance of subordinates and secretaries was dispensed with.

"Tell us truthfully, Mahmoud, where you learned that trick of engineering," inquired Trehane, in Arabic.

"From my father, Excellencies. He was very wise and good, and was principal engineer to the Khalifa. At Omdurman and Khartum he made many canals and embankments, and often have I been sent to the bazaars for dyestuff with which to find a leak in a canal bank. My father knew many things, Excellencies; he could make gunpowder, and—"

"Is he living?" continued Jarvis.

"He was killed by Kitchener's soldiers on the plain outside of Omdurman, leading the dervish army, by the side of the Khalifa. My brothers and all my relatives were that day slain. I was too weak from sickness to carry a rifle or spear, and was made to remain in the mosque at Omdurman with the old people and children. Don't punish me, Excellencies, for what I did yesterday; I was not myself. My steps were guided by—by—oh, Allah, help me, for I know not what to say!"

At the next Bairam reception at Abdeen Palace, at the capital, Mahmoud, who came down the Nile with the flotsam and jetsam of the great river, was received with the chief officials of the Ministry of Public Works. His Highness the Khedive addressed him as Mahmoud Bey, and this was right, for the decoration of the Osmanieh, handed him that morning, made him a bey.

Shortly after, the "Journal Officiel" announced that Mahmoud had been sent to Europe to study engineering at the expense of the government, to fit him for permanent service in the Department of Public Works. As no reasons were assigned, three lines sufficed for the announcement.

JACK LEVESON-GOWER pretended not to be enjoying his fling in London, where every one dinned into his ears the conventional remarks about the emptiness of town incident to the closing of the "season," as if the going away of a few hundred West-Enders materially affected a population of five millions. But reiteration has the trick of impressing the strongest intellect. Consequently, Leveson-Gower allowed himself to wear a straw hat in the park, affect the talk of the admittedly bored division of society, and fancy himself to be utterly miserable, although in town scarcely three days.

"What can I do this evening?" he asked himself the middle of the afternoon. "I exhausted the Commons terrace last night, and, thanks to the governor, heard some mighty interesting rumors. I believe I 'll go and dine with old Jarvis, if he 'll have me."

So a sixpenny wire was despatched to Sir Athlumney Jarvis, Bart., at the Oriental

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Drawn by Fernand Lungren. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

AT A SIDE TABLE AT THE ORIENTAL CLUB

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Club, Hanover Square, announcing the intention of the bored young man.

Eight o'clock saw Leveson-Gower entering the Oriental Club, followed a few minutes later by the man who, in the Nile country, wanted his coffee in the morning with the regularity of a chronometer. A telegram from Hanover Square had torn Trehane from his experiments in bee-culture at Hindhead.

Youngish men with bronzed faces, fresh from oversea, dining with gray-headed celebrities, is a familiar spectacle at the Oriental. But the *réunion à trois*, at a side table lighted with shaded candles, attracted attention, nevertheless. A person vain or self-conscious would have perceived that this particular table was the subject of more than passing curiosity. Lacking these characteristics, Athlumney Jarvis observed nothing.

There seemed no end to the chatter of Leveson-Gower, who acquainted his friends with information relating to official and non-official dwellers in Alexandria and Cairo, extending even to banalities concerning matrimonial leanings of young people not in Jarvis's or Trehane's ken. Jarvis was not talkative, but Trehane was even loquacious, going to the length of stating reasons for his belief that he would shortly be able to startle the scientific world by exhibiting a hitherto unknown variety of bee, brought up on Surrey gorse.

"See here, great and good friend," drawled Leveson-Gower, turning to his host, "I don't approve of your manner in making us do the talking, while you say nothing. Did you learn the habit of reticence from the Sphinx? Remember, Sir Athlumney, I have not seen you since you forced your resignation upon the government and came away from Egypt, declaring that your professional career was ended. It is you who should talk."

"Go on, youngster. The enjoyment of our gathering should not be blighted by anything I could say. The life of an under-secretary is uneventful and anything but—"

"Let me interrupt you right here, old chap," interjected Leveson-Gower, putting aside his "season" manner, and adopting the vigorous speech of one working a gang of fellaheen on an embankment; "I now remember why I wished to see you to-night. It was to drink the health of the new peer, the Lord Jar—

"Don't stop me: I will be heard; and Tre and I insist upon congratulating you in the true British way, here and now. The terrace last night was ringing with praises of your speech at Bristol. My old father says your words point a way out of our troubles, and we all know that the government is in a blue funk. The governor insists that your plan for empire-building has the 'ring of greatness.' Jove! was n't he excited when he quoted your words about honest expansion by practical methods, instead of by Maxim guns, and about the irrigation engineer converting deserts into soil that produces something to eat! He says you 're certain to go to the Lords within a month; you can't help yourself. Even the 'Times'—"

"Silence, I pray you! There 's not a word of truth in this."

"But it is all true. Tre knows it, and every curry-eater in this great room knows it—and that 's why all have stared at you to-night. You seem to be oblivious of the fact that you are the man of the hour.

"Tell us, Sir Modesty, what 'll be your new title; what will people call you?"

"I will continue to be known as Jarvis, I suppose. Why not?"

"Then Trehane and I demand the privilege of drinking long life and prosperity to the Right Honorable the Baron Jarvis of—of—shall we say the Barrage?"

"No; indeed, no. Pray do not mention the Barrage at this time, for I have some little conscience left. If what you hear ever comes true, why, why—I might be Jarvis of Allahabad.

"By the way," Jarvis inquired, bent upon diverting the trend of conversation, "what about Mahmoud Bey?"

"To be precise, his Excellency Mahmoud Pasha," replied the man fresh from the banks of the Nile. "The week I left he was gazetted as a full-blown pasha, and assigned to me at the Barrage, now as substantial as the Rock of Gibraltar—second in command, you know, to give him experience. He had just returned from Europe. Gad, what would n't I give to have his backing! Every man in Egypt with a grain of power appears to be behind him. People in the know say that Mahmoud is booked for the Public Works portfolio within three years. He could be in the ministry now if he were not so young."

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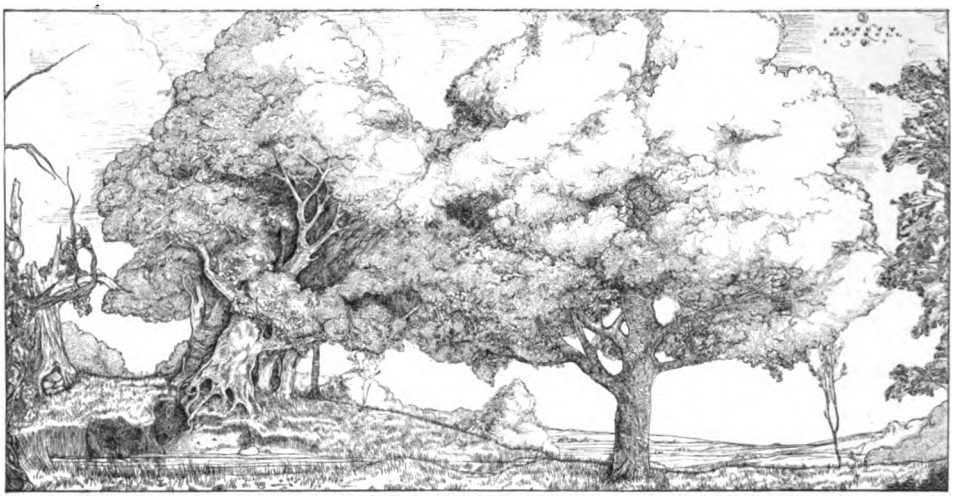


Drawn by Ernest Haskell

THE INDIGO-BIRD

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

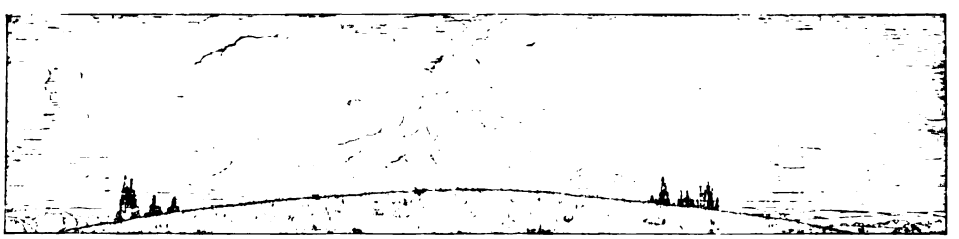
OH, late to come but long to sing,
My little finch of deep-dyed wing,
I welcome thee this day!
Thou comest with the orchard bloom,
The azure days, the sweet perfume
That fills the breath of May.

A wingèd gem amid the trees,
A cheery strain upon the breeze
From tree-top sifting down;
A leafy nest in covert low,
When daisies come and brambles blow,
A mate in Quaker brown.

But most I prize, past summer's prime,
When other throats have ceased to chime,
Thy faithful tree-top strain;
No brilliant bursts our ears enthrall—
A prelude with a "dying fall"
That soothes the summer's pain.

Where blackcaps sweeten in the shade,
And clematis a bower hath made,
Or, in the bushy fields,
On breezy slopes where cattle graze,
At noon on dreamy August days,
Thy strain its solace yields.

Oh, bird inured to sun and heat,
And steeped in summer languor sweet,
The tranquil days are thine.
The season's fret and urge are o'er,
Its tide is loitering on the shore;
Make thy contentment mine!



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THE YELLOW VAN

BY RICHARD WHITEING

AUTHOR OF "No 5 JOHN STREET" AND "THE ISLAND"

XXVI

ON receipt of Augusta's message Arthur Gooding made straight for Allonby. A certain note of imperiousness in it had the double charm of the elder sister and of the woman. Though there was so little difference in years between them, it carried him back to the time when hers was the protecting arm and the guiding brain.

He found her troubled, and yet with a certain radiancy as of hope and certainty.

"Arthur, I want you to find a ring in the Red Sea—two rings."

"One chance more for me."

"You 've heard me speak of the Herions."

"I know all about them."

"Why, you never saw them in your l—"

"Never saw Alexander the Great, if it comes to that."

"Don't be absurd, Arthur. Well, they are lost in town, and I want them back at Allonby—right here."

"A slumming job."

"Just to please little-big sister. I don't think you are quite so attentive as ever."

"Why?"

"You have n't started yet."

"I ought to be. You are quite as unreasonable."

"I 'll get Mary to ask you."

"Don't be absurd, Augusta. Do you happen to know the time of the next train?"

It was a large order, and he felt as much as the express flew townward with a steady recurrent beat of movement that made him feel like Sindbad under the roc's wing. How shall the lost be found in mighty London, the home of the vanishing-trick? He steamed into the great station as the local trains were steaming out with their freight of business men homeward bound. The city fills and empties every day, from its suburbs back to the suburbs again. The return is a rush as of the river at Dinan, roaring home in flood fast enough to drown the urchins picking the pebbles from its bed. And any two of these obscure wayfarers might be Rose and George.

Next morning it was, Where to begin? All he had to guide him was the returned envelop that bore the address of their last-known lodging, with its indorsement of "gone away." So he made that quarter his starting-point. It was a strange neighborhood, exquisitely dismal in its newer parts, as exquisitely flavored with tender and fragrant memories in its many remains of the past. Here yet stands the church that marks, though in a modern casing, the site of Chaucer's "Scole of Stratford atte Bowe"—one of its ancient tombs within that of a child who owed heaven to the kindness wherewith "Nature his nurse gott him to bed betimes." And, hard by, a Board school, naked and unashamed, stands where stood, not too long ago for some of us to have passed our childhood there, an old hunting-lodge of the first James, majestic in its gables and its paneled glories, its finely ceiled state-rooms, its deep-bayed hearths, sacred to the gods of the fireside. Surely a pick in the hands of a vestryman may be the deadliest of murderers' tools.

The lodging was in one of the mean streets that have usurped the site of the old-time garden. The landlady, a Megæra from the wash-tub, received Mr. Gooding's inquiries with a look of mingled suspicion,

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respect, indifference, all in one glassy, non-committal stare.

"Herion," said the young man, repeating his first mention of the name.

"'Erring, 'Erring?" she mused.

"Why, certainly, if you wish it."

"A young feller, fine figger of a man, like, an' wife to match? Sort of country couple?"

"That 's it."

"Owe me thirteen shillin's rent."

"I 'll pay it."

She held out her hand at once, and, on the completion of the transaction, said in a really obliging manner: "Well, they don't live here."

"Ah, don't tell me too much at once."

"You see, they went on all right till he lost his job at the docks; an' then, you see, they fell be'ind'and with their rent. An', of course, I could n't—"

"You 're a pansy. But what 's become of them?"

"Could n't tell yer, guvnor."

"Switch me on to somebody that can."

"Well, there was a man from the country as knew 'em—porter at a ware'us in the Borough—name of Jubb."

"The warehouse or the porter?"

"I could n't say."

Jubb was found, and he proved to be the owner of the shop. And, in due course, his porter was run to earth for more leisurely examination in his own home.

The porter was communicative, but hardly helpful. He and his wife were two grains of the human rubbish which the feudal system dumps into the towns. By good hap they had fallen in a cranny of the stony places where, after a fashion, they might take root. He was quiet in manner, as one awe-struck with his luck, yet perplexed with yearnings for the old village home. The inquirer had to endure much from him in the way of reminiscence, in the hope of getting the one thing needful at last.

"Fust I see o' London in all my life I come up for a 'oliday. Frightened of it like when I got there, an' trots into a pub to ask my way. Stops in the pub all day, an' goes back at night, same way 's I come. I 'ad n't seen much, but, mind yer, I got 'ome to time."

It was his first experience in dissipation, but it sufficed.

"I ain't seen much more of it now, master, though I 've been up this five year. But I 've got a place, an' that 'll do for me. I loads an' unloads my 'taters all day long, an' then, when I 've swep' out the ware'us, I comes 'ome and 'as my tea."

He expected no more. His life in the village had been one long apprenticeship to the living death. Full many a winter's night had he tramped home in the darkness through miry ways to a mildewed cottage lighted by a farthing dip, and to a supper of bread-crusts soaked in liquid grease, offered and eaten in the silence of a life without events. What was there to talk about? Nothing had happened, nothing was going to happen. The muteness of his mate betokened no ill feeling, but only stagnation of the mind. And sometimes, to break the silence, there was the half-delirious wail of a child down with one of the diseases of its age. To-day was as yesterday; to-morrow would be as to-day. The sweet privacies of dawn to the early riser, so restful to the tormented spirit, were but aggravations of the melancholy of his lot. It was not sorrow, but the far worse thing—absence of joy: a life wherein nothing came to pass but a rank pipe. This it is, the sense of the vacuity of being, that empties the cottage into the slum. The gin-palace is at least a present discount of the promises; and the clod-hopper has almost ceased to believe in the brightness of a life to come, for want of a sign.

He had strenuously resisted that consolation, for he had not enough temperament for vice. Town was as dull as country for him. Yet he lived by a doctrine, as all must, though they may not be able to give it a name. It was the doctrine of the futility of resistance to the hurtful forces of the world.

"We keeps ourselves to ourselves," he said to Mr. Gooding, by way of apology for his ignorance of the further movements of the Herions. "We don't say nothin' to nobody: you gets on best that way. I never see any one come to much good as did. The gentry doan' like it. All the noise they want they can make for theirselves. Keep quiet—eh, master?—an' then you won't find the churchyard so much of a change. It 's the lively ones that finds dying such a worry. I fancy that was young Herion's complaint, from all I 've heared."

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"I dare say; but how are we going to cure him, if you can't put me on his track?"

The wife wrinkled her brow in thought. "There was a woman—a sort of a woman—as 'elped her at the birth of her baby. So I was told. It came on sudden-like, soon after they went away."

"Don't you fancy I 'm in a hurry," said Arthur, settling himself. "If it comes to a pinch, I 've got all night long."

"Mrs. Patch was her name—if she was a Mrs."

"Hurry up a bit, just for fun," said the youth.

"She lived at a place called Batley's Rents in Limehouse. So I was told."

"Thank you. I 'm sure you 're always among those present," he said, pressing half a crown into her hand.

"GONE 'opping," was the report in the Rents; but the scent was now so hot that Batley's, with scarcely an effort, was enabled to name the village in Kent where Mrs. Patch might not inconceivably be found.

XXVII

THAT same night, such is the perfection of the railway system and such are the vicissitudes of a quest, Mr. Gooding was sitting by a camp-fire in Kent. His companions were a gang of hop-pickers who had finished their day's work and were prolonging their evening revel into the small hours.

It was a motley throng—outcasts of town and country, and a few quite decent folk who took their hopping as a recreation and killed the two birds of work and the summer holiday with one stone.

The "sort of a woman" he had come in quest of was among them. She sat a little apart from the rest, pulling at a pipe with tranquil energy, and gazing into vacancy. The glow of the fire lighted up her dismal, tormented face of early middle age, seamed with the coarser cares. She was a drab, even in the punning sense of the word, being of a dry-mud color in her very clothing, as though she had quite immediately sprung from the soil, and might dissolve back into it at any moment by the accident of a shower. She was shod only less solidly than a horse, and mainly with metal, too, which glittered bright in nail and clamp from the surface of her upturned soles. She seemed as densely unideaed as a frog at rest—a peasant woman of the lowest order, who had received her final touch of brutishness in town. The gang girls of the fen country look so when their womanhood has flowered in the squalor of a provincial center. In such the earth seems hungry to claim its own before the time. A too exclusive commerce with it has degraded them to the lowest level. They seem to gape wonder at everything in the cosmic scheme that is not a clod. Arthur thought of his sister, and wondered whether the evolutionary system might not possibly be brought under new management for the speedier elevation of the race. It might otherwise take thousands of years to give Mrs. Patch a lift toward the skies.

She grunted forth her answers in one syllable till Mr. Gooding mollified her with a tip. Then she went into two, though but a little way. "Yes; I knowed 'er, fast enough." The neatness of her questioner's attire seemed to have some effect upon her, as upon all of them. They settled down to make the most of the unwonted visit of a "gentleman," eying him the while with contemptuous wonder, as *Hotspur* might have eyed his fop.

The arrival of Mrs. Patch's "man" with a can of beer was a welcome diversion. He was an absolute contrast to her—small, foxy, nimble, voluble, but still chary of speech at first, as though to make the most of his information. For her his coming was evidently a relief to the tedium of talk, and she resumed her silence and her pipe.

"Yes; we knowed 'em, fast enough," he repeated. "You 're at the right shop here, guvnor."

"Where are they now?"

"Well, we 'll come to that by an' by. I was in the same gang with 'im, this 'ere friend o' yours, at Lime'us Dock. Garge, we used to call 'im. I can see 'im as well as I see you—a reg'lar glutton for work."

"Yes, yes."

"Then we both got the sack,—the work comes an' goes, guvnor,—an' I loses sight on 'im for a time. To tell you the truth, they was both rather a cut above me an' my missus. But you know how it is—hard up, an' the kid comin'. People can't afford to be partic'lar when they 're 'it like that. Can they, now?"

"You 're giving us rather too much hot air," said Mr. Gooding.

"Then I struck 'im again, guvnor. An'

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where d' ye think it was? But there—you 'd never guess."

"Then I won't try."

"Well, he was jest mad for a job. An' what—do—you—think he was doin', sir? Gospel truth!"

"Governor of the Bank of England?"

"No, sir; but jest outside it, peddlin' knickknacks on the curb—studs, pocket-combs, toothpicks, 'all this lot a penny.' Seem he 'd once been in that line. That 's the way English-born men has to live nowadays, guvnor, if they 're not foreigners. An' even that lot is cuttin' into the street trade."

"Sorry, but—" It was maddening.

"Things 'll never be right," piped another of the group, "till them sort is kep' out of this country. I 'm a snip, an' I know what they are in my trade. Talk about religion!"

"I 'm not talking about it," said Mr. Gooding.

"Well, if you was, you 'd see as God A'mighty seems to think more o' the Jarmans than he does of his own countrymen."

"An' dynamite on your door-step as soon as look at ye, if you put 'em out!" said a decent-looking woman, comfortably shawled.

"Ever 'ad any on yours, missus?" some one asked.

It turned the laugh against her, and spoiled her effect. There was evidently a sneaking kindness for this agency with most of them. Nobody approved, but nobody blamed. It was left a moot point.

"As to that," returned the tailor, "there 's a good deal to be said on both sides. Dynamiters ain't all bad. They mean well, some of 'em. It 's the swells they 're after most o' the time; it ain't us lot."

A chill fell on the group. The woman in the shawl had a repentant air.

"You see, Englishmen likes to enjoy theirselves," said the foxy little man, by way of diversion. "That 's their natur'. 'Jolly Englishmen!'—you 've heared the sayin'. This foreign scum they don't want no enjoyment. Live on pickles,—seen it with my own eyes,—an' sleep on the same shelf as they keep the jar. That 's their touch. They don't want no music-'alls in the evenin', an' no social glass—jest as we might be 'avin' now. That 's what fust brought me up to town—the lights in the street."

"It ain't the foreigners," said the tailor; "it 's the rich people, no matter where they come from. All the coin o' the world drains into their pockets. If you want sights, go round the West End. That 's the way the money goes. Ever done Bond street, mate, on a fine evenin'?"

"No; not my touch."

"The pantymines ain't in it for glory. Every winder ablaze; the very coffee-shops like Aladdin's palace, an' gals in long trains to wait. When I got nothin' else to do, I watch it from outside. It beats all. An' the jewel-shops, with the glare of it beatin' down on the goods till it stings 'em into burnin' life—throb, throb, throb! An' the blasted knickknacks! None o' your 'this lot a penny' there. Cases in solid gold to hold a ha'p'orth o' lead-pencil; penholders likewise; even the very pens. My Gawd, it 's cruel! They dunno what to do with the coin. They say the Jarmans is comin' over 'ere to give us a good 'idin' one o' these days. It 'll serve us damned well right."

Arthur was sick at heart. He was baffled in his quest. Either they knew nothing or they would not tell. And the misery chilled him. He had such a sense of opportunity in life—opportunity for all; and the instinctive pessimism of these wretches seemed to give it the lie. He had dreams of being a great financier, of world-girdling combinations in which his own aggrandizement would be that of the race. Yet these people were some of the items of his reckoning. What, after all, could he, or his tribe, do for any but themselves? Was this the result of ages of profit-hunting, on the principle that the good of one was the good of all? He had crossed the Atlantic with hopes of a venture which was to determine his choice of a career. Men of wealth and standing in his own country, who had faith in him, were ready for a new invasion of England, of Europe, if he, or others like him, could show the way. It could have no attraction for him if it were not beneficent. He was going to make himself a rich man to the end of making himself a good one. Yet where could be the certainty of that, after what he had seen in this direful object-lesson? It began to look as though all corporate life were but one eternal mode of slave-labor, the forms varying, but the mass ever in the position of the under dog. What had he

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seen as a mere tourist with his eyes open? A land that could not even feed its own people; a competitive system that had nothing nobler than sheer hunger and destitution for its starting-point; a most appalling poverty, a still more appalling wealth. Hundreds of thousands without so much as the assurance of the elementals of bed, clothing, and a crust, things without which no saint could take up his saint-hood, no sage his parable, no workman his hammer, no writer his pen. It was sickening to feel that, after ages of stable and continuous civilization, no one had found out how to give everybody three meals a day and a clean shirt. And all the sages supposed to be at work on it steadily, and all the statesmen, and all the churches! There must have been slackness somewhere. And still worse was it to know the gnawing doubt that he and all his precious labors as a coming captain of industry might only make things worse. He detested Socialism, and well-nigh all else ending with the same syllable. He was so sure that "these States" had found the secret in limitless freedom and limitless struggle, with wealth for the prize. Yet see what ghastly results of these were before him in the old land!

He rose to leave, and to stamp off the chill of the night air. The foxy man, watchful through the slits of his eyes, seemed to feel that if his "missus" was to earn the guerdon already paid, she had better make haste.

"There was one o' that missionary lot as took up with 'em, so I 've heared say. They ain't no class for me." He nodded at the woman, as though urging her to speak. "She knows."

She went on smoking.

Then he swore at her. "Can't yer open yer mouth an' tell the gentleman? Yer 've got 'is money in yer pocket."

Arthur looked at her. It was the sex, after all, even in this ghastly image.

"Don't talk to her like that."

She eyed him as though he were some wandering child of the sun, out of his sphere, and muttered: "Place over a fried-fish shop off Poplar Road. Pawnshop at the corner. 'Christi'n 'Ope Sersiety.' They might know."

The mission woman, seen next day, could only shake her head. "I'm afraid the Herions have sunk out of our reach. There 's a point where these people touch the lower levels of misery and are quite lost. All of us are useless in that slough, though some don't like to confess it. The Salvation Army, which is the charwoman of the Church, fails there. I knew Mrs. Herion very well: a quiet, hard-working woman—pretty, too; proud as a duchess in her humble way. There is n't enough work to go round for such as they. If the wages rise a bit, up goes the rent along with it. There 's always somebody, a landlord or a sweater, to grab every penny of the increase. If you housed them for nothing, down would go the earnings to the point at which the poor things could just manage to eat and drink. The Herions had saved a little while his work lasted, but her confinement and the loss of work together pulled them down. And they went from bad to worse when they came this way. The rent was crushing. It keeps pace with the very need of shelter. The greater the crowd, the dearer the homes. In this quarter they are asking 'key money' now, a premium on the right of a mere first chance in the scramble for a lodging. What is London to do with all these human misfits? Why don't we find out how to keep them in their villages? How can they strike out with their wretched education, suited to their 'state in life'? You may walk round with me, if you like, to see our poor—very decent, all of them. Some of them might be able to tell you more than I can. Rose always tried to keep the best company among them."

He went with her as a forlorn hope. The utter inadequacy of the remedy to the disease was disheartening. The missioners had evidently no grip on it. The soft deans by whom they were more remotely inspired rarely mentioned the religion of economic relations, the root of the matter, to ears polite. Their silence was not time-serving, but conviction. It was policy, too. If they rashly tampered with the doctrine that everybody should grow as rich as he could, where would charity get its ten-pound note?

A few old people eked out a scanty subsistence under her care. It was better than nothing, perhaps, but—all around! One, a sort of specimen number, asked Mr. Gooding if he happened to know the shortest verse in the Bible. As it did happen, he was able to tell her. Then came

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a poser: What was the word that stood in the very middle of the sacred book? He gave it up. She named it with triumph as the result of efforts that had cost her six months' application to the dreary business of the count.

He turned away with his rather shamefaced guide.

"When did you last see the Herions?" he asked.

"George had gone out again to look for work. Rose was lying ill on the bed in a dismal room, still and quiet, with a baby opening its eyes, for the first time, on a vista of East End back yards. A mouse, trustful in the stagnant peace, foraged for its breakfast, and hardly stirred when I came in."

"Who sublets such holes?"

"'Speculators.'"

"Who owned that one?"

"The Duke of Allonby, I believe."

Arthur left town that night to report.

XXVIII

THREE months of the country season have passed, with their round of sport and play according to the rubric, and we are now at the opening of a new year. Allonby, by general consent, has never seen the like of it. There has been one steady whirl of ordered movement, as brisk in its way as the rotation of the earth. The only thing that saves us in the general arrangement is that the planet is forever on the go. If once it paused to take stock of itself, we might all be shivered into fragments. Having no time for reflection, Augusta has been able to take the congratulations of her friends in good part, and to admit that her success has been almost without a flaw.

Yet, in the very moment of supreme satisfaction, there came a doubt. In one thing she had to own failure. The Herions were still waiting for ducal justice, still undiscovered—of late, even, still unsought. The sense of right was still strong with her. The sense of the smart of failure was just as strong, for she was as inconsistent in her virtues as the rest of us.

The truth is, she had won over the duke alone, and the system was still against her. He had consented to the reinstalment of the Herions, but the agent, the family solicitors, in fact the whole permanent staff of management, had resolved that his order should never be carried out. He had told them to advertise. They advertised in the leading journal! A dock-laborer seeking himself in an agony column at threepence a peep was a grotesque conception, but he could not realize that. He suggested private detectives. The private detectives took their cue from those who instructed them, the more so as they naturally languished without the stimulus of a scandal or a crime. Augusta was puzzled at first, until George Herion's mother gave her the clue. "They not goin' to 'ave 'em back, your Grace, till they come in their coffins —mark that!" Then it all flashed on Augusta in an instant: "they" meant the counterplot. She flushed resentment and indignation, and determined to find her birds for herself.

Yet Allonby still claimed her for the moment, and in the most imperative way. Its brilliant season was to have an ending of supreme splendor in the visit of a royal pair. Invitations were out for a great party to meet a duke and duchess whose place was on the steps of the throne.

It was the day of their arrival. The castle looked watchfulness and expectation from every port-hole. All were at their posts, from the steward to the scullions. It was the first visit of an heir in the direct line of succession for over a century, and this one had still some of the interest of mystery. He had been brought up in the close companionship of the best of mothers, one of the most beautiful and the most devout women of her time, and still as youthful to look at as her own children.

The struggle for invitations to the house-party had been unusually keen. The party was limited to thirty; and, according to custom, every name had been submitted in the highest quarter. The host and hostess had drawn up their lists. The royal duke and duchess had used the blue pencil freely, to strike in or to strike out. There could not have been more orderly fuss about it if the choice of so many ambassadors had been the matter in hand.

For, the truth is, these august persons had the reputation of social austerity in the court circle. The prince had his mother's horror of the smart set, and his wife was known to share his sentiments to the full. The set would cheerfully have left both alone in their glory, but it had to

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reckon with them in spite of itself. To be at Allonby on such an occasion was, no doubt, to endure intolerable boredom; yet not to be there was, in some measure, to be classed. The prince was eminently "serious"; and it was well understood that when his day came society would have to toe the line.

The figurative expression bore a literal reference. It was really a question of the right sort of toe for the purpose. The illustrious person was familiarly known to the set as "Young Square Toes." This meant nothing to the prejudice of his bootmaker, but only that the customer, in spite of a limited count of years, was smitten with incurable age of mind. Some of those who called him Square Toes were hoary with eld; but that did not matter. Their "footwear" was their accepted symbol of eternal youth. One symbol will serve as well as another to signify the most profound difference in the view of life. At one time, as we know, it was the cut in love-locks; to-day it is the cut in shoe-leather: yet Cavalier and Roundhead maintain their everlasting conflict amid the changes of form. And, after all, the more joyous party may easily be commended to our sense of dignity by regarding them as a sort of Pointed Order of the fabric of state.

The Square Toes, by common consent of the others, stood for the dullness of respectability and the gloom of the moral law—in fact, for the reaction toward puritanism in a court that had long been going it too fast. The Points, as they were familiarly called, were for the *joie de vivre*, and for every other felicitous phrase that signified the yearning for a good time. They were for taking this life in a galliard and in a coranto, whatever might be the fortunes of the next.

It was war to the knife between them, as a matter of course, though their animosity was naturally tempered in expression by their good breeding. The Squares detested the Points as threatening ruin to the nation and discredit to the throne. The Points despised and ridiculed the Squares as killjoys whose coming supremacy in the course of nature meant sackcloth for court-dress.

Many a Point disappeared beneath the blue pencil in the course of revision. Some got through by a timely fit of mealy-mouthedness, or by good judgment in lying low. It would have been impossible to sacrifice all of them. If the proscription had been too rigorous, there might have been no house-party.

When all was done, the factions were exceedingly well defined. The Squares included that unblemished nobleman the Earl of Ogreby, whose acquaintance Augusta had made soon after her arrival, with several members of his family. The earl was known for the rigor of his evangelical principles and for the studied simplicity of his life. Whatever else was served at his board, boiled mutton always had a place there; and, by friendly consultation with his tailor, he had contrived to introduce homespun into the composition of his dress-suit. His hose, for all occasions, were of hodden-gray. You might have ruled a ledger with the ends of his shoes. These circumstances, however, are of minor importance, for of course the actual costume of the sections was only in accidental conformity with their symbolic name. The earl was accompanied by his son and heir, Lord Beglerbeg, who stood high in Christian Science, and by a daughter, Lady Francesca Darton, who held a humble rank in the Salvation Army, and wore its serge, its bonnet, and its badge in the most glittering throngs. This was the best the neighborhood could afford in the ultra-respectability of devotion. But that qualification was not exacted by the illustrious visitors, who asked only for decency. Two or three ministers and as many of the highest judges supplied gravity without any admixture of the ridiculous. With these were a few who looked in vain for an opening in great affairs, and who were part of that strength of England which is running to waste for want of organization. Mr. Bascomb, the High-church dignitary of Slocum Magna, was almost of the party, though he was not in social residence. But he came and went by special desire of Mr. Gooding, who had a great respect for him, and by pressing invitation of Augusta. Another contingent, quite after the prince's own heart, was that of the sportsmen, who, for the most part, were saved from frivolity by the manliness of their tastes.

The Points were variously composed. There was Mr. Kenneth McAlister Bruce, a magnate of modern finance who had nothing of the Scotsman but the astuteness and the name. It was enough, especially

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the first. He had shootings in the Highlands, a house in Park Lane, a hand in well-nigh every enterprise of moment in the country, though ostensibly his transactions were confined to the China trade. You found him everywhere. You burrowed into underground tubes: there he was. You coquetted with new and far-reaching patents: he was there, too. He financed—there it was, in a word. He was ready with the requisite subvention for every good thing going. Had he been present at the rise of Mohammedanism, he would have found the money for the advance on Mecca, and secured exclusive banking privileges with the new faith. He bore arms—on his note-paper; he spoke English with the accent of Frankfort; he was bold and resolute, and in the further reaches of his operations he was, no doubt, a man of blood at need. But with his command of the best legal advice he could take a pound of flesh without any fear of the law. Neither his feet nor his manners were made for the Pointed style, and he walked Turkish carpets as uneasily as the ancient chief of his order walked the burning marl. He had the bluffness of his tremendous consciousness of strength, and, in all his transactions with his fellow-men, a sort of terrifying air of throwing off the mask. He was rude to them. They knew it, and knew that he knew it, too. Therein was one of the secrets of his power. He had obliged the royal house; and while, with them, he paid due regard to the forms, he made no difficulty of alluding to the duke's chief guest as "the youngster," over his cigar. Women of the highest rank he snubbed to their faces in return for his encouragement of their futile hopes for information as to the way to get rich.

In his division, and, to some extent, in his train, was a courtly set of young men from Oxford, all of good birth, and with nothing but good breeding for their share of its supposed heritage of the humanities. They were young men who believed in making great strokes on the stock exchange and enjoying life—not coarsely, indeed, for they knew the value of refinement in pleasure as an element of staying power. They had found what they conceived was a short cut to that Epicurean goal for which men have so long striven—a state in which we may neither suffer nor fear, a state of the absence of pain in the body and of trouble in the mind. In this respect they were the very latest outcome of Oxford culture, and their rise had providentially synchronized with the world-embracing bequest of Mr. Rhodes.

Another social interest was represented by the services, and by the army in particular. These persons, high in command, knew that they had a good thing in our military system, and meant to hold it for themselves and their dependents, at least quite as firmly as they could have held a beleaguered fort. They were already casting far-seeing glances to the future, when the close of the war might bring home a victorious general whose soul hungered to restore the Roman discipline and the Roman simplicity. They had no ill will for that general, but they wished to put him in his place, and they were determined to balk his berserker rage against incompetence by keeping the supreme control of the military machine in their own hands. They were accordingly preparing for his promotion to a post of great dignity beyond the seas to which he might employ his ravening energies with profit to the country, without disturbing the even tenor of their own way.

At the head of a section more immediately devoted to the arts was an amiable nobleman who enjoyed a great reputation as a collector. In a richly stocked land such as England, the gathering of pictures and statuary is mainly a thing of the past. The old country has all it wants in that line, and, besides, America has grown so insistent. But the curious has taken the place of the beautiful, and the culture of the postage-stamp shows that wealth and research need never be without an object. The nobleman in question had discovered a new hobby. Playbills were denied him by mere anticipation. It was the same with china and the various forms of hardware. But there remained one line of virgin enterprise—omnibus and tram-car tickets. He had begun to collect these treasures for the benefit of posterity too late in their history to give him the command of them at cost price. But he was willing to pay handsomely for his neglect, and he had secured with incredible pains the first issues of nearly all the southern lines of the metropolis, and well-nigh every example of the northern section dating from the period of the assumption of control by the County Council. Of one or two of these, indeed,

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he possessed costly proofs before letters—specimens without the stamp of their date. He was also by no means ill provided with foreign examples, and he had paid particular attention to the transatlantic, in the modest hope of contributing his quota to the promotion of the American alliance. His albums, adorned with a book-plate of his coronet and the well-known motto, "Punch, brothers, punch; punch with care," boasted a first Milwaukee and an earliest San Francisco; and he was now in treaty for a primitive Salt Lake City, which had necessitated advances, not altogether agreeable in themselves, to the successors of the Mormon prophet.

He was fortunate in finding a contingent of Americans at Allonby on this occasion to sympathize with his efforts, if not to aid him in his work. One or two of these were actually English by adoption, and even by the change of nationality. They had all the peculiarities of local accent, and even the tricks of manner—at times in the proportions of caricature. They were even prepared to suggest a belief that the Declaration of Independence was only a regrettable fit of temper, and that, by a proper exercise of forbearance on the part of the mother-country, it might yet admit of modifications importing a return to more filial sentiments. These were present, not by the good will of the duchess, but by the request of the royal pair. It was appropriate, after a fashion, for they were of those who are more royalist than the king. They had caught everything of the tone of a ruling caste, except, perhaps, the necessary reserves of prudence. Their estates on English soil were managed with a rigor of the rights of possession which gave the wandering lover of the beautiful no share in their glories and the resident poor but scant hopes of the falling crumb.

XXIX

THE arrival was in semi-state. The duke awaited the royal pair at the station with postilions and outriders. The Volunteers performed the services for which Volunteers appear to exist in peaceful climes. Augusta, looking her loveliest, was at her threshold. To a nice observer her smile of welcome might have seemed to lack conviction. Circumstances had somewhat shaken her faith in the institutions of which the symbols were the glittering pageant, the bowing pair, and the roaring crowds. Though the village made as much noise as ever, she could not but be aware of the two souls that had dropped out of its reckoning since she herself came to Allonby with blare of trumpet and beat of drum. The Knuckle of Veal, however, demonstrated as cheerily as though nothing had happened. Job Gurt toasted the royal family in the parlor. Mr. Grimber gave them personal encouragement with heart, or at any rate with hat and voice, outside. He was ably seconded by Mr. Raif, who led the shouting of the village choir. Mary and her father were among the first to be presented. Mr. Kisbye was effectually absent, as before; yet, for all that, he contrived to signalize his existence by a flaunting banner and the discharge of an impertinent gun.

A glance at the chief guest served to show the extreme injustice of party nomenclature. He had been seriously maligned by his nickname. His toe-caps would have gone through the eye of a needle. Nor was there the slightest severity in his manner. His air was not wanting in cordiality; and if he had a fault, it was only in a certain suffusion of correctness. It was probably only an effect of shyness: he seemed to have been exceedingly well brought up.

His demeanor toward the Points left little to be desired. He seemed absolutely unaware of their existence as a faction, and he received their homage as though rehearsing for his future part of the father of all his people. His consort followed his lead. Their ladies and gentlemen in attendance bore themselves with less tact, and were to be suspected of a sniff.

There was barely time to dress for the great dinner which was the chief ceremonial feature of the day. The luggage poured in from the distant railway-station in the wake of the visitors, and the village kept in line to cheer the brakes long after it had caught the last sight of the carriages.

It was understood that, for all the three days of the visit, the same costume would not be worn twice. The maids had the care-worn look of trainers engaged in the last touches on racing day. They peeped over the great staircase with an air of mingled triumph and solicitude as they

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delivered their starters at scratch for the procession from the drawing-room.

If the banquet was at first sacramental in its solemnity, it was all the fault of the Points. They were too manifestly on their good behavior, and their enforced homage to the sense of propriety seemed to freeze the genial current of their souls. They confined themselves, for the most part, to the generalities of sport; but one who happened to be nearest to the prince branched off into the question of Arctic travel, with no very conspicuous success. The Squares had an easier part to play. They had only to eat their dinner to feel perfectly at their ease. The Earl of Ogreby, flattered by a special attention of the chef to his yearnings for boiled mutton, softened into a joke which seemed to give a final touch of intensity to the prevailing gloom. The meal might have been a total failure but for the happy accident of a report, in stealthy circulation, which seemed to divide the honors of curiosity between Mr. Gooding and the prince. It was whispered that the young Californian was the agent in advance of a new colossal combination which was to make the roast beef of old England a mere side-dish to American pork and beans. He knew nothing of the cause of the attentions which were showered on him in consequence; but, being human, he could only be pleased by their effect. Strong men sought to catch his eye with glances of respect. Beautiful and high-born women unmistakably gave him permission to offer his homage at a later stage. The Bruce himself, for the moment, was in eclipse. Arthur's looks and his unfailing courtesy were other things that told in his favor. He was surrounded in the drawing-room, while the Bruce scattered incivilities in his path without so much as the correction of a fan.

The support of his own countrywomen set the seal on Mr. Gooding's success. A few gave it reluctantly, under the uneasy suspicion that he might, after all, be only something in literature or art. They were naturally more exclusive in this respect than the society whose manners they aped. His relationship to the duchess, his education, and his bearing would not have sufficed; for, to say the truth, these fastidious persons were only watching for the opportunity of snubbing Augusta as a parvenue in her own home. She had not given them the opportunity; that was all. The rumor of her brother's share in cosmic finance seemed to decide the matter in his favor.

"I am still not so sure that he is in New York society," said one of them to the Countess of Ogreby, "but I will go as far as this: if both of us were there now, I should send him a card for my next party."

The countess, a plain woman in more senses than one, seemed mystified.

"Because he 's rich?"

"No; not that, exactly."

"I see. He has such nice manners."

"Oh, dear, no."

"Then manners don't count?"

"Yes, they do; and yet— "

"And wealth is not everything?"

"On the contrary; yet—"

"And you 've no such thing as rank?"

"In one way of looking at it; but—"

The old lady listened in a state of stupefaction. Her only clear impression was a confirmation of her dislike of the subtleties of the Athanasian creed.

The entertainment put a stop to further conversation. It was of the usual kind: stars of opera at a guinea a note; a short drawing-room comedy in one act by distinguished amateurs, most superbly costumed; a fencing-bout by a French and an English performer of the first distinction. A zenana dance by a young lady, wherewith the Points had hoped to secure a little of the fun of the fair, had been ruled out by the blue pencil. The discomfited party yawned through the program until the withdrawal of the royal pair enabled them to seek their consolation in the smoking-room. Hard fate, however, attended them even here. The Squares invaded this scene of repose with the royal duke at their head. For a time the talk, in deference to his tastes, turned almost exclusively on the prospects of to-morrow's sport. But Providence was still watchful over the dispirited faction, and at the third cigarette he took his leave, with most of the Squares in his train. It is the unwritten law of such gatherings everywhere: the Points usually sit out the others, but, until this comes to pass, the conversation is kept within the safest limits. At a later period it takes, if not a wider, a more personal, range; and with the small hours it is apt to descend to scandals, with those who

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feel themselves sure of one another both in taste and in respect for the professional secret. When successive reductions have brought about a final survival of the unfittest, you may hear anything you are willing to listen to. As the hours wore on, that glittering Point, Tom Penniquicke, was telling how the true heir to the greatest peerage in England now languished as a publican on one of his late father's town estates, for want of the power to establish his rights, if not even of the very knowledge of them—confined to Tom and his set. He was also able to show how the equally innocent usurper of his title was really of peasant origin on one side. It was rather fresh to the listeners, but the servants knew it all by heart.

And the evening and two o'clock the next morning were the first day.

(To be continued)

A LOST STORY

BY FRANK NORRIS

Author of "The Octopus," "The Pit," etc.

T nine o'clock that morning Rosella arrived in her little office on the third floor of the great publishing-house of Conant & Company, and putting up her veil without removing her hat, addressed herself to her day's work.

She went through her meager and unimportant mail, wrote a few replies, and then turned to the pile of volunteer manuscripts which it was her duty to read and report upon.

For Rosella was Conant's "reader," and so well was she acquainted with the needs of the house, so thorough was she in her work, and so great was the reliance upon her judgment, that she was the only one employed. Manuscripts that she "passed up" went direct to Conant himself, while the great army of the "declined" had no second chance. For the "unavailables" her word was final.

From the first—which was when her initial literary venture, a little book of short tales of Sicily and the Sicilians, was published by the house—her relations with the Conants had been intimate. Conant believed in her, and for the sake of the time when her books could be considered safe investments was willing to lose a few dollars during the time of her apprenticeship. For the tales had enjoyed only a fleeting *succès d'estime*. Her style was, like her temperament, delicately constructed and of extreme refinement, not the style to appeal to the masses. It was "searched," a little *précieuse*, and the tales themselves were diaphanous enough, polished little *contes*, the points subtle, the action turning upon minute psychological distinctions.

Yet she had worked desperately hard upon their composition. She was of those very few who sincerely cannot write unless the mood be propitious; and her state of mind, the condition of her emotions, was very apt to influence her work for good or ill, as the case might be.

But a succès d'estime fills no purses, and favorable reviews in the literary periodicals are not "negotiable paper." Rosella could not yet live wholly by her pen, and, while awaiting the time of her arrival, thought herself fortunate when the house offered her the position of reader.

This arrival of hers was no doubt to be hastened, if not actually assured, by the publication of her first novel, "Patroclus," upon which she was at this time at work. The evening before, she had read the draft of the story to Trevor, and even now, as she cut the string of the first manuscript of the pile, she was thinking over what Tre-

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vor had said of it, and smiling as she thought.

It was through Conant that Rosella had met the great novelist and critic, and it was because of Conant that Trevor had read Rosella's first little book. He had taken an interest at once, and had found occasion to say to her that she had it in her to make a niche for herself in American letters.

He was a man old enough to be her grandfather, and Rosella often came to see him in his study, to advise with him as to doubtful points in her stories or as to ideas for those as yet unwritten. To her his opinion was absolutely final. This old gentleman, this elderly man of letters, who had seen the rise and fall of a dozen schools, was above the influence of fads, and he whose books were among the classics even before his death was infallible in his judgments of the work of the younger writers. All the stages of their evolution were known to him—all their mistakes, all their successes. He understood; and a story by one of them, a poem, a novel, that bore the stamp of his approval, was "sterling." Work that he declared a failure was such in very earnest, and might as well be consigned as speedily as possible to the grate or the waste-basket.

When, therefore, he had permitted himself to be even enthusiastic over "Patroclus," Rosella had been elated beyond the power of expression, and had returned home with blazing cheeks and shining eyes, to lie awake half the night thinking of her story, planning, perfecting, considering and reconsidering.

Like her short stories, the tale was of extreme delicacy in both sentiment and design. It was a little fanciful, a little elaborate, but of an ephemeral poetry. It was all "atmosphere," and its success depended upon the minutest precision of phrasing and the nicest harmony between idea and word. There was much in mere effect of words; and more important than mere plot was the feeling produced by the balancing of phrases and the cadence of sentence and paragraph.

Only a young woman of Rosella's complexity, of her extreme sensitiveness, could have conceived "Patroclus," nor could she herself hope to complete it successfully at any other period of her life. Any earlier she would have been too immature to adapt herself to its demands; any later she would have lost the spontaneity, the *jeunesse*, and the freshness which were to contribute to its greatest charm.

The tale itself was simple. Instead of a plot, a complication, it built itself around a central idea, and it was the originality of this idea, this motif, that had impressed Trevor so strongly. Indeed, Rosella's draft could convey no more than that. Her treatment was all to follow. But here she was sure of herself. The style would come naturally as she worked.

She was ambitious, and in her craving to succeed, to be recognized and accepted, was all that passionate eagerness that only the artist knows. So far success had been denied her; but now at last she seemed to see light. Her "Patroclus" would make her claims good. Everything depended upon that.

She had thought over this whole situation while she removed the wrappings from the first manuscript of the pile upon her desk. Even then her fingers itched for the pen, and the sentences and phrases of the opening defined themselves clearly in her mind. But that was not to be the immediate work. The unlovely bread-and-butter business pressed upon her. With a long breath she put the vision from her and turned her attention to the task at hand.

After her custom, she went through the pile, glancing at the titles and first lines of each manuscript, and putting it aside in the desk corner to be considered in detail later on.

She almost knew in advance that of the thirty-odd volunteers of that day's batch not one would prove available. The manuscripts were tagged and numbered in the business office before they came to her, and the number of the first she picked up that morning was 1120, and this since the first of the year. Of the eleven hundred she had accepted only three. Of these three, two had failed entirely after publication; the third had barely paid expenses. What a record! How hopeless it seemed! Yet the strugglers persisted. Did it not seem as if No. 1120, Mrs. Allen Bowen of Bentonville, South Dakota—did it not seem as if she could know that the great American public has no interest in, no use for, "Thoughts on the Higher Life," a series of articles written for the county paper—foolish little articles revamped from Ruskin and Matthew Arnold?

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And 1121—what was this? The initial lines ran: "'Oh, damn everything!' exclaimed Percival Holcombe, as he dropped languidly into a deep-seated leather chair by the club window which commanded a view of the noisy street crowded with fashion and frivolity, wherein the afternoon's sun, freed from its enthralling mists, which all day long had jealously obscured his beams, was gloating o'er the panels of the carriages of noblemen who were returning from race-track and park, and the towhead of the little sweeper who plied his humble trade which earned his scanty supper that he ate miles away from that gay quarter wherein Percival Holcombe, who—" Rosella paused for sheer breath. This sort did not need to be read. It was declined already. She picked up the next. It was in an underwear-box of green pasteboard.

"The staid old town of Salem," it read, "was all astir one bright and sunny morning in the year 1604." Rosella groaned. "Another!" she said. "Now," she continued, speaking to herself and shutting her eyes—"now about the next page the 'portly burgess' will address the heroine as 'Mistress,' and will say, 'An' whither away so early?'" She turned over to verify. She was wrong. The portly burgess had said: "Good morrow, Mistress Priscilla. An' where away so gaily bedizened?" She sighed as she put the manuscript away. "Why, and, oh, why *will* they do it!" she murmured.

The next one, 1123, was a story "Compiled from the Memoirs of One Perkin Althorpe, Esq., Sometime Field-Cornet in His Majesty's Troop of Horse," and was sown thick with objurgation—"Odswounds!" "Body o' me!" "A murrain on thee!" "By my halidom!" and all the rest of the sweepings and tailings of Scott and the third-rate romanticists.

"Declined," said Rosella, firmly, tossing it aside. She turned to 1124:

"About three o'clock of a roseate day in early spring two fashionables of the softer sex, elegantly arrayed, might have been observed sauntering languidly down Fifth Avenue.

"'Are you going to Mrs. Van Billion's musicale to-night?' inquired the older of the two, a tall and striking demi-brunette, turning to her companion.

"'No, indeed,' replied the person thus addressed, a blonde of exquisite coloring. 'No, indeed. The only music one hears there is the chink of silver dollars. Ha! ha! ha! ha!'"

Rosella winced as if in actual physical anguish. "And the author calls it a 'social satire'!" she exclaimed. "How can she! How can she!"

She turned to the next. It was written in script that was a model of neatness, margined, correctly punctuated, and addressed, "Harold Vickers," with the town and State. Its title was "The Last Dryad," and the poetry of the phrase stuck in her mind. She read the first lines, then the first page, then two.

"Come," said Rosella, "there is something in this." At once she was in a little valley in Bœotia in the Arcadian day. It was evening. There was no wind. Somewhere a temple opalescent in the sunset suggested rather than defined itself. A landscape developed such as Turner in a quiet mood might have evolved, and with it a feeling of fantasy, of remoteness, of pure, true classicism. A note of pipes was in the air, sheep bleated, and Daphne, knee-deep in the grass, surging an answer to the pipes, went down to meet her shepherd.

Rosella breathed a great sigh of relief. Here at last was a possibility—a new writer with a new, sane view of his world and his work. A new poet, in fine. She consulted the name and address given—Harold Vickers, Ash Fork, Arizona. There was something in that Harold; perhaps education and good people. But the Vickers told her nothing. And where was Ash Fork, Arizona; and why and how had "The Last Dryad" been written there, of all places the green world round? How came the inspiration for that classic *paysage*, such as Ingres would have loved, from the sage-brush and cactus? "Well," she told herself, "Moore wrote 'Lalla Rookh' in a back room in London, among the chimney-pots and soot. Maybe the proportion is inverse. But, Mr. Harold Vickers of Ash Fork, Arizona, your little book is, to say the least, well worth its ink."

She went through the other manuscripts as quickly as was consistent with fairness, and declined them all. Then settling herself comfortably in her chair, she plunged, with the delight of an explorer venturing upon new ground, into the pages of "The Last Dryad."

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II

FOUR hours later she came, as it were, to herself, to find that she sat lax in her place, with open, upturned palms, and eyes vacantly fixed upon the opposite wall. "The Last Dryad," read to the final word, was tumbled in a heap upon the floor. It was past her luncheon-hour. Her cheeks flamed; her hands were cold and moist; and her heart beat thick and slow, clogged, as it were, by its own heaviness.

But the lapse of time was naught to her, nor the fever that throbbed in her head. Her world, like a temple of glass, had come down dashing about her. The future, which had beckoned her onward,—a fairy in the path wherein her feet were set,—was gone, and at the goal of her ambition and striving she saw suddenly a stranger stand, plucking down the golden apples that she so long and passionately had desired.

For "The Last Dryad" was her own, her very, very own and cherished "Patroclus."

That the other author had taken the story from a different view-point, that his treatment varied, that the approach was his own, that the wording was his own, produced not the least change upon the final result. The idea, the motif, was identical in each; identical in every particular, identical in effect, in suggestion. The two tales were one. That was the fact, the unshakable fact, the block of granite that a malicious fortune had flung athwart her little pavilion of glass.

At first she jumped to the conclusion of chicanery. At first there seemed no other explanation. "He stole it," she cried, rousing vehemently from her inertia—"mine—mine. He stole my story."

But common sense prevailed in the end. No, there was no possible chance for theft. She had not spoken of "Patroclus" to any one but Trevor. Her manuscript draft had not once left her hands. No; it was a coincidence, nothing more—one of those fateful coincidences with which the scientific and literary worlds are crowded. And he, this unknown Vickers, this haphazard genius of Ash Fork, Arizona, had the prior claim. Her "Patroclus" must remain unwritten. The sob caught and clutched at her throat at last.

"Oh," she cried in a half-whisper—"oh, my chance, my hopes, my foolish little hopes! And now *this!* To have it all come to nothing—when I was so proud, so buoyant—and Mr. Trevor and all! Oh, could anything be more cruel!"

And then, of all moments, *ex machina*, Harold Vickers's card was handed in.

She stared at it an instant, through tears, amazed and incredulous. Surely some one was playing a monstrous joke upon her to-day. Soon she would come upon the strings and false bottoms and wigs and masks of the game. But the office-boy's contemplation of her distress was real. Something must be done. The whole machine of things could not indefinitely hang thus suspended, inert, waiting her pleasure.

"Yes," she exclaimed all at once. "Very well; show him in"; and she had no more than gathered up the manuscript of "The Last Dryad" from the floor when its author entered the room.

He was very young,—certainly not more than twenty-three,—tall, rather poorly dressed, an invalid, beyond doubt, and the cough and the flush on the high cheek-bone spelled the name of the disease. The pepper-and-salt suit, the shoe-string cravat, and the broad felt hat were frankly Arizona. And he was diffident, constrained, sitting uncomfortably on the chair as a mark of respect, smiling continually, and, as he talked, throwing in her name at almost every phrase:

"No, Miss Beltis; yes, Miss Beltis; quite right, Miss Beltis."

His embarrassment helped her to her own composure, and by the time she came to question him as to his book and the reasons that brought him from Ash Fork to New York, she had herself in hand.

"I have received an unimportant government appointment in the Fisheries Department," he explained, "and as I was in New York for the week I thought I might—not that I wished to seem to hurry you, Miss Beltis—but I thought I might ask if you had come to—to my little book yet."

In five minutes of time Rosella knew just where Harold Vickers was to be placed, to what type he belonged. He was the young man of great talent who, so far from being discovered by the outside world, had not even discovered himself. He would be in two minds as yet about his calling in life, whether it was to be the hatching of fish or the writing of "Last Dryads." No one had yet taken him in hand, had so much as

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spoken a word to him. If she told him now that his book was a ridiculous failure, he would no doubt say—and believe—that she was quite right, that he had felt as much himself. If she told him his book was a little masterpiece, he would be just as certain to tell himself, and with equal sincerity, that he had known it from the first.

He had offered his manuscript nowhere else as yet. He was as new as an overnight daisy, and as destructible in Rosella's hands.

"Yes," she said at length, "I have read your manuscript." She paused a moment, then: "But I am not quite ready to pass upon it yet."

He was voluble in his protestations.

"Oh, that is all right," she interrupted. "I can come to the second reading in a day or two. I could send you word by the end of the week."

"Thank you, Miss Beltis." He paused awkwardly, smiling in deprecatory fashion. "Do you—from what you have seen of it—read of it—do you—how does it strike you? As good enough to publish—or fit for the waste-basket?"

Ah, why had this situation leaped upon her thus unawares, and all unprepared! Why had she not been allowed time, opportunity, to fortify herself! What she said now would mean so much. Best err, then, on the safe side; and which side was that? Her words seemed to come of themselves, and she almost physically felt herself withdraw from the responsibility of what this other material Rosella Beltis was saying.

"I don't know," said the other Rosella. "I should not care to say—so soon. You see—there are so many manuscripts. I generally trust to the first impression on the second reading." She did not even hear his answer, but she said, when he had done speaking, that even in case of an unfavorable report there were, of course, other publishers.

But he answered that the judgment of such a house as the Conants would suffice for him. Somehow he could not peddle his story about New York. If the Conants would not take his work, nobody would.

And that was the last remark of importance he made. During the few remaining moments of his visit they spoke of unessentials, and before she was aware he had gone away, leaving with her a memorandum of his address at the time.

III

She did not sleep that night. When she left the office she brought "The Last Dryad" home with her, and till far into the night she read it and re-read it, comparing it and contrasting it with "Patroclus," searching diligently if perhaps there were not some minute loophole of evasion for her, some devious passage through which tortuously she might escape. But amid the shattered panes of her glass pavilion the block of stone persisted, inert, immovable. The stone could not be raised, the little edifice could not be rebuilt.

Then at last, inevitably, the temptation came—came and grew and shut about her and gripped her close. She began to temporize, to advance excuses. Was not her story the better one? Granted that the idea was the same, was not the treatment, the presentation, more effective? Should not the fittest survive? Was it not right that the public should have the better version? Suppose "Patroclus" had been written by a third person, and she had been called upon to choose between it and "The Last Dryad," would she not have taken "Patroclus" and rejected the other? Ah, but "Patroclus" was not yet written! Well, that was true. But the draft of it was; the idea of it had been conceived eight months ago. Perhaps she had thought of her story before Vickers had thought of his. Perhaps? No; it was very probable; there was no doubt of it, in fact. That was the important thing: the conception of the idea, not the execution. And if this was true, her claim was prior.

But what would Conant say of such reasoning, and Trevor—would they approve? Would they agree?

"Yes, they would," she cried the instant the thought occurred to her. "Yes, they would, they would, they would; I know they would. I am sure of it; sure of it."

But she knew they would not. The idea of right persisted and persisted. Rosella was on the rack, and slowly, inevitably, resistlessly the temptation grew and gathered, and snared her feet and her hands, and, fold on fold, lapped around her like a veil.

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A great and feminine desire to shift the responsibility began to possess her mind.

"I cannot help it," she cried. "I am not to blame. It is all very well to preach, but how would—any one do in my case? It is not my fault."

And all at once, without knowing how or why, she found that she had written, sealed, stamped, and addressed a note to Harold Vickers declining his story.

But this was a long way from actually rejecting "The Last Dryad"—rejecting it in favor of "Patroclus." She had only written the note, so she told herself, just to see how the words would look. It was merely an impulse; would come to nothing, of course. Let us put it aside, that note, and seriously consider this trying situation.

Somehow it seemed less trying now; somehow the fact of her distress seemed less poignant. There was a way out of it—stop. No; do not look at the note there on the table. There was a way out, no doubt, but not that one; no, of course not that one. Rosella laughed a little. How easily some one else, less scrupulous, would solve this problem! Well, she could solve it, too, and keep her scruples as well; but not to-night. Now she was worn out. To-morrow it would look different to her.

She went to bed and tossed wide-eyed and wakeful till morning, then rose, and after breakfast prepared to go to the office as usual. The manuscript of "The Last Dryad" lay on her table, and while she was wrapping it up her eye fell upon the note to Harold Vickers.

"Why," she murmured, with a little grimace of astonishment—"why, how is this? I thought I burned that last night. How *could* I have forgotten!"

She could have burned it then. The fire was crackling in the grate; she had but to toss it in. But she preferred to delay.

"I will drop it in some ash-can or down some sewer on the way to the office," she said to herself. She slipped it into her muff and hurried away. But on the way to the cable-car no ash-can presented itself. True, she discovered the opening of a sewer on the corner where she took her car. But a milkman and a police officer stood near at hand in conversation, occasionally glancing at her, and no doubt they would have thought it strange to see this well-dressed young woman furtively dropping a sealed letter into a sewer-vent.

She held it awkwardly in her hand all of her way down-town, and still carried it there when she had descended from her car and took her way up the cross-street toward Conant's.

She suddenly remembered that she had other letters to mail that morning. For two days the weekly epistles that she wrote home to her mother and younger sister had been overlooked in her pocket. She found a mail-box on the corner by the Conant building and crossed over to it, holding her mother's and sister's letters in one hand and the note to Vickers in the other.

Carefully scanning the addresses, to make sure she did not confuse the letters, she dropped in her home correspondence, then stood there a moment irresolute.

Irresolute as to what, she could not say. Her decision had been taken in the matter of "The Last Dryad." She would accept it, as it deserved. Whether she was still to write "Patroclus" was a matter to be considered later. Well, she was glad she had settled it all. If she had not come to this conclusion she might have been, at that very instant, dropping the letter to Harold Vickers into the box. She would have stood, thus, facing the box, have raised the cast-iron flap,—this with one hand,—and with the other have thrust the note into the slide—thus.

Her fingers closed hard upon the letter at the very last instant—ah, not too late. But suppose she had, but for one second, opened her thumb and forefinger and—what? What would come of it?

And there, with the letter yet on the edge of the drop she called up again the entire situation, the identity of the stories, the jeopardizing—no, the wrecking—of her future career by this chance-thrown barrier in the way. Why hesitate, why procrastinate? Her thoughts came to her in a whirl. If she acted quickly now,—took the leap with shut eyes, reckless of result,—she could truly be sorry then, truly acknowledge what was right, believe that Vickers had the prior claim without the hard necessity of acting up to her convictions. At least, this harrowing indecision would be over with.

"Indecision?" What was this she was saying? Had she not this moment told herself that she was resolved—resolved to accept "The Last Dryad"? Resolved to accept it? Was that true? Had she done

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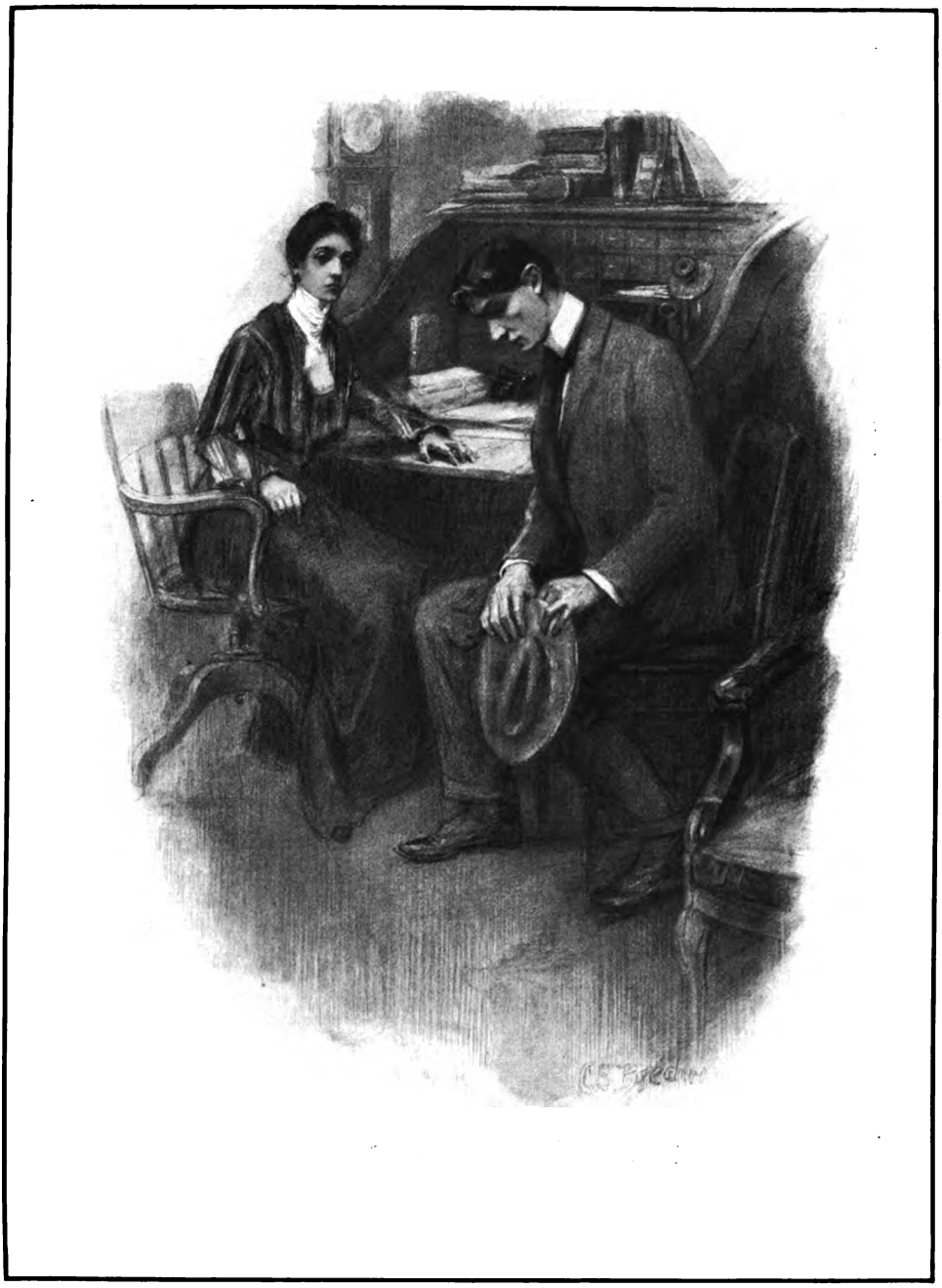

Drawn by Christine S. Bredin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HE WAS DIFFIDENT, CONSTRAINED, SITTING UNCOMFORTABLY ON THE CHAIR"

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so? Had she not made up her mind long ago to decline it—decline it with full knowledge that its author would destroy it once the manuscript should be returned?

These thoughts had whisked through her mind with immeasurable rapidity. The letter still rested half in, half out of the drop. She still held it there.

By now Rosella knew if she let it fall she would do so deliberately, with full knowledge of what she was about. She could not afterward excuse herself by saying that she had been confused, excited, acting upon an unreasoned impulse. No; it would be deliberate, deliberate, deliberate. She would have to live up to that decision, whatever it was, for many months to come, perhaps for years. Perhaps,—who could say?—perhaps it might affect her character permanently. In a crisis little forces are important, disproportionately so. And then it was, and thus it was, that Rosella took her resolve. She raised the iron flap once more, and saying aloud and with a ring of defiance in her voice: "Deliberately, deliberately; I don't care," loosed her hold upon the letter. She heard it fall with a soft rustling impact upon the accumulated mail-matter in the bottom of the box.

A week later she received her letter back with a stamped legend across its face informing her with dreadful terseness that the party to whom the letter was addressed was deceased. She divined a blunder, but for all that, and with Heaven knew what conflicting emotions, sought confirmation in the daily press. There, at the very end of the column, stood the notice:

VICKERS. At New York, on Sunday, November 12, Harold Anderson Vickers, in the twenty-third year of his age. Arizona papers please copy. Notice of funeral hereafter.

Three days later she began to write "Patroclus."

IV

ROSELLA stood upon the door-step of Trevor's house, closing her umbrella and shaking the water from the folds of her mackintosh. It was between eight and nine in the evening, and since morning a fine rain had fallen steadily. But no stress of weather could have kept Rosella at home that evening. A week previous she had sent to Trevor the type-written copy of the completed "Patroclus," and to-night she was to call for the manuscript and listen to his suggestions and advice.

She had triumphed in the end—triumphed over what, she had not always cared to inquire. But once the pen in her hand, once "Patroclus" begun, and the absorption of her mind, her imagination, her every faculty, in the composition of the story, had not permitted her to think of or to remember anything else.

And she saw that her work was good. She had tested it by every method, held it up to her judgment in all positions and from all sides, and in her mind, so far as she could see, and she was a harsh critic for her own work, it stood the tests. Not the least of her joys was the pleasure that she knew Trevor would take in her success. She could foresee just the expression of his face when he would speak, could forecast just the tones of the voice, the twinkle of the kindly eyes behind the glasses.

When she entered the study, she found Trevor himself, as she had expected, waiting for her in slippers and worn velvet jacket, pipe in hand, and silk skullcap awry upon the silver-white hair. He extended an inky hand, and still holding it and talking, led her to an easy-chair near the hearth.

Even through the perturbation of her mind Rosella could not but wonder—for the hundredth time—at the apparent discrepancy between the great novelist and the nature of his books. These latter were, each and all of them, wonders of artistic composition, compared with the hordes of latter-day pictures. They were the aristocrats of their kind, full of reserved force, unimpeachable in dignity, stately even, at times veritably austere.

And Trevor himself was a short, rotund man, rubicund as to face, bourgeois as to clothes and surroundings (the bisque statuette of a fisher-boy obtruded the vulgarity of its gilding and tinting from the mantelpiece), jovial in manner, indulging even in slang. One might easily have set him down as a retired groceryman—wholesale perhaps, but none the less a groceryman. Yet touch him upon the subject of his profession, and the bonhomie lapsed away from him at once. Then he became serious. Literature was not a thing to be trifled with.

Thus it was to-night. For five minutes Trevor filled the room with the roaring of

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his own laughter and the echoes of his own vociferous voice. He was telling a story—a funny story, about what Rosella, with her thoughts on "Patroclus," could not for the life of her have said, and she must needs listen in patience and with perfunctory merriment while the narrative was conducted to its close with all the accompaniment of stamped feet and slapped knees.

"'Why, becoth, mithtah,' said that nigger. 'Dat dawg ain' good fo' nothin' ailse; so I jes rickon he 'th boun' to be a coon dawg'"; and the author of "Snow in April" pounded the arm of his chair and roared till the gas-fixtures vibrated.

Then at last, taking advantage of a lull in the talk, Rosella, unable to contain her patience longer, found breath to remark:

"And 'Patroclus'—my—my little book?"

"Ah—hum, yes. 'Patroclus,' your story. I 've read it."

At once another man was before her, or rather the writer—the novelist—*in* the man. Something of the dignity of his literary style immediately seemed to invest him with a new character. He fell quiet, grave, not a little abstracted, and Rosella felt her heart sink. Her little book (never had it seemed so insignificant, so presumptuous as now) had been on trial before a relentless tribunal, had indeed undergone the ordeal of fire. But the verdict, the verdict! Quietly, but with cold hands clasped tight together, she listened while the greatest novelist of America passed judgment upon her effort.

"Yes; I 've read it," continued Trevor. "Read it carefully—carefully. You have worked hard upon it. I can see that. You have put your whole soul into it, put all of yourself into it. The narrative is all there, and I have nothing but good words to say to you about the construction, the mere mechanics of it. But—"

Would he never go on? What was this? What did that "But" mean? What else but disaster could it mean? Rosella shut her teeth.

"But, to speak very frankly, my dear girl, there is something lacking. Oh, the idea, the motif—that—" he held up a hand. "That is as intact as when you read me the draft. The central theme, the approach, the grouping of the characters, the dialogue—all good—all good. The thing that is lacking I find very hard to define. But the *mood* of the story, shall we say?—the mood of the story is—" he stopped, frowning in perplexity, hesitating. The great master of words for once found himself at a loss for expression. "The mood is somehow truculent, when it should be as suave, as quiet, as the very river you describe. Don't you see? Can't you understand what I mean? In this 'Patroclus' the atmosphere, the little, delicate, subtle sentiment, is everything—everything. What was the mere story? Nothing without the proper treatment. And it was just in this fine, intimate relationship between theme and treatment that the success of the book was to be looked for. I thought I could be sure of you there. I thought that you of all people could work out that motif adequately. But—" he waved a hand over the manuscript that lay at her elbow—"this—it is not the thing. This is a poor criticism, you will say, merely a marshaling of empty phrases, abstractions. Well, that may be; I repeat, it is very hard for me to define just what there is of failure in your 'Patroclus.' But it is empty, dry, hard, barren. Am I cruel to speak so frankly? If I were less frank, my dear girl, I would be less just, less kind. You have told merely the story, have narrated episodes in their sequence of time, and where the episodes have stopped there you have ended the book. The whole animus that should have put the life into it is gone, or, if it is not gone, it is so perverted that it is incorrigible. To *my* mind the book is a failure."

Rosella did not answer when Trevor ceased speaking, and there was a long silence. Trevor looked at her anxiously. He had hated to hurt her. Rosella gazed vaguely at the fire. Then at last the tears filled her eyes.

"I am sorry, very, very sorry," said Trevor, kindly. "But to have told you anything but the truth would have done you a wrong—and, then, no earnest work is altogether wasted. Even though 'Patroclus' is—not what we expected of it, your effort over it will help you in something else. You did work hard at it. I saw that. You must have put your whole soul into it."

"That," said Rosella, speaking half to herself—"that was just the trouble."

But Trevor did not understand.

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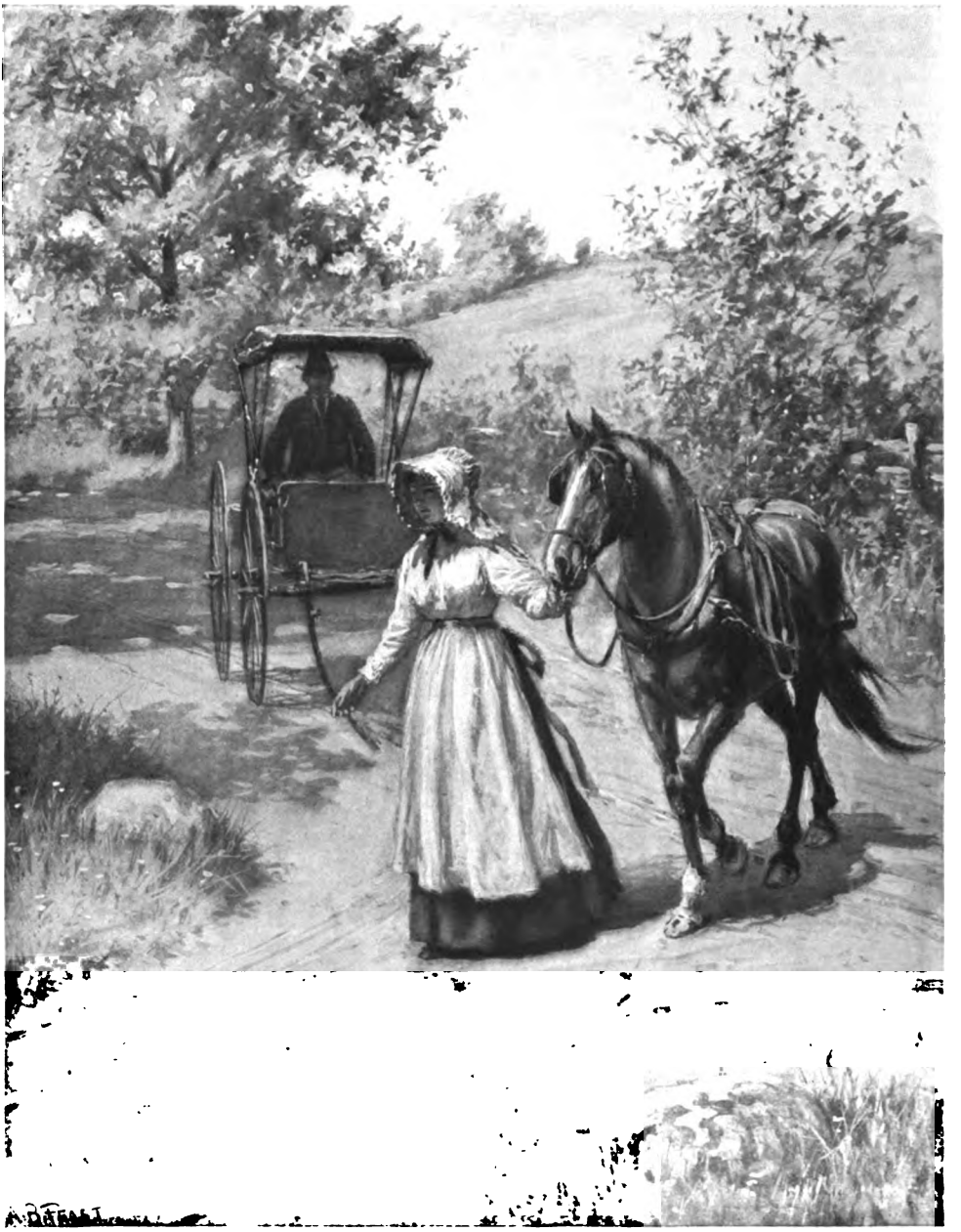

Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"HE FOUND HIMSELF LEFT ALONE IN HIS BUGGY"

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RED TASSELS

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE

WITH PICTURES BY A. B. FROST

"WHOA, pet! Whoa, I say! Whoa! Steady, girl! Up! There, that's it. Just what I thought! Another ten miles and you 'd never have been four-footed again."

The owner of the horse sat in his buggy, helplessly holding the ends of the useless reins. The sunbonneted female figure which had suddenly appeared at his horse's head to check his progress and take charge of his affairs seemed to have sprung up out of the dusty road. He roused himself from his amazement and bent forward over the dash-board. What on earth was this most extraordinary person doing with his horse's leg? She had taken the animal's foot up from the ground, and was talking to herself as she felt the tendons and joint with a practised hand. If the horse had an owner whose time or opinion might be of any value, she apparently was not aware of the fact. When she rose finally it was to push back her sunbonnet and at once address herself to unharnessing the horse with a swiftness and dexterity which left its owner uncomfortably certain that unless he made some countermove, and that quickly, his means of locomotion would be gone.

What did happen in a few moments was that he found himself left alone in his buggy in the middle of the road, staring after his retreating quadruped and the sunbonnet bobbing by its side.

Roused to action of some kind, he sprang from the buggy, and, taking the horse's place between the shafts, he was soon a part of the short procession, holding his place at an interval behind. At the first gate the head of the procession turned into a neat yard in which stood a low farmhouse with the usual stable and out-buildings gathered about it. Straight on toward the stable, like homing birds, trotted the horse and the sunbonnet, and on behind the man wheeled the buggy.

As the horse and its guide vanished through the open stable door, the man let the buggy-shafts drop, took off his hat, wiped his damp brow, and looked about him. It was a quaint, attractive old house which he saw, covered with overgrown vines and set in a flowery yard, with shade-trees near the door and fruit-orchards flanking the yard on either side. A cooler, more comfortable retreat on a hot, dusty day could not well be imagined. He was still looking about him when the wearer of the sunbonnet came out of the stable and hurried to the house, from which she as quickly emerged again, carrying a heavy pail of steaming water in one hand and a large bundle of flannel in the other. She was walking straight on toward the stable when the traveler, stepping forward, hat in hand, blocked the way.

"Allow me," he said firmly, taking the bucket from her hand. Then walking on beside her, he added as casually as if continuing an interrupted conversation:

"Will you kindly tell me why your stable is painted one color ten feet up, and quite another shade all the rest of the way?"

The owner of the stable pushed the covering back from her face to look up.

"Of all the exasperating things I ever had happen to me," she said with feeling, "that was the most aggravating. I could have painted the whole stable as easily as not, if I 'd begun early enough. I hired a man to paint the upper part because I had to stop to prune the fruit-trees, and I think in my soul he mixed the paint a different color on purpose to make people say I

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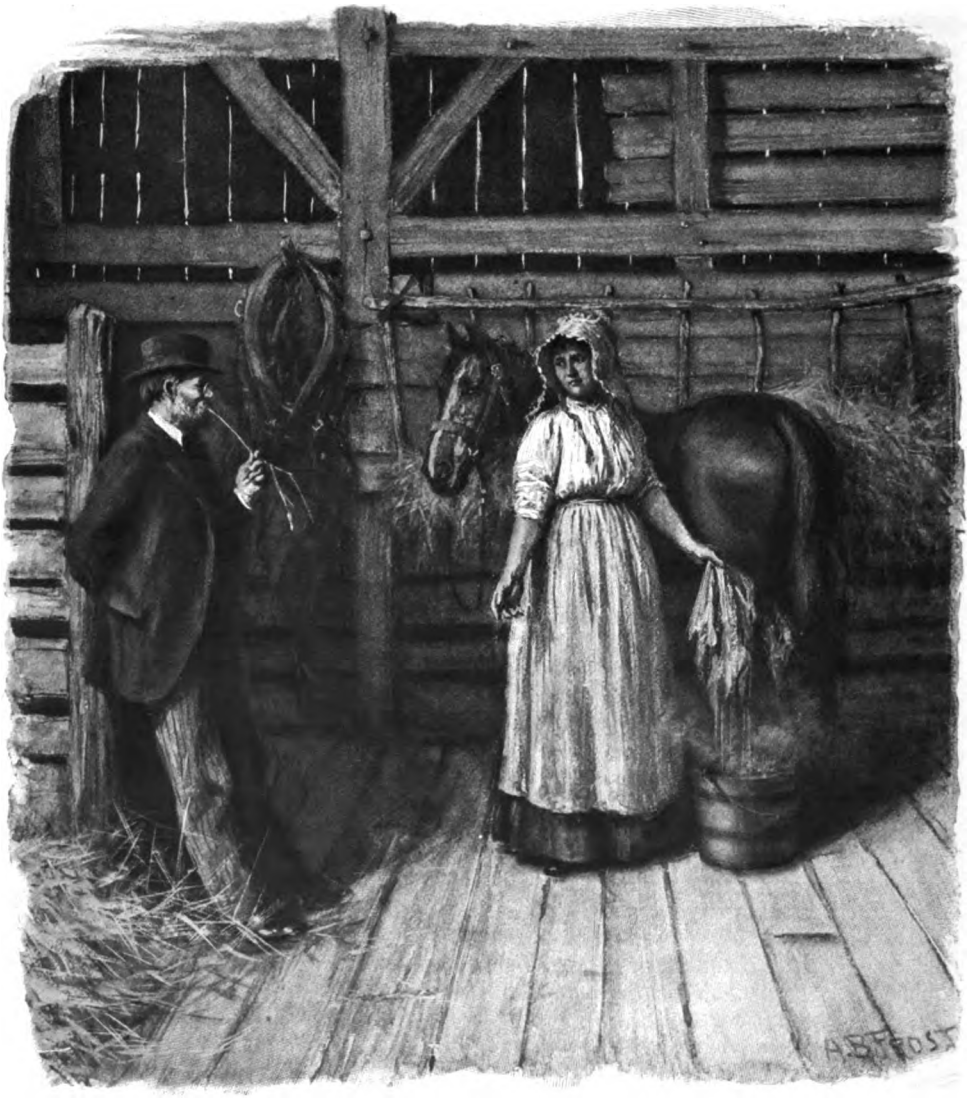
painted as high as I could reach and then had to hire a man to finish the job."

"I can see," remarked the traveler, in the same casual way, "that you also pruned the fruit-trees as high as you could reach, but you did n't get any man to finish that job."

"Yes," confessed the wearer of the sunbonnet, with a little dejection of tone. "It does show where I could n't reach the tops; but next year I 'll do better."

"Expect to grow taller?" asked the traveler, cheerfully. "I would n't bother. I kind of like the way you 've got those trees. They look like so many umbrellas. I never saw orchards look just like those two. Give me variety!"

The sunbonnet turned toward him quickly. He saw that the wearer was not young, yet neither was she old. She was not pretty, but she certainly was far from



Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by J. Tinkey

"'HOLD A HORSE'S LEG! WELL, IF YOU 'D EVER TRIED TO, YOU WOULD N'T BE STANDING THERE NOW TALKING ABOUT IT'"

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ugly. The traveler liked pretty women, but he liked handsome ones better. This woman either had been handsome or still might be, he was not sure which. He decided that she was handsome enough to have her own way a little longer, and so followed on to the stable, where, divested of harness and tied comfortably to a hay-rack, stood the traveler's mare.

"How soon will she be about again?" asked the traveler, nodding toward his horse. "She 's been going lame off and on for some days. I thought it was just a bad trick."

"Trick! Mercy! I saw the horse from my up-stairs window half a mile off, and I knew it was going dead lame. How would you like to travel on an abscess? People can't seem to remember dumb brutes are dumb. She could n't *tell* you. You may be a horse yourself some day, and then you will know what it is to have abscesses taken for tricks."

"I 'm not going to be a horse," answered the traveler, calmly. "I 'm going to be an angel. Where shall I set this bucket, Mrs. Gray?"

"Right here in the stall." A moment's thoughtful pause, then: "Who told you my name was Gray?"

"Gray—the Widow Gray. Is n't that your name?"

"My name 's Delia Harding, and always has been. I never was married."

"Indeed!" said the traveler, as if the statement was incredible.

He was a short, strongly built man, with a touch of gray in the hair over his temples. a merry twinkle in his eyes, and a mouth that always foretold a laugh by twitching in the corners. The laugh, when it came, was a high, contagious chuckle. Leaning against the stall, he interestedly watched Miss Harding soaking flannels in water much too hot for her hands.

"What 's that for?" he asked.

"Embrocation."

"Well, I know as much now as I did before. I suppose that goes on the beast's leg, eh? Want me to hold her leg while you slap it on?"

Miss Harding lifted a face flushed crimson by her exertions, and across the steaming applications gave him one look of utter scorn.

"Hold a horse's leg! Well, if you 'd ever tried to, you would n't be standing there now talking about it."

She held the hot application in one hand, while with the other she patted the animal's side, working her soothing way down to the tender joint, upon which, by a similar course of gradual approaches, she successfully bound the hot flannel.

"That 's done," she said, rising as the last knot was tied, and with the word caught up her bucket and walked rapidly out of the stable, closing and bolting the door behind her. The traveler was obliged to move with more celerity than dignity in order not to be shut in with the horse, for Miss Harding's previous state of forgetfulness as to his existence seemed to have returned in force, and had his buggy, left in the house yard, been smaller, it might almost have been said that she stubbed her toe on it in her progress. What she actually did was to run up against it, and when brought to a stand, she absent-mindedly regarded it a moment, then circling about it, disappeared into the house. The traveler also stopped at the side of his buggy and watched the mistress of the farm vanishing, without a backward look, through her doorway. With his head cocked on one side, his lips puckered into a silent whistle, he stood thinking. Then, as if upon a sudden determination, he burst into a hearty laugh.

It was ten minutes later when Miss Harding, standing with her back to the door gazing down into a pot boiling on the stove, started at a voice from the doorway and dropped the pot-lid with a clatter.

"You 've got everything so convenient, Miss Harding. By the way, my name 's Marcus Town. I 'm a traveling salesman—brass polish. That 's the nicest carriage-house I ever saw. Place for everything. Could n't imagine what those *snaps* in the wall were for at first. I found out as soon as I stuck my buggy-shafts in them. Hello, kitty! Come here, pussy-cat. Well, now, you keep talking about my driving a lame horse! I never punched holes in a pussy-cat's ears to put red tassels in them! Poor pussy! Come, pussy!"

Delia Harding came quickly toward the door, and looked down at the cat in Marcus Town's arms.

"I did n't bore those holes in her ears. She 's a stray cat that came in here long ago. She had n't tassels in her ears then, only the holes and a broken leg. It took

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Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

"'THAT WOMAN MAKES ME WORK EARLY AND LATE'"

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me a long time to decide whether she 'd rather wear those tassels or not. I put it to myself finally, and then I made her the tassels. I argued she might be ashamed of the holes before the other cats."

"I think you decided just right," said Marcus, cordially. He sat down upon the door-step, his back against the open door. "The chances are this cat 's a kind of a king with the other cats because of these tassels. I tell you, there 's lots of us wearing red tassels to hide awful holes, and lots of others envying us the tassels."

"Yes," said Delia, slowly; "that 's true."

She turned back sharply into the kitchen and to her domestic duties, hurrying out of sight by a back door behind which Marcus Town decided the buttery was situated. He waited a moment after the door was shut, then rose in leisurely fashion. His step was noiseless as he walked to the stove and lifted the lid of the pot. He sniffed critically at the freed steam which rose in a cloud, nodded approval, and replaced the lid. From the stove he proceeded to the dresser, where he softly opened several drawers, and finally dragged out a table-cloth, which he shook from its folds and spread neatly over the table in the center of the room. In a wonderfully short space of time all that he wanted from the dresser was upon the table; and then carefully filling a tall celery-glass with water from the kitchen pail, he set it in the center of the cloth, and went out into the yard. When he entered the kitchen again by the front door Miss Harding was coming in at the back. Her hands were full of dishes, and she was pushing open the buttery spring-door with her shoulder, while preventing its slamming with her foot, after the graceless habit of full-handed housekeepers. With her foot still caught in the door she paused transfixed, her gaze upon the table set neatly for two, and upon Marcus Town filling the celery-glass with yellow buttercups which he had plucked in the yard.

"Wait a minute," he called cheerfully. "You 've got too much there. Why in the world did n't you call me to help you? Give me the butter. Looks pretty right under those yellow buttercups, don't it? Milk here, cake here, preserves here. Guess that 's all right. I 'll lift the stew off the fire for you. Those pots always seem to me ever so much too heavy for a woman. You don't say you 've got hot light-rolls for dinner! Bless me! I have n't tasted hot light-rolls since I started on the road."

Delia Harding stood motionless, her foot still caught in the door, her empty hands still extended, as if yet holding the buttery-china of which she had been relieved. Only her astonished eyes moved as they mechanically followed Marcus with exactly the same expression in them that his had worn when watching her unharness his horse. He opened the hot oven door with Delia's best dish-cloth, took out her pan of rolls, lifted off the stew, talking cheerfully the while, and, as a sleep-walker moves, Delia Harding stepped slowly forward, dished the stew, and set it on the table.

"No," said Marcus Town from the door-step, where he was alternately blowing puffs of tobacco-smoke out into the air and turning to throw his remarks back into the room—"no, it don't seem to be two weeks since I came here, does it? No. Time does certainly fly. That beast of mine 's set her pace to get well when she 's good and ready, and not before. I 'm not worrying about my animal as much as I am about yours, though. Here I 've been driving him around the country as if he was mine. You sure it ain't too much for him? I don't know why I asked you that. Don't I know that you would n't have let me use him a quarter of an hour more than was healthy for him? See here, Miss Harding, I want to ask you something else. Did you ever see anybody take to the country like I have? Duck to water! Every night of the world when I comb my hair the hayseeds rattle on the floor, and I never, so to speak, saw the country before. Being a bustling city salesman all my life, I had n't much chance to get away, and when I did, it was n't to go to the country. When I sold out my share in the business and bought that good-for-nothing mare and buggy of mine, and started out with the polish, I did it because my doctor said my health would n't be worth a hurrah unless I got right out of town. He knew his business. The very first day on the road I was better. I 'd been on the road some weeks, Miss Harding, and I was getting my health back nicely and doing pretty well with the polish, when one morning a highwaywoman jumped out of the bushes into the road right in front of my mare, and, if you 'll believe

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me, she took her right out of the shafts and ran away with her, and when I ran after them she caught me, too; and, oh my! the life I 've been led since then! Talk about slave-drivers! That woman makes me work early and late. In two weeks' time she 's made me prune two whole orchards, paint a whole barn over again, trim the vines, wash the front of the house, cut all the grass around the yard, and—the fact is, she 's made me do all the things on the farm that she 'd thought she could do and found she could n't, and you know just what a lot of things that would be, Miss Harding."

Miss Harding appeared in the doorway, a cooking-apron over her shoulders and gown, a cooking-spoon in her hand, and her face flushed hotly, partly, it was evident, from the heat of the stove, but partly also from vexation.

"I never so much as asked you to do a single thing on this farm, and you know it!" she exclaimed. "I never knew you were pruning the orchards until I saw you up a tree at work; and as for the barn, if you had n't started on that before the sun was up, or anybody else, you 'd never have been let begin it at all. You cut the grass just the same way. I never heard such talk! And as for washing the front of the house, have n't I done it every year, and was n't I up the ladder doing it myself this year when you came and shook me off the rung and almost broke my neck?"

"*Miss Harding*, do you mean to tell me you did n't set me to work washing the front of this house as if it was a baby's face? I never before in my life saw anybody made to fondle a house-front that way. Don't you remember how I kept talking to it: 'Just a *little* more! Mother 'll soon be through. Don't you cry.' Lord! I thought I 'd fall off the ladder myself. Excuse my mirth." He wiped the tears of laughter from his eyes.

"I never so much as hinted to you to wash my house," retorted Miss Harding.

Marcus pretended to hold back his laughter behind pursed lips, looking at her teasingly.

"Well," he went on, "I forgive you—all but the gloves. I never in all my life saw anybody but you make a man put gloves on the ends of his ladder to protect the house. Those gloves 'most killed me. I never would have used 'em in the world if I had n't been afraid not to. I can't imagine why I am afraid of you. I used to be the biggest tease. I 'd tease anybody, but I 'd no more dare to tease you! By the way, I 've had something in mind to speak to you about for some days. You see, there 's nothing catching the matter with me—nothing that good air and a sensible life can't cure. When I first came here and saw all the old farmers so happy and hearty, says I to myself: 'Why, what a fool I have been not to come here before! This is just what I need,' says I; 'and, furthermore, just what I mean to have.' I 've got enough tucked away to live on in this kind of country way and do nothing, if I choose; but I don't choose, now I see how well I can farm. I 've about decided to buy this farm, Miss Harding, and settle down. I can give you any references you want—good ones, moral, financial, anything. You must know by now you can't run a farm. No woman can. Just see how it 's looked up since I took hold."

He pointed with his pipe-stem toward the shaven grass, the neat orchards, the trimmed vines, the newly painted barn, with an air of proprietorship which seemed to rob Delia of any power to reply. She dropped back against the door-post and, spoon in hand, stood listening motionless to the audacious proposal.

"Well," said Marcus, "what 's your price?"

Delia lifted herself and looked at Marcus Town as if about to speak, then, changing her mind, closed her lips so firmly that the action almost reached the dignity of a gesture, and turned away to the stove and her cooking.

Marcus sat watching her, his eyes twinkling, his mouth twitching. The clock pointed a time half an hour earlier than the accustomed supper-hour, but in a few moments, with set lips and high color, a suppressed and significant energy in every motion, Delia began to lay the table—for one.

"Hold on! That 's my job," said Marcus, from the doorway. "You know you have n't set that table since the first day I came."

But Delia paid no heed to him, and he went on smoking, watching her meantime out of the corners of his eyes as she hurriedly took the meal from the stove, and seating herself at the table, her back

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to the door, began to eat her supper alone. As she poured out her cup of tea the hot stream ran partly into the saucer, partly into the cup, and as she helped herself to the baked hash her hand trembled so that half the portion landed on the table. Delia flushed angrily, and spoke to herself under her breath with scornful energy as she repaired the damages: "I don't wonder you 're ashamed of yourself, Delia Harding. I don't wonder at all. Why don't you tell him the truth? Why don't you? Oh, the Lord only knows why I don't! I guess I 'm going crazy." She leaned her head wearily on her hand and forgot to eat.

From the doorway came Marcus Town's deliberate voice.

"I have never," said Marcus, ponderingly, "forgotten that first and only meal I ate at my hotel. It 's bad enough sleeping there, for a self-respecting man, but eat there—no, sir! It 's out of the question. The first day I came here I ate my dinner with you, you may remember, and my supper I *tried* to eat at the hotel. Says I to myself as I rose from that supper-table, 'Never again, Marcus, *never* again!' I walked over here the next morning, just as you were cooking bacon and eggs for breakfast. You can't run a farm, perhaps, but this man knows you can cook. Somehow, you make the things you 're cooking *smell* so good. When I came to this door that morning I thought I 'd never smelled anything like that bacon and eggs cooking. Says I from the doorway to you at the stove: 'I never tasted such a dreadful supper as those hotel people gave me last night.' And says you, as hard as a hammer and not so much as looking round: 'The hotel supper was bad? Well, you 'll get a worse breakfast.' And me leaning, hungry, sad, and lonely, against this very door-jamb! How could you, Miss Harding? How could you? What did I do? I walked firmly in at the door, like this. I walked over to the dresser, like this. I took down a plate, knife, fork, and tumbler, just this way—and down I sat me at the table, just so. And that settled it. And it 's been so settled, in that same kind of pleasant, informal way, every day and three times a day, and so it 's going to be settled *now*. Hash, is it? Baked hash? You knew I liked that for supper better than anything else, and you knew I 'd had a long, hard drive to-day, and so you made me my favorite dish, did n't you? That was kind of you, Delia."

Miss Harding's hand was lying on the table, and Marcus laid his over it, then glanced up at her, smiling. As he looked he drew back quickly, deciding that though some women might be very different from other women, all women looked exactly alike just before they began to cry.

"How 's that horse of mine to-day? No better, I suppose. Can't walk a step yet. Well, I guess you were right about her being worse before she 's better. It 's turned out a long job. It kind of broke it to me it would be when you locked her in the box-stall by herself, as if she was too sick to stand company. By the way, what about that rack in the box-stall? I told you I 'd mend it, and I will, right after supper. I 'd have mended it long before, but I never could find the key of the stall when you were n't around, and when you were around, you know, you always had so much for me to do—"

"I mended the rack myself," interrupted Delia, shortly.

Marcus looked up at her quizzically.

"You did, eh? How did you mend it? With a hair-pin? Why, I do believe you did!" He burst into a shout of laughter. "Why, I only said that for a joke; but I do believe she actually did mend the rack with a hair-pin!"

"I did n't depend on the hair-pin," said Delia, goaded to speech. "I tied a surcingle round the rack and tied that to a rafter. The hair-pin was just to secure the knot."

"You need n't blush over it, Miss Harding. It 's nothing to be ashamed of. I like a real feminine woman myself, and you certainly are one. Everybody round here thinks you are a kind of man-woman, but I knew better right off, as soon as I met you, and here 's this hair-pin business just proving it. I guess I 'll stick a nail or two alongside of the hair-pin just to encourage it. That hay-rack 's pretty heavy, and if it did fall—hello! I bet that 's it now! Hear that! hear that, will you! Whew! There won't be much stable left!"

Indeed, judging from the sounds, as if of bombardment, the banging and cracking and trampling echoes that came from the old barn, the whole structure was being demolished. Delia and Marcus reached the kitchen door at the same moment, and there each paused, as the opening was too

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narrow to admit the two, and the next moment Marcus would not have moved if he could, and Delia could not if she would, for he held her arm in an iron grasp.

"Delia Harding," he said sternly, "what does that mean?" And as he spoke he pointed to the house yard, where his mare, followed by Miss Harding's calmer horse, was kicking up her heels with joy in her freedom, prancing and squealing, evidently as sound as a horse could be. There was not the slightest trace of lameness about her, except that her leg was incrusted with bandages. A bit of the rack hanging to her halter told the story. The hair-pin had proved faithless, the rack had fallen, and both horses, the strength of terror in them, had kicked and broken their way to freedom from the old stable.

"What does this mean?" he repeated; and Delia, raising such desperate eyes as she might at the call to judgment, replied:

"It means that your horse has been just as well as mine for a week, and I locked her in the box-stall so you would n't know it. And you would n't have known it now if I could have helped it; and I had n't made up my mind when I 'd let you know—maybe I never would. And I was cruel to the horse, for it needed exercise, and the wonder is it did n't ruin it. And I can't tell you why I did it, for I don't know myself. I only know I 've been a wicked woman and a liar." She went on with a kind of wailing note: "Before you came it seemed to me all right, me living alone here and doing for myself. I did n't care if people did call me queer. It all began to be different from the day you said you guessed the other cats thought mine was a kind of king because of the tassels in the poor thing's ears. It seemed to me then you were just talking about me! From that very minute I knew my farm and orchards and all were just like my cat's red tassels, and if I did n't exactly have holes in my ears, it was the same. I have n't had any kind of satisfaction in anything I owned since that day. All I 've got 's only mine because I 'm a lonely, forlorn old maid with nobody belonging to me and nobody to share anything with, and—I guess I 'm going crazy! I 've been thinking so for days and days."

Once the plaintive flood-gates opened, the stream flowed on and on with no signs of stopping. Marcus stood still, grasping her arm and staring at her working face, his own utterly bewildered.

"Hold on there," he interrupted at last. "Just go a little slower, won't you? When you do once get started, you 're too swift for my class. What 's all this mean, anyhow? Why on earth did n't you want me to know my horse was well?"

He paused suddenly, and then over his perplexed face crept an expression, half astonishment, half dismay. For a moment he said nothing, then, to his own evident and intense surprise, he began to blush, and the more intently he studied Delia's unhappy face the deeper his blush became. He dropped his grasp of her arm, and leaving her side, began to stride to and fro in the kitchen. When presently he checked his walk and returned to her again, it was to grasp her arm as before, and, as usual, he was laughing.

"Go 'long, Delia Harding!" he said, shaking her slightly by the arm he held. "Anybody but you and me 'd have known a week ago—indeed, I ain't sure but it was sooner—that horses and abscesses and brass polish business was n't keeping me here. Don't you know an offer of marriage when you get it? Said I to you not half an hour ago, 'What will you sell this farm for?' and I told you all my ailments and wants and needs, and I said I 'd something saved up, and—did you suppose all that was meant to go in the deed of transfer? No, sir! I have n't got so much to offer you for the farm,—just all my worldly goods I thee endow, and me thrown in as a kind of good measure,—but that 's my offer, and it stands just so—yours the accepting or the refusal. I have n't said I love you, but I guess we both know I do, or we will know it when you say the word. What are you going to say? Is it a go?"

She looked up at him. Delia had become a woman when she ceased to be a child, and now, after years of womanhood, her slighted girlhood seemed to descend upon her. Marcus was laughing, but, as his eyes met hers, something behind their kindly mischief took her breath away. His plans bewildered her, his vernacular confused her, his personality swept her away with him and to him.

"A go?" she faltered. "No, oh, no! I—oh, I wanted you to *stay!*"

"Then stay it is," answered Marcus. And stay it was.

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EPWORTH CHURCH

JOHN WESLEY

BY C. T. WINCHESTER

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PART I

WESLEY'S FATHER, RECTOR OF EPWORTH

JOHN WESLEY was born June 28, 1703, in the rectory of the parish of Epworth, Lincolnshire. The parish was obscure, but in that humble rectory literary, political, and religious questions were discussed with eager interest. For the rector, Samuel Wesley, was something of a poet, more of a politician, and a model parish priest. A university man, and the son and grandson of university men, he had the tastes and instincts of a scholar, and maintained his studious habits all his days. His *magnum opus*, a commentary on the Book of Job, though rather curious than valuable, is a monument of patient industry and research. He was ambitious of poetic honors also, and in his early years wrote a good many verses. They were rather poor verses, I suppose; just good enough to be damned by Swift in the "Battle of the Books"—where Wesley is despatched by a single kick from the steed of Homer—and later by Pope in the "Dunciad."

An active-minded, versatile man, he was naturally interested in public affairs, and wrote the first pamphlet published in England in support of the Revolution settlement of 1688. He always had a certain blunt independence, a promptness, sometimes a rashness, of decision, and a habit of obstinate defense of whatever he thought right. When his wife, who did not share his loyalty to the Prince of Orange, persistently refused to say "Amen" to his morning prayer for the king, "Sukey," said the emphatic little rector—"Sukey, if we are to have two kings, we must have two beds," and mounting his horse, rode away to London, where he stayed till the death of William next year removed that cause of difference.

But, like many of his brothers of the clergy, though a Whig under King William, he was a Tory under Queen Anne; and when the famous trial of Dr. Sacheverell

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came on, it was he—so his son John affirms—who wrote for that bumptious parson the famous speech he delivered before the bar of the House of Lords. His parishioners, perhaps as ignorant and brutal a set of half-heathen as could have been found in England, disliking his politics, vexed and harassed him, burned his crops and hocked his cattle, and finally burned down his rectory. But the rector stuck to his post, and by cheerful performance of his duty at last lived down their prejudice and won a surly confidence. As to fear, whether of mobs or lords, like his son John, he never knew what that meant. When a youngster just out of the university, sitting one day in a London coffee-house, he saw a colonel of the Guards swagger in, swearing like the proverbial trooper. "Here," said young Wesley, calling the waiter, "take this glass of water to the man in the red coat and ask him to wash his mouth out." When the coarse mistress of the Marquis of Normandy, patron of the living in his first parish, persisted in calling upon his wife, he took the obnoxious visitor by the arm and turned her out of door—and then resigned his living.

Life in the Epworth rectory, to a man of his tastes and aspirations, could not have been easy. His income was only about one hundred and fifty pounds a year; his family was large,—"nineteen children in twenty-one years," as he told his bishop,—and the rector, who was perhaps a little deficient in worldly wisdom, once or twice knew the inside of a debtors' jail. But he could not be soured or disheartened. He was a genial man, with a vein of mellow humor, loved a moderate pipe and kindly talk, told a story capitally, and must have been a delightful companion. And to these amiable qualities he added an earnest and active piety too rare in his day. His tastes coveted the still air of delightful studies; but his lot was cast in a remote parish of the Lincolnshire fens, among a boorish folk who despised his learning. And here he labored for forty years, instructing, exhorting, visiting from house to house, knowing every soul in his parish by name, till he lived to see the number of his communicants increased tenfold, not a papist or dissenter in his parish, and the moral tone of the community cleansed and elevated. Yet he hoped for still better things, and his last words must have been recalled by his sons, in later years, with the solemn force of prophecy. "Charles," said the dying man to the son at his bedside, "be steady; the Christian faith will surely revive in these kingdoms. You shall see it, though I shall not."

SUSANNA WESLEY

BUT the dominant influence in the Epworth rectory was not that of the rector, but of his wife. Susanna Wesley was a woman to be regarded with some awe—

> Nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, and command.

Lacking in humor, perhaps deficient also in the softer and more distinctively feminine graces, she had, instead, a remarkable dignity and poise of character. In clearness and force of intellect, in practical judgment, in deliberate steadiness of purpose, she was unquestionably the superior of her husband. A daughter of the great Dr. Annesley, the St. Paul of nonconformity,—she was his twenty-fifth child,—at the early age of thirteen she had gone over for herself all the arguments for dissent, and deliberately decided to enter the Church of England. At least, so the biographers say; but it may be plausibly conjectured that the acquaintance with young Sam Wesley, who had just made a similar change, may have had something to do with her decision.

It is certain, however, that Susanna Wesley was always accustomed to do her own thinking. Her union with her husband was one of singular beauty and loyalty; but it did not imply any tame conformity of opinion, and she evidently found difficulty now and then in harmonizing her logical conclusions with her theory of wifely obedience. When Mr. Wesley, during one of his long absences in London in attendance upon Convocation, wrote to remonstrate with her for having gathered a company in the rectory of Sunday evenings in a way dangerously near a violation of the Conventicle Act, she gave him her reasons for the meeting,—and very good ones they were,—but concluded: "If you do, after all, think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not tell me that you *desire* it, but send me your positive *command*." Mr. Wesley did not send it. "'T is a misfor-

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EPWORTH RECTORY (THE MAIN HOUSE EXISTED IN WESLEY'S TIME)

tune almost peculiar to our family," she wrote to John in Oxford, "that your father and I seldom think alike." When they thought differently, it is hardly probable that Mrs. Wesley was often found in error.

The education of her children was almost entirely intrusted to her. She began it in the cradle. Before they were a week old the babes of the Wesley family were taught "to fear the rod and cry softly," so that, although the rectory was as full of children as a hive is of bees, it was as quiet as a Quaker meeting-house. As the children emerged from infancy, their hours of work and play, their habits of dress, manner, speech, were all regulated by exact rule, and instant obedience was always required. "The first thing to be done with children," said Mrs. Wesley, "is to conquer their will." She mentions, as a proof of the thoroughness with which this was done in her own flock, that when they were ill "there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine." At the age of five came the solemn day when every child was taught his letters in one day of six hours, and next morning began his reading lessons with the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis. The religious training of her children of course received Mrs. Wesley's most careful attention. She prepared for them an admirably clear body of explanations upon the catechism and creed, and she was accustomed to meet them separately, once a week, at a specified time, for an hour of religious conversation and instruction. Long afterward, John Wesley, when a Fellow of Lincoln College, wrote to his mother, begging her to give him an hour of her thought and prayer every Thursday evening, as she used to do when he was a boy at home.

Drawn by Katharine Kimball

EPWORTH RECTORY—REAR VIEW AND GARDEN

If to this laxer age Mrs. Wesley's system of parental discipline seem over-rigid, it should be said that her patience was so tireless, and all her requirements were so evidently dictated by love, that her children never rebelled, but retained a grateful recollection of the rectory life all their days. Certainly to her favorite son, who was to be her greatest, this training was of the utmost importance. John Wesley was the son of his mother. From her he inherited his logical cast of mind, his executive capacity, his inflexibility of will, his union of independence of judgment with respect for

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authority, his deeply religious temper. And all these characteristic traits were developed and fixed by his early training. His precision and order, his gift of organization and mastery of details, his notions of education, even some specific rules and customs of his religious societies, can be traced to his mother's discipline. It is often said that Methodism began in the University of Oxford; with more truth it might be said that Methodism began in Susanna Wesley's nursery.

THE BOY JOHN

Of the nineteen children born to Samuel and Susanna Wesley, only ten survived the period of infancy; and of these only three were sons. John was thirteen years younger than Samuel, and six years older than Charles. Of his early boyhood only one incident is recorded. On a February night in 1709 the rectory was burned. The family, hurrying out in terror, left the boy John sleeping in his attic chamber; and he was taken out through a window only an instant before the blazing roof fell in upon his bed. Wesley always retained a vivid recollection of the scene, and more than a half-century later, when, thinking himself near death, he composed his epitaph, he describes himself as "a brand plucked from the burning." His mother deemed his rescue a providential indication that her son was preserved for some great work, and resolved, as she says, "to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child that Thou hast so mercifully provided for." There is, however, no evidence of anything precocious in the religious development of the boy, but only a certain staid over-deliberateness, which he got from his mother, but which to the more mercurial temperament of the father seemed, in a lad not yet in his teens, half amusing and half vexatious. "Sweetheart," said the rector to his wife, "I profess I think our boy Jack would n't attend to the most pressing necessities of nature unless he could give a reason for it."

THE "EPWORTH NOISES"

In enumerating the early influences upon Wesley one must not omit a mention of the famous "Epworth noises," though they occurred after he had left home for the Charterhouse School in London. Through the months of December, 1716, and January, 1717, the family in the rectory were disturbed by strange sounds, which they all attributed to some supernatural agency. These sounds were generally those of knocking upon doors or upon the floor of a room where some members of the family were sitting; on other occasions there was a noise as of a heavy chain clanking, the breaking of crockery, the jingling of money upon the floor, or a heavy tread upon the stair. Repeatedly the latch of a door was lifted as one of the family was about to enter; and one evening a bed on which one of the girls was seated was observed to rise bodily from the floor. These disturbances were so constant and lasted so long that the family seem to have lost all fear of them, and the younger girls found amusement in hunting "old Jeffrey," as they called their goblin, from one room to another. When Jeffrey, who seemed to have Jacobite sympathies, was especially noisy at the reading of the morning prayers for King George, the stout rector read these prayers over three times and bade him do his worst.

The independent and circumstantial accounts of these strange occurrences given in the journal of the rector and in letters of the different members of the family to John prove that the noises were heard not only by all the members of the household, but by at least one other competent witness, and that the rector made careful efforts to discover their cause, without any result. They have never been satisfactorily explained. The most important thing to notice, however, is that young John Wesley was fully persuaded that they could have been produced only by some supernatural agency. He was, indeed, at a loss to assign any motive for this irruption of the nether world in his father's household, and could only suggest that it might be a penalty upon the rector for his rash separation from his wife so many years before—a theory which, as Jeffrey was very impartial in his attentions, would hardly seem to fit the facts. But the mysterious occurrences not only fixed thus early in John Wesley's mind a just belief in some realities beyond our positive knowledge, but they go far to explain that vein of credulity in the man which even his most partial admirers must admit.

WESLEY AT SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

Wesley went up to the Charterhouse in 1713, and remained there until 1719,

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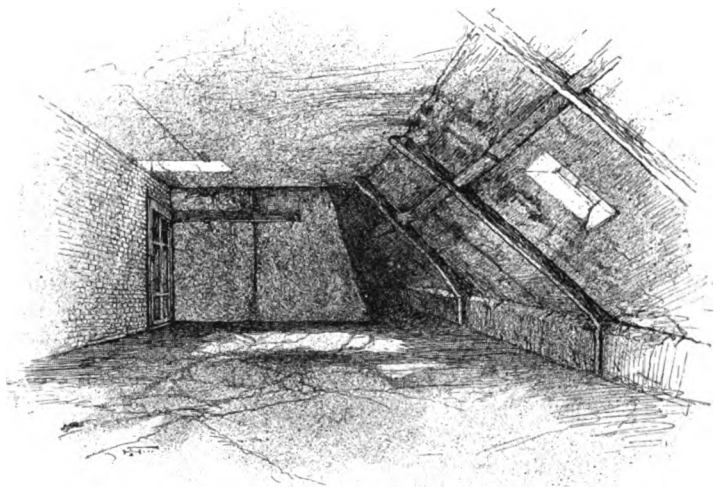
when he was entered as a commoner of Christ Church, Oxford. It is pleasant to be able to associate Wesley's name with the venerable school so redolent of memories of Addison, Steele, and Thackeray; but his years there, as well as those of his undergraduate life in Oxford, are without important record. It is safe to infer that he made good use of his time. His elder brother Samuel, a promising scholar and poet, was now head usher of Westminster School; his younger brother Charles came up to London three years later than John, to enter as a pupil at Westminster. Samuel, who naturally exercised a kind of guardianship, writes to his father: "Jack is a brave boy, learning Hebrew as fast as he can."



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

THE ATTIC ROOM KNOWN AS "JEFFREY'S CHAMBER," EPWORTH RECTORY

It has been said that he lost his religion at school. His biographer, Mr. Tyerman, asserts in solemn epigram, "John Wesley entered the Charterhouse a saint, and left it a sinner"; which is nonsense. There is no foundation for the charge, save one or two remarks of Wesley himself, in later life, that do not justify any such interpretation. The boy who passes from the guarded seclusion of a pious home to a great public school is liable to find his principles put to rude test; but if the boy read his Bible every day, as John Wesley says he did, take the sacrament with devout regularity, and keep in constant correspondence with the solicitous love of his parents, that boy is not growing from a saint into a sinner. Wesley's letters to his mother, while they make little mention of specifically religious matters, show "Jacky," as his mother calls him, to be a sprightly, pure-minded, affectionate lad. The truth is that in those years at the Charterhouse and Christ Church his character was ripening in healthy wise for the decisions soon to come with opening manhood. Certainly his life at the Charterhouse could not have been unpleasant in memory. When in London, in later years, he would often look into the dingy little court and recall the days when he used to run round it three times every morning, as his father had bidden him.

The year 1725 marks a new chapter in the life of Wesley. Early in that year, as he began to consider more seriously what the work of his life should be, his religious convictions were deepened and confirmed. After mature deliberation he decided to take orders, and was ordained deacon in September. Early next spring, 1726, much to the satisfaction of his father, he was elected Fellow of Lincoln College. "What will be my own fate before this summer be over," wrote the rector, "God only knows —*sed passi graviora*. Wherever I am, my boy Jack is Fellow of Lincoln." But next year the old father urged John to come home and assist him as curate in Epworth

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and his other parish of Wroot. Wesley spent the next two years mostly in Wroot, the church a mean brick building, and the people, as his sister Hetty said, "as dull as asses." Wesley probably welcomed the requirement that if he wished to retain his fellowship he must return to Oxford. He went back in November, 1729, and was in residence in Lincoln College continuously until the end of 1735.

Oxford, in the first half of the eighteenth century, was hardly a school for either scholars or saints. Its utter lack of intellectual discipline is attested by such an account as that given in Gibbon's "Memoirs"; while as to its religion, we shall remember that a little group of earnest men could not perform some of the plainest duties of Christianity, or celebrate its most solemn rite, without being exposed to the jeers of a majority of their fellow-students. But John Wesley, on assuming his fellowship, at once laid out for himself a most exacting scheme of daily study, and he performed all his duties as instructor with a fidelity then very rare in the university. He avers that he should have thought himself little better than a highway robber had he not lectured his eleven pupils every weekday in the year. His religious life was still more sharply in contrast with that of the university. Shortly after taking residence in Lincoln, he had met the writings, then

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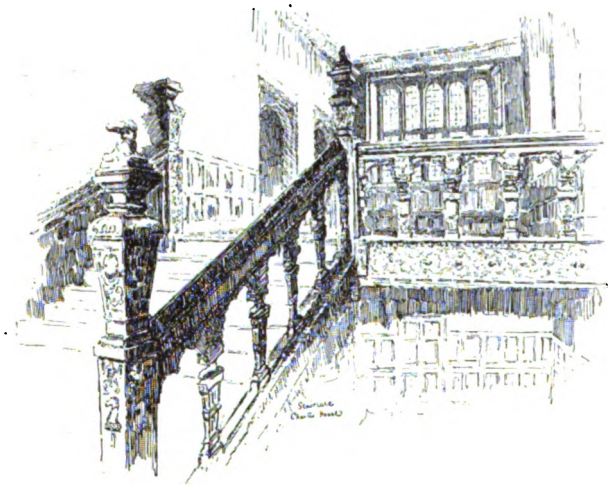
PART OF THE CHARTERHOUSE



Drawn by Katharine Kimball

THE STAIRCASE, CHARTERHOUSE

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THE CHARTERHOUSE, FORMERLY CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, WHICH JOHN WESLEY ATTENDED FROM 1713 TO 1719

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newly published, of that subtle thinker, William Law. Those two books, the "Serious Call" and "Christian Perfection," which glow with intense fervor beside the lukewarm, rationalizing religious literature of the time, gave to the young Wesley a quite new sense of the demands and possibilities of a Christian life. He sought the personal acquaintance of Law, then living near London, and made repeated journeys on foot, with his brother Charles, to visit

Drawn by Katharine Kimball

THE CHURCH AT WROOT, THE SCENE OF WESLEY'S CURACY

him there. It is not quite true, as Warburton sneeringly affirmed, that "William Law begot Methodism"; but it is certain that his acquaintance with this remarkable man intensified Wesley's religious purpose and raised his ideals of the spiritual life. It need not be thought that there was any sour austerity in his temper during those early years of his fellowship. In his correspondence there are pleasant glimpses of a Miss Betty Kirkham, pretty sister of a college friend, for whom he evidently felt something more than friendship. He carried on a long correspondence with that sprightly young widow, Mrs. Pendarves, afterward Mrs. Delany, who managed to know almost everybody in her time worth knowing, from Jonathan Swift to Sam Johnson. After the stilted fashion of the day, she signs herself "Aspasia," while Wesley is "Cyrus"; and the letters prove that this young Fellow of Lincoln is not inept in the phrase of courtly sentiment.

THE BEGINNINGS OF METHODISM

But his life was passing more completely under the sway of distinctively religious motives. On his return from his stay with his father, he found that his brother Charles, recently entered at Christ Church, had formed a special friendship with two or three young men who met at stated intervals and took the sacrament together. John Wesley was at once recognized as the central figure and leader of this little group, the numbers of which soon increased to fourteen. Their association seems not to have been primarily for devotional, or even for exclusively religious, purposes; they met week-day evenings to read the classics, and Sundays to study divinity. But their religious sympathies soon became the real bond of their fellowship. They discussed questions of duty; they fasted on Wednesdays and Fridays, and were scrupulously observant of all churchly requirements; they visited the prisoners in the Oxford jail, and the sick in the meaner quarters of the city; they gathered the poor children of outlying villages into classes and taught them the catechism. Such conduct, though it would not now seem chargeable with fanaticism, drew upon them the derision of the university, and won for them the name of Methodists. The best-known members of the group, after the Wesleys, were James Hervey, the author of that most popular

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LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD, WHERE WESLEY WAS ELECTED A FELLOW IN 1726

and most unctuous book of the eighteenth century, "Meditations among the Tombs," and George Whitefield.

The years John Wesley spent in Lincoln College were probably in many respects the happiest of his life. Never again were his surroundings so congenial. The stately beauty of the venerable town grew into his heart. When in his eightieth year, after describing with enthusiasm some Dutch towns he had lately visited, he adds: "After all, they have nothing to compare with St. John or Trinity gardens, much less with Magdalen river walks or Christ Church meadows." By native preference, Wesley was always the scholar and the recluse. Here in Oxford he found the reverend traditions of piety and learning, the grave and cloistered life, which a later Oxford lover has called "the last enchantments of the middle age," that to a temper like Wesley's are so fascinating. His life as Fellow was ideal. He had the companionship of a few friends congenial in tastes and religious purpose. Forty years after, when opposition to his work had mostly ceased and his preachers were scattered all over the island, he writes to his brother Charles: "I often cry out, *Vitae me redde priori;* let me be again an Oxford Methodist!"

But John Wesley the Oxford Methodist could never have been the preacher and reformer, the leader of a movement that should renew the religious life of England. In his piety there was as yet very little evangelical quality. His ideals and methods were rather ascetic, even monastic. The fault with this ideal of life is that it is purely self-regarding; it aims at personal sanctity. The man is bent only on saving his own soul. He retires from the world and gives himself to devout study and meditation, shut away from all influences that may divert or weaken his purpose. Even his works of benevolence and mercy he regards, perhaps half unconsciously, chiefly as means of grace to himself.

Now this was too largely Wesley's mode of life in these years. His rigid system of rules, his semi-weekly fasts and weekly communion, his prayers at nine, twelve, and three—they all recall the discipline of the monastery. He was exclusive, unsocial, sometimes repellent quite over the verge of courtesy. "I resolved," he says, "to have only such acquaintance as would help me on my way to heaven." When any he deemed of another sort called on him, he behaved as courteously as he could, "but to the question, 'When will you call on me?' I returned no answer. When they had come a few times and found I still declined returning their visits, I saw them no more." It was all very well to visit prisoners in the jail and paupers in the workhouse; but here are a thousand young men of his own age devoting themselves to the world, the flesh, and the devil—and this young Fellow of Lincoln refuses to enter their doors. His father, in the

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feebleness of closing life, writes beseeching him to accept the living at Epworth and to continue the work so well begun there. But John Wesley positively refuses, and in a carefully elaborated letter gives twenty-five reasons for his refusal—twenty-four of which are essentially selfish. In Oxford, he says, he has no worldly cares, he has retirement, he has daily converse with a few chosen friends, and no one else dare set foot in his rooms; he has that degree of contempt from the outside world without which no man can hope to live godly—in short, as he puts it, "I can be holier here than anywhere else." Moreover, in the world outside, he feels that he could not for a moment withstand the temptations to irregularity, intemperance, and self-indulgence. It is such a response as a monk of the twelfth century might have made to solicitations from without the cloister. And the old father, though he professed himself a little puzzled by his son's sophisms, answered them all when he said, "It is not dear self, but the glory of God, which should be our condition in the choice of a course of life."

WESLEY IN GEORGIA

In October of 1735, Wesley and his brother Charles, who had recently taken orders, sailed with General Oglethorpe and a company of emigrants for the new colony of Georgia. Charles Wesley was to be the secretary of Oglethorpe; John was to be missionary to the Indians and minister for the colonists. It is significant to note, however, that his reasons for going to Georgia were essentially the same as his reasons for staying in Oxford. "My chief motive," he says explicitly, "is the hope of saving my own soul." With the odd eighteenth-century notion of the noble red man, he hoped to learn the purity of the Christian faith by observing its effects upon the untutored minds of the Indians, as our own students of social science take up residence in the slums not so much from benevolent as from scientific motives.

As might have been expected, this experiment was a failure. Wesley did not go out of Savannah to teach the Indians, because, as he says with delightful naïveté, he "could not find any Indians who had the least desire to be instructed." Nor were his labors as parish priest altogether satisfactory. He preached not only in English, but in Italian and French, and he learned Spanish that he might address some Jews he found in his parish; he opened schools; he visited from house to house, and labored with a tireless devotion that could not fail to win respect. Yet he himself felt that he could get little hold upon the community. The colonists, careless of ecclesiastical discipline, were repelled by his austerities and irritated by his insistence upon all the requirements of a rigid sacerdotalism. They saw with surprise and indignation

Drawn by Harry Fenn

WESLEY'S PULPIT AT OXFORD

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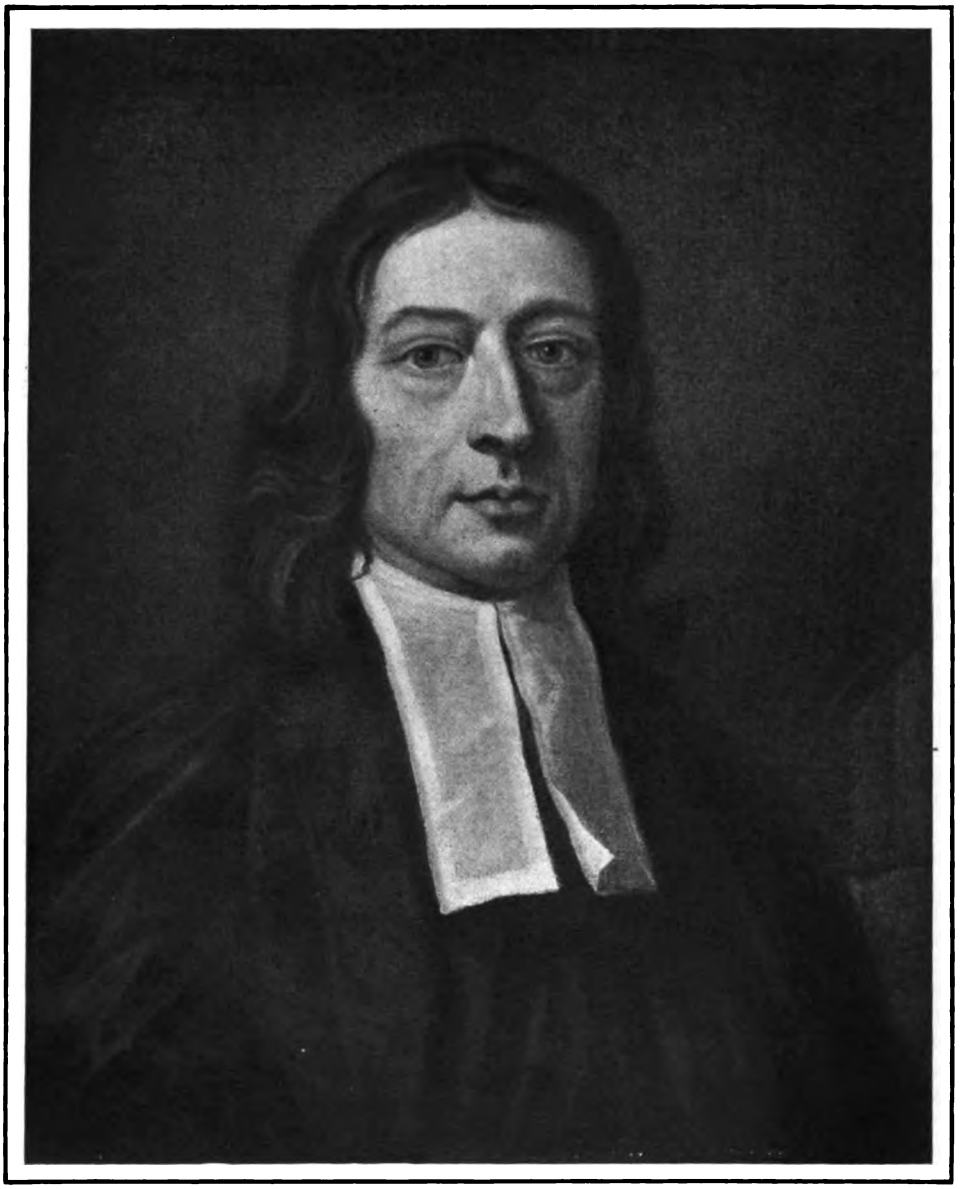

From the portrait, now in Didsbury College, painted in 1741 by J. Williams. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

JOHN WESLEY

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this young priest endeavoring to enforce confession and penance, and refusing the sacraments and burial to dissenters.

His stay in the colony was terminated by a petty quarrel, which can bring no reproach upon his name, but which certainly exhibits some weaker sides of his character. Shortly after landing in Savannah, he had made the acquaintance of a Miss Sophia Hopkey, a young lady of attractive person and manners, niece of the magistrate of the colony. The acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and Wesley certainly gave Miss Hopkey reason to think he intended marriage. But instead of deciding the important question of a proposal himself, he referred it to the elders of the Moravian church, promising to abide by their decision. The decision was adverse; and Wesley replied, "The will of the Lord be done." Miss Hopkey naturally resented this interference of the Moravian elders. Not choosing to learn from Mr. Wesley his decision to desert her, she promptly accepted the addresses of another suitor, a Mr. Williamson, and after an engagement of five days married him. Here the matter should have ended. But Wesley, forgetting that the lady could hardly be expected to welcome the admonitions of a priest who had just proved false as a lover, ventured a rebuke to Mrs. Williamson for some misconduct. She proved impenitent, and he felt compelled to exclude her from the communion. Her husband and her uncle, not unnaturally indignant at what they chose to consider an act of personal spite, brought suit against Wesley for defamation of character. They really had no case, and very likely knew they had not; but they managed to draw out the legal proceedings over four months and to create endless annoyance and scandal. Wesley felt that his usefulness in Georgia was over, and taking the advice of his friends, sailed for England.

The Georgia mission was, in most respects, a failure; but Wesley probably found the cause of keenest disappointment in his own religious condition. In Savannah he had been brought into intimate acquaintance with a number of Moravians who had accepted Oglethorpe's invitation to settle in his new colony. In them Wesley saw a type of religion in marked contrast with his own outward and restless activity. They spoke of an inner quiet and confidence to which he was a stranger. By his own confession, he had gone to Georgia to save his own soul, and his soul was not saved. On the voyage home, he writes in his "Journal": "I, who went to America to convert others, was never converted myself. . . . I am a child of wrath, an heir of hell." These extreme statements he afterward retracted; but they show in what mood of discouragement he was returning from his Georgia mission. This is no place for detailed analysis of his inner experiences during the next few months, interesting as such analysis must always be to the student of religious history and psychology; but no sketch of the life of Wesley can omit mention of them altogether. They determined all his future life and work.

A DECISIVE MOMENT

WESLEY reached London on the 3d of February, 1738. Four days later he met the man to whose instructions he always ascribed his emergence from unrest and despondency. Peter Böhler was a young Moravian graduate of Jena, who had just been sent by Zinzendorf as a missionary to the Carolinas, and on his way thither was stopping to pay a visit to his Moravian brethren in London. Though ten years younger than Wesley, he assumed, perhaps justly, the position of religious superior; and Wesley listened to his teachings with the eager humility of a disciple. What Böhler had to teach will doubtless seem to most readers of the "Journal" only the familiar and central Protestant doctrine of justification by faith—a faith which is not an assent of the intellect merely, but an experience, a confident personal reliance upon the divine goodness. Such a faith must inevitably bring to its possessor a sense of safety and assurance: if you have not the assurance, you have not the faith. Böhler also urged that this attesting emotion of assurance must follow the faith instantaneously. Wesley accepted this doctrine, but he could not claim this experience. Contrary to what is sometimes supposed, there was not the first element of fanaticism in his nature. His temperament was rather cool and logical; he never thought himself to find emotions in consciousness which were not there, nor read off his convictions in terms of feeling. It was characteristic of him that he should

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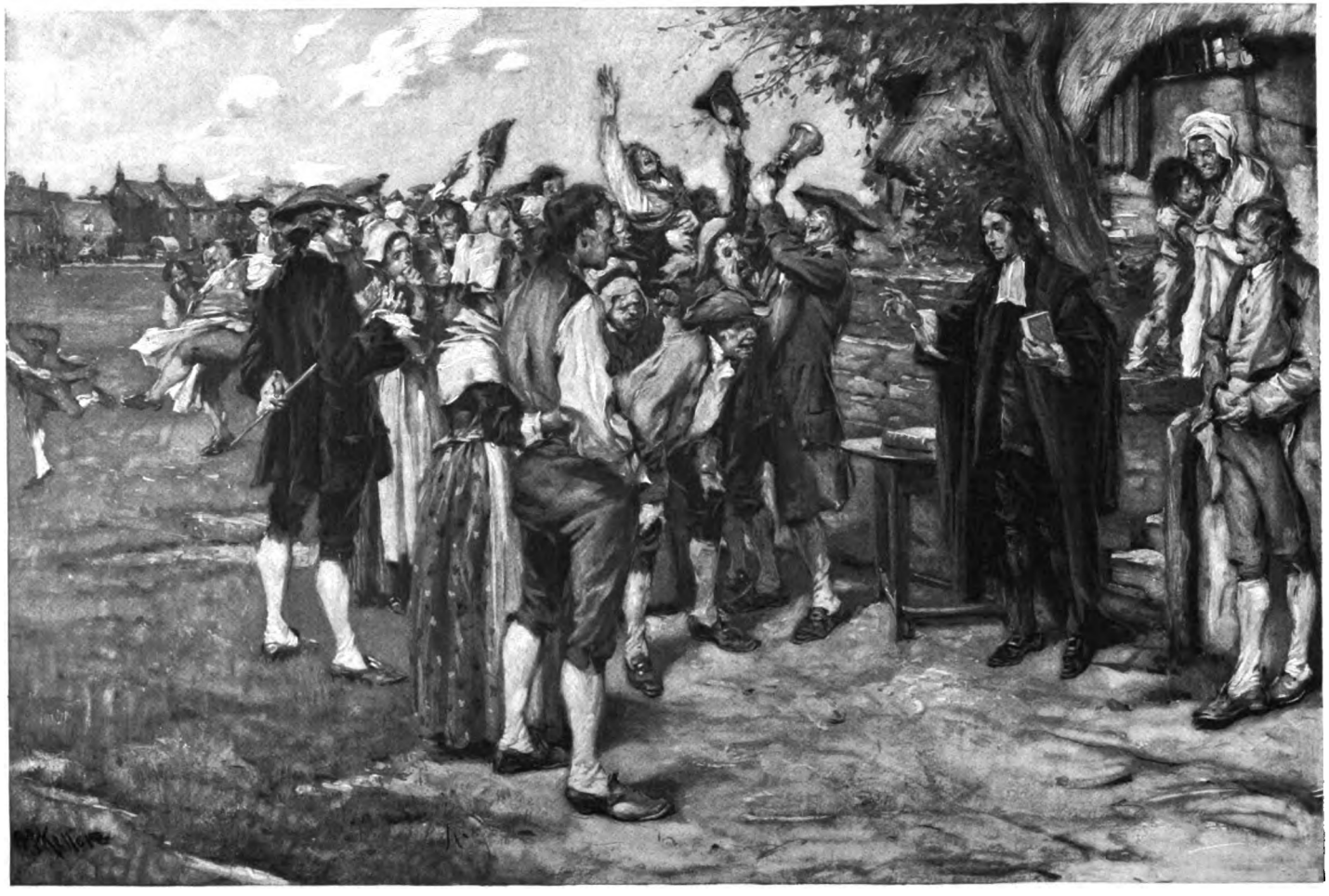

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

WESLEY PREACHING TO SCOFFING VILLAGERS

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now, for some months, preach earnestly a faith for which he professed himself to be waiting, but had not yet attained. At last, on the 24th of May, he thought himself to have attained it. The passage in the "Journal" is a *locus classicus* in the annals of Methodism:

> In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for my salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death.

It is not likely that any one to-day, whatever may be his theory as to the cause of such an experience as this, will pronounce it merely enthusiastic, or valueless for the uses of after life. To do so would be to forget the decisive moments in the lives of Augustine, Luther, and hosts of other religious leaders. The most recent psychology, on the contrary, pronounces these sudden transitions from a lower to a higher, a perturbed to a restful, spiritual state, however caused, to be no proof of morbid or abnormal psychical conditions, but rather in countless instances to mark the ingress of new truth and new motives otherwise inaccessible.[1]

It certainly *was* a grave error, however, to pronounce, as Wesley did, these emotional experiences to be the only and necessary tests of Christian character. When he asserted, in a religious gathering some days later, that before the 24th of May he had never been a Christian, he provoked from an old friend the just retort, "Then you have been a great hypocrite." Such extravagant statements, as his elder brother Samuel urged, were likely to mislead and discourage many earnest people. In fact, as may be seen from the "Journal" in the following months, they sometimes discouraged Wesley himself, leading him to interpret a temporary dullness of feeling as a proof of a lapse in faith. On this matter, as on many others, his opinions were much wiser in later life. He wrote in his old age:

> When, fifty years ago, my brother Charles and I, in the simplicity of our hearts, taught the people that unless they knew their sins forgiven they were under the wrath and curse of God, I marvel that they did not stone us. The Methodists know better now.

But any one who reads Wesley's "Journal" for the year 1738 may readily perceive that the most essential proof of his spiritual development, through this period of transition, is not any such temporary exaltation of emotion, but the growth of the deep persuasion, at once of the divine goodness and of human need, which has been the inspiration of great religious reformers in every age. His temper is becoming less narrowly introspective, more intensely evangelical. He is no longer exclusively bent on saving his own soul, but forgets himself in his love for others. Hitherto the most strict of ritualists, we find him saying that he cannot longer confine himself to the public forms of prayer. A little later, but still a fortnight before the memorable 24th of May, after preaching at St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, he writes: "My heart was so enlarged to declare the love of God to all that I did not wonder when I was afterward told I must preach there no more." To have the heart thus enlarged to declare the divine love was quite as good a test of conversion as to have it "strangely warmed." Wesley was learning the truth that the only way to save the life is to lose it.

During that year 1738 and the early months of the next, he preached wherever opportunity offered; but most of the Lon-

[1] "Some of you, I feel sure, knowing that numerous backslidings and relapses take place, make of these their apperceiving mass for interpreting the whole subject [of conversion], and dismiss it with a pitying smile as so much 'hysterics.' Psychologically, as well as religiously, however, this is shallow. It misses the point of serious interest, which is not so much the duration as the nature and quality of these shiftings of character to higher levels. Men lapse from every level—we need no statistics to tell us that. Love is, for instance, well known not to be irrevocable, yet, constant or inconstant, it reveals new flights and reaches of ideality while it lasts. . . . So with this conversion experience; that it should, even for a short time, show a human being what the high-water mark of his spiritual capacity is, this is what constitutes its importance. . . . And, as a matter of fact, all the most striking instances of conversion . . . have been permanent." (William James, "The Varieties of Religious Experience," p. 257.)

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don churches were closed to him, and his work was mostly that of the religious adviser and confessor. Early in May he had formed a little society, composed largely of Moravians, who met Thursday evenings, in a room in Fetter Lane, for prayer and religious conversation. This was the humble beginning of that great network of societies which, in the next fifty years, overspread the island. And in April of the following year, 1739, when almost every pulpit in London was shut against him, he accepted with many misgivings the urgent invitation of his friend Whitefield and went down to Bristol to preach in the open air. Before the middle of the month he had spoken to five thousand grimy colliers on Kingswood Common, and his outdoor congregations during the next six months of preaching in Bristol and vicinity aggregated over forty thousand persons. His great work had begun. We hear nothing more of doubt or unhealthy self-examination. John Wesley the ascetic has passed into John Wesley the reformer.

A RELIGIOUS MAN IN AN IRRELIGIOUS AGE

THE fact that Wesley was so promptly excluded from all the pulpits of London is often said to be a proof of the decay of vital religion in England. And so it is. Yet there is something to be said in defense of this action of the churches. The new zeal of Wesley, as he himself afterward confessed, sometimes found expression in forms that must have seemed to those not in sympathy with him extravagant and censorious. In a correspondence with William Law, during the summer of 1738, he ventured to rebuke and correct the venerable teacher to whom he owed so much, in a tone of inexcusable positiveness neither just nor courteous. The doctrines he preached in the churches were doubtless, as he said, only those held by English divines ever since the Reformation; yet in his extreme and mandatory forms of statement they were sometimes apt to provoke dissent. It is not surprising that a good many of the clergy, by no means worldly-minded, should decline to be censured a second time from their own pulpits by this young stranger from Georgia, who seemed attempting to show that the Christianity they preached, and he himself had until recently professed, was not Christianity at all.

But there was deeper reason for this early distrust of Wesley. The passion of the eighteenth century in religion, as in politics, literature, and art, was for reason, moderation, good sense. Everything was required to justify itself before the logical intellect. The dislike for enthusiasm in religion was simply one phase of the general temper. So far from being any necessary proof of indifference, it was probably felt most keenly by the most devout thinkers of the age. At the moment when the Wesleyan movement began, the Church was in the heat of its controversy with the deists, who attacked Christianity precisely on the ground that it was irrational. Naturally, therefore, any religious teaching which seemed to depreciate the reason, to find probative values in merely emotional states, or to countenance any visionary or extravagant experiences, was dreaded as giving color to the deistic charges. Bishop Butler, whose "Analogy" had just been published, said to Wesley in the spring of 1739, "Sir, the pretending to extraordinary revelations and gifts of the Holy Ghost is a horrid thing, a very horrid thing."

But, when all is said, it is true that John Wesley was a religious man in an irreligious age. The religious man is the man filled with a sense of the presence of God and of the force of spiritual laws *here* and *now*. That, and only that, makes a truly religious man in any age and in any country. The form of the experience may vary; indeed, it may hardly be recognized as religious experience at all. Thomas Carlyle, for example, was a religious man; whether he was exactly a Christian or not may be a question. And when it is said that the age of Wesley was irreligious, it is not meant merely that intemperance, lawlessness, blasphemy, political corruption ran riot in society. That is true; but these flagrant sins may be found in any age, and the historian of morals is perhaps prone to exaggerate them. Certainly, all through the eighteenth century there were a score of deaneries and hundreds of rectories that were the abodes of a decent, sincere, and comely churchmanship. But the good men of this time, the sincere men, were not in the truest sense religious. Bishop Burnet, for example, Addison, Swift, were good men, but not in this sense religious men.

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The orthodox churchmanship of England when Wesley began his preaching needed nothing so much as that intimate personal sense of spiritual verities which it timidly branded as enthusiasm. Its belief was an uncertain balance of probabilities. Its motives were at bottom prudential. It could not speak with authority; it could not touch the deeper springs of action. Such a religion might be discussed, believed, even practised; to talk of "experiencing" it would be meaningless. Moreover, a religion with so little of the contagious warmth of certainty could make no converts, could have no missionary impulse. "What is your religion, my lord?" some one asked Lord Bolingbroke. "The religion of all sensible men," was the reply. "Yes, but what is that?" "Ah, that is what no sensible man ever tells." The anecdote may be apocryphal; but it illustrates well enough the limited and individual character of the convictions most men then held upon the profoundest subjects. In fact, it is evident that the religion of this time had little influence even upon the lives of most who made an outward profession of it. No man could hold any civil office without taking the sacrament according to the forms of the Church of England; but it is said that not more than four or five members of the House of Commons regularly attended church. The universal prevalence of political corruption during the ministry of Walpole is proverbial. During the reign of Anne, the urbane satire of Steele and Addison had done something to bring into fashion a decent social morality and at least an outward respect for religion; but despite these influences, what called itself fashionable society grew steadily more lax in morals and negligent in manners. All the loud, ostentatious vices that accompany a rapid increase in wealth had probably never been so prevalent in English society as during the reign of the second George.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE APPEAL OF METHODISM TO THE ENGLISH MIDDLE AND LOWER CLASSES

To the upper section of English society the Methodist movement made little appeal. It is true that the phenomenal eloquence of Whitefield and the patronage of one or two great ladies, especially the Countess of Huntingdon, did for a little time make Methodism almost a fad with fashionable folk. Chesterfield listened to Whitefield in astonished admiration, and Bolingbroke and the old Duchess of Marlborough sat in the salon of Lady Huntingdon. But this was mostly only the curious interest idle people take in a new sensation. Wesley himself always disliked this kind of notoriety, and was often more than a little impatient with Whitefield's unctuous flattery of "the elect lady." He did not turn his back upon society from any feeling of petulance or envy, nor yet from any indifference to its best charms, for he had the tastes and culture of a gentleman; but the "Journal" gives frequent proof of his dislike for the frivolous and vapid society that disported itself at the masquerade or ridotto, and found its highest intellectual pleasure in the scandal exchanged over a card-table. "I dined at Lady ——'s. We need great grace to converse with great people. From which therefore (unless in some rare instances) I am glad to be excused. *Horae fugiunt et imputantur.* Of *these* two hours I can give no good account." [1] Another entry is more explicit: "How unspeakable is the advantage in point of common sense which middling people have over the rich! There is so much paint and affectation, so many unnecessary words and senseless customs among people of rank, as fully justify the remark made 1700 years ago,

Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa Fortuna." [2]

This is the criticism of the scholar rather than of the religious devotee; but perhaps Wesley carried too far this prejudice against wealth and rank. It may be plausibly urged that by confining his work almost entirely to the middle and lower classes he needlessly narrowed his influence and deprived his movement of intellectual and social prestige.

But it was no merely personal preference or prejudice that turned Wesley to the middle and lower classes of England. It was the sure instinct of the philanthropist. He saw where the need and the opportunity were greatest. The most important fact in English history during the eighteenth century is the rise of a new middle class. Active, pushing, narrow in ideas

[1] April 21, 1758.

[2] June 29, 1758.

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and yet not unintelligent, largely engaged in trade and in the various forms of skilled labor, the men of this class were increasingly interested in public affairs, and it was becoming evident that they would sometime hold the balance of political power in England. Neither party could afford to slight them; but, by virtue of their humble birth and their commercial or mechanical occupation, they were prejudiced against the landed aristocracy, and naturally, therefore, most in sympathy with the Whigs. They were crowding into the cities, and rapidly changing the ratio of urban to country population. For them the pamphlet was written; most of the abler pamphleteers, like Defoe, were themselves from this class. Indeed, it is easy to trace in all the literature of the time a more democratic cast. The new school of fiction, beginning with the story of a maid of all work in Richardson's "Pamela," finds its themes and characters almost exclusively in the life of the middle class. Now the average morality of people in this grade of society was probably quite as healthy as that in the higher ranks, but they perhaps had even less regard for religion. Living mostly in cities and large towns, removed from the traditional reverence which lingers longest in the shadow of the country church, many of them were dissenters, and more still were virtually without religion. Yet to men of this stamp the positive demands and promises of Methodism made a powerful appeal. These were the people who filled up Wesley's societies and furnished all his lay preachers.

But below this class was the great mass of ignorant, restless, half-brutalized population which we have learned to call "submerged." This element was relatively no larger then than now; but now society is better policed, and the crime and savagery of its lowest section more effectively repressed. The picture of the under side of life in England in the second quarter of the eighteenth century is appalling. Drunkenness was almost universal. Mr. Lecky considers this sudden growth of the passion for gin-drinking, which took possession of the English people about 1724, to be the most important fact in the history of that century—"incomparably more so than any event in the purely political or military annals of the country." Parliamentary measures of taxation intended to diminish the evil were met by riots and proved altogether inoperative. In 1750 London physicians reported 14,000 cases of illness, most of them hopeless, due to the use of gin. The next year Fielding declared liquor to be actually "the principal sustenance (if so it may be called) of more than 100,000 people in the metropolis" — it will be remembered that the entire population of London at this time was only about 800,000. Crime of course increased proportionately. London after nightfall was almost at the mercy of footpads and desperados. "Thieves and robbers," says Smollett, "were now more desperate and savage than they had ever appeared since mankind were civilized."[1] The parks and gardens where the lower classes resorted were the scenes of vulgar debauchery and crime. The laws, though savage, were ineffectual; the infliction of the death penalty alike for murder and for petty theft naturally tended to increase crimes of violence. Public executions were a form of popular recreation, and as many as a score of criminals were sometimes turned off at Tyburn in a single morning.

Throughout the country, things were little better. Cock-fighting and bull-baiting were still the favorite amusements of the lower class, and every prominent town could furnish a mob of lewd and shiftless fellows ready for any brutal excitement. Wherever any form of industry called together a mass of ignorant, unskilled laborers, the restraints of orderly society were almost entirely removed, and the colliers of Yorkshire and the miners of Cornwall were little better than hordes of wild men. For this lawless mass of humanity that surged about the foundations of society, decent, order-loving folk had only hatred and threats of punishment. Philanthropy was hopeless of them. The Church seemed powerless to take religion to them; it was certain they would never come to the Church. They seemed below the level of all influences that could elevate or refine.

Yet it was among these people that the first Methodist preachers found some of their most attentive audiences. Whitefield dared to preach on Kingswood Common to a crowd of colliers that only a few weeks before, in a Bristol riot, were "playing such mad pranks one would doubt

[1] "On the Late Increase of Robbers," quoted by Lecky.

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there were any law still in being." Six months later, hundreds of them were enrolled in Wesley's societies, and were supporting a school established for them. When Whitefield first ventured to speak in Moorfields, the worst spot in London, his friends predicted that he would never come out alive. In two years Moorfields, which Whitefield had called truly enough a "stronghold of Satan," was the stronghold of London Methodism. If the lowest classes in England grew better through the century rather than worse; if some respect for law and reverence for religion penetrated to those masses at the bottom of society, upon the decency and order of which the stability of the social structure so largely depends; if a rabid revolt against all established things, such as disgraced the worst period of the French Revolution, was impossible in England, the historian must pronounce that this improvement was very largely due to the fact that the Wesleyan movement addressed itself primarily, not to the upper, but to the middle and lower, classes. Doubtless its influence upon English thought was less upon that account; its influence upon English life and future English history was immeasurably greater.

WESLEY'S EARLY POPULAR PREACHING

DURING the early months of 1739, when Wesley was beginning his career as a field-preacher, the representative of the Methodist movement most prominent in the eye of the public was not Wesley, but Whitefield. After a year's stay in Georgia, whither he had followed Wesley, Whitefield had returned to London in the autumn of 1738, and during the following months his eloquence had been heard in many London pulpits. In February, 1739, he went down to Bristol; but here he found the churches closed to him. Then he suddenly took a very important resolution. He went four miles outside of Bristol and preached in the open air to such of the lawless, unchurched colliers as he could gather on Kingswood Common. The first afternoon there were barely a hundred listeners; the fifth time he preached there were ten thousand. Then he sent for Wesley, whose gifts for instruction and organization he knew were superior to his own, and he himself went up to London to try the experiment of field-preaching there. By midsummer he was the sensation of the town, listened to with equal admiration by the great folk on Kennington Common and by the lowest London populace in Moorfields. The concourse in the latter place on one occasion is said to have numbered no fewer than sixty thousand persons. Naturally there was criticism. The Methodists were charged with disturbing public order, with turning worship into tumult and riot. It is said that Whitefield's audiences, however large, always listened to him attentively. Indeed, they must have listened if they heard; yet such vast crowds, made up largely of people not accustomed to keeping their emotions under restraint, and now swayed at will by the most dramatic of orators, could hardly be expected to observe a churchly decorum. It was not, however, the manner only, but the matter, of this new Methodist preaching, and especially its results upon the hearers, that provoked energetic protest. The clergy by sermon and pamphlet began to denounce the new fanaticism. At midsummer the Bishop of London issued a pastoral letter "By way of caution against Lukewarmness on the one hand and Enthusiasm on the other"—a paper that makes it clear the good bishop was just then a good deal more afraid of the enthusiasm than of the lukewarmness.

This fear of unhealthy excitement from the Methodists was heightened just at this time, and perhaps to a certain extent justified, by a series of singular occurrences attending the preaching of Wesley. While Whitefield was in London, Wesley was in Bristol and vicinity, preaching on the average about ten times a week, sometimes in the open air, but more often in rooms of the "societies," or in private houses, almost never in churches. At these meetings, scenes like the following, described in his "Journal," seem to have been not infrequent:

April 21. At Weavers' Hall a young man was suddenly seized with a violent trembling all over, and in a few moments sunk to the ground. But we ceased not calling upon God, till he raised him up full of peace and joy.

June 22. In the Society one before me dropped down as dead, and presently a second, and a third. Five others sank down in half an hour; most of whom were in violent agonies. In their trouble we called upon the Lord, and he gave us an answer of peace.

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About sixty such cases of physical prostration, some few more painful and prolonged, but most of short duration, are recorded in the "Journal." In some instances such symptoms may have been simulated, and in more the hysterical excitement may have been half unconsciously welcomed by the subject as a sign of genuine repentance. It is significant that when Charles Wesley on one occasion announced, before beginning his sermon, that any "stricken down" during the preaching would be quietly removed from the room, no one was stricken. Yet most of the cases described in the "Journal" are indubitably genuine. It is singular that no such results seem to have attended the preaching of Whitefield, though far more impassioned than Wesley's. Whitefield, indeed, expostulated with Wesley for encouraging them. But Wesley never did encourage them. Nor was his preaching drastic or minatory; it is evident from his "Journal" that he never terrified people with lurid pictures of future punishment. Undoubtedly he did himself believe these strange experiences were due to supernatural influence, sometimes divine, sometimes diabolical, and sometimes, with a curious logic, he seems to ascribe them to both.

Yet he was careful not to vouch for their supernatural character. He says: "I relate just what I saw. Some of the circumstances seem to go beyond the ordinary course of nature. But I do not peremptorily determine whether they were supernatural or not. Much less do I rest upon them either the proof of other facts or of those doctrines which I preached."

The truth is, Wesley's own temperament was so cool and self-possessed that he often overestimated the significance of emotion in hearers of a more unrestrained disposition. He measured these outward expressions by the strength of the causes he knew would have been necessary to produce them in himself. It is quite true that only something very like a miracle could ever have made *him* fall in convulsions, or lose in any wise his self-control; he did not realize that the average man, without culture and the restraint that comes of long obedience to the conventions of society, can be violently moved without any very unusual agency.

The careful reader of the "Journal" will notice that these seizures seldom or never occurred at any of his services in the open air, but generally, though not always, in small and crowded rooms; that they were nearly all confined to the vicinity of Bristol, and to a period of a few months in the summer of 1739. It is not true that they characterized the preaching of Wesley throughout his career, or that they were experienced by any considerable number of his converts even in that year. Such phenomena have been frequent in periods of strong emotional excitement of any kind; and if, as Wesley admitted, they do not prove the teaching that seems to occasion them to be true, they certainly do not prove it to be false or even fanatical.

THE OPPOSITION

WESLEY had nothing of the ascetic itch for persecution. He never courted opposition, and he always disliked controversy. But he could not remain silent under the multitude of accusations brought against him during the first years of his wider work. For mere personal defamation, indeed, he cared little; but he was keenly sensitive to the charge, coming from good men of his own Church, that he was teaching a new and enthusiastic doctrine, turning the heads of the ignorant multitude, and spreading an irrational excitement over the country. He had to the full the eighteenth-century respect for logic and common sense. "The reproach of Christ," he wrote almost passionately, "I am willing to bear; but not the reproach of enthusiasm—if I can help it." It was to defend himself and his followers from such reproach that he issued, in 1743, a remarkable tract. "An Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion," as its title implies, is a calm, well-reasoned, but vigorous defense of the people called Methodists. Wesley welcomes, nay, demands, the decision of reason. He challenges those who accept the central truths of Christianity to show any point wherein the Methodist teaching is inconsistent with those truths; and he shows that, so far from being fanatical or schismatic, it is the Methodists, and not their accusers, who best exemplify the doctrines and obey the rules of the English Church. As to the absurd calumny that he himself was making gain from the movement, he answers that by stating the simple fact that not a penny of the contributions of

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Methodists ever came into his hands, but that, on the contrary, he had himself assumed a debt of some six hundred and fifty pounds to provide them with preaching-houses in London and Bristol. "Why," he asks indignantly, "should any man who has all the conveniences and many of the superfluities of life deliberately throw up his ease, most of his friends, his reputation, the way of life of all others most agreeable both to his natural temper and education, toil day and night, spend all his time and strength—to gain a debt of six or seven hundred pounds!"

Two years later he issued, in two parts, a supplement to this tract, under the title "A Further Appeal." In this he makes a most scathing arraignment of the condition of church and society when he began his preaching, and then shows that the Methodist movement, in spite of the violent opposition it has encountered, has been temperate and rational, and can be productive of nothing but good to individuals or to society. These two tracts, taken together, form the best contemporary vindication of Wesley and Methodism. They are also perhaps the best specimens of his controversial writing: simple in style; vigorous, but not bitter; self-controlled and logical, yet aglow with earnest feeling. In only one of his controversial papers was Wesley provoked into bitterness. Lavington, Bishop of Exeter, one of the most abusive of his clerical opponents, had circulated widely a pamphlet directed against Wesley, entitled "The Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists Compared." The paper was filled with perversions and misstatements, and was calculated to countenance the vulgar calumny—especially vexatious in those days of the rebellion of '45—that Wesley was a papist in disguise. In his reply Wesley for once allows himself some passages that make very interesting reading for the natural man, but are hardly in his usual tone. The bishop's facts, his logic, even his grammar, all come in for merciless criticism; while some of his gravest charges Wesley refuses to discuss till this Christian bishop shall have learned "a little common heathen honesty." But Wesley's usual controversial manner is much better exemplified in his letter to the venerable Gibson, Bishop of London, which in its best passages rises to the level of sadly solemn eloquence.

For the more vulgar opposition of mobs Wesley had far less concern. When a boy in his father's rectory he had probably learned a good deal about the temper of the English lower classes, and he knew how to meet it. So long as he was preaching in London and Bristol he was protected by the city magistrates from any very serious disturbances; but in 1742 he began the itinerant life which he continued all his days. For the next eight or ten years there is hardly a month in which the "Journal" does not record some assault by a mob. In many cases it was only the rough horse-play of a crowd drawn together by the unusual spectacle of a field-preacher. At Pensford, for example, the rabble brought a bull they had been baiting, and tried to force the animal through the audience and upon the table by which Wesley stood. In other places they blew horns, rang the church-bells, sent the town crier to bawl in front of the preacher, or hired fiddlers and ballad-singers to drown his voice. Even in some of the instances of extreme violence, the leaders of the mob apparently had no special animosity to Wesley or his preaching; they were simply spoiling for a fight, it did not much matter with whom, and the presence of the obnoxious field-preacher furnished occasion for a disturbance at which the magistrates were likely to wink.

Wesley's most perilous encounter of this sort was in the Staffordshire town of Wednesbury. A riotous crowd, early in the evening, surrounded the house where he lodged, shouting, "Bring out the minister!" But when Wesley calmly faced them and professed entire readiness to accompany them before a magistrate, they applauded his pluck, "crying out with might and main, 'He is an honest gentleman, and we will spill our blood in his defense.'" As the magistrate to whom they escorted him was in bed and refused to come out, they decided to make a night of it and take Wesley to a justice in the next town of Walsal. Half-way there they met a mob from Walsal, and at once improved the opportunity to spill a little blood in defense of their prisoner. Wesley's body-guard put up a very good fight, one woman, as he observed, knocking down four of the Walsal men; but they were overpowered, and Wesley became the spoil of Walsal. This second mob dragged him through the

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town, some yelling, "Kick his brains out!" others proposing to hear him first. But here again a few words from Wesley won the respect of a burly prize-fighter who was leading the Walsal men. "Keep close to me," said this new champion; "I will spend my life for you; they shall not hurt a hair of your head." And thus convoyed, barely escaping cudgels and stones, avoiding a hostile crowd that held a bridge by taking a bypath that led over a dam, Wesley at last reached his lodging safely, "having lost only a flap of my waistcoat and a little skin from one of my hands." The big prize-fighter, five days later, was admitted to one of the "societies," and was a loyal Methodist for fifty years.

The coolness of Wesley in such encounters was amazing. He made it an invariable rule to face a mob; and there is no indication that he was ever confused or even excited by their violence. His figure was slight and his presence not commanding; but this absolute self-possession, joined with a quiet courtesy, made him almost invariably the master of a crowd. He had the bearing of a gentleman, a certain stamp of distinction which they instinctively recognized. Meeting one Sunday afternoon in Ratcliffe Square a noisy throng that threatened rough treatment, after a word or two of greeting, he said: "Friends, let every man do as he pleases; but it is *my* manner when I speak of the things of God, or when another does, to uncover my head," which he did; and the crowd instantly did the same. "Then," says he, "I exhorted them to repent and believe the gospel." When a roaring mob broke into the room where he was preaching in St. Ives, Cornwall, he quietly walked into the crowd, and taking their ringleader by the arm, asked him to come up to the desk and reason it out. "I received," says he, "only one blow on the side of the head, after which we reasoned the case till he grew milder and milder, and at length undertook to quiet his companions."

Not infrequently Wesley found some odd champions. A big Thames bargeman, who had listened with a restless crowd to one of Wesley's sermons, at the close lifted himself up, and squaring his brawny front to the audience, announced: "The gentleman says nothing but what is good. I say so; and there is not a man here that shall say otherwise!" At Bawden, an Irish town, as he was preaching in the main street, a clergyman—a little in drink, Wesley says—with a very large stick in his hand began to make a disturbance, when "two or three resolute women by main strength pulled him into a house, and sent him away through a garden." Another assailant came on in great fury, but the town butcher, not a Methodist, knocked him down as he would an ox. "This," says Wesley, "cooled his courage, and so I quietly finished my discourse."

In Wesley's account of these disturbances there is often, as in this case, a dry humor, all the more effective because quite unconscious. On one occasion, when a violent rabble were assaulting the house where he was staying, their ringleader, in his zeal, had managed to crowd himself into the house just before the doors were shut against his followers, and thus found himself inside with Wesley, and a mark for the stones the mob were pouring in at all the windows. Cowering behind Wesley, he cried: "We shall be killed! What must I do? What must I do?" "Pray to God," Wesley advised; and he adds: "He took my advice, and began praying as he had never done since he was born." While going from one preaching-place to another one day, in a carriage with a considerable number of friends, the party was attacked by a roistering crowd that pelted the carriage with stones. "But," says Wesley, "a very large gentlewoman sat in my lap and screened me so that no stones came near me." What special providence screened the large gentlewoman he does not say.

After about 1750 these attacks grew fewer, and gradually ceased altogether. Many of the class from which the mobs were drawn were now themselves members of Wesley's societies; while the general results of the movement in temperance, order, honesty, and thrift were now so evident that there was no longer any pretext for popular opposition.

(To be concluded)

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A BOY'S LOVES

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

IN the utmost beginning of things—in that time when roosters were very large, and geese were very fierce, and only Mother could avert the thousand perils, heal the thousand wounds—existed a mythical partner established in family annals as "Your Little Sweetheart."

"Annie? Don't you remember Annie! Why, she was Your Little Sweetheart. You used to play together day in and day out. It was so cute to see you!"

But, no. You may catch here a bit of blue ribbon, there an echo of a laugh, yet, try as you will, you may not recall her. Evidently when Your Little Sweetheart Annie was put away along with dresses and curls, she was put away so far that she was lost forever.

What space of months, or of years, elapses, you cannot tell. Nevertheless, suddenly you do witness yourself, still of age most immature (you recollect that somewhere in this period you were miserably spelled down on "fish"), laying votive offerings upon the desk of your First Love, a girl with brown eyes and rounded, rosy cheeks.

These offerings are in the shape of bright pearl buttons and carnelian pebbles. The transfer requires much breathless daring. Down the aisle of the school-room you march, your gift tightly clutched in your hand, which swings carelessly by your side. Past her seat you scuttle, and, without a single glance, you leave the treasure upon the oaken top, beneath her eyes. Away you hurry, affrighted, ashamed, apprehensive, but hopeful. Presently, blushing, from your seat you steal a look across at her. She smiles roguishly. The offering is gone. It is accepted; for she holds it up that you may see. And you grin back, as red as a beet, while your heart, exultant, goes thumpity, thumpity, thumpity.

In company with another boy, who must have been a rival, you descry yourself hanging about her gate, turning somersaults, wrestling, and performing all kinds of monkey-shines, in the brazen fancy that she may be peeking out of a window and admiring you. She is framed, for an instant, by the pane. You and he scamper up and deposit in plain view—you upon the right gate-post, he upon the left—a handful apiece of hazelnuts. Then the pair of you withdraw to a discreet distance and wait. Out she trips, and gathers in your handful; but his she disdainfully sweeps off upon the ground.

He whooped in contempt and swaggered in derision; and you — you — what was it you did? Alas! the picture is cut here abruptly, as by a knife; the First

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Love vanishes, and the Second Love succeeds.

She is the minister's daughter, a gentle, winsome little lass, not at all like the sauce-box of the brown eyes and the rich cheeks. In the case of this Second Love there seems to have been no studied wooing, no sheepish bribery by pearl buttons and carnelians and nuts. You fall in with each other as a matter of course. In playing drop-the-handkerchief you nearly always favor her, and she you; and when either favors some one else the understanding between you is perfect that this is done merely for the sake of appearances.

Your mutual affection is of the telepathic order. Others in the party may romp and squeal and shout in the moonlight, but you and she sit together on the wheelbarrow, and look on in tolerant, eloquent silence.

In the games you have occasionally kissed just the tip of her ear, and that was sufficient. Teasing companions may cry: "Aw, kiss her! Fraidie! fraidie! *That* ain't kissin'!" But you know *she* knows, and smacks—those boisterous smacks current in the realm—are superfluous.

In addition to the kissing games, and the state of exaltation upon the wheelbarrow, you are able to conjure up yourself in another rôle: at the frozen river's edge, strapping on her skates—your first remembered gallantry.

Assailed by the shrill scoffings of your rude comrades, under the refining influence of love you kneel before her as she is struggling with a stiff buckle. Like to the manner born, she permits you to assist. Then—then you skated, you and she, for each other's sake enduring all the pursuing jibes? This point is not clear. You may not further linger with her, the minister's daughter, your Second Love, for in a hop, skip, and jump you are worshiping at the skirts of the Third Love.

Her eyes are black—large and black. You are desperately smitten. You live, move, and have your being in a very ecstasy of fervor.

Her name is Lillian. Somewhere, somehow, you have run upon the lines of Tennyson:

> "Airy, fairy Lilian,
> Flitting, fairy Lilian,
> When I ask her if she love me,
> Clasps her tiny hands above me;
> . . . . . .
> She 'll not tell me if she love me,
> Cruel little Lilian."

They appeal to you. They touch a spot which seems not to be reached by even Oliver Optic or "The Gorilla Hunters." You *must* have poetry, and you memorize them, and repeat them over and over to yourself, regardless of the fact that she, your inspiration, is neither airy, fairy, nor flitting, but of substantial, buxom proportions.

The Third Love, with her bold black eyes and her generous plumpness, is not so submissive as was that gentle Second Love. She flouts you. When the mood is upon her, she makes faces at you. At a party, when you stammer:

> "The stars are shining bright;
> May I see you home to-night?"

as like as not she turns up her nose, or else she tosses her head and snaps ungraciously: "Oh, I s'pose so!"

You never are sure of her; yet always you find yourself meekly at her apron-strings.

You willingly go to church (you conceive that your family does not know why, but in this you are much mistaken), because she sits in front of you. What a blissful, comfortable feeling you have, with her safely installed near at hand, twitching her short braids not more than three feet before your happy nose!

When your pew is filled to overflowing, then, sometimes, you are crowded out into her pew. Embarrassed of mien, you decorously slide into your new location, she receiving your presence with a shrug and a sniff, and you growing redder and redder as you imagine that all the congregation must be reading your secret.

In a moment she darts at you a sly glance (the coquette! How vastly superior she is to you in the wiles of love!), and you swell and swell, until it seems to you that you are towering into the raftered heights above.

And at the conspicuousness thus entailed you blush yet deeper.

Ah, her folks are about to leave town;

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she is to move away! The news comes with sickening directness, and on top of the announcement she pitilessly asserts that she is glad. You muster courage to declare that you are "going to write." She flirts her bangs, and retorts grudgingly: "*I* don't care."

Which is all the good-by that you get.

Beyond childish notes, you never have written to a girl; and what a bothersome time this first letter gives you! The chief trouble lies in the start. "Dear Friend," which appears to be the address sanctioned by society, is too commonplace and formal; "Dear Lillian" may err in the other direction, she is so ridiculously touchy. You want something unique, and in your researches you encounter "Chérie"—where, history reveals not.

"Chérie" sounds nice; you do not know what it means, but all the better, for consequently it is finely ambiguous; and, proud of your originality, you take it. Once started, you occupy four pages, in your scrawling script, with what you deem to be clever badinage. Badinage is the main conversational stock in trade of girl-and-boy days.

Principally you rail her about a certain youth of your town with whom she used, to your torment, to run races. You hope that she will reply in a manner to convey that really she despised that other chap and is longing for you.

Two weeks of waiting. Then, one noon, your father, with an arch remark, fishes from an inside pocket a little square envelop, and passes it to you, at the dinner-table. The dinner-table, of all public places!

You endeavor calmly to receive it with a cursory glance; but you deposit it in your jacket, well aware that your trembling frame emanates confusion.

Having bolted your dinner, you retire to the barn loft to revel in the missive. The double sheet of miniature stationery has a rosebud imprinted at the top.

Alas! underneath are the thorns.

FRIEND WILL: No, I don't have George Brown to run races with any more, but I have somebody lots better, and we run races every night. Don't you wish you knew who it was, smartie?

Even yet the lines rankle. They but indicate the tenor of the whole letter—a letter from which you failed, no matter how earnestly you pored over it, to obtain one grain of comfort.

You try her again, with another clumsy essay at wit. Answer never comes, and for a while you sneak about afraid that the truth will leak out, and you be made a butt by your schoolmates.

The queen is dead! Live the queen! This Fourth Love is a "new girl," a stranger who one morn dawns upon your vision in the school-room. She is an adorable creature, with blue eyes, golden hair, and a bridling air that challenges your attention. With joy you learn, at home, that your folks know her folks; and when your mother proposes that you go with her to make a friendly call, so that "the little girl won't get lonesome for want of acquaintances," you accede unhesitatingly.

You are presented at court, and, sitting with her upon the sofa, do your best to be entertaining while the elders chat about "help" and church. You grasp, from her sprightly remarks, that she is well accustomed to boy admirers. She speaks of her "fellow"! She writes to him! He "felt awful bad" to have her leave! Beside hers, your experience in the ways of the world—particularly boy-ways and girl-ways, mingled—appears pitifully meager, and beneath her assertions and giggling sallies you are ofttimes ill at ease.

Impressed with her value, you depart, escorting your mother; and that night, before you go to sleep, you firmly resolve to win this girl or perish.

The Fourth Love resolves into a sad thing of mawkish sentiment. You are not given to mooning or spooning. You are too healthy. Drop-the-handkerchief, clap-in-and-clap-out, post-office—these tumultuous kissing games, open and

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aboveboard, are the alpha and omega of the caresses in your set. However, the new girl instils another element, hitherto foreign to the social intercourse.

To-day you recall, with great vividness, that winter evening before supper, when you lingered, on your way home, in the front hall at her house, planning with her to go skating.

"Oh, is n't it dark!" she piped suddenly. "I can't see you at all."

"And I can't see you, either," you responded.

Silence.

"Where are you?" she whispered.

"Oh, I 'm here by the door. Are you fraid?" you bantered innocently.

Silence.

"S'posing you kissed me! Would n't that be awful!" she tittered in pretended horror.

But you—you summoned your chivalry, and went forth secure in the knowledge that you had not taken advantage of her helplessness.

This was the end. From that evening dated her coldness. Another boy jumped in and supplanted you. You encountered them together, and they looked upon you and laughed. He informed you that she said you "had n't any sense." You sent back a counter-accusation, which he gladly reported. But enough; away with this Eve. What becomes of her you are able to decipher not. Let us consider the Fifth Love.

Her you acquire deliberately, with purpose aforethought, so to speak. A Love is now absolutely necessary to you, and casting about, you hit upon the girl across the street. You have known her virtually all your life. She is not very pretty; she is just a plain, jolly, wholesome lassie, who is continually running over to your house, and with whom you are as free as with your own sister; but she will do.

Forthwith you begin a campaign. You walk home with her; you lend her books; you take her riding—a real, ceremonious ride, and not, as formerly, merely a lift down-town; you strive as hard as you can to enthuse over her and remark beauties in her. And she, meantime a little flustered and astonished at your unwonted assiduousness, accepts your crafty attentions and frankly confides to your sister that she wishes *she* had a brother.

Unsuspicious girl! She treats you with a camaraderie which should warn you, but which only proves your undoing.

Mindful of the lesson gained at the hands of the Fourth Love, she the sentimental, you resolve that you will not be classed, in this present instance, as having "no sense." Accordingly, one evening, upon parting with the Fifth Love at her gate, you baldly propose—well, you blurt awkwardly:

"Let 's kiss good night."

With what scorn she spurns the suggestion! Then, while your ears are afire and you hang your head, she administers a severe, virtuous lecture upon the impropriety of an act such as you mention.

"But lots of boys and girls do it," you hazard.

She does not believe you; and, anyway, *she* never would. And she packs you home. You trudge across the street, angry, irritated, abashed, uncertain as to whether she was hoaxing you or whether she was sincere.

Girls are the *darnedest* creatures!

Evidently here closes the episode of the Fifth Love. It was but natural that thereafter you should be rather disconcerted when in her presence; and although she might act as if nothing had happened, *you* (plagued unmercifully by your sister) could not forget.

And the Sixth Love? Yes, she followed, with scarce a decent interval, hard upon the exit of the all too high-minded Fifth. Maybe it was

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in a spirit of pique that you sought her. Whatever the preliminary circumstance, regard yourself eventually head over heels again, immersed in the current of a passion equaled only by your affair with that Third Love—"cruel little Lilian."

This Sixth Love, too, has black eyes and an engaging plumpness. Black eyes, apparently, are the eyes most fatal to you. For the Sixth Love you would unflinchingly die, if life without her were the alternative; and you picture to yourself the manner in which she would mourn (you hope) when you are lying cold and still, with just your white face showing, in the family parlor.

No matter how circuitous it makes your route, going and coming you always manage to pass her house.

You wonder if she is proud of you because you can throw a curve. You would like to have her see that you are strong, and skilled in all the exercises to which boys are heir. You want to be her ideal, her knight. Sometimes you suspect that she does not thoroughly appreciate your prowess and good points, for she prates of other boys who do so and so, whereas you can easily do as much and more.

Now, whether or not it was due to the snake-curves (every boy is positive, soon or late, that he can throw a snake-curve), looking back you behold yourself possessed at last of this maiden of your choice. Of course no word of love has been uttered between you. That would be too silly and theatrical, almost morbid; furthermore, it is unnecessary. She has shyly confessed to you that she "likes" you, and this is sufficient. You generously refrain from urging her beyond this maiden admission.

Aye, 't is distance lends enchantment to the view! You have been so accustomed to the excitement of the chase that with idleness you wax restive. The Sixth Love verges upon being a nuisance. Her black eyes, beaming for you alone, pall upon you. You grow callous toward her. You tire of always having her choose you at parties; you tire of her eternal assumption of proprietorship over you; you wish that she would not come so much to see your sister, and thrust herself upon you in your home.

And you set out to shake her off: you skip out by the back door as she enters by the front; you avoid her at parties; you show her, in a dozen ways, that you do not fancy her any more.

Poor anxious, forsaken Sixth Love! It is she who turns the wooer; it is she who passes and repasses *your* house; it is she who haunts *your* steps, hoping that she may catch a glimpse of you. Regardless of the fact that you yourself so often have played this game, you remain obdurate. Finally pride rises to her rescue, and she sends notice that she "hates you."

"Pooh! Who cares!" you sniff, with a curl of the lip.

Thus lapses behind you the Sixth Love; and although you have a faint vision of her parading, to meet your eyes, your most despised enemy, whom, in bravado, she had immediately adopted, memory indicates that you were unaffected by the sight, save to sneer, and that already the Seventh Love was engrossing your attention.

For there was a Seventh Love, and an Eighth, and more besides, to constitute a long train of wee, innocent heart-troubles as evanescent as a dream, but at their time just as real; until from this series of shallow, dancing ripples of Boy's Love, lo! one day you suddenly emerged upon the deep ocean of Man's Love, and anchored in the quiet haven where She awaited—She, the gracious embodiment of the best in these her girlish predecessors.

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THE BRAYBROOK BABY'S GODMOTHER

BY DAVID GRAY

Author of "Gallops"

WITH PICTURES BY URQUHART WILCOX

THE bishop put on his glasses and wandered down the car, consulting a ticket and examining the numbers on the revolving-chairs.

"Good morning," said a voice.

He looked down and saw Miss Henrietta Cushing.

"Why, how do you do?" said the bishop, smiling. "This *is* a pleasant surprise." He held up his ticket hopelessly. "Can you help me?" he asked. "I can't make out this number. It might be a nine or a seven or a six."

"Pay no attention to the number," said Miss Cushing; "if the officers of this railway cannot write legibly they must take the consequences. Sit down next to me, and I shall not permit them to turn you out."

"I shall do that," said the bishop, gratefully, and he sat down.

Miss Cushing lived a few doors from the bishop in Gramercy Park, and they were old friends as well as neighbors. She was a little woman. Her hair, parted in the middle and drawn smoothly down in the fashion of another generation, was streaked with gray; but it was thick, and her brow was smooth, her gray eyes were bright, and there was a tinge of pink in her cheeks. She was dressed simply in black, but her clothes were very well made, as women observed, and there was always a remarkable piece of lace about her neck. She was rich even for these days.

Miss Cushing was cousin to most of the distinguished New-Yorkers of the days before the plutocracy, but she had no immediate family, and she lived by herself in great seclusion. Like many women who have never married, she had elaborate theories in regard to the discipline and bringing up of young children, and spoiled all those with whom she came into contact by a too indulgent tenderness. Her liking for babies amounted to a passion, and she gave large sums secretly to charities of which infants were the beneficiaries. Her dominant feeling, however, was her sympathy for the sufferings of defenseless animals. She gave not only her money for this cause, but her time also, and served on the executive committee of the council of the society. The bishop settled himself in the chair next to Miss Cushing and relaxed his great frame. A sigh of relief and comfort escaped him.

"I hurried," he said; "I was afraid that I was going to be late."

"Are you on pleasure bent," asked Miss Cushing, "or is this work?"

"There are some duties," replied the bishop, "which are so pleasant as to escape from the category of work by their very nature. It is one of these which is taking me to Oakdale. You see—" he continued, but Miss Cushing interrupted him.

"Oakdale!" she exclaimed. "It must be a great trial and mortification to you to have that place in your diocese." She looked at him with eyes full of sympathy.

"Why?" said the bishop.

"Why?" repeated Miss Cushing.

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"Have you never been there? Have you never heard of their practices?"

"Practices?" said the bishop.

"Yes," said Miss Cushing; "barbarous practices."

The bishop looked perplexed. "I have been there," he said; "I have been there a good deal. At first the interest in horses and sport rather astonished me,—it is a hunting community,—but—" the bishop hesitated.

"Exactly," said Miss Cushing, showing a gleam of white teeth and then closing her lips very tight; "a fox-hunting community. You are a bishop, and you have been the president of a fellow-society to ours. Do you think it humane or Christian," she continued, "to pursue God's defenseless creatures for hours, yes, for days, till they fall exhausted in the mouths of ravening hounds?"

The bishop looked thoughtfully at Miss Cushing. "Do they do that?" he asked. "Are you sure of your facts?"

"Oh, quite," she replied. She opened a little bag and produced a roll of newspaper clippings inclosed in an elastic band. Removing the band, she flattened out the slips and arranged them for reference.

"Here," she began, "is the interview with a veteran fox-chaser in which he tells about a dog which chased a fox for five days and nights. What do you think of a man who would boast of such a deed?"

"I should think," answered the bishop, slowly, "that he was a liar."

"Quite so," said Miss Cushing, who did not catch the bishop's meaning. "He must be thoroughly depraved."

"But this account," said the bishop, "refers to the South. I am sure that at Oakdale the hunts last but a few hours, and I recall some one telling me that the only fox which they have killed in three years they happened on in a farmer's poultry-yard as they were coming home."

"They have deceived you," said Miss Cushing. "It is very natural. Look!" she continued. She held out a dozen short clippings. "These are recent accounts of the hunts at Oakdale, not the South. In each one it mentions by name the persons who were '*in at the death.*' The death, you understand, means the death of the fox." She selected a clipping and began to read. It concluded: "'The hounds finished at Smith's Corners. At the death were—'" Miss Cushing stopped as she read the first name, a woman's. "I suppose you know who that is?" she said to the bishop. "What would Tilly say if she knew that her daughter had married into that set, and was watching the death-agonies of a creature that never did any one harm? Our work in the streets and slums is difficult enough as it is; but when the daughters of one's friends are offenders too, it is somewhat discouraging."

"Yes," said the bishop; "your work is not only a good but a difficult one. However," he added, "I believe that the expression 'in at the death' must be used figuratively, because I have heard that all last spring the club hunted nothing but drags."

Miss Cushing looked at him in surprise.

"That is exactly what the club wrote to our secretary!" she exclaimed. "And what pained me very much was that the letter was signed by young James Braybrook. You know," she added, "that his mother, till her death, was my dear friend."

"Well," said the bishop, somewhat sharply, "why should you be pained by the fact that *he* signed the letter? It said that they had been hunting a drag, just as I told you."

Miss Cushing looked at the bishop in amazement. "Bishop Cunningham," she exclaimed, "your course is a matter for your own conscience, but I shall never consent to make flesh of one and fish of another. While I am in the council, our society shall protect drags as well as foxes."

"Drags as well as foxes?" repeated the bishop.

"Yes," said Miss Cunningham, with emphasis.

The bishop looked at her, utterly at a loss. Then a light broke upon him, and his face softened.

"Ah, yes," he said mildly; "do you know what a drag is?"

"It is a small creature," Miss Cushing replied. "I have never seen one, as I disapprove of menageries; but I presume that it belongs to the fox family."

"You say that you have never seen one?" observed the bishop.

"Yes," said Miss Cushing; "I have never seen one, but that is not a reason why our society should suffer them to be tortured. It is high time that a stand was taken, when people of our class amuse

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themselves with cruelty to drags. And I am going to Oakdale to investigate the matter myself and bring the offenders to justice."

"Good!" said the bishop. Then he seized his newspaper and disappeared behind it till a fit of violent coughing should pass away. His massive body shook and quivered, and Miss Cushing became alarmed. She called the porter. "Bring some water to Bishop Cunningham," she said.

Before the water arrived the bishop had recovered.

"I beg your pardon very humbly," he said; "these attacks come on, and there seems no way of stopping them."

"There is a troche," she said, "which is admirable for bronchial irritation; I cannot recall the name, but I shall send you a package."

"You are very good to me," said the bishop. He wiped his eye-glasses with his handkerchief and settled himself anew. "So that is your errand to Oakdale?" he began, the corners of his mouth twitching anew.

"Is it coming on again?" inquired Miss Cushing, anxiously.

"I don't think so," said the bishop. He cleared his throat and shut his mouth with a grim expression. Then he turned to his newspaper again. "I 'll glance at the morning's news," he said, "if you will excuse me."

When the train stopped at Oakdale, the bishop helped Miss Cushing to the station platform, and spoke to a liveried servant who was waiting there to take his bag.

"The trap will drive up, sir," said the man, "as soon as the train pulls out." He said this as he noticed Miss Cushing apparently looking about for a vehicle.

"Are there no cabs here?" asked Miss Cushing, in a tone of surprise.

"No, madam," said the man.

"Have n't you arranged for some one to meet you?" asked the bishop. "You see, the village is two miles farther on, and nobody gets off here except people who are going over toward the club, and those usually arrange to be met."

"Dear me!" said Miss Cushing. "I wonder what I shall do."

"Oh," said the bishop, "you will come over with me."

"That is very kind of you," said Miss Cushing, "and in the circumstances I am afraid that I shall have to trespass upon your kindness."

As the train moved away, a smart-looking pair of horses and a two-seated buckboard came up to the platform.

"Here we are," said the bishop, gaily, and he helped Miss Cushing in. "This is much better than a cab, and if we are not run away with or shied into a ditch, we shall arrive at the club in half the time in which a livery vehicle would have taken us."

"Yes," said Miss Cushing; "it really has turned out very well."

Just then the footman turned around and spoke to the bishop.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I forgot to tell you that Mr. Braybrook sent his apologies for not meeting you himself, but there was an unexpected party of gentlemen—" Here the off horse shied at something invisible to man, and nearly succeeded in crowding the near one over a culvert. The footman's attention was occupied in holding on, and when the danger had been averted he had no opportunity for continuing.

"Mr. Braybrook!" exclaimed Miss Cushing to the bishop. "Are these James Braybrook's horses? Am I riding in his carriage?" Her tone expressed both horror and indignation.

"Well," said the bishop, "you could n't stop at the station all day, and it is too far to walk."

"No matter how far it was," said Miss Cushing, "I certainly should have walked, and I shall walk now."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said the bishop, mildly.

"But you must see," said Miss Cushing, "that this is improper. I have not seen James Braybrook since he was a baby; yet, for his mother's sake, I would save him from public disgrace if he would abandon his practices. However, I am investigating a case against him, and I cannot accept the hospitality of his carriage."

"Would it not be judicial to suspend judgment until you have investigated?" suggested the bishop.

"Stop the carriage!" demanded Miss Cushing. "I am going to walk."

"From the next hill," said the bishop, "one gets quite the best view of the neighboring country." He put his hand on Miss Cushing's as if to say, "Hush, my child!"

There was no answer to make. Miss Cushing said nothing, but her mouth

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straightened at the corners. They drove in silence for a few minutes, and then they passed the stone gateway of a country house.

said, "but I am going to see a woman who lives near the club." She opened her bag and produced a letter. "A Mrs. Patrick Hennessey," she continued.

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'OUR SOCIETY SHALL PROTECT DRAGS AS WELL AS FOXES'"

"Are we very nearly there?" asked Miss Cushing.

"Yes," said the bishop; "I was just about to ask you with whom you were going to stop."

"I shall go to the hotel for lunch," she

"I do not recall any such name," the bishop said. "Does the lady belong to your association?"

"No," said Miss Cushing; "but she intends to join, and she is much in sympathy with us."

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"Oh, I see," said the bishop. "This is how you got your information."

Miss Cushing looked at him doubtfully. "I ought not to have told you this," she said, "because all complaints are treated as confidential. You will say nothing about it, will you?"

"Assuredly not," said the bishop.

At this moment there appeared a young man on a polo pony, riding toward them. The bishop waved his hand to him, and the young man waved his hat in reply. As the trap came up to him he turned and rode beside it.

"Miss Cushing," said the bishop, "may I present Mr. Braybrook?"

Miss Cushing bowed stiffly, and Mr. Braybrook took off his hat again.

"Miss Cushing has come down—" began the bishop.

"We are very glad to see her," interrupted Mr. Braybrook. "I think," he continued, speaking to Miss Cushing, "that you were a great friend of my mother's."

Miss Cushing bowed again.

"I saw you as you came over the hill," Braybrook said to the bishop; "we 've been having some gymkhanas on the lawn. I am afraid," he added apologetically, "that they are about over."

"That is too bad," said the bishop; "it would have been interesting to see them."

"Perhaps," said Braybrook, "we can get up an extra race or two, but it is pretty nearly time for lunch. Are you interested in sports?" he asked Miss Cushing. As he spoke they turned into a gateway and rolled up a long private drive.

"Don't think of having anything on my account," said Miss Cushing, "because I could not stop; I really must be going on."

"Why?" said Braybrook, with a shade of disappointment in his tone. "I hoped you had come down with Bishop Cunningham to stop the day with us."

"That 's very kind of you," said Miss Cushing, uncomfortably, "but I could n't think of it." She resolved to blurt out the truth. "You see," she began, "I 've—"

"Oh, I see," said Braybrook; "you are lunching with some one else. Where can I send you?"

"This is embarrassing," said Miss Cushing. "There was no cab at the station, and Bishop Cunningham insisted—"

"Of course," said Braybrook. "I really wish you would stop with us; but if you are engaged for lunch, of course the trap will take you over."

Miss Cushing looked helplessly at the bishop.

"You would better stay to lunch," said the bishop.

"You really must," said Braybrook, "if you have no other engagement."

"No, I could n't think of that," said Miss Cushing; "but if you could tell me how to get to the nearest hotel in the village I should be very grateful."

Braybrook looked perplexed, and made no reply.

"If it is any trouble—" said Miss Cushing, quickly.

"It would be no trouble," said Braybrook, "but there is n't any hotel. I might send you over to the club," he added, "but I don't think that ladies lunch at the club alone. I 'll ask Mrs. Braybrook."

The conversation was interrupted by their arrival at the house. The bishop waved to Mrs. Braybrook, who was on the veranda to meet them. "We have arrived, my dear," he said, and patted her hand affectionately. "Let me present you to Miss Cushing. She is my very dear friend."

Mrs. Braybrook smiled. "It is very nice of you to come with the bishop," she said to Miss Cushing, "and it was very nice of him to come, too. This is a great event for us." She smiled again.

A pang of shame pierced Miss Cushing. "What shall I do?" she asked herself. Before an answer came the bishop handed her out upon the veranda.

"You are very good," she said abjectly to Mrs. Braybrook. She looked at the bishop, but his gaze was directed across the lawn, where there was a tent and a group of men in breeches and leggings.

"If you will excuse me a moment," said Braybrook, "I 'll see if we can get up another race." He left the veranda.

"And if you will excuse *me*," said Mrs. Braybrook, "I shall see if we are not soon going to have lunch; you must be famished." As she spoke she disappeared into the house.

But Miss Cushing knew that it was not to find out when lunch was to be served, but to order an extra place made at the lunch-table. She turned to the bishop.

"I can't—I can't stop and lunch in this house," she gasped.

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The bishop looked at her mildly.

"I must explain at once," she went on. "How can I eat the bread of people whom it is my duty to prosecute at law? People whose hands are stained—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted the bishop. "I thought that you had come down here to investigate."

"But the articles!" exclaimed Miss Cushing, clutching the bag in which they were stowed away. "Can you have any real doubt? And then, the statements of Mrs. Hennessey."

"But," said the bishop, calmly, "if you are going to make a personal investigation, you ought to make it. Don't you think so?"

"But it can only confirm what we already know," she said helplessly.

"Very well," said the bishop. "What are you going to do?"

"Exactly!" exclaimed Miss Cushing. "What *am* I going to do? Can't you suggest something? If I had not got into that carriage—" She stopped. She was too high-minded to intimate that it was his fault.

The bishop regarded her and deliberated. "Henrietta," he began firmly, "in past years you have had the experience of a woman of the world, and you know that you have no moral right to make a scene or to injure the feelings of others. It is not for me to say what you should do, but I would suggest that you accept the situation until you can escape from it with decency."

"Do you think," demanded Miss Cushing, "that it is right for me to lunch with people whom I propose to prosecute in the courts?"

"What else is there to do?" replied the bishop.

At that moment Mrs. Braybrook appeared from the house. She spoke to Miss Cushing. "You must come with me," she said; "I want you to see the baby."

"The baby?" repeated Miss Cushing. ("Is there a baby?" she said to herself.)

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Braybrook, rather at a loss.

"Of course," said Miss Cushing, "I want to see it"; and she followed Mrs. Braybrook in.

Braybrook came back as they disappeared. "I suppose," he said to the bishop, in an undertone, "that Miss Cushing did n't expect that we would be having people to lunch, and feels embarrassed. It was awfully nice of her to come down."

"I don't think she did expect to find a party," the bishop replied.

"You see," said Braybrook, "I feel that it is a good deal for Miss Cushing to come down here just to be present at the baby's christening."

"You are quite right," said the bishop; "but there is somebody coming to announce lunch."

As they took their places in the dining-room the bishop observed that Miss Cushing wore a softer expression and that there was a mild light in her gray eyes. He smiled.

"I am very sorry," said Braybrook, — Miss Cushing was sitting upon his right, — "that we could n't get up a race for you. But, you see, the men were hungry and were cross as beasts. Besides, they had sent their horses to be cooled out. But perhaps," he continued, "later, after the show, we can get up something."

"*After the show?*" repeated Miss Cushing, inquiringly.

"I ought to have said after the ceremony," said Braybrook, apologizing. "I 'm awfully careless."

"Oh, the ceremony!" exclaimed Miss Cushing. "Oh, I understand." ("*The ceremony*," she repeated to herself. "What ceremony? What kind of party have I come upon?")

"By the way, did you see it?" asked Braybrook. He nodded his head upward.

Miss Cushing looked at him inquiringly.

"The baby," he said.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Cushing; "he is charming."

"Whom do you think he looks like?" Braybrook demanded.

"You," replied Miss Cushing; "he is very like you."

Braybrook grinned. "I think so, too," he said; "but they say I 'm conceited to think so."

Miss Cushing smiled. "He seems fond of the child," she said to herself. "It is hard to believe that he pursues little drags to death." This reflection recalled her mission, and made her miserable again until Willie Colfax, who sat upon her other hand, engaged her in conversation.

"Do you ride much?" inquired Mr. Colfax, blandly.

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Braybrook, who overheard, shot him an annoyed glance. He knew that his brother-in-law was preparing to sell a horse.

"Each afternoon that is fine," said Miss Cushing, "I go to the park in my victoria."

"I know," observed Mr. Colfax, "but do you ride much? Have you any saddle-horses?"

Miss Cushing looked at him suspiciously, but his expression was sweet and innocent.

"I used to ride when I was a girl," she said, "but that was a long time ago."

Mr. Colfax regarded her incredulously. "You ought to keep it up," he said. "I believe in enjoying things while we can. Still," he continued, "one can get a great deal of pleasure out of a good harness-horse, too. I have rather a good one."

"Really," said Miss Cushing. "I should like to see it. I am fond of horses."

"I 'll show him to you," said Mr. Colfax, politely. Here Braybrook interrupted him, and the subject was changed.

Miss Cushing enjoyed the lunch-party in spite of her qualms of conscience. It was different from any that she could remember. At times it was rather noisy, but she thought it entertaining. Mr. Colfax's suggestion that she take a place at Oakdale was, of course, out of the question, but it was pleasant to have people express kind wishes. She liked Mr. Colfax.

When lunch was over she had an opportunity to speak to the bishop.

"They have been talking about some ceremony that is to take place," she said. "Do you know what it is?"

The bishop looked surprised. "Have n't you heard?" he said. "They are going to baptize the child."

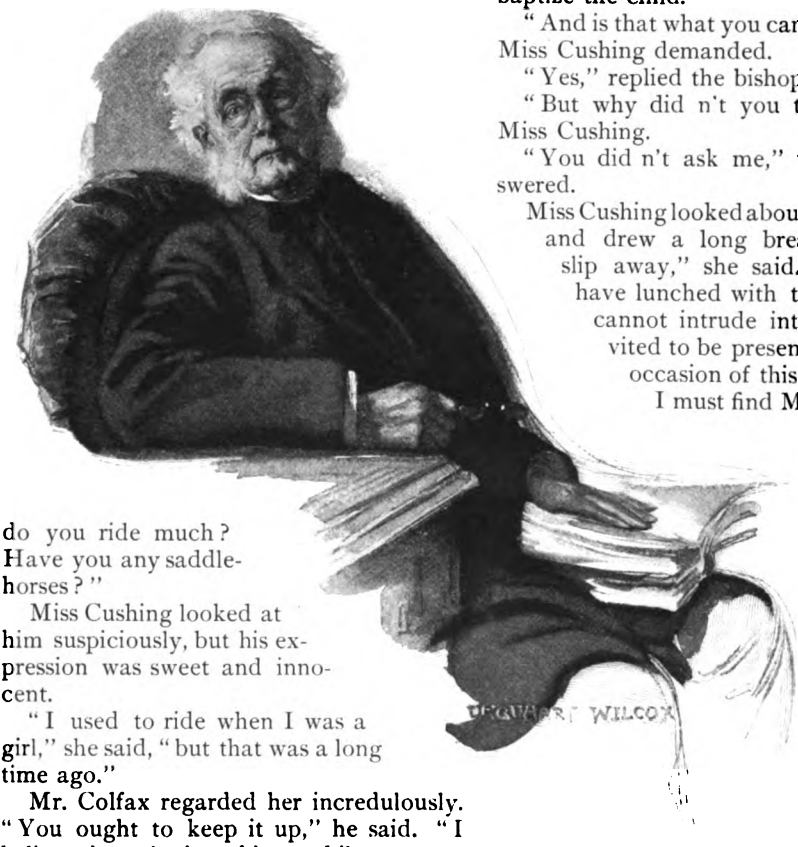
"And is that what you came down for?" Miss Cushing demanded.

"Yes," replied the bishop.

"But why did n't you tell me?" said Miss Cushing.

"You did n't ask me," the bishop answered.

Miss Cushing looked about her anxiously, and drew a long breath. "I *must* slip away," she said. "Even if I have lunched with these people, I cannot intrude into the circle invited to be present on a solemn occasion of this kind. Besides, I must find Mrs. Hennessey.



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"THE BISHOP LOOKED SURPRISED"

Yes, I must slip away," she continued. "Directly I get home I shall write and explain, and I do wish that you would write, too."

"I shall write anything you wish," replied the bishop. "However, I don't see how you are going to 'slip away.'"

Miss Cushing looked furtively about, as if considering an exit by one of the windows, when Mrs. Braybrook approached and spoke to her.

"Do you mind driving to the church with my brother, Mr. Colfax?" she asked. "If you have the least objection, don't hesitate to say so," she continued, "because

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I don't mind telling him that you can't go. But he asked, as a great favor, to be allowed to take you."

Miss Cushing looked at the bishop. His face was expressionless. She gave a nervous little laugh. "Of course I have n't the *least* objection," she said. "I am much flattered."

"That 's so good of you," said Mrs. Braybrook, with her delightful smile. "It will please Willie, and it will be perfectly safe, because he has Planet." She turned and left them.

Miss Cushing stood facing the bishop. Her bosom heaved, but she said nothing. At first it seemed as if the bishop were about to speak; then his mouth shut tightly.

At this juncture Mr. Colfax appeared.

"My cart is here," he said to Miss Cushing, and bowed.

Without a word Miss Cushing followed. From the veranda she climbed over an enormous wheel, and found herself driving to the church in a primrose-yellow dog-cart behind Planet, who, with extra heavy shoes, was performing showily. She fell to thinking about the situation.

"He 's not bad-looking, is he?" began Mr. Colfax.

"I beg your pardon?" said Miss Cushing, aroused from her thoughts.

Mr. Colfax repeated the question.

"He has reference to the baby, I presume," thought Miss Cushing. "He 's a sweet dear," she replied.

"He is," said Mr. Colfax; "and though that splint on his off fore leg is a bit conspicuous, he 's never gone sore with it. A good blister would take it off."

Miss Cushing looked at him in horror. Then she appreciated that there had been a misunderstanding, and held her peace. As they pulled up in the village street before the church, Mr. Colfax was still discussing Planet, his breeding, conformation, and manners; but it was all lost upon Miss Cushing. During the last ten minutes she had been formulating an artifice which promised to save her from committing the quasi-sacrilege that was imminent. The afternoon was warm, and she planned to linger in the vestibule until all had gone into the church, under the pretext of a headache, which the close air indoors would aggravate. The church inside, as a matter of fact, was damp and pleasantly cool, not having been opened for several days; but well-bred people do not insist too much upon facts.

Miss Cushing's artifice promised success. The entire party passed in together, and no one urged her to enter. Only Mr. Colfax remained outside, raptly watching Planet's action as the groom drove him up and down the village street. But Miss Cushing knew that Mr. Colfax was to be the godfather, and she felt that he, too, would come in a reasonable time before the ceremony was to begin.

To avoid being seen from the street, she withdrew into a corner of the vestibule close to the leather swinging-doors which opened into one of the side aisles. Here she stood, ready to assume an attitude of entering, when, to her alarm, she heard voices of people approaching from the inside. The owners of the voices stopped, apparently close to the doors, and began a conference.

"What did the man say?" she heard a woman's voice demand. She recognized the speaker as Mrs. Braybrook.

"He said that her leader ran away and smashed things up," a man's voice answered. The man's voice was Braybrook's.

"Well, could n't she have come in another trap?" Mrs. Braybrook demanded.

"The man said that they went into a ditch and put her shoulder out," replied Braybrook.

"What a pity!" said Mrs. Braybrook. "Poor Kitty will be laid up again for the hunting."

"That must be the Kitty," said Miss Cushing to herself, "who was going to be godmother." A feeling of relief came over her. "They 'll postpone it," she thought.

"Yes," said Braybrook, on the other side of the doors; "it will very likely lay her up. I wonder if she hurt her horses. Her leader was that mare she was going to sell Mr. Heminway for Anita."

"Well," said Mrs. Braybrook, "I 'm sorry for Kitty, but what are *we* going to do?"

"You might ask Jane to take her place," suggested Braybrook.

"If I do that," Mrs. Braybrook replied, "Emily and Josephine will both think it strange that I did n't ask them."

"But you can't ask them all," said Braybrook. "Have n't they any sense?"

Mrs. Braybrook ignored his question. "I wish I knew what to do," she said helplessly. "There was, of course, a special

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reason for having Kitty, but—" She stopped. "It would be much easier," she continued, "to have somebody whom Josephine and Emily and Jane did n't know at all. I wish I could get Sally Thompson here from Washington."

"It 's all right to wish," said Braybrook, "but we 've got to get a godmother. The bishop is waiting."

"It 's all right for you to say we 've got to get somebody," said Mrs. Braybrook, "but whom can we get?"

"Well," said Braybrook, "if you want somebody outside of our own crowd, it is easy to choose, because there is only one such here."

For the moment Miss Cushing's heart stopped beating. It was like the age-long moment of a nightmare.

"It was awfully civil of her to come down with the bishop," she heard Braybrook continue, "just because she was an old friend of my mother's; and if we explained the thing she would probably help us out"

"It was very sweet of her," said Mrs. Braybrook; "but she has never known *us*, and she might think it was indelicate."

"I don't think so," said Braybrook. "We did n't think it was indelicate of her to come down without an invitation, did we?"

"No," said Mrs. Braybrook; "we took it as a compliment."

"She would take it as a compliment, too," Braybrook replied. "Anyway," he continued, "it 's like being asked to be a groomsman or pall-bearer; one can't refuse."

Miss Cushing heard no more, because she had fled to the church door. In the doorway stood Mr. Colfax, exhaling a last puff from his cigarette.

"Where are you going?" he inquired. "Is anything the matter?"

"Nothing," said Miss Cushing; "I thought it would be cooler outside."

"I think you are mistaken," said Mr. Colfax; "it 's much cooler in the church. I have n't been in yet, but I know. It 's awfully hot in the street. Are you feeling ill?"

"Well," said Miss Cushing, vaguely, "you see, I don't feel exactly ill." She paused.

"I 'm sorry," said Mr. Colfax, sympathetically. "I 'd better tell Mrs. Braybrook."

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Miss Cushing. "Please don't!"

"But," said Mr. Colfax, "my sister would be angry with me if I did n't."

"Oh," said Miss Cushing, "I feel very much better. In fact, I feel quite well."

Mr. Colfax looked at her with polite doubt, but she made a gesture of protest.

"Then," said he, "shall we go in?"

Miss Cushing did not answer him, because the leather doors opened into the vestibule and Mr. and Mrs. Braybrook came through them.

"I say," said Braybrook, "we 've been hunting everywhere for you two."

Miss Cushing folded her hands and waited in silence.

"I was just coming in," said Mr. Colfax, and he threw away his cigarette.

WHEN Miss Cushing arrived at the Braybrooks' house after the ceremony, Mr. Colfax handed her out of the cart.

"I think we are a pretty fine team at a christening," he observed.

Miss Cushing smiled in a dazed sort of way and nodded her head. She looked toward the bishop, who was standing in the doorway. The bishop caught her look, but pretended not to, and disappeared into the house. He did not feel that he had anything to say at that moment which would be helpful.

Miss Cushing went into the house, too, in a mechanical way. Her ideas and feelings were so confused that she had no ideas left and her feelings were rapidly reaching the point of outburst. In fact, she did not know whether to laugh or cry, and she was ready to do either. Inside everybody was gathering in the big library, and she could see the servants bringing trays on which were champagne-glasses. Mr. Colfax followed her and found a chair for her, and presently she was surrounded by a group of men. Besides Mr. Colfax were Mr. Carteret, Mr. Varick, and other members of the hunt. The bishop and Braybrook, who were passing, stopped and joined the circle.

"There is the greater responsibility upon Miss Cushing," Mr. Carteret was saying, "because so little can be expected from the infant's godfather."

Miss Cushing did not have to reply, because everybody laughed, even Mr. Colfax.

"Then you ought to come down soon," Mr. Colfax said to Miss Cushing, "and

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begin your work. It might amuse you to come down next Monday. We run a drag. Have you ever seen a drag?"

Miss Cushing stiffened up in her chair. The opportunity for her to declare herself and satisfy her conscience had come.

"Mr. Colfax," she said solemnly, "do you believe it right to pursue a harmless little animal with fierce hounds?"

A heavy silence hung over the room.

"Animal?" said Mr. Colfax.

"Yes," said Miss Cushing; "I said animal."

"But it 's a drag," said Mr. Colfax, aghast.

"You intimate that a drag is not an animal. Please explain," said Miss Cushing.

Then Mr. Colfax explained. The men shut their mouths tightly, and each looked straight ahead of him at some selected point on the opposite wall.

In the silence that followed after Mr. Colfax had finished, the people in the room heard Miss Cushing murmur to herself, "Well, well, well!"

She said nothing else.

After a pause the bishop began to speak. "Miss Cushing," he said, "is very tender-hearted, and when she reads in the newspapers of drag-hunting, and notes the list of those who are 'in at the death,' her heart is full of pity and sympathy for what she had quite naturally supposed to be an animate quarry. Moreover, she is an officer of a very admirable society for the prevention of cruelty to dumb creatures, and it is her duty to interfere whenever she may chance to observe it. Hence this misapprehension."

Braybrook made a low exclamation. "Miss Cushing," he said, "I 'm awfully glad to find this out."

Miss Cushing looked at him inquiringly. "Why?" she said.

"Because I have a case for you," he replied. "You see, our laundress at the kennels poured a kettle of hot water over one of the hounds."

"Atrocious!" exclaimed Miss Cushing. "Give me her name!"

"I don't want her punished," said Braybrook, "but I want her prevented from doing it again. Can your society do that? You see, she sometimes drinks too much."

"I shall have our agent sent down at once," said Miss Cushing. "Give me her name."

"She is a Mrs. Hennessey," said Braybrook; "I think Patrick is her husband's name."

"Hennessey!" exclaimed Miss Cushing.

"Yes," Braybrook replied.

At this moment the circle of men parted to admit Mrs. Braybrook.

"You must n't monopolize *all* the men," she said, with a smile, to Miss Cushing. "Besides—" She stopped and half turned as the rattle of glasses on the metal tray sounded behind her.

"I say," said Willie Colfax, "I think you people ought to drink the health of the godparents."

"I think," said the bishop, "that it would be eminently proper to toast the godmother, particularly as the circumstances, I might say, are somewhat unusual."

"They prove," observed Braybrook, quite reverently, "that the Lord will provide, don't they?"

"They do," said the bishop. Then they drank Miss Cushing's health.

"And now," said Miss Cushing, beaming, "I propose a toast to my godson. I neglected to bring his porringer with me, but I shall attend to that later." And they drank that toast, too.

A servant approached the bishop and spoke a few words in a whisper.

"Henrietta," said the bishop, "it seems that we must rush for our train. The carriage has been waiting some time."

They hurried out in a confusion of handshakings and got into the trap.

"Good-by, everybody!" cried Miss Cushing, and everybody answered "Good-by," and waved their hands, except Mr. Colfax, who stood on the veranda with a bottle of champagne, and called after them: "Come back! You 've forgotten to drink to the godfather!"

When the trap turned into the highway, the bishop looked thoughtfully at Miss Cushing. "Well," he said, "you have discovered a case."

Miss Cushing shot him a quiet glance, and gazed off over the pasture-lands, on which stretched the long afternoon shadows of the elms.

The bishop saw that she was smiling, and made no reply. He, too, looked off over the meadows.

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Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

MRS. HUGHES OF UFFINGTON, FRIEND OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, TO WHOM THE LETTERS WERE WRITTEN

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

WRITTEN TO MARY ANNE WATTS HUGHES, WIFE OF DR. HUGHES, CANON OF ST. PAUL'S, AND GRANDMOTHER OF THOMAS HUGHES, AUTHOR OF THE "TOM BROWN" BOOKS

EDITED BY HORACE G. HUTCHINSON

With notes by Mrs. Hughes and an introductory sketch of her by her surviving grandson, W. H. Hughes

RECOLLECTIONS OF MRS. HUGHES

To the Editor of The Century.

DEAR SIR: You are about, as I understand, to publish some letters from Sir Walter Scott to my grandmother Hughes, and wish me to tell you something about her, and the friendship between the "Wizard of the North," as he was called in those days by his English admirers, and herself and family.

First as to my grandmother. Her maiden name was Mary Anne Watts. She was born about 1770 at Uffington, a little village two miles north of King Alfred's White Horse Hill, in the "royal county of Berks," the only child of the last of a line of clergymen who had, for several generations, succeeded one another in the cure of souls at that little place.

One of these parsons, whose ministry fell in the time of George II, must have been well known as a preacher in his day, for he was appointed one of the chaplains whose duty it

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was, from time to time, to preach in the Chapel Royal. He was not, however, called upon for a second sermon in that capacity; for (the king attending the service in doubtful company) he took the seventh commandment as the subject of his first discourse, and as his text, "Thou art the man."

With such forebears, it is perhaps natural that Mary Anne Watts was markedly independent and fearless; also that, not being able to hold the family living in her own right, she should manage to attain to it through the Rev. Thomas Hughes, D.D., whom she married when she was still quite young, and he verging on middle age. She had no difficulty, it may be supposed, in inducing the clergyman who had now become vicar of her paternal parish to exchange that living for the much more valuable one which her husband held, in virtue of his canonry in St. Paul's Cathedral, the reward for his earnest endeavors to bring up the younger sons of George III as Christian gentlemen. And so a great part of every year was spent at the Uffington parsonage by the canon and his wife, she continuing the benevolent despotism begun by her there in the days of her father. There also their only son John was born, grew up, settled, and brought up part of his family; continuing to live there till the death of the canon, and quite unconsciously affording to his second son, Thomas, the model of the Squire in "Tom Brown's School Days."

My sister, Jane Elizabeth, afterward Mrs. Nassau John Senior, was the only granddaughter, and inherited not only the lovely voice of the subject of this memoir, but a persistence which enabled her, under our dear friend Manuel Garcia, to submit to two years' severe training, and thereby become a finished artist. The grandmother brought tears to the eyes of Sir Walter Scott and her other friends by her rendering of the old English and Scotch ballads; the granddaughter not only did this for an equally distinguished private circle, but was sought by Jenny Lind to sing "classical music" with her in public. The same inherited persistence, brought to bear on the Liberal government of her day, led to her appointment as inspector of, and her reports on, workhouse schools, and to her suggestions as to boarding out, which are well known, on both sides of the Atlantic and elsewhere, to those interested in the care and education of poor children.

Six of us were born at Uffington, in a house near the vicarage occupied by my father. We all had the utmost respect for our grandmother, in return for her numberless gifts to us and her untiring interest in our welfare, but not so much love as might have been hers had she not been so determined to run us (in common with the rest of the parishioners) without regard to our wishes and tastes.

For instance, she took from my brother Tom, when he was a small boy, without his consent, a guinea given him by one of her friends, and therewith bought for him "a duodecimo copy of Milton's poetry, in ruddy binding and gilt-edged," and on its first page wrote "Thomas Hughes, from ——," declaring that he would "value the book when" he "grew up" as a memorial, "whereas, had" he "kept the money," he would "only have wasted it on marbles and tops and toffee"! Perhaps; but, referring to this experience, he writes, in a little book of "Early Memories" for his children: "I owe to my grandmother a dislike to Milton's poetry, which I doubt if I have ever quite got over."

I may mention in passing that on my own life this unfortunate masterfulness had a greater influence than merely causing "a dislike to Milton's poetry." My three elder brothers had been destined to the learned professions in my grandmother's mind, and went accordingly to Oxford; my fourth had been destined to one of the two higher branches of the army, which (the artillery) he entered in due time. When I came into the world she decided that I ought to be brought up to the navy, and got her friend Sir Thomas Hastings, admiral of the port at Portsmouth, to be, with my uncle William, one of my godfathers. I was called after my uncle till I was seven years old or so, and liked the name very much. Then the dear old lady, in order to remind her friend the admiral of his coming duties toward his godson, insisted on it that I should thenceforward be called Hastings. I got to know the reason of this; and, though I was not allowed to protest against the change of name, I made up my mind at once that nothing earthly should induce me to take to the sea as a profession, a decision which those concerned had to put up with as best they might: and so Sir Thomas, when he found that he had not to be sponsor for me as a midshipman, gave me, after the *Royal George* had been blown up, a genuine chunk of that ill-fated vessel, which was made into snuff-boxes and paper-cutters, with a description on inlaid silver, and given away, in my name, to various relatives and friends.

A more auspicious godfatherhood was that of Sir Walter Scott for my soldier brother, who was born in December, 1826. This, however, I believe to have been only indirectly due to my grandmother, for Sir Walter had already, in 1823, in his famous preface to "Quentin Durward," shown his friendship for my father by a deadhead advertisement of his "Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone." I have found also two letters of his to my father, the first of

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which, dated "18 May, 1825," and addressed to "John Hughes Esqre, Amen Corner, St. Paul's," refers to a visit to Abbotsford of a few days which my father and mother were apparently contemplating later in the year. After mentioning his own plans up to August 1, Sir Walter continues:

Should you think of visiting the highlands, July and the beginning of August is the best time; as after the 12 Augt the inns are crowded with sportsmen and the weather frequently broken. So should you make such a tour you might calculate to take Abbotsford on your return Southward, and will I hope make us a comfortable visit measuring it by weeks rather than days. My son Charles will then probably be at home and will be happy to assist me in showing due sense of your great kindness to him.

I beg to offer my respects to Mrs. Hughes. Lady Scott and I look forward with pleasure to the prospect of making her acquaintance.

Referring to his correspondence with my grandmother, Sir Walter continues:

I had a letter from your kind mother two days [ago]. She finds the Welch blood much stir'd by the degradation of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne into the Duke of Northumberland's page—he is a folio page to be sure. But something like precedent might be quoted in [the] assuming manner in which Hotspur conducts himself towards Glendower. I must remind Mrs. Hughes of this.

Perhaps I ought to explain, as to the stirring of the "Welch" blood on this occasion, that we Welshmen regard the Sir Watkin Williams Wynne of the day as the real Prince of Wales; so much so that, if our boys go to Westminster, we see no objection to their taking kindly the guinea which he gives every year, on St. David's day, to the boys of Welsh blood among the forty scholars of that public school which has always been so intimately connected with "the Principality."

The other letter is dated Edinburgh, 9 December, 1829. It is so characteristic of its writer, and contains such references to the improvements of that day in printing and locomotion, as to make it, perhaps, worth giving at length:

John Hughes Esqr.

My dear Sir, Your Christmas Gift safely arrived one day that I happened to be at Abbotsford, so was inducted in safety into its honorable place in my grand standing cupboard, among

"mugs and jugs and pitchers
and Bellarmines of State"

as your old college song goes. We have agreed that it shall not get acquainted with mountain dew till the common festival of the Xtian church shall render the opportunity solemn. I think you will find in the notes to Marmion some lines of a hundred years old, addressed to my great grandfather by his kinsman Walter of Harden, beginning

"With flaxen beard and amber hair."

The tone of them, though not remarkably poetical, has something in it so amical and cordial that I believe it is owing to these lines that I have always thought anything good should be kept for Christmas day, and endeavoured to draw a cheerful party round the blazing log to sing carols and tell tales. I wish we had Hassein's tapestry to bring your kind mother and the excellent doctor, and we stretch and draw (for who can tug like a souter of Selkirk) till we made room for you, and you might take Mrs. Hughes and Baby Watt upon your knee. Upon my word, when steam carriages go at the rate of 30 miles per hour nothing can be feared—except an overturn! Betwixt London and Edinburgh will be [nothing] and we will go to John à Groat's house with less premeditation than our ancestors went [to] Eelpie island. Then will aldermen eat turbot fresh as taken, a dainty they never dreamed off [sic], and have slices of highland venison Abyssinian fashion off the living buck.

Leaving these applications of modern discoveries to the operation of time, let me thank you for the drawing of Wayland Smith's cromlech which will do me yeoman's service. There was a mechanical objection to employing the engraving, with the stereotype, but I have done away with that objection. Pray did not one Lambourne of those parts commit a very cruel murder some time since and would there be any harm in putting it into the notes of Kenilworth? If so perhaps you would give me the date. In our country I should hesitate about this, for fear of getting a dirk in my wame for tacking awa' the guid name of an honest family, but you are not I think so touchy in Berkshire.

I beg you will make my best respects acceptable to Mrs. Hughes and the infant Don Gualtero and believe me

Your truly obliged
Walter Scott. [1]

"Baby Watt" and "Don Gualtero" are, of course, my brother Walter Scott. I do not know in which of the editions of "Kenilworth" my father's drawing of Wayland Smith's cromlech appears. The legend of Wayland Smith's "cave," as we used to call it, was given to Sir Walter by my grandmother, to whom, you will perhaps say, it is high time to return.

The country-parish part of her year, of which I have spoken, must have contrasted strangely with that spent as wife of a pillar of the church, whose brother canons were Sydney Smith and Barham (the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends"), at Amen Corner, under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral. Here, during the canonical part of the year, with such a good foundation as her husband and his colleagues, she came as near holding a "salon" as was possible in the smoky surroundings of St. Paul's

[1] Both of these letters show signs of the high pressure under which Sir Walter lived during his later years; for there is scarcely any punctuation, few *i*'s are dotted or *t*'s crossed, and there are four words necessary to sense (which I have ventured to suggest in brackets) omitted.—W. H. H.

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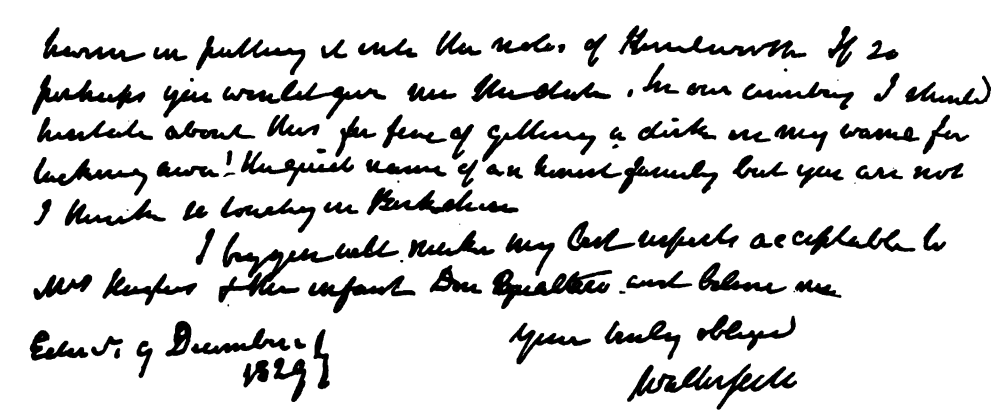
Churchyard in the early part of the last century. She sang, as I have said, very charmingly, told stories in such a way as to have them worked into his novels by Scott and into his "Legends" by Barham, and drew about her many other men distinguished in the world of letters, art, and music, who valued sprightly talk and genial ways. She also rendered herself agreeable to her intimates by the attention which she paid to their creature comforts. This may be read between the lines of the following anecdote, which she used to tell with delight, as showing how, high and low, all loved and almost worshiped the "Wizard." Scott was staying in London at the time, some-



FACSIMILE OF PART OF LETTER TO JOHN HUGHES, DATED DECEMBER 9, 1829

where in the West End. One evening he admired some fish at her table, which she had, as was usual with her, bought at a famous stall in Billingsgate Market and carried home herself. The next morning she included in her purchase some of this particular fish, and asked the stall-keeper if he could deliver it at the West End. Taking a very decided "No" for an answer, she observed regretfully, "Sir Walter will be much disappointed." "Sir Walter, mum! You don't mean Sir Walter Scott?" "Yes, indeed, I do." "Why, mum, I 'd send it to him free of charge if he was in Hedinboro'!"

Also, between the lines of this fish story may be read the strict economy and hatred of unnecessary expense which, with all her lavish giving, became, as it seemed to her friends, almost a craze later in life. Only the other day I came across the envelop to one of her letters to me (written soon after the invention of that useful article), which had been carefully turned by her and redirected, after having made its first journey as cover to a letter from one of her London correspondents. Dear lady! how must her true-blue-Tory soul be vexed if she is aware of her only surviving grandson having turned out a radical, and "citizenized" in a country in which extravagance and waste are the rule, from the palace on Fifth Avenue to the cow-boy's shanty in Colorado!

The much-beloved canon, my grandfather, who was the kindest and most genial of men, went to his rest in 1833. The living of Uffington passed into other hands, and two years afterward my father bought and moved to Donnington Priory, in the Vale of the Kennett, a livelier part of the county, to the south of the White Horse range of hills. My grandmother, however, could not persuade herself for many years to leave her beloved country-side, with its broad meadows and stiff clay soil, and the simple peasants who had been cared for by her family for so many scores of years. She moved to Kingston Lisle, a pretty village, nearer the northern foot of the hills than Uffington. Here she lived till she was nearly eighty, taking excellent care of successive Mustards and Peppers of the true Dandie Dinmont breed (the ancestors of whom had been given her by Sir Walter), and exchanging, as her teeth grew scarce, with the little boys of the neighborhood, marbles for the fresh eggs of small birds, which latter she treated in such a way as to make impossible for her grandchildren the presumptuous impertinence (to judge from the proverb) common among English children.

When I revisited the Vale of the White Horse eight years ago, I found friends still living who remembered her in her Kingston Lisle days. Two of these, whose home was three miles from that place, told how she would walk across to their house to early breakfast, accompanied by Mustard and Pepper, and knitting all the way there and all the way back, and start them on their day's work refreshed by her gay talk and amusing stories.

This reminds me that knitting and netting were a passion with her, and that, for many years, all the worsted socks on the feet of seven active grandsons, and all the fish-nets where-

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with we were wont to clear our trout-stream at Donnington of the so-called "vermin,"—dace and chub and roach,—were the product of her needles.

During those years at Kingston Lisle she made frequent trips to London, so as not to lose touch of her old friends there; and, shortly before 1850, removed to a small house in Reading, the capital of Berkshire, nearer both to London and to the part of the county where her son and those of his family who were still with their parents were living. Here she died in 1853, carefully and lovingly attended to the last by a faithful old servant,[1] who, it was found, had been for years married to a worthy butler of the neighborhood, on condition that she should retain her maiden name and not leave her mistress so long as she should need her services.

I remain, etc.,

William Hastings Hughes.

Milton, Massachusetts.

THE HUGHES LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

QUITE accidentally my notice was directed to these letters of Sir Walter's, of which Lockhart does not seem to have suspected the existence, although probably he was aware that at one time a considerable correspondence was maintained between Mrs. Hughes and his father-in-law. That this was so he implies clearly (*vide* "Life of Scott," page 524. Any quotation I make from this source comes from the edition published by Black in 1881):

> Among Scott's visitors of the next month, first in Edinburgh, and afterwards on Tweedside, were the late amiable and venerable Dr. Hughes, one of the Canons-residentiary of St. Paul's, and his warm-hearted lady. The latter had been numbered among his friends from an early period of life, and a more zealously affectionate friend he never possessed. On her way to Scotland she had halted at Keswick to visit Mr. Southey, whom also she had long known well, and corresponded with frequently.

One of the results of this visit was the reuniting of the bonds of friendship between these already distinguished men, which had been interrupted for some years by one of those miserable and petty misunderstandings that not even the friendships of the greatest souls always escape. Scott's conciliatory letter is quite charming, in his own manner. For the moment I would wish merely to point out that in the sentence, "whom also she had long known well, and corresponded with frequently," the "also" seems to imply on the writer's part a knowledge of the fairly frequent correspondence steadily maintained over a length of years between her and Sir Walter Scott. Indeed, Lockhart himself, in his preface, includes Mrs. Hughes of Uffington in a list of those to whom he is indebted for "the kind readiness with which whatever papers in their possession could be serviceable to my advantage were supplied." But in this recognition "Mrs. Hughes of Uffington" appears only as one among very many others; and I cannot but think that Lockhart, had he known of the extent of the correspondence and its exceedingly interesting character, would not have left it, as he did, wholly untouched.

The dates of the letters which have been committed to my hands to put before the public extend over a great period of years, but there is a big gap. There is a letter or two of 1808 or 1809 or earlier. The great man was careless in the dating of his letters, and often the contents are the only guide to the date if, as happens, the postmarked date is undecipherable.

After 1813 there is no letter in the collection that has been handed to me till 1821, an eight years' interval. And it is noticeable that this first letter of 1821, first of the series that has regularly been preserved, denies in pretty direct terms the authorship of the novels. Now it is hardly to be believed, I think, that there was no correspondence between these two very close and mutually appreciative friends between 1813 and 1821. There is no reasonable doubt that many letters were exchanged and destroyed, more 's the pity. But then, in 1821, I will venture to surmise that it suddenly dawned on Mrs. Hughes that this delightful correspondent and lifelong friend of hers was an even greater man

[1] The most worthy Mary Hawkes (I forget her husband's name), who left to my brother Tom the little portrait of my grandmother which was sent to you the other day by his widow.—W. H. H.

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than she had suspected him of being. She knew him, of course, as one of the most charming of men, most delightful of companions, most perfect of gentlemen, and most gifted of all whom she had met. There seems to have been a really marvelous consensus of opinion on the part of all who knew him to this effect. She knew him as the acknowledged author of the poems, "The Lay" and the rest. But only now, perhaps, did it dawn upon her with anything like conviction that he was indeed the "Great Unknown," the author of those delightful novels that were making the Anglo-Saxon nations young again; only now did she begin to suspect him of being what we know him to be.

But having realized (in spite of his unblushing denial of the authorship) or having at least possessed herself of a good working faith in his authorship of the novels, and perceiving that her correspondent's letters would be of interest not only to the one to whom they were addressed, but to all the world that was filled with his fame, from that time forward she seems to have begun to keep the letters regularly; and I do not think that we have one missing until the last, written in 1831, when the outlook of his great intellect was already clouded by the darkness that closed in on it so prematurely. By 1826 it is quite certain that the interest of the correspondence had revealed itself, for in that year she began to make copies of the letters, prefacing the collection with a note to her grandson, to whom she bequeathed the originals, in which occurs the following passage: "These letters will, I am persuaded, be valuable in future as literary curiosities." She also annotated them with many notes, throwing light on obscure allusions. Most of these notes I am quoting in their place, at the foot of the letters to which they refer.

Over these ten years, from 1821 to 1831, the letters, between forty and fifty in number, extend; and they are written in the main at fairly regular intervals, so as to cover the period without leaving gaps. By covering the period I mean that no very particular event is likely to have been omitted in consequence of any long lapse between one letter and the next; and it is fortunate that the period which this correspondence thus embraces is perhaps the most interesting period of Sir Walter's life—the period of the zenith of his powers and of his fame; the period of the zenith and also of the nadir of his financial fortunes. Naturally the letters are of very unequal length and interest. A few are no more than mere notes. But the great majority are such letters as Sir Walter was likely to write to a friend who was in full appreciation of the literary and other tastes that appealed to him, with a considerable acquaintance among the most interesting people of the day,—the literary, artistic, musical world,—and of the sex that can give man the most perfect sympathy and understanding.

Besides Sir Walter's letters to Mrs. Hughes, there is one from him to "Miss Hayman," there are one or two from Mrs. Lockhart to Mrs. Hughes, and there is an account, in form of a long letter, by Mr. John Hughes (son of the canon and Mrs. Hughes) of a visit to Abbotsford and of the life there in 1825. There are also journals by Mrs. Hughes herself descriptive of life at Abbotsford on the occasion of two different visits, the first in 1824, the second four years later. I do not in the least know how it is that this "Miss Hayman," as Scott writes of her, turns into "Mrs. Hayman" in Lockhart's "Life," but it is not of much consequence how it happens. Howbeit, as I find this letter here, so I give it; but first, in order to make things clear and save the reader the trouble of referring elsewhere, I may as well give a very short chronological table of Sir Walter's literary productions up to the year 1821. At the date of this letter to "Miss Hayman"—November 9, 1806—he was engaged, as I gather, on the third canto of "Marmion." Previously to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" he had published things comparatively little known: "Ballads after Bürger," "Götz of Berlichingen," "Ballads," "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," "Sir Tristram," and so on—a goodly show. But of course all were forgotten, consumed, in the blaze of fame which greeted the publication, in the very first days of 1805, of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." After that he was no longer the lawyer with the law as his crutch and literature as his stick, but the writer with the strongest crutch, most gold-weighted, that any writer has ever had in his writings, at liberty to do a little law for his pleasure, as a way of meeting old friends and moving in the world, if he so pleased.

But still he did not publish again till

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"Marmion" came out in February, 1808. Perhaps the interval is not long, considering the character of the work, considering, too, that the writer was still busy with law work of various kinds and had so many outlooks on the world; but it is long in consideration of the rate of production of his novels later. Perhaps, too, his breath was a little taken away by the reception of "The Lay." Also he was at work all the while at his Dryden.

In November of 1807 he wrote this letter:

MY DEAR MISS HAYMAN Whatever you admire will I am sure add greatly to the value of the work in which you are pleased to request a place for it. I am just now finishing my romantic poem of Marmion, a tale of war and wonder with notes like Noah's ark, an ample receptacle for every thing that savours of romantic lore. I will take care to distinguish the poem in all honourable fashion of type and introduction but I must beg the favour that you will forward it as soon as possible, as I am printing rapidly, & must drive a peg somewhere into my own poem to hang your friend's ballad upon.

You do me but justice in believing that I was quite delighted with Mrs. Hughes; I have achieved a doleful song to an ancient Gaelic air and intend as soon as I can get it arranged to the music to send it as a little tribute of gratitude for the pleasure I received from her melody. I have destined a copy of Marmion for you, and the promised ballad will give it double interest. Shall it be sent to Berkley Street or how? I have also one with some ornaments which I should wish to reach Blackheath some time before the work is public, which may I think be in February. Will you be so good as to inform me who will be in waiting on the Princess about that time. I should be happy if it happens to be your time of duty. I visited Bothwell Castle this summer and returned in the most dreadful storm that ever was raised by Charlotte Smyth or Mrs. Ratcliffe. We narrowly escaped drowning more than once. I sincerely hope that I may have leisure (which according to the best definitions includes time and money) to visit Wales this next summer; it is a scheme I have long had at heart and the pleasure of your acquaintance.

I have just abandoned my own hills and glens for this city to which Mr. Wynn (to whom present my compliments) will be so good as to address the communication which I expect with impatience.

Believe me Dear Miss Hughes
with sincere respect
and regard
Yours *Walter Scott.*

Castle Street
Edinburgh
10th Novb

Miss "Hughes" here is evidently a slip for "Hayman." Miss or Mrs. Hayman was the friend who introduced Mrs. Hughes to Sir Walter Scott in the year 1806, as described a little later. She was one of the ladies attached to the establishment of the unhappy Queen Caroline when Princess of Wales. The letter, though not dated as to the year, must have been written in 1807, for "Marmion" was published in 1808.

The poem to which Scott purposes to give honorable distinction is the ballad of the "Spirit's blasted Tree," in the fifth canto of "Marmion," and the "doleful ditty" the ballad sung by Fitz Eustace in the third canto; the notes were afterward sent to Mrs. Hughes by Sir Walter, and are affixed to the letter with which they were sent.

The occasion of his writing thus was that the princess had already shown much interest in a ballad that he had recited from "The Mountain Bard" by way of obtaining her patronage for the Ettrick Shepherd. Of course the princess had begged his recitation of one of his own poems; and, equally of course, he had preferred to do a good turn to a friend.

It was to Mrs. Hayman (for thus it probably is right to speak of the lady) that Mrs. Hughes owed her introduction to the great Mr. Scott—as he then was; and the account of the introduction is pleasantly given by Mrs. Hughes in a note to her Abbotsford journal:

My first introduction to Sir Walter Scott was given me by my friend Mrs. Hayman in the year 1806—when Sir W. S. was in town enjoying his first fame after the publication of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Queen Caroline invited him, immediately on his arrival in the Metropolis, to visit her at Blackheath; by which means he became intimately acquainted with Mrs. Hayman, who was a very superior person both in intellect and information, and singularly agreeable. When not in immediate attendance on the Queen, Mrs. Hayman lodged in Berkeley Square, in order that she might have a little home of her own, and relaxation from her most disagreeable duties. Behind her house there was a mews, which opened into Hay Hill, at the entrance of which mews I always saw a half-starved dog—a fac-simile of that in Hogarth's 6th print.—I had such a feeling of compassion for the poor, forlorn, halfstarved creature, that I always carried in my muff a parcel of bones in a newspaper for him, and as I visited Mrs.

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Hayman generally twice a week, the dog was by my gifts kept alive; his gratitude was extreme; I always found him watching for me, and his expression of delight on seeing me is not to be described; but my friend Mrs. Hayman, whose only fault was a dislike to dogs, always quizzed me unmercifully, and told everybody to whom she introduced me, of my folly and *greasyness* as she called it.

On the morning when I went to meet Sir Walter Scott he had arrived and was sitting with her, and immediately on my entrance, she cried out—"Well! have you been pampering your nasty, mangy cur!" and when I answered in the affirmative—she turned to Sir Walter and said—"I don't know, Mr. Scott, whether you will thank me for the introduction, unless she wins you over by her singing; but I must tell you that this simpleton lives in the Cloisters of Westminster and comes here twice or thrice a week, bringing with her a parcel of dirty bones, with which she fills her nice new muff, for a nasty half starved cur and feeds the creature with them." He made no reply for a minute or two, but leaned back in his chair gazing hard at me under his shaggy brows, but with the most benevolent smile—then thrusting out his hand, he caught hold of mine with a *grip* which I can only compare to a blacksmith's vice, exclaiming "You and I *must* be friends!" which, during his remaining life, he verified.

In the year 1824, when on a visit to Abbotsford we were walking through the Huntly Burn, he turned short round upon me and said, "Do you know what made me take such a fancy to you?" to which question I could only reply that I had not an idea, but that, whatever it was, it was a most fortunate circumstance. He paused and said—"Why the *dog* and the *muff!*"—I, who had forgotten the circumstance, thought he was demented and then he said, "the dog in Berkeley Square;" (which recalled it to my mind) "from that moment I was sure that we were in perfect sympathy for I should have done just the same myself."

That his request, proffered through Mrs. Hayman, was well received by the princess is shown by Lockhart (page 144):

As early as the 22d February 1807, I find Mrs. Hayman acknowledging, in the name of the Princess of Wales, the receipt of a copy of the Introduction to Canto III, in which occurs the tribute to Her Royal Highness's heroic father, mortally wounded the year before at Jena—a tribute so grateful to her feelings, that she herself shortly after sent the poet an elegant silver vase as a memorial of her thankfulness.

In the next letter, the first to Mrs. Hughes, of date December 15, 1807, he again makes reference to the ballad which he purposes to introduce into "Marmion." The "quizzing article" is a pamphlet called "Hints to Young Reviewers," by Dr. Copplestone.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I was very much diverted with the quizzing article which you were so kind as to send me and particularly delighted as it was a mark of my retaining a place in your memory. I had the pleasure of shewing the critique to our great Judge Jeffrey [sic] who considering the strength & sharpness of his claws is the tamest lion you ever saw in your life. He was extremely delighted with the imitations of his style and proposes to write to the author, without of course being supposed to know his name, inviting him to contribute to the Edinburgh Review as he seems so well to understand the rules of criticism.

I heard from Miss Hayman some time ago with an elegant Welsh tale, a contribution to Marmion, for so is called the new ditty about which you express such flattering curiosity. The said doughty knight (for a knight is he and of merry England) is to sally forth in January—the printing is going on rapidly, but my time is so much occupied with the discharge of my official duties that I have hardly time to keep up with its exertions.

My motions in spring are uncertain. I am always easily dragged up to London, but the expense of the journey is an object to a poor bard with four small children; but as this is only a prudential I am greatly afraid it will as usual give way to inclination. I need not add the charms of Amen Corner [where Canon Hughes then resided] will be a great additional temptation. There is in the 3rd Canto of Marmion a certain doleful ditty adapted to a curious Gaelic air literally picked up from the Highlanders who have the same attachment to reaping in Scotland that the Irish have to making hay with you; & always descend to the low country (low comparatively speaking) in great bands to get down the harvest. I will endeavour to get a noted copy of this same air which I think has some interest in itself and to which I am certain you could give a great deal. It has much the character of the beautiful Welsh airs to which you give so much interest but is quite irregular in comparison. I beg my best compts. to Mr. Hughes & am with great regard

My dear Madam
your obliged humble servant
Walter Scott

Edin;
15 Dec

Mrs. Hughes, I ought to say, was a perfectly trained musician, with a charming voice. All these first two or three letters,

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before we come to the steady stream of correspondence beginning in 1821, are more or less occupied with the setting to music of the ballads, or discussions of the songs of the people; and we may take it as likely, I think, that the foundations of the long friendship between Mrs. Hughes and Sir Walter, laid by her charity to the starving

After a sketch from life by Gilbert Stuart Newton

SIR WALTER SCOTT

dog, were cemented in discussion over the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," in Mrs. Hughes's rendering of Sir Walter's ballads as set to music by Mr. Atwood or others, and the like pleasant topics in which they had a common interest.

To the next letter, written from Edinburgh on June 1 of the following year, 1808, he appends the music of the Gaelic air of the song.

MY DEAR MADAM I was honoured with your letters some time ago and immediately wrote to Mr. Atwood to express my thanks for the honour he has done my Lullaby in wedding it to his music. I have enclosed the notes of the original Gaelic air, procured after much enquiry and some difficulty, for the character of the High-land music is so wild and irregular that it is, I am informed, extremely difficult to reduce it to notes. I fear it would puzzle any one except Mrs. Hughes herself to write the words and music—they do sing however, and I hope, though I fear after more trouble than either words or tune are worth, you will at length be able to find out how. This ditty should have been sent in search of you long ago, but I really thought I must have waited till the Highlanders came down to get in the harvest, which they do as the Irish with you come over to the Hay making. Should you like the air I will endeavour to find you more Gaelic music for they have a tune and a song for almost everything that they set about. Marmion is much flattered by your approbation. He has been very successful with the public, 5000 copies being already disposed of.

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The critics (I mean the professional critics) have not I understand been so favourable as to the Lay, but with this I laid my account for many causes.

It would give me great pleasure could I hope to see Miss Hayman and you this summer but the chance which there was of this taking place seems daily more uncertain. I believe now that my autumn will be spent in Ettrick Forest. I wish you could come there and make our hills vocal with your melody. Mrs. Scott would be delighted to see you, and so should I to receive Dr. Hughes at my farm. Make my kindest compliments to him and believe me Dear Madam

Your obliged humble servant
Walter Scott

Edin 1st June
1801

I hear with regret that Miss Hayman has been much affected by the loss of a relation.

A GAELIC AIR

The next is of date May 4, 1809, or nearly a year later. The "Glee" that he speaks of here is "In Peace Love Tunes the Shepherd's Reed," which Mr. Atwood set to music.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES Ten thousand thanks for Mr. Atwood's Glee and the kind expressions which make your attention more valuable. I do now perfectly remember that either one or two copies reached me through Mr. Longman's house, but as they reached us at our farm we had no means of ascertaining their merit which I understand stands high among all judges. They were borrowed of me by a musical friend and never returned. Will you be so good as to make my best Compliments to Mr. Atwood and at once thank him for the personal attention of sending me the copies and for thinking the poetry at all worthy of his beautiful music.

Believe me my dear Madam that the first time I return to London it will give me the greatest pleasure to avail myself of your permission to visit Amen Corner and tire your goodness with my demands on your musical powers. I am with great respect and regard

Your very faithful humble
servant
Walter Scott

Bury Street
4th May

After that there is a desert of silence for more than a decade,—a silence that surely must mean the loss of the letters, not the cessation of the correspondence,—with a solitary little oasis of a letter in 1813, begging Mrs. Hughes to convey the writer's thanks to Mr. Atwood for the music to some other glee of his (Sir Walter's) writing. From the tone of this letter it is evident that it was no picking up, after many years, of the dropped threads of intercourse, but was a part, the only part preserved, of a continued correspondence; and the same observation applies to the letter of 1821, which is the beginning of such part of the correspondence as is preserved for us with any continuity.

This is the letter of 1813:

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I am extremely sorry to hear you have been so very unwell, & that your indisposition should have interfered with your delightful musical talents is a general loss to your friends. I assure you I feel the very idea of it severely though it may be a very long time if indeed I ever again have the pleasure of hearing them exercised. A number of little personal concerns which made an occasional journey to London necessary have been last year arranged and I do not foresee any circumstance (unless my brother in law return from India) which is likely to bring me far south of the Tweed. London for itself I do not like very much and the distance & bustle & discomfort of lodgings prevents me from seeing very much of the few friends whose society is its greatest charm. So that I fear it will be long before I can profit by your kind invitation. You will be interested to learn that the author of the note on Littlecote Hall is Lord Webb Seymour, brother of the Duke of Somerset; it is certainly an admirable description of the old mansion. Mr. Hawes is at the most perfect liberty to print any part of Rokeby which he

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chuses to set to music. My publishers have had large offers from musical composers to make a monopoly of these things by granting the privilege of publication to one Composer only, but I have always set my face against such proposals as an unhandsome thing from the professors of one fine art to those of another. Of Mr. Hawes's qualifications I am no judge, but I am sure your voice and taste will make his music appear to an advantage which neither the notes or the words could have by themselves.

Mrs. Scott begs me to offer her best compliments; we should be truly happy could we flatter ourselves with a prospect of meeting by your taking a Northern trip. In the summer our country is pleasant & I need not say how happy we should be to see you.

Believe me my dear Mrs. Hughes
Your most respectful
& much obliged humble servant
Walter Scott

Edinb 25 January
1813.

And after this there is a blank till 1821.

In the desert interval relieved by this solitary oasis, the writer had grown out of a lion strong and vigorous indeed, but still young and of more promise than performance (though of the latter there had been more than a little and of remarkable quality), into so big a lion that he had only to get up and roar himself out as the author of the "Waverley Novels" to become at once the biggest lion in all the world. There were not wanting, as is well known, those who suspected him of this authorship long before the roar was given, and among them, as is very evident from the first preserved of the connected series of these letters, was his old friend Mrs. Hughes. But before we go on to have a look at the series I will jot down a few brief notes of the literary chronology of Sir Walter Scott, in order to give an idea of the growth of the lion during these years.

There was "The Lay" in 1805, "Marmion" in 1808, "The Lady of the Lake" in 1810, "The Vision of Don Roderick" in 1811, "Rokeby" in 1812, "The Bridal of Triermain" in 1813, "Waverley" in 1814, "The Lord of the Isles" in 1815, "The Antiquary" in 1816, "Rob Roy" in 1817, "The Heart of Midlothian" in 1818, "The Bride of Lammermoor," "The Legend of Montrose," and "Ivanhoe" in 1819, "The Monastery" and "The Abbot" in 1820, "Kenilworth" and "The Pirate" in 1821; which brings us pretty well up to the date of the beginning of the regular series of the letters to Mrs. Hughes that have been preserved.

These dates are the dates of publication of the various works. Besides these there were of course an immense number of more or less interesting publications that I have not mentioned, notably the delightful "Tales of my Landlord," in three series, and contributions to the "Edinburgh Review" and other magazines.

Among the most noteworthy incidents of his life, other than literary publication, that occurred in this interval was his removal from Ashestiel to Abbotsford in 1812; the offer of the poet-laureateship, which he declined, by the prince regent in 1813; his acceptance of a baronetcy in 1818; and his election to the presidency of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1820.

Such may be taken as the title-headings of a few of the more important chapters in his life from 1807 to 1821. He had not yet revealed his authorship of the unrivaled novels to more than a select one or two, who kept the secret with a faithfulness that is not a little remarkable. Nevertheless, the identity of the Great Unknown was very shrewdly suspected in many quarters. Mrs. Hughes, indeed, took the liberty, on which perhaps only a very intimate friend, and one of the other sex, could venture without impertinence, of asking him in so many words whether he had in truth a hand in the authorship of the "Waverley Novels."

In 1821 had already appeared Mr. Adolphus's "Letters to Richard Heber, Esq.," being criticisms on the earlier novels of the Waverley series, with a very shrewd indictment of Sir Walter Scott as their author. Sir Walter, while slyly commending the ingenuity and criticisms of the writer, in the introduction to "The Fortunes of Nigel" (published the following year), still preserves his incognito and wishes "the wit, genius, and delicacy of the author engaged on a subject of more importance," and adds: "I shall continue to be silent on a subject which, in my opinion, is very undeserving the noise that has been made about it, and still more unworthy of the serious employment of such real ingenuity as has been displayed by the young letter-writer."

Certainly the most interesting point in the following letter is Sir Walter's distinct disavowal—denial even is not too strong a word for it—of the charge or suggestion that

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he had written the "Waverley Novels." Whenever put to the question, he unblushingly denied that he had anything whatever to do with the novels.

There are many who express surprise that he should act as he did. The ethics of the case are between a man and his own conscience. More than one man has said to me: "Well, I suppose that if I wanted to keep a secret I should do as Sir Walter Scott did; but I should not have suspected him, having the transparently simple and perfectly veracious character that he had, to do it."

He probably said to himself: "It is absurd if a man may not keep his own secret. The only way I can keep this secret is to deny that I wrote the novels. Therefore I am going to deny it."

This is a position that another great literary man, of equally deep religious sentiments, equally strong natural sense, but with much more of the habit of analysis of ethical points, has asserted and upheld. Dr. Samuel Johnson's argument is that, whereas you may tell a lie to keep the secret that another has confided to you under promise that you will not reveal it, so you may lie to keep your own secret, on the ground that you have implied to yourself a previous promise not to tell it. That this is a theory liable to abuse, it is not possible to deny. At the same time it is an ingenious justification of the maxim, which common sense tells us is a just one, that a man is at full liberty to keep his own secrets safe from impertinent inquiries. It is not impossible that Sir Walter may have taken for his own justification the argument of the great doctor.

Further, I do think that if Sir Walter once made up his mind to deceive the world in the matter, it was really more in accordance with his character—more honest, if the word is not out of place in the connection—to tell a straightforward, unhesitating lie than to beat about the bush with evasions that would not have served their purpose and could seem more like truth only to a feeble judgment and a conscience prone to self-deception.

Waterloo Hotel
Tuesday. March 7
1821

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I have been so completely harassed by business and engagements since I came to this wilderness of houses that I must have seemed very ungrateful in leaving your kind remembrances unacknowledged. You mistake when you give me any credit for being concerned with these far famed novels, but I am not the less amused with the hasty dexterity of the good folks of Cumnor and its vicinity getting all their traditionary lore into such order as to meet the taste of the public. I could have wished the author had chosen a more heroical death for his fair victim. It is some time since I received and acknowledged your young student's very spirited verses. I am truly glad that Oxford breeds such nightingales and that you have an interest in them. I sent my letter to my friend Longman and as it did not reach you can only repeat my kindest and best thanks. I would be most happy to know your son and hope you will contrive to afford me that pleasure.

With best compliments to Dr. Hughes and sincere regret that I have so often found Amen Corner untenanted I am with sincerity

Dear Mrs. Hughes
Your much obliged humble servant
Walter Scott

It is, of course, the novel of "Kenilworth" to which he refers in this letter. How far he was sincere in his wish that "the author had chosen a more heroical death for his fair victim" it is not very easy to say. The death of Amy Robsart, falling through the trap-door left unfastened by the villains Foster and Varney, as she rushes out of the chamber in response to Varney's imitation of Essex's summons, is dramatic enough, if not precisely "heroical." It is a more pathetic ending to the pathetic life, more touching and more terrible, than if the heroine had met her death struggling like an Amazon with her captors. Possibly Sir Walter's critical speech is meant merely by way of maintaining his character as a member of the general public reading the work of the unknown author.

As for his note about the good people of Cumnor getting their legendary lore into order to fit the book, this is in reference to Mrs. Hughes's telling him in her previous letter that the landlord of the Red Lion in Cumnor had put up a new sign—"The Black Bear, late Giles Gosling."

In Chapter XIII of "Kenilworth" this Wayland Smith legend is most explicitly referred to. Sir Walter in his letter to Mrs. Hughes implies that the latter had spoken of a general clearing and polishing up of their old traditions by the people of Cumnor and its neighborhood, with a little dovetailing to fit the story of "Kenilworth,"

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as we know that they had polished up the Wayland Smith monument.

When "Kenilworth" was "on the stocks" it had been the author's intention to send it out under the name of "Cumnor Hall," and it was only under persuasion of Constable, the publisher, that he adopted the title under which it won its favor.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I heartily congratulate you on the rising reputation of your son, which has spread from Oxford to this side of the Tweed. The book you so kindly design for me will reach me safely if sent under cover to Francis Freeling Esq, Post Office, who will forward it under an official frank. I have been busied all this season in finishing a sort of a romance of a house here, built in imitation of an old Scottish manor house, and I think I have attained not unsuccessfully the scrambling stile of these venerable edifices. I beg my best respects to Dr. Hughes, and am with a great sense of your kindness in thinking of me

Dear Madam
very much your obliged
servant
Walter Scott

Abbotsford 14th Novr.
1822

My address becomes next week Edinburgh alas! alas!

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES Amidst much less agreeable employment I have the great pleasure of perusing my young friend's very entertaining account of his tour. It is not only written with talent but with the taste and feeling of an elegant scholar and the ideas and sentiments of a gentleman and greatly increases the personal wish I feel to take him by the hand especially in my own country. Abbotsford is now a good deal more than doubled in point of [accommodation] and will I trust by next summer be ready for the occupation of all of you when you are disposed to venture to the land of cakes. . . .

Your son should certainly visit our land of heath and mountain, with so fine an eye and talent for describing natural beauty. We cannot certainly compare to Switzerland yet I have heard people of taste say that the Scots scenery from being brought nearer to the eye was in some places fully as imposing though not in fact on the same enormous scale. But all this Mr. Hughes must explain to me when he comes to see me. In the meantime with kindest compliments to Dr. Hughes and the said tourist

I am ever my dear Madam
Your truly obliged humble servant
Walter Scott

Edinh 11 Dec
1822

In both these letters he speaks of the well-doing at the university of Mr. John Hughes, son of his correspondent. The book referred to in the first letter is the "Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone," honorably mentioned in the preface to "Quentin Durward." His reference to his work in laying out Abbotsford, as "finishing a sort of a romance of a house," well describes it in a phrase. Of course he was continually making improvements and additions. In his next letter he refers to Abbotsford in like manner as "this whimsical place which I have christened Conundrum Castle."

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I have this moment your letter promising me the very great pleasure of seeing Dr. Hughes and you in Scotland, and write in haste to say that I hope you will come to Abbotsford for a day or two at least before 10th May when I have to go to town to attend our courts officially for two months. Remember *town* in Scotland means Edinb. If you come the East road you should not go by Alnwick but by Wooler Cornhill and Kelso—the last town is about fifteen miles from me—the country beautiful. I sincerely hope you will make your visit a little more early than you propose, for I should like to show you the lions of our own country myself. Had you come the west road by Carlisle you pass Selkirk which is only four miles from Abbotsford.

Should it be impossible for you to come in the beginning of May I would recommend that you postpone your journey till towards the middle of June. You will then have the best weather for the Highlands for which May is rather too early there being no leaves on the oak. We would then do the honours of Edinburgh and supposing you to return by Carlisle about 12 July we should form your first stage from Edinb as we go to Abbotsford for four months at that time. You really must see this whimsical place which I have christened Conundrum Castle.

I will sincerely be glad to see the young Oxonian when his leisure permits, but young folks travel lighter than words. I shall have hopes of showing you my eldest hope six feet two inches high and "bearded like the pard."

At worst you will be sure of us in Edinb after the 11th May but I hope in that case you will stay till we go back to Tweedside in July. With best respects to Dr. Hughes I am always

Yours with most sincere regard & respect
Walter Scott

Abbotsford Melrose
13 April
1823

Lady Scott joins in kind compliments

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The proposed visit, however, had to be deferred in consequence of Dr. Hughes's ill health, as the following letter shows. In this letter he denies in the most emphatic way that he wrote the novels. He suggests an alternative line of travel to the east coast route which he had advised in the previous letter.

DEAR MRS. HUGHES I received with much concern your melancholy account of Dr. Hughes's health which threatens to deprive Scotland of our promised pleasure in a visit from you. . . .

I really assure you that I am *not* the author of the novels which the world ascribe to me so pertinaciously. If I were, what good reason should I have for concealing, being such a hackneyd scribbler as I am?

Permit me to hope that your visit may proceed. If it does not, Lady Scott and I will regret both the disappointment and the cause. You are now in a delightful country, Warwick and Kenilworth within reach and the North road free before you. But what is all this when indisposition makes us alike weary of motion and of rest. I am always Dear Mrs. Hughes with best regards to Dr. Hughes

most truly yours
Walter Scott

Edinburgh 16 May
1823

We are stationary here till 12 July.

Note by Mrs. Hughes.— Addressed to me at Leamington, where we were staying for the benefit of your Grandfather's health which was in a state too precarious to allow of our putting our design of visiting Scotland in execution that year.

By the next letter in the series by Sir Walter, with its dissertation on the literary lion (omitted here as already published), it would seem that all hope had been given up that the Hugheses would be able to make the Scotch tour that year.

The following letter indicates that a rapid and unexpected improvement had taken place in the health of Dr. Hughes and that the journey to Scotland was again mooted.

Abbotsford April 1st
1824

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I write in haste to say I have received your very acceptable letter. I rejoice in Dr. Hughes' recovered health and in the renew'd prospect of your northern journey. I would almost have advised the delay for a month or six weeks for our Scotch springs are very chilly matters though our summers are like our neighbours' and our autumns excellent. But we must be thankful to take you when duty and health permit. Our motions are regulated by my official attendance at the court which carry me to Edinburgh from 12 May to 12 July. I shall be here till 12 May therefore, and beg you to come as soon as you can. I would have been delighted to see the young tourist and hope for that pleasure another day. Lady Scott joins in compliments to the Doctor and I always am Dear Mrs. Hughes

Most truly yours
Walter Scott

All the world knows Abbotsford is four miles from the capital city of Selkirk, lying on the north west road to Carlisle. We hope you will make your visit a week at the very least.

In the next (omitted here) he briefly sketches for them some details of the northern part of their route. Then follow two short notes (omitted), the one to Mr. Blackwood, the publisher, introducing Dr. and Mrs. Hughes, and the other to Mrs. Hughes, appointing a meeting in Parliament Square.

The visit went off with utmost satisfaction on the one side as on the other, as is shown both by the entries in Mrs. Hughes's diaries written by her while at Abbotsford, and also by the length and tenor of the letters that Sir Walter writes from the date of this visit until near the end of his life.

In spite of Sir Walter Scott's double denial to her, in previous letters, of his authorship of "the far famed novels," it is certain that Mrs. Hughes kept her suspicions, which may have amounted to virtual certainty, as keenly as ever; nor does she fail, in her Abbotsford journal of 1824, to notice several occasions on which some suggestion about the novels was received with an "arch smile," and so on. The fact is, as Lockhart says, that the mask grew to be worn more carelessly as time went on, so that at the last, before his distinct avowal of the authorship, he seldom took much trouble to repel any side hint concerning it. A brief extract or two from Mrs. Hughes's journal will show the manner in which he received from his friends at that time a hint that they suspected his authorship.

May 4th. Abbotsford. Tom Purdie made the speech given to Andrew Fairservice during a continuance of rainy weather in harvest time: "If there is one fine day in seven, Sunday is sure to come and lick it up." This Sir Walter

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told us after tea yesterday, and Dr. Hughes was so struck that he exclaimed involuntarily "Oh, that is in Rob Roy!" It was curious to see the arch smile which lurked at the corner of Sir W.'s eye, and the beam from under his over-hanging brow, as he carelessly answered "Oh, I daresay it has been often said in a wet season."

In like manner, when he was showing, as he delighted in showing, the country about Abbotsford, he lightly turned off any comment on the similarity of this or that scene with some described in the novels—as Mrs. Hughes "saw a glen and cleft in the green hills exactly answering the description of the road to Glendinning."

I think it is not without a smile that one can read in the following letter that the "abuse of wine is now unknown in good society" in Scotland:

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I have to offer you my best thanks for two letters, the last particularly welcome as it assured us of your safe arrival at your resting place without our good and kind Dr. Hughes having suffered any inconvenience from the journey. I was rather anxious on the occasion, for my wife accuses me of the three sins which beset a Scotch Landlord, overwalking, over talking and over feeding the guests whom I delight to honour. As for over talking that must be as it may—over walking is now a little beyond my strength and over feasting I always regulate by the inclinations of my guests, and Dr. Hughes is so moderate in that respect that there is no fear of any one hurting him. Not that I ever was much of a *bon vivant* myself, but in our cold country, although *abuse* of wine is now unknown in good society, yet the *use* of the good creature is more than with you in the South, for which climate & manners are an apology.

I am very happy you have made your pilgrimage well out & seen those you must have been interested in seeing. I am particularly obliged for the hint you have given me about Southey. I thought he had taken me *en guignon*, though I could not guess why. I know he has owed me a letter since 1818, and when he made a tour through Scotland with Telford the Engineer never looked near me although not far from my door. But it is of little consequence who is in fault when no unkindness is meant and so I will write to him very soon and I thank you kindly for having been the good natured friend who when, as I think Richardson says, the parallel lines are in danger of running along side of each other for ever gives one of them a chop out of its course and makes them meet again. I am sorry Mrs. O. P. has past into the next letter of the Alphabet and turned Q. I hate all conversions of mere form; they are usually a change of garments, not the heart.

Wordsworth is a man and a gentleman every inch of him unless when he is mounted on his critical hobby horse and tells one Pope is no poet; he might as well say Wellington is no soldier because he wears a blue greatcoat and not a coat of burnished mail.

I owe you among many things the honour of a most obliging letter from the Duke of Buckingham about the M.S. supposed of Swinton. I hope the Duchess will make out her tour; the best way of inducing her Grace to honour us by looking our way is to assure her that our hospitality, such as it is, is never ostentatious and therefore no inconvenience to ourselves.

Charles will I am sure be grateful for Mr. Hughes's patronage and I trust he will profit by the acquaintances he may procure him at Oxford. I know nothing so essential to give the proper tone to a young mind as intercourse with the learned & the worthy. Charles does not leave me till October. In the mean time I hope to have a visit from my "gay Goss-hawk" Walter the only one of my family whom you do not know and who is a fine fellow in his own way and devoted to his profession.

Thank you for the verses on old Q;[1] they are both witty and severe yet give him little more than his due for he was a most ingeniously selfish animal. I have given the music to Sophia[2] in the first place, who will impart it to her more idle sister. Besides, both Mama[3] and Anne have been at Abbotsford for three weeks during which time I have not seen them. I was never half the time separated from my wife since our marriage saving when I have been "forth of Scotland" as our law phrase goes. I quite agree with you that Byron's merits and the regrets due to his inimitable genius should supersede every thing else that envy may wish to dwell upon. Our lake-friends were narrow-minded about his talents and even about his conduct, much of which might be indefensible but only attracted loud and virulent stricture because of the brilliancy of his powers.

To swear no broader upon paper to a lady, the deuce take your Mr. Whitgreave.[4] He may call himself Mr. Higgins now, if he will, without being challenged by him of Higgins-Neuch, who is gone to the shades below, where the race of Higgins as well as of Percies & Howards must descend. His successor is called Mr. Burn Calender which I hope will satisfy your ear. I would be *quite delighted* to become proprietor at any reasonable rate of the old chimney piece.[5] It would however be necessary that someone on the spot be employed on my behalf—an expert joiner who compleatly understands his business—to take it down & pack

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it with saw dust & shavings (or what do you call them in English, I mean planings of wood) in a proper case, and it might be sent by sea from Liverpool to Glasgow where there is daily communication, & Lockhart would cause someone there to send it through the canal to Edinburgh, for so old a material must be tender & very easily broken. A few guineas will be no object to me to secure this point, so the packing is carefully attended to.

By the way, Mrs. Patterson who experienced your bounty is now, she writes me, in a tolerable way of providing for her family and, to her credit, with a very grateful feeling for kindness shewn, assures me she is extricated from her difficulties and in no need of farther assistance than good wishes. Her eldest son is taken off her hands and promises to succeed well. So true it is that moderate assistance will often help those effectually who are really willing to help themselves. I begin to be ashamed of my letter, for as your friend Mungo says "Adod it is a tumper." I will stifle this modesty however in respect I very seldom trespass upon the patience of my correspondents unless they are in a hurry for answers & moreover because I had so many kindnesses to acknowledge. I go to Abbotsford on Saturday for three or four days which will be a great refreshment. Remember me most kindly to the Doctor & believe me always

most respectfully yours

Walter Scott

Edinburgh
16 June 1824

On looking at your letter this morning I find the chimney piece must be asked from Lord Craven and about this I feel much delicacy. I am not fond of obligations & do not know his Lordship in the slightest degree. Besides there is a sort of affront in asking a man for a curiosity of this kind, as your request must be founded upon the supposition that he has not himself taste enough to value it. If he would take better care of it himself it would answer my purpose. If I had any friend to *sound* Lord Craven it would be a different matter.

Notes by Mrs. Hughes.—[1] A satirical poem many years before on the supposed death of the old Duke of Queensberry.

[2] Mrs. Lockhart, his eldest daughter.

[3] Sir Walter was in the habit of calling Lady Scott "Mama."

[4] This alludes to an account which I had sent him of a visit I had made on our road home to see Moxley Hall near Wolverhampton, one of the houses of refuge for Charles 2d after his escape from the battle of Worcester. Mr. Whitgreave, the lineal descendant of the loyal owners, who at the peril of his life sheltered his Sovereign, had so neglected the old mansion that it was fallen into utter decay, & had built a large modern house at a mile distant. The allusion to the name of Higgins relates to Sir Walter having been much amused at my indignation on finding that the proprietor of the ancient castle of Creighton bore that most plebeian designation.

[5] A very curious old chimney piece at Stokesly Castle near Ludlow, belonging to Lord Craven. The mansion is in utter decay, & I had heard the chimney piece had been once offered to Sir F. Cunliffe; I was in hopes it could have been procured for Sir Walter, but Lord Craven having refused it to Lady Denbigh was with regret obliged also to deny the request.

On their way south from Abbotsford in 1824 Dr. and Mrs. Hughes looked in at Keswick upon Southey. Naturally their talk would turn and return to the great Scotsman, and no doubt Southey told Mrs. Hughes, who was an old friend, that the bonds of friendship that had once been woven close between himself and Sir Walter had grown very slack. Southey appears to have deemed himself a little slighted by Sir Walter, who had omitted to answer a letter, and Sir Walter, in turn, as the above letter shows, was a little hurt that his old friend had made no effort to see him when he was on tour in Scotland. It was just one of those foolish drifts asunder, caused by none or purely fanciful reasons, that require a sympathetic hand to close it up, and such a hand Mrs. Hughes applied. The success of the application is fully proved by the letter to Southey published in Lockhart.

To this gracious letter (which perhaps Sir Walter of intention rendered the more appealing by the reference in its postscript to the distressful state of illness through which he had passed in the long interval of silence in their correspondence) Southey —"in *his* way as agreeable as possible, although it is a different way from Sir Walter's," says Mrs. Hughes's journal—responded no less cordially; and so "the parallel lines" were brought to meet again.

"Mrs. O. P." who "has past into the next letter of the Alphabet" is Mrs. Opie, who had become a Quaker. Mrs. Hughes says of her in her journal written at Keswick: "He [Southey] had just received a letter from Mrs. Opie *formally* announcing her reception into the Society of Friends. I may well say *formally*, for she had adopted the language of her new friends, and *thee'd* and *thou'd* her old friend most unmercifully."

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Abbotsford
10 Sep. 1824

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES Many thanks to you for all your kindness. I am not in the least disappointed about the chimney piece or surprised that Lord Craven should (even without any apology) have declined a request which a stranger had no title to make. Though a professed Pedlar in antiquarian [matters] I really feel none of the paltry spirit of appropriation which induces many of that class to disjoin curiosities from the place to which they are fitted by association for the poor gratification of calling them their own. The chimney piece at Stokesly is of ten times the value which it can be any where else and it was only the idea that it was neglected and going to decay (which I am happy to understand is erroneous) that could have induced me to accept your tempting offer to mediate for it in my favour.

I had written thus far three weeks since when I was involved in one of those currents of petty interruptions and avocations in which it has been my frequent lot to make shipwreck of much valuable time and which particularly has occasioned frequent gaps in my correspondence. All your valued drawings[1] (that is your son's) came quite safe, and will serve to do yeoman service in illustrating my favourite Clarendon. The view of Abbotsford is, I think, quite accurate except that perhaps the belfry tower has rather more than its due share of height & importance, but this is a trifle.

By the way I have discovered that the affecting ballad about the *Stuons*[2] is not quite original. The great author has not disdained to borrow the verse about "my dog & I" from a song in D'Urfeys collection elegantly called "Pills to purge melancholy." It shows that as a Justice of Peace may be obliged to his kinsman for a man, as Slender vaunteth, so a great bard may sometimes be indebted for a thought or a stanza.

This letter has been written by instalments like a man in distressed circumstances endeavouring to pay his debts honestly, while your goodness has so far overwhelmed me with further obligations that I am in no small danger of compleat bankruptcy. So if you see my name in the Gazette as a defaulter in correspondence you must not be surprised. The chief cause of this ungracious insolvency has been Woman—Woman that seduces all mankind. The male animals I can leave to stray about Abbotsford by themselves, but my tenderness of heart often leads me to wait on my lady visitors in their rambles and this is a sad consumption of time. I am quite surprised at the dexterity with which Mr. Hughes has made out such a complicated mansion as Abbotsford, commonly called Conundrum Castle, without any disproportions which can indicate his not having seen the place, but I think his Mama made a sketch much more full than she allowed us to see. The western tower where the bell hangs is perhaps a little exalted in height above the rest of the house, although I am by no means sure that this criticism is just. By the way I see I made it in the first page.

I should feel in despair at the idea of robbing you of your Pallas[3] but that Dr. Hughes can so well spare Wisdom or its prototype, and that I on the other hand would be much obliged to any one to improve the slender stock which nature has given me and should therefore make Minerva the goddess of my private chapel.

I sincerely hope this will find the Dr. continuing in the enjoyment of tolerable good health and your son flourishing and prospering. Charles is approaching the awful time which sends him to the banks of the Isis, and must exchange moor-fowl shooting and pony-breaking for reading and studies. I hope some indulgence in the one here has not interfered with his propensities towards the other. The drawing of Moxley Hall put me in mind of Prior's lines

"Oh Moxley, Oh Moxley, if this be a hall
The same with the building will presently fall."

I almost wish mine would fall too, for it keeps me a little too full of company, though all of them are people that I like to see. But this is the go-about time for our English friends, and to make amends our winters and springs are solitary enough. I expect Mr. Canning here in about a fortnight. My kindest remembrances and those of all the family attend Dr. Hughes, and I am with regard

Dear Madam
yours truly
Walter Scott

Notes by Mrs. Hughes.—[1] Drawings of Boscobel, Moxley Hall & White Ladies which your father had made for Sir Walter, as well as one of Abbotsford from a rough sketch I had brought from Scotland.

[2] The old ballad of "George Ridler's oven" which begins with a chorus in which "The Stones" (called in the Gloucestershire dialect Stuons) is repeated through the whole Air before the ballad begins. Sir Walter had been particularly amused with this quaint ditty.

[3] A head of Pallas enamelled on Copper which is now in the little Armoury at Abbotsford & is a curious Antique.

Canning, however, did not make out his visit, not a little, as it would seem, to Sir Walter's regret, although he had lately been making complaints not a few of the waste of his time caused by the many visitors that already flocked to Abbotsford, notwithstanding that the authorship of the wonderful novels still was unacknowledged.

(To be continued)

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SONGS OF ISEULT DESERTED

BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM

I

I DO not pray for thee, most dear of all,
That ever in soft ways thy feet may fall,
For well I know that wheresoe'er thou art
Thy feet must tread forever on my heart!

I pray thee only to walk gently, sweet,
Nor press too sharply with too cruel feet:
Remember thou how soft the way must be,
How soft—and ah, how sad—and pity me!

II

Should we have loved if we had known
That love would bring one day such pain?
I cannot tell—I only kiss
The pillow where your head has lain.

Should we have loved if we had known
That love would go to come no more?
I cannot tell—I only stand
And sob before a fast-closed door.

III

Since you are gone, all dull my life has grown,
Idle among my empty days I stand:
They pass and pass, and leave me here alone—
Ah, sweet, your hand that burned upon my hand!

Since you are gone, gone are the joys I knew,
Slowly from out the sky the long night slips:
And my arms ache with emptiness of you—
Ah, sweet, your lips that trembled on my lips!

Since you are gone, the world is grown too wide,
With cruel miles that hold us two apart:
I sit and watch the white road weary-eyed—
Ah, sweet, your heart that beat against my heart!

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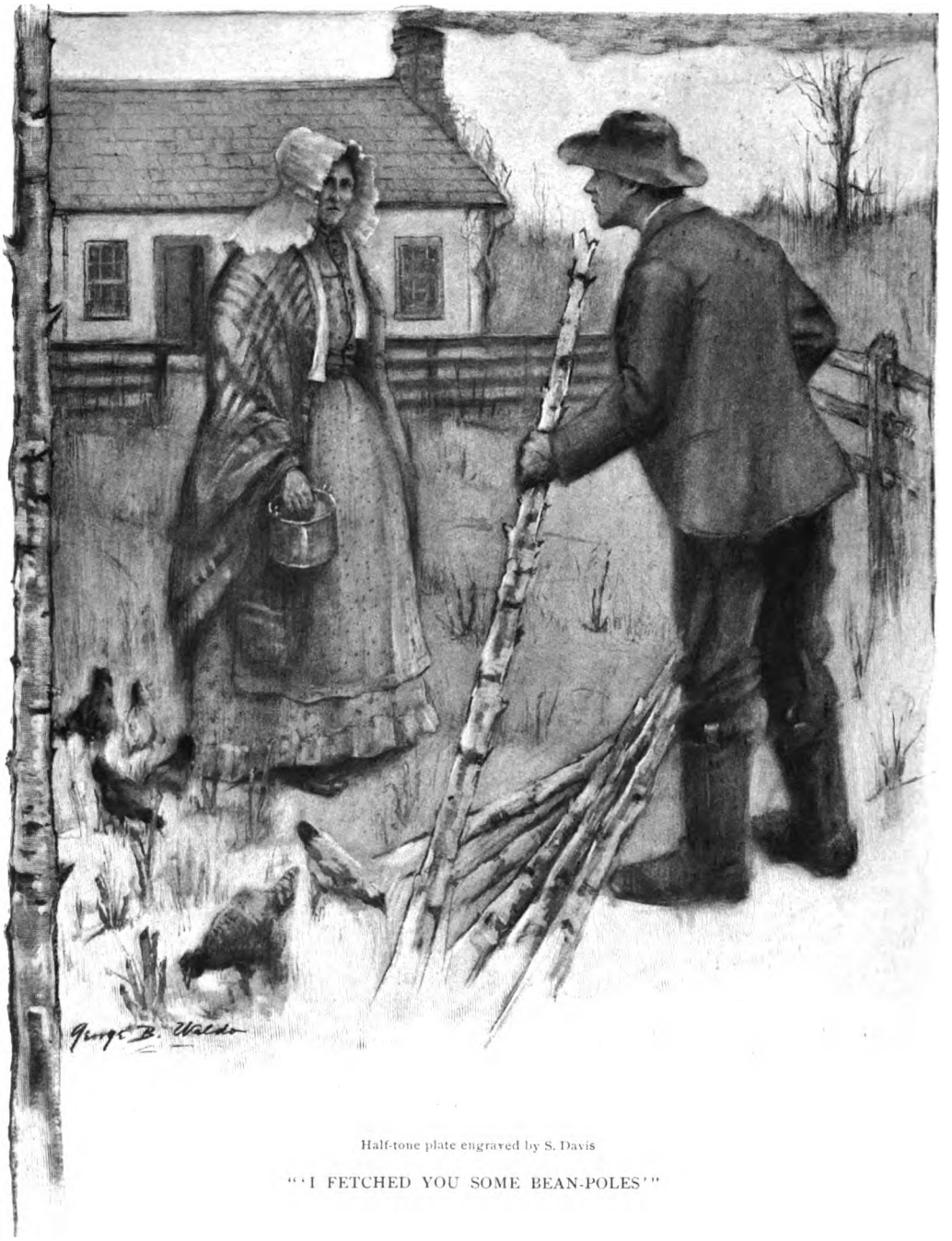

Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"'I FETCHED YOU SOME BEAN-POLES'"

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A QUESTION OF VALOR

BY WILL N. HARBEN

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE B. WALDO

THE young man laid his cumbersome burden down at the old woman's feet, and stood before her somewhat abashed.

"I fetched you some bean-poles, Mrs. Turner," he said awkwardly.

"Well! well!" she exclaimed in a pleased voice, as she eyed him from beneath her gingham sunbonnet. "The Lord knows I need 'em bad enough; but, Albert, I would n't 'a' had you go to all that trouble fer anything."

"It was n't one bit o' trouble," he assured her, still flushing under her sympathetic gaze. "As I come through the woods all the straight poles seemed to step right in front o' me. The sap was runnin', an' I cut 'em down powerful easy. I noticed what a pore out you made last spring tryin' to make yore beans climb corn-stalks that was always too weak to bear up the'r weight."

"I know mighty well who you fetched 'em to, but I don't keer, jest so I git part o' the beans when they are ready fer stringin'." As she spoke, the old woman took one of the poles from the heap, thrust its sharpened butt into the soil at her feet, and leaned on it. "Carrie was standin' thar at the winder when you come up the road. Now I want you to act sensible an' go in whar she is, an' stop yore foolishness, both of you."

"I don't think I 'll go about 'er any more, Mrs. Turner." The speaker had paled slightly, and his rough hands quivered nervously. "She went a step too fur t' other day. No man wants a woman to call 'im a coward to his face. I don't believe I 'm any coward, Mrs. Turner."

"I *know* you ain't," exclaimed the old woman. "I tol' Carrie you was n't afeard o' nothin' 'at walks the earth. She 's unreasonable, Albert Lee. Most gals is; but she 's wuss 'n the general run, ef she *is* my daughter. I tol' 'er she was crazy to expect you to take up her fuss with Jeff Goodnow, as ef it was anything to you; but the truth is, she 's so all-fired mad at him she cayn't see what 's right. But do me this one favor. I 've been talkin' to 'er. Go right in the house an' see 'er; she cayn't be a fool always, an' it don't seem to me 'at she 's been contented sence yore split-up."

Lee's face was rigid and white, but a faint light of hope gleamed in his fine brown eyes as they swept past her to the near-by mountain-side, against which the low afternoon sun was spreading its golden light.

"Well, I 'll try 'er once more," he said, the firmness of a big crisis in his tone. "Mebbe she won't say sech hard things. I—I hope she won't, anyway, 'ca'se ef she does, I won't bother her any more soon."

With that Albert Lee turned and stalked across the garden-patch, and entered the old cottage. The door was open, and he was not obliged to knock for admittance. In the sitting-room, at one of the windows, a girl sat sewing; but she did not look up, even when his familiar step shook the puncheons on which her chair rested. She was well formed, tall, and graceful, and had a pretty face, a proud poise to her head, and luxuriant golden hair. The room was not ceiled, and massive rafters bearing the marks of the broadax and the smoke of half a century spanned the space from wall to wall overhead. Hanging from nails driven into them were bunches of tobacco-leaves, red-pepper pods, and yellow straight-stemmed gourds. In one corner of the room stood a loom for weaving cloth, and beside it a spinning-wheel, the

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Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"SHE HELD THE WHITE SHEET . . . UP TO THE DYING LIGHT"

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sharp, polished spindle of which pointed straight at the visitor.

"Carrie," he managed to articulate, "I was jest passin' by, an' yore mother thought—" He paused, aware that his words were ill chosen. He made one or two efforts to fish something else from the verbal confusion in his brain, but failed utterly.

"I 'lowed it was her work when I seed you comin' in," said the girl, coldly. "I want you to know, Albert Lee, that I did n't tell 'er to send you in here."

Silence fell on them after this. Lee reached for a split-bottomed chair, drew it to him, and sat down clumsily. He rested his elbows on his knees, and stiffly swung his broad-brimmed hat to and fro between his long legs. His face showed both anger and pain.

"You said some purty hard things t' other day," he said tentatively.

"Huh! Do you think so?" The girl tossed her head, and her lip curled. "I did n't know I did. I jest said I had no use fer any man 'at 'u'd let a no-'count feller like Jeff Goodnow run dry-shod over two helpless women, one a widder an' t' other a' orphan. He hired witnesses to swear lies, an' got the court to he'p 'im steal a strip o' land from us when he knowed it was n't hisn. You let 'im do that, an' never call 'im down, even when he drives past here every day jest on purpose to flaunt us. He could go to his mill by t' other road, but he comes 'long here out o' pure devilment."

"I hain't got nothin' to say about the lawsuit," said Lee, with irritating conciseness. "I jest claim you ort not to try to pull me into yore dispute. Me 'n' Jeff has always been purty good friends, an'—an'—"

"Oh, yo' 're jest afeard of 'im," sneered the girl, white with suppressed fury. "You 'd jest as well confess it. You know he 's a fightin' man an' would n't let you talk to him without a row. I belong to fightin' stock. Ef pa was alive, ur brother Joe was here, we 'd 'a' had satisfaction ur knowed why. But *you*—la me!"

Lee rose to his feet.

"You 've called me a coward ag'in." He breathed the words from him as if they were driven forth by the anger which filled him. "You said t' other day you would n't marry no coward, an' I would n't marry no woman 'at calls me one."

"Seems like thar won't be much love lost betwixt us, then," sneered Miss Turner, and she held the white sheet which she was hemming up to the dying light falling through the small window-panes, and coolly scanned the stitches she had made.

He caught his breath suddenly. It was as if he had not thought to provoke such severe words. His strong face was wrung with pain. Knowing himself better than she did, he looked upon the present parting as final.

"Well, I 'm goin'," he said, after standing before her in tense silence for a moment. "Good-by."

The girl laughed significantly.

"I would n't go by the big road ef I was in yore place," she said. "Jeff Goodnow passes here about this time o' day, an' he mought take a notion to level his pistol on you. Busybodies has been tellin' him you 've got enough spunk to defend me 'n' ma. I 'd stay out o' his way ef I was you."

He tried to think of some retort, but nothing was present in his mind except her proud, flushed beauty and the thought that it and she were lost to him forever. His sole reply was a deep, trembling breath, which only his strong manhood saved from being a sigh. The next moment he was gone; the gathering dusk received his tall form as he strode away. Then her face changed; an expression of great worriment fell upon it. She put down her sewing, started to rise impulsively, but sank back in her chair. There she sat motionless, staring in front of her. Perhaps, after all, Albert Lee would not come back; perhaps he would never forgive her for what she had said.

Half an hour later her mother came in, her coarse dress wet with dew.

"I had to go clean to the woods atter the cow," she said, laying her bonnet on the big square bed. "My feet 's soakin' wet." She stood before her daughter, her thin arms akimbo, her little gray eyes staring steadily. "I want to know, Carrie, what you done to Albert Lee."

"Nothing, mother. Why—"

"I know better," broke in the woman, brushing back her scant gray hair with a thin brown hand. "You need n't try to fool me. You 've hurt his feelin's someway, an' that bad. I seed 'im leave here, an' I never seed a man walk so bent over an'

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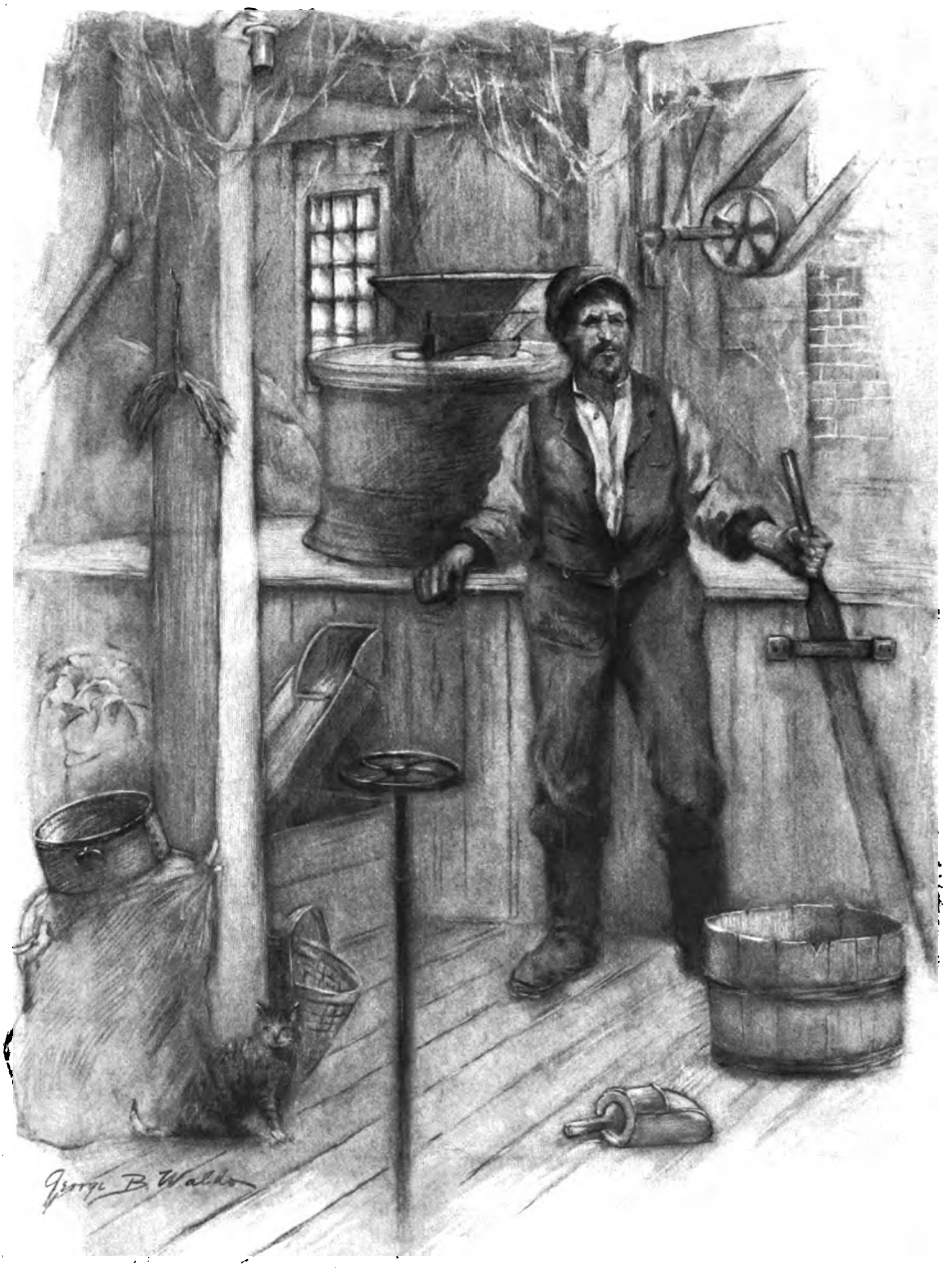

Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"'JEFF GOT SO MAD HE SHUT OFF THE WATER AN' STOPPED GRINDIN'"

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unsteady. He stopped down thar in the holler an' set down on a log. I slipped up close in the bushes an' ketched a look o' his face. He was as white as a corpse, an' stooped over once ur twice an' kivered his face with his hands. You young fool! Don't you know many a silly gal with a purty face has driv' good men to commit suicide? He totes a revolver. How do you know he won't—"

"Oh, mother—" But the girl's pride came to her rescue in the nick of time, and she managed to shift a sneer into her paling face. "He is too big a coward to do the like," she said. "Besides," she added, with a tentative eagerness in her tone, "he don't keer enough fer me to do that. Ef he keered one cent he never would let Jeff Goodnow insult us publicly like he has."

The old woman went to the high, broad fireplace and pushed the burning logs together with the toe of her wet shoe. Picking up a skillet, she dusted out its smooth inside with her apron, and placed it on the coals preparatory to cooking supper. This done, she turned again to her daughter, who still sat immovable in the gray light, the white sheet like a drift of snow in her lap. Her voice now had softened cadences in it; her tone was all plaintive appeal.

"La me, girl! you hain't no idee what a treasure you are losin' in Albert Lee. Ef you 'd lived the life I have, you never would be sorry a man you was engaged to was n't always a-pickin' rows with ever'body an' over ever'thing. Yore pa 's dead an' in his grave, but, as God 's my witness, I never slept hardly one night fer fear he 'd be in some shootin' scrape ur other. An' then when Joe was born an' growed up, he tuck atter his father, an' I had two human devils to try to pacify. Ef Joe had n't 'a' been a fightin' character, he would n't 'a' cut Ab Davis an' been a-dodgin' justice, a' outcast at this minute. Sometimes I mighty nigh die worryin' over him. This very night he may be in some shootin' scrape out West, an' be shot down ur tried fer murder. Jest to think you would try to force a peaceable man like Albert Lee to run ag'in' sech a dangerous character as Jeff Goodnow! I cayn't understand it, Carrie; I jest cayn't. You ort to thank yore stars the man you love is easy-goin' an' steady. But you 've got the Turner blood in you, woman as you are, an' God may take a notion to smite you fer yore wickedness. Ef Albert Lee was to grow desperit an'—"

"Oh, mother, don't—*don't!*" The girl buried her face in her lap and began to sob.

"Well, I 'm done now," said Mrs. Turner, quickly, for she had never been proof against the tears of her child. "Mebbe he won't do nothin' reckless, an' you 'll have a chance to show him how foolish you 've been."

ALBERT LEE sat alone on the log where Mrs. Turner had last seen him until it was quite dark. Then he rose, a great weight of despair on him, and trudged across an old cotton-field to the log cabin where he was temporarily living with Fred Baker, a middle-aged man who was his partner in a crop they were making on rented land. Smoke was lazily curling from the leaning stick-and-mud chimney, showing that Baker was cooking supper. As Lee entered the low doorway, the dark-skinned, bearded man was just putting a pone of corn-meal dough into the hot ashes, the negro method of preparing a hoe-cake. When he had covered it up carefully, he turned and grinned at Lee, who, without a word, had seated himself in a chair before the fire.

"I could make a durn good guess whar you 've been at," he said.

"I reckon you could," replied Lee, dejectedly.

"An' I could make another that she done you p'int-blank like she did the last whack she got at ye. I know them Turners. Lord! I ort to; I 've had to live by 'em long enough. Ef you ever git spliced to 'er, she 'll keep you in a stew the rest of yore life; but ef I was a marryin' man, I 'd take the stew. She 's the purtiest little trick that ever wore shoe-leather, an' has got enough of 'er mother in 'er to be as sweet an' agreeable as the next one when she wants to. Yes, she 'd yank me, ef I had to fight a buzz-saw 'fore dinner ever' day to humor her, so she would."

Lee's mood was too despondent to admit of free speech on the subject, so he did not encourage his loquacious roommate to continue talking. But Baker's tongue was never idle when he was cooking a meal. He had once accounted for it by saying that cooking was a woman's occupation, and that it made one of him in everything except a skirt.

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"You may have Jeff Goodnow to whup, whether you want to ur not," was his next observation. "You see, he 's heared no end o' false reports about what Carrie an' 'er down at the mill awhile 'fore dark, an' yore name come up. Jeff got so mad he shut off the water an' stopped grindin' right on Billy Askew's turn to cuss. He 'lowed

Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

"'WHAT 'S UP NOW?'"

ma 's goin' to do, an' some has gone so fur as to hint that you are a-goin' to take it up. The truth is, Goodnow has about got his fill o' the whole business. I 'm like you: I think he railly had a right to the land—that old Turner moved his fence on purpose to rake in more territory. I was he wished you *would* take it up; that he was jest eechin' to meet somebody he could pitch into."

"Did he say that?" Lee raised a pair of flashing eyes from the fire, and fixed them on the face of his companion.

"Yes, an' he meant it, too. He was as

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white as a sheet, an' had the devil in 'im. He had his coat off, an' I ketched sight o' the butt of his revolver. He certainly is ready fer you."

Lee's flash of anger died out, and his glance went thoughtfully to the floor.

"I reckon any man would git hot at all he 's heared in one way an' another," he said.

"Oh, no; I would n't pay no 'tention to that ef I was you," replied the older man. "But it 's all drivin' Jeff a bit too fur. As long as I 've knowed him, I never have heared him say one word ag'in' a woman, no matter what the provocation was, as the feller said; but ol' Mrs. Jabe Hawkes tol' me last night 'at Jeff had talked scan'lous about Carrie an' 'er mother."

The fierce light flashed again into Lee's eyes, and this time his face hardened and his chin quivered.

"What did she 'low he said?"

"She would n't say exactly," said Baker, somewhat reluctantly; "but she 'lowed she had a mind to tell you about it."

"She did?"

"Yes, she did." Baker leaned over the little mound of hot ashes and raked out the hoe-cake. He blew his breath upon it as he tossed it to and fro in his big, splaying hands, till the greater part of its gray coat was dusted from it; then he tossed it on the crude table. "Hot as blitzen," he said. He took a long strip of bacon from a nail on the wall, and began to cut slices of it into a frying-pan which looked as if it had not been washed well for a week. He was not unaware that he had made a critical disclosure. In fact, he had seriously pondered the advisability of mentioning the matter, and had finally spoken only because he could see his duty in no other direction. "I hope," he concluded, "that you think I did right in tellin' you what Mrs. Hawkes said."

"You say she said it last night; I don't see what you meant by holdin' yore tongue so long."

"That was my own matter," Baker blurted out sharply. "I 've told you; that 's enough. I reckon you 'll ax Mrs. Hawkes about the particulars."

"No; I 'll ax nobody but Jeff Goodnow. Ef he said it, he 'll acknowledge it; an' ef he does, what I 'll do fer him will be a God's plenty."

"That 's the talk. They made 'im mad enough, I reckon, to make a preacher cuss. But no man 's got a right to slander women. I 'm ag'in' that."

Baker placed his chair at the table, and poured two cups of coffee. Lee sat opposite him, and helped himself to the brown curled slices of bacon and the corn-bread.

"I 'll go down the very fust thing in the mornin'," he said. "He 'll be thar; he starts to grindin' long 'fore day."

After supper the two men silently smoked their pipes over the fire, and then covered the remnant of the backlog with ashes, and in total darkness went to bed on the mattress on the floor in a corner of the room. Two hours passed; no sound disturbed the stillness except the continual shrilling of frogs in the marsh near by and the dismal screech of an owl. Presently Baker spoke.

"I 'll tell you one thing," he said. "I ain't a-goin' to sleep one wink unless you quit that infernal rollin' an' twistin'."

Lee said nothing for a moment, and then rose and began to dress himself in the darkness. Baker could see the outlines of his head and shoulders against a strip of gray sky revealed through an open space above the door-shutter.

"What 's up now?" he asked with startled concern.

"I 'm goin' down to see Jeff Goodnow," was the quiet response. "He bunks at the mill."

"You say you are?" Baker sat up in bed, a human triangle with arms for props.

"Yes; I 'll never sleep at all till I 've settled with 'im; so what 's the use o' puttin' it off?"

Baker turned his feet toward the side of the bed.

"Well, I 'm goin' with you," he ejaculated in a tone of disgruntled resignation.

"Not much you hain't; I don't need no help nur no witnesses. Jeff Goodnow 'll tote fair with any man; I give 'im that credit."

"Yes, he 'll tote fair. Is yore gun loaded?"

"Yes, it 's all right."

"You 'd better take mine. He has a shot-gun lyin' round the mill."

"One weapon is enough fer me."

Baker lay down again, and drew the cover over him. "I don't know as I 'm bettered any," he grunted. "I don't reckon

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I 'll sleep much tell I hear how you come out."

Albert Lee made no reply. As he left the cabin he saw a strip of cloud-veiled moonlight just above the tallest mountain-range to the east of him. To reach Goodnow's mill he had to pass the Turner cottage. It was wrapped in the general darkness.

Lee passed on, his step firm and determined. In a few minutes he had reached the mill. To his surprise, the water from the elevated wooden sluice was streaming upon the wheel, which stood motionless, as if locked—a most unusual thing; for when the machinery was shut down it was always done by cutting off the flow of water by lowering a flood-gate.

As was the custom in that locality before a closed door, Lee paused and hallooed.

"Hello!" he cried. "Is anybody awake in thar?"

Then out from the steady swash of the falling water came something like a human voice. It sounded like Goodnow's, but the door remained closed. Lee waited several minutes in silence, then he concluded that what he had heard was the miller speaking in his sleep; so he called out again, this time more loudly:

"Hello! hello, in thar! Open up, Jeff Goodnow! Albert Lee wants to see you, an' that in a hurry. Pull on some'n' an' come out."

Then he waited. He heard a repetition of the sound; but it was now clearly the groan of a human being in agony. Startled beyond expression, Lee stood like a figure in stone. Again he heard the voice. It seemed to come from beneath the mill, down among the numerous wheels which conveyed the power from the water-wheel to the grinding-stones overhead. Lee went to the side of the building, which was elevated on brick pillars, and peered into the blackness beneath. Standing there, he heard another groan more distinctly, and called out:

"Who 's down thar?"

"It 's me," said the miller's voice. "Fer God's sake, hurry! I 'm fastened betwixt the cog-wheels; they are mashin' the life outen me."

Lee happened to have some matches in his pocket, and striking one, he lighted up the dark space about him. An awful sight was revealed to his gaze. Goodnow's gaunt body hung crushed and twisted between the cogs of two enormous wooden wheels; his head was hanging down, his face purple. Just above his body lay a heavy piece of timber with which he had locked the wheels and prevented his instant death.

Lee stood aghast, unable to devise a plan of rescue, unfamiliar as he was with machinery; but it occurred to him that the water ought to be shut off from above, and this idea he communicated to the suffering man.

"The switch is in the mill; door locked; cayn't git key out o' my pants pocket," came in halting jerks from Goodnow's lips. "Fer God's sake, do some'n'! My strength is almost gone—been here since dark!"

Lee then remembered seeing a piece of heavy scantling outside, and he ran to get it. When he had brought it, he struck another match, and by its light thrust the end of the piece of timber into a place between the spokes of the wheel, believing that if he were strong enough he could turn the wheels backward and force them to give up their prey.

"Now git ready," he said to Goodnow. "Ef I move it, roll out as quick as you can."

"Go ahead," groaned the miller. "I 'm afeard you hain't strong enough, but I hope God will spare me."

The timber on his shoulder, Lee stooped low and began to straighten himself. The strain was frightful; the timber cut sharply into his flesh, and he had to stop. Making a pad of his coat and placing it between the scantling and his shoulder, and once more encouraging Goodnow, he tried again. Never had he dreamed of putting his strength and frame to such a test. But he was successful. The wheels creaked, cracked, and turned slowly backward. The figure of the miller writhed and rolled to the ground. Lee released his timber; the wheels started on again, but were immediately locked as before.

For a moment Goodnow lay where he had fallen; then he sat up slowly.

"Thank God! thank God!" he panted. "Oh, Lord, it was awful—awful!"

"Any bones broke?" gasped the rescuer, recovering his breath in jerks.

"No; they had me in the fleshy part o' the stomach, mashed down to the thickness

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o' that timber. Ef you had n't 'a' come along I 'd 'a' died a slow death o' torture. Oh, Lord, I feel good! I was oilin' up. I 'lowed I could do it better while she was runnin' full tilt. My foot slipped, an' the cogs ketched me. I was standin' on the timber, an' had the sense to shove it 'twixt the spokes as I fell. Geewhillikins! it was awful—awful!" Goodnow groaned in pain as he stood up, and rubbed himself from head to foot. Then he limped out into the better light at the side of the mill, still rubbing himself on the arms and stomach. "My Lord, Lee, ef you had n't happened along—" He paused, staring inquiringly into Lee's face. "Ef you had n't come along—by George! this *is* out o' yore reg'lar beat, ain't it?"

"Yes, it 's out o' my way, an' not my time o' night to be out o' bed; but I wanted to see you particular, Goodnow."

"Oh!" Certain glimpses of the recent past were coming back to the miller. "Oh!" he exclaimed again. "I remember now. I was sorter lookin' fer you, too. But you come on me so unexpected-like that—"

"I come to see you about Mrs. Turner an' her daughter," said Lee, his tone hardening as his eyes bore down accusingly on Goodnow's.

"Yes, I know. Folks told me I mought look fer you 'most any hour, an' I 've sort o' been ready. My gun 's in my hip-pocket. While I was clamped down thar the durn thing was driv' fully a' inch into my hip-bone, but she 's high an' dry. But, lawsy me! I never felt so quar over a chance to fight in my life. It seems mighty funny fer me. Somehow I don't take half the intrust at gittin' a swipe at you as I 'lowed I would." Goodnow rubbed his stomach, winced as if in sudden pain, and sat down on the steps of the mill. "I reckon them cogs down thar squose my ol' feelin' out; but she 's shore to come back. I know purty well how you feel about that dang strip o' land; I cayn't blame you fer takin' it up, an' atter the big favor you done me jest now, I 'd accommodate you, ef I was as weak as a cat. The truth is, I kin pull a trigger as well as I ever could, an' aim as steady. Yes, I reckon you ort to take it up; fer, atter all 'at 's been said here an' yan, you never would stand well in the community ef you did n't; an' they say—some do—that the gal will go back on you ef you don't l'arn me some sense. So any time 'at pleases you, ur any *way* you name, I—"

"I hain't got nothin' to say about the lawsuit," broke in Lee. "I come down here to-night 'ca'se I heared you slandered them two helpless women—that 's what I come fer, Jeff Goodnow."

A look of perplexity struggled into the wan, sinewy face of the miller. The meal-dust on his cheeks made his dark eyes shine by contrast as he lifted them to the fierce orbs above him.

"A lie is out," he said with decision. "Anybody 'at says I ever cheeped one word ag'in' them ladies is a liar, an' I want to face 'em."

"It come from Mrs. Hawkes—Jabe's wife," explained Lee, still sternly.

"Then, as she 's a female, I won't say she 's a liar, but she 's durn badly mistaken," answered Goodnow, "an' I may as well put in 'at she 's mistaken in mighty nigh ever'thing she says. She 's that sort."

Lee inhaled a deep breath; he felt relieved in some vague way not attributable to lack of courage.

"I believe you, Goodnow," he said, "an' betwixt men that 's enough. I 'm goin' back to bed."

"Hold on." The miller caught his hand without rising, and detained him. "Thar 's a lots I 'd like to say," he began awkwardly, "but it looks like them wheels has upset my brain a little. Atter yore friendly feelin', an' what you done jest now, I 'm a-goin' to feel powerful bad about all I 've done. Fer jest that wuthless strip o' land that I never had no use fer, it looks like I 've about parted two young folks, ef what folks says is so. They say she won't take you onless me 'n' you hitch, an' it looks like we cayn't manage that, somehow."

"It looks like it, Jeff."

The wounded man leaned back till his shoulders touched the steps above him, and Lee knew he was trying to subdue another twinge of pain.

"I reckon you—you won't feel exactly happy over the way she 's a-doin'," he said in a voice that touched a chord in the lover's breast.

"I don't expect to feel the same—ever any more, Jeff."

The miller locked his hands together, and with them supported his head as he still reclined. "It 's all my doin's, an' I feel durn bad," he declared. "I don't

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know when I ever felt jest this away. I wish we could hitch, Lee. I do, as God is my jedge an' maker. Mebbe we could—"

"No, we could n't," broke in the younger man, firmly. "You ort to be in bed, Jeff. Do you want me to go fer a doctor?"

"No." The miller shook his head. "No. I 'm all hunky-dory; I 'm jest sore an' spent-like; I 'll be all O. K. in a day ur two."

THE next afternoon just before sundown Mrs. Turner came into her daughter's room, surprising Carrie as she sat on the floor at a little paper-covered trunk from which she had taken a packet of Albert Lee's letters. Traces of tears were on her cheeks, and dark lines encircled her eyes.

"What you reckon?" exclaimed the old woman. "Jeff Goodnow 's out thar. He driv' up to the gate jest now an' called me. He looks white in the face, like he had some complaint. I axed 'im what he wanted, an' he jest said he wanted to see you bad, an' begged me to tell you to come out thar."

"He said he wanted to see me?" Carrie dropped the letters into the trunk, closed the lid, and rose to her feet. "Mother, what you reckon he— I 'm not goin' a step."

The eyes of the two women met steadily.

"I believe I would," advised Mrs. Turner. "He looks bad, like he 's sufferin'. Mebbe he wants to do us jestice. Mebbe—" But the old woman really did not know the object of Goodnow's surprising visit, and she gave the question up, in the hope that her daughter would find out.

As Carrie approached Goodnow's buggy, the miller took off his big felt hat courteously and bowed. "I 'm sorry I 'm a leetle too sore to alight," he apologized. "I had a' accident at the mill, an' it 's mighty nigh done me up. I railly had to be helped in my buggy. Ef I was to git out I 'm afeard I could n't git back on the seat ag'in. I 've come over to beg yore pardon an' yore ma's, Miss Carrie. I feel meaner 'n a' egg-suckin' dog about that dang lawsuit. I 've been lookin' over my papers, an' have made the diskivery that the strip o' land was yor'n, jest like yore pa had it. I 've jest been to town an' had the papers made out right, an' properly recorded."

The plaintive tone and the pale, drawn face completed the conquest of the proud beauty at the gate. "It 's all right, Mr. Goodnow," she faltered, after a pause. "I was shore you made a mistake at the start."

Then it struck Goodnow that he had only begun the task which had pulled him out of bed, where he really ought to have been, and he hesitated, clumsily fumbling the reins in his hands.

"I was late makin' the diskivery, I grant you," he said, "an' I don't know as I ever would 'a' seed it jest right ef I had n't been made to, Miss Carrie. Yes, I had to come across. I used to think I was the cock o' the walk, as the feller said, but I belong to a past gineration. Last night about ten o'clock—well, I reckon it was nigh midnight, now I come to think of it—Albert Lee come down to the mill loaded fer bear. He 'd heared I had slandered you 'n' yore ma, Miss Carrie, an' he wanted blood so bad he could taste it. I never cheeped one word ag'in' you two in my life, Miss Carrie, as God is my jedge, but he 'd heared I did, an' he come with fire in his eye. He ain't the sort to be drug into a fight jest fer any excuse; no man is that is a brave man right. He never would 'a' fit over that land deal, an' no other fightin' man would, I reckon; but, lawsy me! ef you want to see 'im bile over, jest hint some'n' ag'in' a woman. Well, that 's what he come to the mill fer, an' he stood in front o' the door an' ordered me to come out in double-quick time ur he 'd pull me out by the heels. An' whar do you reckon I was, Miss Carrie? I was clamped betwixt two big cog-wheels under my mill, mighty nigh dead. I heared 'im a-callin' out, an' I tried to attract his attention, but I could n't raise my voice much above a whisper. Howsomever, he heared me atter a while, an' come down, an' prized me out with a piece o' timber. Even then he wanted blood, an' he 'd 'a' had it ef I had n't showed 'im that a lie was afloat. I jest thought I 'd come an' tell you about it, Miss Carrie, fer they say you 've hurt his feelin's awful by callin' 'im a coward. A brave man 'u'd rather die 'an be called that by—by the woman he loves, Miss Carrie; an' ef Albert Lee ain't a brave man, the Almighty made the biggest botch of a job he ever undertook."

Carrie Turner was actually so deeply moved that she could make no reply. Seeing her embarrassment and the stamp of regret on her pretty face, the miller turned his horse round and raised his hat.

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"Good day, Miss Carrie," he said. "I know you 'll do what 's right."

When he was gone the girl started into the house; but seeing the curious face of her mother at a window, and wishing to avoid her just then, she retraced her steps to the gate. It was fortunate that she did so, for down the road she saw Albert Lee astride of his field-horse, making his way home. She waited at the gate till he was opposite her, then she called to him faintly.

"I want to see you, Albert," she said. "Can't you stop?"

In great surprise he reined his horse in and dismounted, leading the animal as he drew near her.

"You say you want to see me?" he questioned, as if doubting the evidence of his senses. Then the flood of tenderness in her face caught his glance and swept it deeper down toward her heart, and, aided by his rising hopes, he began to see—to comprehend.

"Mr. Goodnow come here jest now an' told me ever'thing," she cried. "Oh, Albert, I 'm so—so miserable! I 've been unhappy ever since we fell out. Oh, can you ever forgive me?"

"Thar never was one thing to forgive," he beamed, as he caught her hand and pressed it. "I 've been sufferin' torments. I 'lowed we never would be—like we was ag'in."

They stood there until the sun went down, until the gray dusk wrapped them in its gentle folds. Then Mrs. Turner came out with a light step, a shawl in her hand, and threw it over Carrie's shoulders.

"You 'll ketch yore death o' cold," she said in a tender, caressing tone. "Then what 'd you both do, I 'd like to know?"

NOT HIS THE SILENCE

BY MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN

O YOU whose doubt I know, whose pain I share,
Who cry into the night if God be there,
And wait, and listen, till the darkness seems
As empty and as meaningless as dreams!
Across my soul-dark shines one ray of light,
A silver star upon the void of night.
If there be comfort in it, take the thought:

Through countless years an Unknown Worker wrought,
Till lo! we see the sunrise, hear the wind,
Awake, rejoice, and guess a God behind!
Long ages more the Laborer will need
To give us soul-eyes that we see indeed;
Long ages more before our dullard ears
Shall catch the music of the quiring spheres.

Be still, O crying souls! I think he hears
The bitter falling of our midnight tears;
Yearns pitiful above the infant, Man;
Awaits the patient progress of his plan
Within the soul that now in anguish cowers.
Not his the silence, but the deafness ours.

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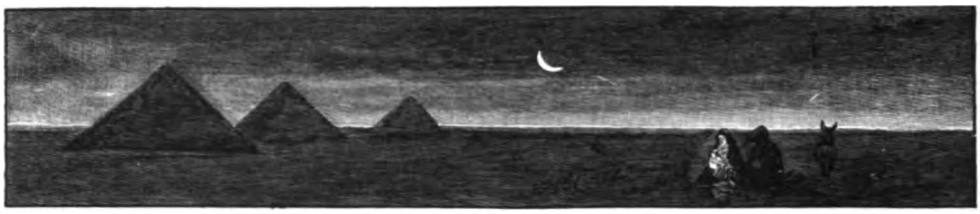

WHO WAS HAMMURABI?

A STUDY OF THE FOUNDER OF BABYLON,—A CONTEMPORARY OF ABRAHAM,—IN THE LIGHT OF THE RECENT DISCOVERIES AT SUSA OF THE EARLIEST CODE OF LAW

BY DR. WILLIAM HAYES WARD

IT must have been some four hundred miles by the old road and canals from Sippara to Susa; but it was easier traveling in that region four thousand years ago than it is now, for Hammurabi was a strenuous ruler. It had taken him thirty years to throw off the yoke of the Elamites, with their capital at Susa, and the remaining dozen years of his reign he devoted to consolidating his empire, which now for the first time in history united under one rule the whole of Babylon and added to it the suzerainty of Elam, or southern Persia, with Assyria to the north, and even Syria and Palestine as far as the Mediterranean Sea. Being a great statesman as well as conqueror, he built roads, dug canals, and was the first to collect and formulate into code the decisions which the civil courts had rendered and which had grown out of judges' law. This full code, the most elaborate monument of early civilization yet discovered, he engraved on great stone stelæ, and set up in the principal cities of his realm, where they could be read by all his subjects. There were about two hundred and eighty separate decisions, or edicts, covering the rights of property, inheritance, marriage, divorce, injuries to life or person, rents, wages, slavery, etc. On the stele, following the text of the laws, Hammurabi told his people why he had set up and published this code. It was that justice might be established, and that any one who had a complaint against his neighbor might come and read the law and learn what were his rights.

Hammurabi reigned in Babylon about 2250 B.C. We know nothing of Babylon before his time. There were other local capitals: Ur, Erech, Nippur, and Lagash to the south, and Agane and Sippara to the north, each the seat of a temple of some one of the gods. At Sippara the local divinity was Shamash, the sun-god. We know the form under which Shamash was worshiped, for Mr. Rassam, in his excavations at Sippara, the modern Abu-habba, dug up, from a great depth, the sacred image of the god, a bas-relief on a large slab, accompanied by a memorial inscription of King Nabu-abal-idin, or Nebo-gives-a-son. The sun-god sits on his throne under

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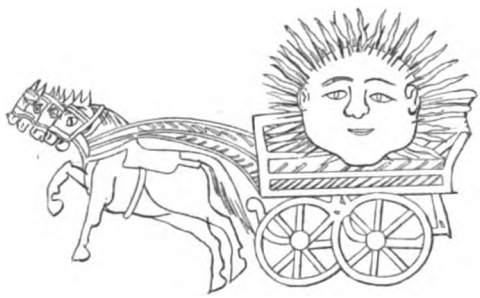
a canopy, and the king is presented to him by two divine attendants. Before the god, resting on a table, is the symbol of the sun, with alternate rays and streams; and above are two figures who direct the course of the sun in his daily journey, much as a Persian artist would place the disk of the sun in a chariot to be drawn by his horses, or as a Greek artist would give him a charioteer. There are smaller symbols of the sun, the moon, and Venus, and the cuneiform inscription explains the meaning of the composition. When this stone was found by the Arab workmen, they came running to Mr. Rassam and told him they had found Noah with his sons Shem, Ham, and Japheth; and Mr. Rassam was so pleased that he killed an ox and made them a great feast.

In this city of Sippara and before the sun-god's temple Hammurabi set up one of the great stone columns on which were inscribed the laws. It remained there three hundred years or more, until, in a feebler succession, the kings from the mountains of Elam invaded and conquered again the rich plains of Babylonia. We know not what costly spoil of gold and embroidered vestures they carried away; but much more important for us was their loot of the historical stone monuments of Babylonia, and most fortunate of all was their choice of the stele of Hammurabi. He had first brought the heavy stone perhaps from the mountains of Arabia, it may be by boat from the western side of the Arabian peninsula, some think even from the Sinaitic quarries at the north end of the Red Sea. That would have taken a year's travel. The Elamite conqueror put this stone and a considerable number of smaller stone records of land-grants (like the one pictured on page 459), called *kudurus*, into boats, and, following the main canals, reached the Tigris River (for Sippara is near the Euphrates), and then passed down to the Persian Gulf, and thence up the Karûn or Eulæus River, or quite as likely through some of the intersecting canals, and by this long journey they were brought to grace his triumph at Susa.

In the classic lands and the lands of the ancient East excavations by foreign scholars are encouraged or allowed, but the objects found cannot be removed to other countries, except in the case of duplicates of no special value. The rape of the Elgin Marbles is an event of long ago which Greece mourns. Old pictures must be smuggled from Italy. Egypt has half a dozen expeditions at work excavating all the time, but whatever is found is tributary to the Bulak Museum. Even Turkey now has strict laws, which are building up the Constantinople Museum. Only Persia is a free hunting-ground, especially for the French government. In 1882 M. Dieulafoy, with his energetic wife dressed in masculine attire, began explorations at Susa, and removed the upper layers of soil. They were followed, after an interval, by M. de Morgan, a savant of the first rank, who had gained his experience in Egypt. He has been at work for nearly ten years, and has gone down to the lower strata, which represented the earlier period of the history of Elam. But the most valuable things found thus far are those objects which had been brought as trophies from Babylonia. One of these is the wonderful stele of Naram-Sin, who ruled northern Babylonia 3000 years B.C., some say 3700 years B.C. The



From Lajard's "Culte de Mithra"

THE SUN IN HIS CHARIOT: FROM AN OLD PERSIAN MANUSCRIPT

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king stands proudly on the field of battle, and the vigor of the art is worthy of the early Greek period. A stele of vastly more value for the history of civilization than the stele of Naram-Sin, or the stones which record the grants of land by kings to their favorite subjects, covered with grotesque emblems of the gods who will punish any one who ventures to annul the grant, is the great stele of Hammurabi from Sippara. On it we see the king in the same humble attitude of adoration which appears on the other stele found at Sippara, standing in worship before the sun-god Shamash. He is not, as has been said by those who have published it, represented as receiving the laws from Shamash—that is a bit of imagination borrowed from the account of God's giving the law to Moses; but he simply appears in the ordinary attitude of worship, lifting his hand to his god. Shamash was designated the "Judge of Gods and Men." It was then specially appropriate that this record of laws should be set up before his shrine, in his city, and that he should be represented not as a warrior in a fighting attitude, but sitting on the throne of judgment. At the same time his solar character was indicated by the rays rising from his shoulders, which are omitted in the other stele found at Sippara.

The carrying away to Susa of the record of the laws of Hammurabi may have been meant to proclaim that no longer were these laws valid, and that the laws of Elam were supreme. But the civilization of Babylonia could not be altered. It rested on this legislation, which doubtless remained in force until the period of the Greek conquest under Alexander. These laws grew out of the conditions of the people. Doubtless they were carried to all parts of the empire, even to Palestine, and very likely were there in force, so far as conditions allowed, for centuries before Moses entered the Holy Land. We must not be surprised, then, to find marked parallels between the code of Hammurabi and the older section of the Mosaic code, yet we must not be too ready to assign to Babylonia the origin of a law which grows out of universal conditions. Thus murder, robbery, and adultery would be punished by death anywhere, and the *lex talionis*, an eye for an eye, is found in both codes, not because one came from the other, but because the sense of justice, or at least the demand for retaliation, exists in all souls.

Some of the laws deserve attention. Courts must be impartial. If a man brings a capital charge against another and it is proved false, he shall himself suffer capital punishment. Thus were malicious suits discouraged. And severe punishment was inflicted if the prosecutor threatened or attempted to bribe witnesses. If a judge rendered a corrupt decision, he was required to pay twelve times the amount of his false judgment and was expelled from the bench. A theft from the temple or from the palace was punished much more severely than one from a private person, even as high as thirtyfold being required. Injuries to the person were gaged by the dignity of the one injured, the penalty for injuring a free man being greater than for the same injury to a freedman or a slave.

The comparison with the Mosaic legislation shows the latter to be, on the whole, very much more humane. There are, however, exceptions. If a man has given his wife, son, or daughter to serve in payment of a debt, they shall not serve more than three years and shall go free on the fourth; the Hebrew law said the seventh. The conditions of the country appear in the provision that if a thunder-storm has ravaged a debtor's field, or there has been a drought, the debtor shall be released for that year, his note altered, and no interest charged.

Everything must be on record, written on tablets, or there is no obligation in case of loss. If stolen property is found on a man, and he cannot show the bill of sale, he is regarded as a thief and punished with death. If a man has forgotten to take a receipt for money consigned to an agent for trade, he can exact no returns. It is no wonder that the soil of Babylonia seems full of these contract-tablets.

The purity of the family was respected, but with unexpected leniency to the woman. A man who slandered a woman was to be branded on the forehead. A man who seduced a betrothed girl was to be killed, but the girl was presumed innocent. If a soldier has been taken captive, and there is no maintenance at hand for his wife, and she is taken to another man's house and bears him children, she has no blame. If a man deserts his wife, she can marry whom she pleases, and her first hus-

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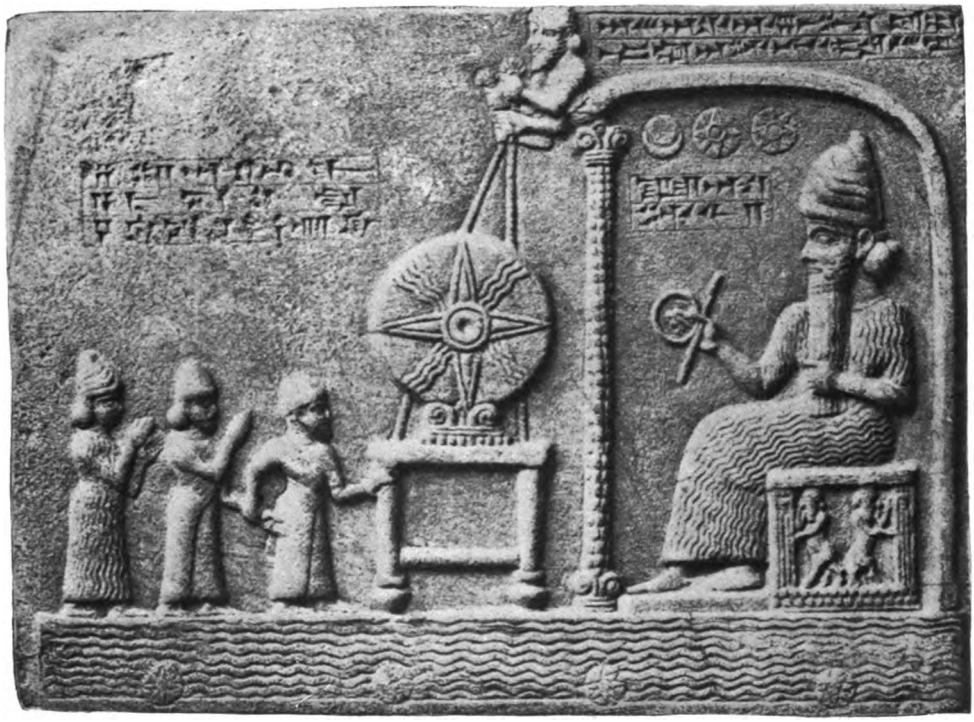
band, if he returns, cannot reclaim her. If a man wishes to divorce his wife, her rights are fully protected and her marriage portion is returned to her. The case of Abraham's wife Sarah and her maid Hagar is carefully provided for. If a man's wife has no children and she gives him her maid, and the maid bears children and then

House-builders had their responsibilities as well as their assigned pay. If a new house fell down and killed the owner, the builder was put to death; or the builder's son, if the owner's son was killed.

So the laws continue, fixing wages for different kinds of service, rents of houses, boats, etc., with great minuteness, all evi-



From "Recherches sur la Glyptique Orientale," by Joachim Ménant (1883)

THE SUN-GOD ON THE STELE OF ABU-HABBA

makes herself equal to her mistress, the mistress cannot sell her, but she may put a mark on her and make her a maid-servant. A husband must sustain his sick wife as long as she lives; he cannot divorce her. The rights of children are also elaborately protected.

Among the most extraordinary provisions are those which control surgery. There are no laws for physicians, whose business was largely in the hands of priests, who used both simples and spells. Surgeons had good pay, according to the rank of the patient; but if the person were of high rank and died, the surgeon's hands were to be cut off. There were veterinary surgeons, and their fees were established, and also their fines for failure to cure.

dencing a high state of civilization at the time of the patriarch Abraham; for Hammurabi is the Amraphel of Genesis xiv, who made a raid, with other kings, into Palestine and captured Sodom. He tells us that the title he gave himself was "King of Righteousness," which is the very meaning of the name Melchizedek, who is said to have been the King of Jerusalem at the time that Hammurabi made the raid and passed within a few miles of Melchizedek's town.

Beyond all doubt, this stone monument found by De Morgan in Susa is the most important document for the history of civilization that has been discovered in many years. It carries back the history of law for a thousand years or more. It

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From "Recherches Archéologiques," by Morgan, Jéquier, and Lampre

STELE OF NARAM-SIN, SHOWING THAT KING ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

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From "Recherches Archéologiques," by Morgan, Jéquier, and Lampre

LAND-GRANT OF MELISHUHU, ONE OF THE STONE SLABS TAKEN TO SUSA FROM BABYLONIA

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tells us how strong was the sense of justice at a period which we have been too ready to regard as wholly barbaric.

found the text and translation were given to the world in a magnificent volume prepared by Père Scheil, one of the best

From "Textes Élamites-Anzanites," by V. Scheil, O.P.

HAMMURABI IN ADORATION BEFORE THE SUN-GOD: FROM THE STELE WITH THE LAW-CODE

Most creditable has been the speed with which this great inscription has been given to the world. There was no waiting. Within less than a year after it was

Assyrian scholars living, who has thus set a generous example to the scholars of other countries, and one that is much needed.

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MODERN MUSICAL CELEBRITIES

BY HERMANN KLEIN

FOURTH PAPER

WHEN they were in London in 1888 and 1889, MM. de Reszke and Lassalle stayed at the Continental Hotel in Regent street, where they occupied adjoining apartments and took their meals together. I frequently used to join them at luncheon or dinner, and a cordial welcome always awaited me. Then would we chat over the events of the preceding night's performance, discuss its merits and deficiencies, and point out improvements that might be introduced in the future. It was not less amazing than interesting to see how these three gifted artists would criticize each other's gestures and attitudes. Sometimes they would move away the table to make room to go through some scene with full stage action, going over it again and again until they had it to their common satisfaction. On these occasions I had to play the part of spectator and deliver my verdict upon the general effect.

Or else we would talk "art"—talk it steadily by the hour. And what a delight that was, with men whose only aim was to reach the highest goal by the noblest path! How we discussed voice-production and breathing! Not a detail of that wonderful subject was left untouched. Now Jean would show us how a tenor should manage his tones so as to form the perfectly equal scale. Now Lassalle would illustrate the marvelous simplicity of the "one and only" method which he designated "la grande ligne." Finally, Édouard would strip to the waist to give us an example of his extraordinary control of the abdominal muscles, whereby, in expanding the ribs and completely filling the lungs, he seemed to raise the lower half of his figure until, like one barrel sliding inside another, it had concealed itself in the vast cavity of his chest.

Once I remember our party of four was joined by Tamagno, when the celebrated Italian tenor was playing *Otello* at the Lyceum. We all had supper together after the performance, and were in the jolliest of moods. Tamagno had a slight cold on the chest, but protested that it made no difference whatever in the singing quality of his head tones. Catarrh in the nose, he said, was fatal, but a chest cold made not the least difference to him. Upon this Lassalle offered to wager that he could sing higher with his falsetto than Tamagno with his *voce di petto*. The challenge was accepted, and forthwith the two began a vocal duel the like of which I am certain I shall never hear again. Out came Tamagno's A's and B flats, as quickly responded to with the falsetto equivalents from Lassalle's sturdy throat. Then the Italian went "one better"; and the Frenchman, in order, as he said, to help himself up the scale, mounted his chair and emitted the B natural; whereupon Tamagno also stood upon his chair and brought out not only a high C, but a ringing D flat. Lassalle was now for mounting the table, but this being "ruled out" as an unfair advantage over a less athletic opponent, he proceeded to get the necessary notes from the eminence of his chair, amid terrific applause from the rest of the company. Tamagno now made a bold dash for a D natural, but did not quite succeed; and, as Lassalle fared no better, we pronounced the result a "dead heat," which, at that somewhat advanced hour of the night, was perhaps rather a blessing for the neighboring occupants of the hotel.

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One great piece of fun in which Édouard and I were wont to indulge for the special amusement of Jean was an imitation of the later declamatory style of Wagner. At that time neither brother knew by heart two consecutive bars of any more advanced score than that of "Lohengrin." Édouard, however, shared the wonderful imitative faculty of his elder brother, and had a sufficiently good notion of the character of Wagnerian recitative to be able to caricature it with facility. Accordingly, I would improvise upon the piano a "fearful and wonderful" series of *leitmotiven*, varied by strange dissonances and startling modulations, which Édouard for his part would follow from key to key with marvelous alertness, declaiming the while the most unvocal phrases in an impossible guttural language which might as easily have been mistaken for Chinese as for German. The effect of this absurd improvisation *à deux* was certainly very ludicrous, and from no one did it evoke heartier laughter than from the artist who was before long to portray in ideal fashion the noblest of Wagner's heroes.

The results of the season of 1888 were, as a whole, artistically and financially satisfactory. Not only was it unattended by loss, but the attitude of Augustus Harris's new clientèle clearly indicated that that all-important factor, the regular subscription, might hereafter be counted upon as permanent. This in itself was an enormous step toward regaining the path of prosperity. In the direction of stage reform, of greater catholicity of taste, of improved working in every branch of the enterprise, there yet remained much to be accomplished.

Above all, there was need to strengthen

From a photograph by E. Bieber

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK

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the repertory. Covent Garden had too long furnished a surfeit of hackneyed Italian operas; of modern works of the best type it offered too few. The genius of Wagner was represented by a paltry two or three of his earlier operas, and there seemed little if any prospect of the number being added to in the immediate future. With this thought in my mind, I approached Augustus Harris during the last days of the season and begged him to give the matter of the repertory his serious attention, particularly with the view to mounting, if possible, more of Wagner's works.

"I shall be only too glad to do that," he said. "I don't exactly see yet how I am to cast the later Wagner operas, but that question can be left open for the present. Meantime I think I should like to go to Bayreuth this summer. Will you come with me?"

From a photograph by W. & D. Downey, London. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

MME. EMMA EAMES AS "JULIET"

I replied that I had already arranged to go with some friends early in August.

"That will be too late for me," said Harris. "I must be back early in August to begin the rehearsals for the autumn drama. I will take Mancinelli with me, and let him have a lesson in the Wagnerian business as carried on at 'headquarters.'"

Three weeks later I met impresario and conductor together at Bayreuth on the day

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that they were to take their departure. Both were full of the wonders they had seen and heard. The works given that year were "Parsifal," "Tristan," and "Die Meistersinger"—the Nuremberg opera for the first time at Bayreuth. I asked Harris which of the three he had decided to do at Covent Garden next season.

I made no comment, but kept my own counsel. An idea had occurred to me.

My experience at Bayreuth that summer was wholly delightful, despite the customary heat and the inevitable dust. The representations were of transcendent excellence, the casts incomparable—for example, "Parsifal" with Alvary, Scheidemantel, Wiegand, and Thérèse Malten; "Tristan und Isolde" with Rosa Sucher and Heinrich Vogl; "Die Meistersinger" with Bettaque, Gudehus, Friedrichs, and Reichmann. The conductors in turn were Hermann Levi, Felix Mottl, and Hans Richter. In a word, those were among the "palmy days" of the Bayreuth *Festspiel*. After leaving the sleepy old Bavarian town, I went for a fortnight to the Austrian Tyrol. Then, instead of returning direct

From a photograph by Aimé Dupont. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

POL PLANÇON AS "MEPHISTOPHELES"

"Parsifal," was his unblushing reply. "That is, if Frau Cosima will oblige me with the necessary permission. But I am afraid she won't. Seriously, though, I should like to do the 'Meistersinger,' even if I have to give it in Italian and get the text specially translated. If only Jean de Reszke would sing *Walther!* See poor old Gudehus in the part here, and then imagine for yourself what a perfect *Walther* Jean would make!"

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to London via Cologne, I left the Rhine steamer at Coblenz, and paid a visit of two or three days to Ems.

My reason for going to Ems was simply this: Jean and Édouard de Reszke were staying there, together with Lassalle, and I had a special object in wishing to see them. I was only just in time, for they had all but completed their "cure," and were intending to be off to Poland or Paris in a day or two. At Ems also was Mme. Nordica, accompanied by her mother; and a very pleasant evening we all spent together on the day of my arrival. Next morning I took breakfast with the famous trio at their hotel—a prelude to what was to prove one of the most interesting incidents of my life. It was raining hard, I remember, and we had plenty of time to linger over our coffee and cigars. Naturally the conversation turned upon Bayreuth, and I had to give a detailed account of what had taken place there. This was precisely what I wanted. I took care, however, to dwell with particular frequency and emphasis upon one of the works that I had heard, and I referred to its beauties so often that at last Lassalle said:

"I wish you would tell us something more about this 'Meistersinger.' Tell us the story."

I turned to Jean and Édouard: "But of course you both know the plot of the 'Meistersinger.' Would it not weary you to listen while I relate it to our friend here?"

"Indeed, no," rejoined the elder brother; "we have only the haziest notion of the story, and I should be really glad to hear it properly narrated."

I thereupon proceeded to describe, with all the eloquence at my command, the manner in which *Sir Walther von Stolzing* sets about his wooing of the fair *Eva*, and how, with the aid of the poet-cobbler, *Hans Sachs*, the gallant knight eventually succeeds in overcoming the prejudices of the well-meaning Mastersingers and winning the hand of the goldsmith's daughter.

The three artists forthwith declared their intention of setting out for Bayreuth without delay; and, to make good their words, they immediately sent off a telegram requesting that seats should be reserved for the final series of representations. At the same time Lassalle, who could not read German, wired to Brussels for a French translation of the libretto, which, I believe, reached him in time. Mme. Nordica, who was on the point of leaving Ems, was duly apprised of their determination and invited to accompany them, which she did.

On the following day I again breakfasted with the three friends. I was quite prepared to hear that they had altered their minds; but, on the contrary, they were more bent than ever on going. In the afternoon I left Ems for England. Later in the month I received from Mme. Nordica this letter:

Berlin, August 21, 1888.

DEAR MR. KLEIN: I thought you would perhaps like to know how we enjoyed our Bayreuth experience. Well, it was truly most sublime!

My mother and I remained in Ems and went along with the "Monsters." And a very jolly journey we had. I was fortunate enough to get tickets for both operas, and after each act we adjourned to the café, hard by, to talk it over. I think Lassalle enjoyed it least of all. But at the last moment all were very *triste*, because, after all their calculations, M. Lassalle received a telegram from France calling him home to his children. So Jean and Edouard were obliged to "trudge" on to Breslau, while their friend fled back to Paris. Your humble servant plodded on to Berlin, and here end the riotous and mirthful scenes with which we are fully acquainted.

I am having splendid success here.

My mother wishes to be kindly remembered, and so does

Yours very sincerely,

Lillian Nordica.

The effect of the visit to Bayreuth was such that Jean de Reszke and Lassalle decided without further hesitation to study "Die Meistersinger" for the following season; but not until I saw him in Paris did I learn from Jean de Reszke's own lips the deep and ineffaceable impression that the Bayreuth representations had left upon him. His decision to essay the rôle of *Walther von Stolzing* had, however, been communicated to Augustus Harris without delay, as also the intimation that Lassalle would play *Hans Sachs*. It is not too much to say that the news filled the enthusiastic manager with genuine pleasure. He at once commissioned the late Giannandrea Mazzucato to prepare an Italian translation of the text, and bade Mancinelli mark the "cuts" essential for reducing the score of "Die Meistersinger" to the Covent Garden limits of that period—a task which the

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worthy conductor performed with characteristic liberality. These were regrettable but indispensable adjuncts of an otherwise welcome experiment, the ultimate success of which was to lead to results vastly more important and far-reaching than I could have dreamed when I related that simple story of medieval Nuremberg over the breakfast-table at Ems.

Meanwhile a serious blow was inflicted upon the cause of opera in England through the death of Carl Rosa, which took place in Paris on April 30, 1889. Failing health had for some time materially restricted the scope of his labors, and, in the opinion of his best friends, he committed a signal error when he converted his enterprise into a limited liability company. On the other hand, he did a good stroke of business when he induced Augustus Harris to unite with him and make it a joint undertaking. Thereby, poor fellow, he lengthened the life of the concern, if powerless to prolong his own. These gifted men worked admirably together, and it was a thousand pities that they were not permitted to "run in double harness" a few years longer. The harm wrought by this premature separation was serious in every way, most of all, perhaps, in that it shifted an excessive load of work and responsibility upon the shoulders of the surviving partner. Augustus Harris now became managing director of the Carl Rosa Company, as well as lessee and manager of Drury Lane and impresario of the Royal Italian Opera; and, even in an age of huge trusts and giant administrators, that was too much for one man to undertake.

The opera season of 1889 opened, at Covent Garden, with Bizet's "Pêcheurs de Perles," given in Italian with Ella Russell, Talazac, and D'Andrade in the cast; but the work signally failed to please. In June the De Reszkes returned, with Melba and Lassalle, and on the 15th a French performance of "Roméo et Juliette" shed luster for the first time upon the annals of a London opera-house. Then came the preparations for the eagerly awaited representation of "Die Meistersinger." These were so far advanced that it took Mancinelli less than a month to get his material into highly creditable shape. To attain perfection another month was of course needed; but when, I should like to know, during or since the Harris era, did a difficult and unfamiliar opera ever receive at Covent Garden an adequate allowance of time for thorough rehearsal? A month for a big Wagner work was considered ample, and, truth to tell, the results accomplished in that absurdly small space of time gave such remarkable satisfaction that no struggle was made to obtain a more liberal concession. London was now learning the lesson of lightning opera production which New York was to imitate later on, as, for example, in the recent instance of Paderewski's "Manru."

Notwithstanding the poetic merit and rhythmical vigor of Mazzucato's adaptation, Jean de Reszke was even now beginning to rebel against the open vowels and soft consonants of the Italian tongue as a medium for the utterance of the crisp, rugged verse, the expressive Teutonic sounds, the biting sibilants and gutturals of Wagner's original text. He felt that his declamation was even losing force in the very act of giving it birth; that it had not yet acquired the intense dramatic quality which had appealed strongly to him in the enunciation of the Bayreuth singers. All this was to be acquired in good time, though we little imagined then that the fulfilment was to be so complete; for as yet the Polish tenor had not declared to a soul (and probably had not yet conceived the idea) that he would ever sing an opera in the German language. And for the moment musical London was content to be radiantly happy over Jean de Reszke's first appearance on any stage (July 13, 1889) as the hero of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger." It was a great occasion, and the public recognized it as such by crowding the house in every part. Rarely have I known Covent Garden to be pervaded so completely by an atmosphere of excitement and curiosity. Only five years previous the same opera had been given there in German before a comparatively lukewarm assemblage of Wagner partizans. Now every section of the operatic community, united in love and admiration for a great artist as well as for a great composer, was fully represented. That the sticklers for the exact letter grumbled at Mancinelli's prodigious cuts may go without saying; but that could not be helped, and, indeed, their complaints were almost unheard amid the general chorus of gratification and pleasure.

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EARLY in the winter of 1889–90 a powerful opera troupe was formed by Mr. Henry Abbey to undertake a tour in the United States, and just before the new year it opened at Chicago with immense éclat. Among the leading artists were Adelina Patti, Emma Albani, Lillian Nordica, and Tamagno. Then for the first time did American opera-lovers hear the diva as *Juliette*, Albani as *Valentina* and *Desdemona*, Nordica as *Aïda*, and Tamagno as *Otello*. Each in turn achieved success; but the chief triumph of the tour fell easily to Mme. Patti, who appeared always to overflowing houses, and received from the critics, especially in California, their loudest pæans of praise. Taken for all in all, this enterprise was noteworthy because it opened the eyes of American managers to the possibility of working independently of the European impresario. It showed them where to look for the lodestones best calculated to attract their own public; and thus it led to the establishment of the prevailing system, which, for a decade at least, I have described elsewhere by saying that "what Covent Garden does this year, New York does next." I need scarcely add that this aphorism has no application whatever to German opera, since the latter was "running alone" in New York while in London it was not out of swaddling-clothes. In 1890, however, the two branches in both cities were still separate and distinct. The time was yet to come when the three great schools of opera should be exploited by a single company of artists upon one and the same stage.

In 1890 all sorts of rumors were in the air concerning the future of Covent Garden Theatre. There was a heavy mortgage on the property, and the owner, Mr. A. Montague, was so uncertain what he would do with it that he would consent to let the opera-house only for a few weeks at a time. Augustus Harris, who that year added to his other trifling labors by accepting the honorable duties of Sheriff of London,[1] would gladly have taken a sublease of the theater for a lengthened period, if only for the sake of being able to effect the many costly structural alterations and decorative improvements of which the place stood so badly in need. But Mr. Montague was in too vacillating a mood, and he would agree to nothing definite. Such was the position of affairs when our old friend Signor Lago came forward and offered to take Covent Garden for a six weeks' autumn season of Italian opera at cheap prices, dating from October 18. The offer was accepted. Lago established his claim, under the clauses of the Berne Convention, to perform certain operas, such as "Faust" and "Lohengrin," without payment of fees to other parties who declared that they owned the remaining rights in those books. It was in virtue of the "interest" vested therein by prior production at Covent Garden that Lago obtained that victory, and the result considerably upset the calculations of the Carl Rosa Opera Company and Augustus Harris, who had paid large sums for surviving rights in certain operas that now proved to possess only a limited value. Harris, in reply to an inquiry, had written me this note:

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,
15th November, 1889.

DEAR KLEIN: Except "Parsifal," all Wagner rights for this country are ours, in all languages. No piece can be done at a concert, even, without permission from

Yours truly,
Augustus Harris
and the Carl Rosa Company.

But the connection between the two undertakings was soon to be terminated. The new sheriff was fain to admit that even his Napoleonic grasp was not equal to the task of holding and directing the strands of such a huge coil of enterprises, to which, by the way, he had recently added the lesseeship of a theater at Newcastle. Toward the end of 1890 he resigned his position as managing director of the Carl Rosa Company, and the splendid edifice which had taken fifteen years to build was now, for the first time, without an actual controlling head. Its fortunes, I am sorry to say, quickly began to suffer. The concern did not long continue to pay a dividend, and in a few years had become, what it is now, a mere shadow of its former prosperous self.

The winter of 1891–92 was marked by operatic events of the greatest import to the United States. Encouraged by his previous successes, Henry Abbey determined to do things on a yet grander scale, and, with the aid of new associates, launched out upon a double enterprise of formidable

[1] He was a liveryman (by purchase) of the City of London and Prime Warden of the Loriners' Company. He was the first theatrical manager upon whom the coveted shrieval dignity had ever been bestowed.

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magnitude. One of those associates was destined thereafter to play an important part in the direction of opera on both sides of the Atlantic. I refer to Maurice Grau. For the moment Abbey held the guiding reins, and nobody knew exactly how much he owed to the energy and tact of his junior partner. At the same time, the experience earned by Maurice Grau during this period was of inestimable value to him. He became familiar with the countless nuances of operatic management; he acquired his characteristic habit of blunt, straightforward dealing with artists of every rank; he developed his excellent business qualities, and learned the knack of gaging to a nicety the requirements of public taste. A finer practical schooling in the delicate duties of an impresario could not possibly have been devised. Nor could anything have been more timely.

For the moment had now arrived when the American manager was to keep in closer touch with the London stage; when the "tricks and manners" of Covent Garden were to be immediately imitated at the Metropolitan Opera House; when the same collections of artists and works were to serve for both countries. The double venture run by Abbey consisted of a big series of Patti concerts and a five months' season of grand opera with a company headed by Jean de Reszke. The renowned prima donna awakened, as usual, the utmost enthusiasm. At each concert a scene, in costume, from an opera was given, Mme. Patti being supported by Del Puente, Novara, and other artists, with Arditi as conductor. On the other hand, the débuts in America of Jean and Édouard de Reszke were at the outset more successful in an artistic than a financial sense. It seems to have taken time for the public to realize that in the new Polish tenor a really great artist had come upon the scene. A small section of the press also appears to have hesitated, though not the leading critics of New York and Chicago, who quickly proclaimed the advent of a star of the first magnitude. That M. de Reszke himself was, on the whole, gratified by his reception may be gathered from the following letter, which I translate from the French:

Auditorium Hotel, Chicago,
December 9, 1891.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I beg to inclose some press cuttings from this place in order that you may learn of the success of your friends in America. I have sung twice in "Lohengrin," twice in "Faust," twice in the "Huguenots," once in "Roméo," twice in "Otello," and once in "Lohengrin" at Louisville. That makes ten representations in a month. The public is very warm, very enthusiastic toward us. Édouard, for his part, besides the operas with me, has sung *Leporello* and in "Sonnambula." You would confer on us a great pleasure by showing the cuttings to Harris, to Higgins, and to your colleagues, in order that London may know how the artists of its choice have been winning honors here. I sing to-morrow "Aïda," with Lilli Lehmann, for my farewell in this city; then on Thursday I leave for New York, where I am to make my début on Monday in "Roméo." Trusting you are in good health, with a hearty hand-shake, believe me,

Your devoted and ever grateful
Jean de Reszke.

In New York the brothers were met by their friend Lassalle, who made his first appearance as *Nelusko* in "L'Africaine"; while, as *Selika*, Lillian Nordica also rejoined the company and her former comrades. That night was the most brilliant of the season, and the cable messages to Europe told of unequivocal success all round. Yet the "business," it appeared, was by no means first-rate, and in the end the entrepreneurs must have fared but moderately. The revenge, however, was to come in the succeeding years, when the American public knew Jean de Reszke better and learned to appreciate the true majesty of his transcendent gifts. He, for his part, quickly reciprocated the warm feeling shown him by American audiences, and would frequently assure me how profoundly he esteemed their good opinion. As an illustration of this I cannot do better than quote the interesting letter (which I translate from the French) he wrote me from Chicago, in 1894, immediately after the production of Massenet's "Werther":

Chicago, March 31, 1894.

MY DEAR FRIEND: In an artist's life every new rôle is a stage in that long journey toward the summits of art, toward the beautiful, the infinite. "Werther," the other night, was for me one of those unanimous successes wherein the heart—the science of causing it to beat in one's audience and before one's audience—stood in true proportion to every artifice. The true path—that of emotion—that goal for which I am striving all my life—was reached in the presence of a public which did not un-

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derstand the words, but which divined by instinct that my conception of the character arose from that simplicity, that pure, unexaggerated truthfulness, which age and maturity alone can confer upon the thinking artist. . . . I am sending you the cuttings from the newspapers here; show them to Harris, who, I hope, will mount the opera for me. Mancinelli conducted the orchestra admirably. Eames and Arnoldson are two adorable little sisters. In a word, I believe that to the cultivated London public, accustomed as it is to novelties, it will come as a delightful surprise. I sing regularly three times every week, and my voice is excellent. At this present moment I am reaching my forty-first performance. Accept, my dear friend, from Édouard and myself, a thousand affectionate remembrances, together with a hearty shake of the hand.

Your devoted

Jean de Reszke.

Three months later Harris did mount "Werther" at Covent Garden, with the Chicago cast, for the rentrée of Jean de Reszke; but the opera failed to please. Not even the genius of the artist could invest with enduring interest a work consistently somber, undramatic, and dull. Yet, taken individually, his impersonation was in its way one of the supreme achievements of his career. His voice at this period was at its very finest; nor shall I ever forget his wonderful singing and acting in the duet of the third act, where "his beautiful tones fairly compassed the entire gamut of passionate longing and despair."

"Chi va piano va sano, ed anche lontano." The old Italian proverb applies with some force to the progress made by Sir Augustus Harris toward the development of the important branch of opera which yet awaited his attention. The popularity of French opera in the French language would seem to have been the natural stepping-stone to German opera in the German language. But I am not quite sure that Harris found his subscribers as ready as he himself was to risk the step. Annual pilgrimages to Bayreuth had not yet become a favorite amusement of the British aristocracy. Lady de Grey and her friends were said to be inclined to look askance at any proposition for the enlargement of the opera scheme beyond the lines which had hitherto proved so successful. However, it is to be presumed that the opposition, if there was any worth speaking of, speedily broke down; for in the early spring of 1892 the impresario boldly announced his intention of giving a series of German performances at Covent Garden in mid-season, with the aid of a special troupe of German artists.

Absurd as it may seem, the "Nibelungen" dramas were given out of their proper order because a certain great Bayreuth artist insisted upon making his English début in a particular character. Herr Max Alvary wished to be seen first as *Siegfried;* consequently we had to have "Siegfried" first; then "Rheingold" and "Walküre," and then "Götterdämmerung" to wind up with. I know not whom to blame the more, Alvary for demanding such a piece of vandalism, or Harris for allowing it; but in either case *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and there I halt. Certainly Alvary was an ideal *Siegfried.*

So extensively did these German representations draw that Sir Augustus determined to give some of them on off nights at Drury Lane, moving the scenery back and forth from one house to the other. The device paid him well, and, besides the Wagner works, he added to his repertory Nessler's "Trompeter von Säkkingen," with Reichmann, Wiegand, Lorent, Landau, Bettaque, and Schumann-Heink in the principal parts. Altogether the experiment proved a complete success, and set at rest all doubts as to the wisdom and desirability of mixing the undiluted German with those other operatic elements which Sir Augustus Harris, dropping the traditional "Italian," had this season for the first time combined under the new official title of "Royal Opera, Covent Garden."

Jean de Reszke's first appearance as a German singer in Wagnerian opera was destined to take place, not in England, but in America. This was during the winter of 1895–96. My impatience to hear him sing in German was natural, for I had fully sympathized with his desire to escape from the trammels of the Italian translation, and had done my share toward paving the way for his mastery of the original text. Fortune was kind enough to afford me an earlier opportunity than I had anticipated of enjoying the fruit of this endeavor. It happened that at Easter, 1896, I paid my first visit to the United States for the purpose of attending the production of the comic opera "El Capitan," of which my brother, Charles Klein, was the author and

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John Philip Sousa the composer. Directly after that successful event I spent a week in New York, just when Mr. Grau's supplementary season at the Metropolitan Opera House was approaching its close.

I had hoped, before my return to England, to hear both "Lohengrin" and "Tristan" in German; but, as it turned out, I could not remain for the latter. But my self-denial was first to receive compensation in the shape of a very rare, if not unparalleled, compliment—one of those tributes of personal regard which we appreciate most when they are perfectly spontaneous and unpremeditated.

It was arranged that we were all to sup together in Mme. Nordica's apartments at her hotel after the performance of "Lohengrin." Our hostess was, indeed, the heroine, in a special sense, of that representation; for after the bridal scene she was presented with a superb diamond tiara, which had been subscribed for by the leaders of New York society. The assemblage was one of the most brilliant and crowded of the season. It was the first time I ever saw the Metropolitan Opera House, and I was much struck with its handsome proportions. Then, again, under Anton Seidl's magic wand, the performance touched at all points a very high level of excellence. Finally, I derived immense pleasure from the novel sensation of hearing Jean and Édouard de Reszke as exponents of Wagner's own text. Their conscientious enunciation of each syllable, their accurate diction, and their admirable accent seemed to impart an added dignity alike to the music and to their impersonations. Even the more cultivated listener might easily have imagined them to be native German singers. Mme. Nordica, too, handled the German words with remarkable facility and confidence. Altogether, it was a most meritorious achievement.

The subsequent reunion at the hotel found every one in the highest spirits. Besides the three artists, there were present Mme. Nordica's sister (Mrs. Walker) and Mr. Amherst Webber, the talented English *maestro al piano*, who had recently acted as accompanist to the brothers in their Wagnerian studies.

After supper the conversation turned upon Bayreuth, and reference was made to a certain half-promise given by Jean de Reszke to Frau Cosima, that he would one day sing *Tristan* and *Walther*, or perhaps even *Siegfried*, at the festival. I remarked that, after what I had heard that night, I entertained no doubts concerning the adequate quality of his accent.

Then the distinguished tenor turned to Mme. Nordica and proposed that, as I was evidently not to be made to alter my determination to leave before the production of "Tristan," the best thing they could do would be to "bring the mountain to Mohammed" and sing some "Tristan" to me there and then; and that between one and two in the morning, and after a heavy opera like "Lohengrin"! Surely it was not possible. But surprise and incredulity quickly changed to delight. For, without an instant's hesitation, Mme. Nordica consented; Mr. Webber went to the piano and played a few introductory bars; and, almost before I could realize what was being done, the two gifted artists were warbling the wondrous love-scene from Wagner's immortal music-drama.

They did not spare themselves, either, these generous friends. They sang with full voice; they went through not only the scene with which they had started, but the duet of the first act as well; and, from beginning to end, the exquisite beauty of their phrasing, the blending of their voices in perfect intonation and unity of color, the significance of their supreme dramatic interpretation, constituted at once a marvel and a revelation. It was a strange experience, sitting at the supper-table (for none of us but Mr. Webber had moved from our seats) while for an hour or more those two famous singers reveled in the enjoyment of their self-imposed task, undertaken for the sole purpose of conferring pleasure upon an old friend.

A month later the De Reszkes were at Covent Garden, giving habitués a taste of their quality as German singers in "Lohengrin," "Tristan," and "Die Meistersinger." Their success was unqualified. In the new *Tristan* was hailed the beau-ideal—the perfect conception and the complete realization—of the noblest of Wagner's knightly heroes. The *König Marke* and the *Hans Sachs* of Édouard de Reszke won unstinted admiration. Also to be noted was the *Pogner* of Pol Plançon, an artist whose magnificent organ and supreme gifts, alike as singer and as actor, had by this time won him immense popularity in London. Un-

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fortunately, Mme. Nordica did not come that season to share in the triumphs of the new German campaign. Albani sang *Elsa* and *Isolde;* Emma Eames was the *Eva*, and a delightful one, I remember. But the Gallic craze was still rampant, and in the midst of all this good work we were amazed at the spectacle of a performance of "Die Walküre" in French, with Alvarez (not Alvary, poor fellow!) as *Siegmund*, Lola Beeth as *Sieglinde*, Mantelli (sic) as *Brünnhilde*, Albers as *Wotan*, and Castelmary as *Hunding!* Little need to state that the absurd and useless proceeding was a dismal failure.

The most notable event of the season of 1896 was, alas! the death of Sir Augustus Harris. It was in the middle of June, at a moment when everything appeared bright and prosperous, that London was startled by the sudden illness and premature decease of its favorite manager. Only forty-four years of age, "Gus" died amid general expressions of sorrow. Like Tom Bowling in the ballad, "his friends were many and true-hearted"; these mourned for the man. But countless were the numbers of those that had never known him, yet deplored the loss of the genial worker who had catered generously to their theatrical amusement and had raised opera in England from a "moribund" state to its present flourishing condition. Harris did not realize the limit of his physical powers. Though his heart was only in two or three undertakings, his brain and hand were in a dozen. When death overtook him he was actually struggling to revive the languishing fortunes of the huge circus business known as Olympia!

"His genius was of that Napoleonic order which comes but rarely into existence and still more rarely finds its exact bent. His spirit moved with the times; it was *fin de siècle* in the most marked degree, and it brooked the interference of tradition only when by so doing it could secure the survival of the fittest. Where the public taste was concerned his instinct seldom erred; he knew precisely what his patrons wanted and how best to give it them. As impresario, manager, entrepreneur, dramatist, librettist, and stage manager, all rolled into one, he was absolutely unique; and it may be taken for granted that we shall 'ne'er look upon his like again.'" These words are as true to-day as they were when I wrote them nearly seven years ago.

A FORTY-HORSE-POWER STRATAGEM

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

THAT love is a cave-dweller Lester Wood was made aware when Tillie's eyes were raised to his own and the little untamed god came forth to give him greeting. The better to acquaint himself with love's abode, Lester took Miss Tillie's face between his hands and looked in her eyes with all the ardor of his nature. Subsequently, indeed immediately, at love's own invitation, he kissed the red, moist lips so near his own.

In repetition there is confirmation. Wood and Tillie confirmed their love without delay. Then he said:

"Oh, Tillie, let 's get married right away! I have loved you more than a year."

"If we can, we will," she answered. "You can speak to papa in the morning."

Therefore, in the morning, Lester Wood made his second discovery, namely, that there are other cave-dwellers, whose names are not those of Cupid. Yet when Mr. Burr, whose other name was Tillie's father, had glared at Wood barbarously from his breakfast-chair for a moment, he quelled himself and turned his danger-signals down.

"So that 's what 's been going on in broad daylight," said he.

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"Moonlight, too," murmured Lester.

"Yes, sir; I knew it the first time we met."

Mr. Burr took the Worcestershire sauce bottle carelessly in his hand. He appeared to debate in his mind whether he would eat Mr. Wood with or without a condiment.

"Young man," he said after a moment, "I don't know much about you at present, but they say you are to be relied upon to keep your word."

"I am glad if I have earned that reputation," answered Lester.

"Yes. Good thing. Now, sir, you would n't expect me to give you an answer before my stomach has decided as to whether it will digest my breakfast or not?"

"Why, I suppose an hour from now would do as well."

The primeval cave-dwellers again looked out from beneath Mr. Burr's beetling brows.

"Huh!" said that gentleman, spontaneously. "I imagine you will find this afternoon will have to do for us both. In the meantime, Mr. Wood, I wish you to give me your word, as a gentleman, that under no circumstances will you make any effort or proposal to run away with my daughter. Plainly, sir, I dislike that sort of thing exceedingly."

Wood regarded him in silence for a moment, while his senses of warning searched swiftly about for hidden meanings in his elective father's speech. Discovering nothing more ominous than a possible postponement of the nuptials, whereas he had frankly expected a more or less violent opposition, he nodded assentingly.

"I don't like running away myself," he said. "I 'll willingly give you my promise that we won't elope. And you 'll give your consent this afternoon?"

"Did n't I say I would not decide this morning? I said I would think it over and see you this afternoon."

"All right," replied the unabashed young man. "I 'll drop in after lunch. But we 'd like very much to be married in the little wooden church before they tear it down. The new one won't be ready for a year."

Outside the door he encountered Tillie herself. She hung in his arms for a moment and paid him tribute for having listened.

"Oh, I know he 'll consent," she whispered. "He was n't really cross at all."

Lester inquired: "Is he often troubled with indecision of the stomach?"

"Sometimes," said Tillie.

"Then give him something easy for lunch."

With this suggestion Tillie willingly complied. Nevertheless, her father was crosser than × when Lester once more appeared in his presence late that afternoon.

"Well, sir," demanded the old gentleman, "what now?"

"The same thing I called about this morning," said Wood.

"I 'm a busy man; I don't wish to be bothered," Mr. Burr announced.

"No, sir," Lester agreed. "It will take only a second to say yes."

"Will it, indeed? I suppose you have got the ring in your pocket already."

"I can get one—if you encourage me to do so."

The older man looked at him enigmatically.

"For a young man in your predicament it would be a handy thing to have," he remarked.

The eager Wood missed the sarcasm.

"Then you consent? We may be married soon?" he urged.

"Get the ring and have it handy," advised Mr. Burr. "You can be married the first time I see a church rolling down the hill and stopping in front of the house."

Wood gazed at him blankly. He flushed and then became suddenly pale.

"But, Mr. Burr—I don't think—I understand," he stammered.

"It will dawn on you gradually, therefore easily," said the older man. "You will have plenty of time to think it over. Good day."

It was futile for Wood to stutter, to expostulate, to appeal.

"You wanted my consent. You have it," Mr. Burr interrupted. "We are men of our word. So I say again, good day."

"Men of our word" indeed! Wood suddenly realized something of the beauty of the trap into which the craftier man had led him. When exacting the promise that there should be no elopement, he had contemplated this bit of parental chicanery so cleverly prepared.

To remain and fight would be to commit the gravest folly; and yet if ever a man felt tricked and baffled, therefore fighting mad, it was Wood.

"Thank you," said he, withdrawing. "Your kindness a little overwhelms me. I can hardly express my gratitude."

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Mr. Burr glared at him searchingly, but, satisfied with the pallid countenance he saw, bowed him abruptly out of the room.

In the hall a sweet little leaning tower of tears was well-nigh inconsolable.

"Oh, Lester," she said, "what shall we do? What shall we do?"

"I 'll have to crawl inside myself and think," said Lester. "Perhaps I can get him into an accident, and then save his life—drop him out of a balloon first, and give him a parachute just before he hits. Or I might hire a tribe of Apaches to commit a massacre on his person, and intervene at the vital moment. I don't know. I 'll do something. I 'll never give in. He made me promise that we would n't run away. If only we could make him run away, then we could chase him up together, after first getting married, for the sake of propriety. Tillie, I 'm going to do something desperate; you mark my word!"

Thereupon he kissed her with manly defiance.

II

It is said to be far more exciting and agreeable for a lady to wait for a husband before she is married than it ever is afterward. Be this as it may, there was little either of excitement or joy for Tillie Burr in the ten days that followed the ultimatum of her father. Lester had so prodded his brain for a means of outwitting his chosen parent that his head fairly ached, even in his dreams. Had all his inventions been patentable as useful appliances, his fortune would have been speedily secured.

Whensoever they met he imparted to Tillie all of his wild ideas. When she shuddered the most, her pride in his ingenuity was the greatest, and her sighs over all the hopelessness of the situation were the deepest.

"I can borrow Van Voorst's automobile," he said on one of these occasions. "It 's a forty-horse-power racing car. Do you think your father would go riding with me some fine afternoon?"

"What would you do?" said Tillie, vaguely alarmed.

"Oh, I don't know yet. But an automobile does so many extemporary things that I 'm sure that between us we could manage something, on the spur of any moment."

"Try to think of something gentle and kind—something to touch his heart," suggested Tillie. "I 'm sure you can if you try."

"If there were any relenting in his system, he would relent for you," said Lester. "They 'll have the little church destroyed while I am hunting around to find his heart."

"They have n't begun to tear it down already?" she said.

"No; but they expect to start operations in less than a week. They will hold the very last service there this coming Sunday."

"Oh, Lester, get them to leave it—just for a few days more," she begged.

He looked at her oddly. The whole expression of his countenance was altered. Winking his eyes with rapidity and screwing up his mouth in an unaccustomed pucker, he thought for a moment, hard.

"Tillie," he said then, while a sunrise was suddenly manifested in his face, "I 've got a scheme. I 'll see what I can do about the church. You get your wedding-dresses and everything ready at once for a wedding on two minutes' notice, and—leave the rest to me."

"But what are you going to do?" she inquired in eagerness.

"I don't quite know," he told her, lying like a pirate, "but I think I 'll try to touch your father's heart. Good-by." And in greater haste than she had seen him develop for weeks, he departed.

Amazed and curious, Tillie expended the precious moments, as often as they met in the next few days, in fruitless questions concerning her fiancé's intentions.

It was not until the ensuing Monday evening, however, that Lester could impart any definite instructions. He asked her then what dozen friends she would like to invite to the wedding, and bade her be dressed and ready for the ceremony to be performed in the early afternoon of the following day.

"But you have n't spoken to papa for a week," she said in excitement. "You don't know what he 'll say or do."

"I have a faint conception of what he may be tempted to say or do in the first few minutes," he answered, "but don't you worry. Just leave it to me, like a sweet, good girl, and tell me where I can find your father's man."

"He's weeding the pansies. Oh, Lester, I am so nervous I don't know what to do! If only you would tell me what to expect!"

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"You can expect to become my wife at one o'clock to-morrow," he said, as he held her blushing face between his hands and kissed her fondly. "One o'clock, unless something should break. But I 've got a lot to do, and I 've got to see the man for a second." Wherefore he went.

The following day was created of garlands of sunshine. With her heart tripping in trepidation and love's uncertainty, Tillie prepared herself to be married in a traveling-costume purchased the previous week. She had summoned three of her girl companions to her aid, in consequence of which there were four excited bosoms beneath the roof of Burr as the fateful hour of one approached.

"Look out—and see—if any one is—coming," Tillie gasped from time to time.

But the road that sloped down from the village was undisturbed, and all was peace in the meadows.

One o'clock passed. The four girls, who waited for some manner of stratagem to develop, were filled with nervous dread.

It was fully half an hour later when, after harrowing tortures of expectancy, Tillie heard the hired man go noisily into the house and summon her father from his study.

"What—what do you think—can be the —matter?" she said.

One of the bridesmaids went at once to the open window.

"Why—why—why, something! Oh, look!" she cried. "The church! The church is coming!"

"Holy smoke!" cried the voice of the gardener, down on the lawn below with Mr. Burr, "the bloomin' church is rollin' down the bloomin' hill!"

The sight was unmistakable. The little toy chapel, indeed, was jacked up on trucks, and, in tow of a coughing and heavily "ballasted" automobile, had rounded the turn of the road and was almost come to the Burr abode.

Its tiny steeple swayed aloft like a mast. It creaked as the automobile tugged it down the slope. Its bell had been tied, but now it was suddenly loosened, and swinging about in a mad sort of glee, it voiced a joy most inconsequent, if not indecorous.

To the utter amazement of Mr. Burr, the edifice halted in front of his garden. A smartly dressed young man emerged from the door.

"Mr. Burr, I believe," he said. "A note for you, with compliments."

A sudden suspicion flashed through the mind of the man with a marriageable daughter. He took the note, which read:

DEAR SIR: You are a man of your word. Tillie is ready. I am waiting at the altar with the ring, which I have kept handy.

Your affectionate son,
Lester Wood.

If Parent Burr's heart still remained untouched, his sense of humor capitulated promptly. He grinned. When he turned about, four anxious girlish faces confronted his gaze.

"Well, Tillie, come on," he said. "I guess there 's something in him, after all."

All smiles and tears together, Tillie ran to find a place about his neck. She kissed him warmly. Then she presently took his arm, and they walked to the visiting church, the door of which had been prepared with steps and a carpet.

With banks of flowers, guests, minister, best man, and groom, the tiny interior was complete. There was even an organ, the glad strains of which, combined with the twinkling gleams in eyes all about, gave greeting to the pretty little procession now appearing. The smiling Mr. Burr led his dainty flock of girls toward the altar, where Lester Wood, in manly earnestness, stood awaiting his bride.

Then at last, when the sweet old ceremony had been made human by the tears, kisses, and congratulations which duly held their sway, Mr. Burr "surrounded" his son-in-law and regarded him earnestly. He was looking for evidences of genius in the young man's countenance.

"Well, sir," he said at length, "and what will you do with this church, now that you have rolled it down the hill in front of my door?"

"I 'll roll it over on the farther side," said the genius. "The people of Smallville wanted a church, so I have sold them this one at a profit."

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TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE "WALK-IN-AND-TALK-IT OVER" PLAN

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE SOUTHERN EDUCATION CONFERENCES

A SHOEMAKER in a little New England valley displays a sign on the top of his shop bearing the following inviting language: "WALK IN AND TALK IT OVER." It is an announcement that has more of timeliness and general application than may have originally occurred to the displayer of the sign. The "get-together" and "talk-it-over" method is having a remarkable vogue nowadays. It was conspicuously present in the World's Congress of Religions at the Chicago Columbian Exposition. It is used by those interested in social progress. It is at the basis of the various schemes for conciliation between capital and labor. It is the backbone of the international arbitration movement, Mr. Carnegie's proposed Palace of Peace at The Hague being merely a commodious and agreeable place where the nations of the world may "walk in and talk it over" in the most convenient and dignified manner—in this case a highly civilized and truly Christian substitute for the old-fashioned, romantic, corpse-decorated battlefield, where the nations, instead, walked in and fought it over.

The "talk-it-over," in place of the "fight-it-over," method, implies a higher state not merely of manners and morals, but also of human intelligence, as illustrated by the story told the other day in the South of a colored servant who, referring to the Civil War, remarked that, as the white folks had n't intelligence enough to settle the question peaceably, they had to go and fight it out.

The Peace Convention just before that war was an unsuccessful attempt to talk it over, without fighting; and one great and highly entertaining and pacifying "talk-it-over" after the war may be said to have been conducted in the pages of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, where the leading survivors of the battles, on both sides, were invited to give their own accounts of the various engagements and campaigns.

One of the most interesting modern examples of the talking-over method is the series of annual Conferences on Education in the South, with which the name of Mr. Robert C. Ogden is prominent. The sixth was held recently in Richmond, the capital of Virginia and the former capital of the Southern Confederacy. The valuable and instructive "talking over" on this occasion, between representatives of various parts of the North and of the South, was not only upon the public platform, but in social intercourse.

There is no intention of making these conferences a forum for general debate on the negro question in all its bearings. The common ground is an interest in the education of the masses of the people, white and black, the desire being to seek out the best methods, with a strong leaning in favor of industrial training, and to keep alive and to extend public interest. This latest conference and "talk-over" certainly marked an advance in two directions: first, in the still wider acceptance by leading statesmen and officials, educators, writers, and leaders of the better opinion of the Southern States, of the necessity, not of killing, deporting, or crushing the negro, but of lending him a helping hand in his earnest attempts at self-betterment; second, the conference illustrated the increasing confidence of Northern opinion in the great Southern movement in this direction.

It seems that, as has been remarked, time has brought a new nomenclature regarding governors. The talk concerning war governors is replaced by the talk concerning education governors. Virginia has her education governor in Governor Montague, who in his opening address declared, without qualification, that education is the "supreme task of statesmanship and the supreme need of the people." Perhaps the most important address at this special conference was that of one of the most conservative educators of the South, Chancellor Walter B. Hill of the University of

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Georgia. Chancellor Hill's were golden words indeed, and should be read everywhere in the North and in the South as the mature conviction and earnest proclamation of one who looks upon the question of Southern education not merely with the responsibility of an expert, but in the broad light of statesmanship. Such an utterance, along with similar statements by other distinguished Southern college presidents and molders of opinion, justifies the present hopeful attitude of patriotic men and women, North and South, in relation to this tremendous problem. Said Chancellor Hill, in part:

In the days when the Southern section of our country was threatened with force bills and similar legislation there were utterances in the South, which might be gathered up from press, pulpit, and platform of that time literally by the millions, in which it was said that if the North would only let the South alone, the South would solve the problem in wisdom and in justice. These utterances were sincere, and their fulfilment involves not only a plain duty, but involves also the strong point of the South, the point of honor. The change in the attitude of the North cannot fairly be regarded as a desertion of the negro; but, as Mr. Cleveland aptly said, it is an "expression of faith and confidence in the respectable white people of the South."

There are some to be found who say, or at least imply, that it would be dangerous for the South to do full justice to the negro in the matter of education. They affect to fear that the result of such a policy would be to bring the negro into dangerous competition with the white race. There is no surer way to dishonor the blood in white veins than to entertain the apprehension that the negro can so overcome racial characteristics and the advantage of a start of at least two thousand years as to endanger the supremacy of the white race. In expressing confidence in this future supremacy nothing more is involved than the claim of supremacy for intelligence. So far from being true that the South cannot afford full justice to the negro, I would say that the only thing which the South cannot afford in its relation to the negro race is injustice. All history teaches that injustice injures and deteriorates the individual or nation that practises it, while, on the other hand, it develops and strengthens the man or race upon which it is inflicted. . . .

The South has voluntarily done much for the education of the negro, and will take no backward step in this direction. . . . For every dollar contributed by the wealth-endowed philanthropy of the North for this purpose the South, out of her poverty, has contributed four dollars. It cannot be pretended that all the people of the South are satisfied with this policy. It must frankly be admitted that some of them are restive under it, but it can at least be asserted that the leaders of thought are the friends of negro education.

When it is remembered that the deliberate language at Richmond of the chancellor of the University of Georgia was far from running counter to the spirit of a conference in which Southern men and women predominated, but was instead a clear and downright formulation of that spirit, the reasons for encouragement are evident. The South is no more exempt than the North from those who use wild and whirling words; it is not, nor is the North, a paradise from which narrow and evil-working politicians are absent. Not every recent enactment, not every political procedure in the Southern States, may be inwrought with that sense of justice which Chancellor Hill extols; but there is great encouragement in a knowledge of the fact that the best sentiment and highest ability of the South is at work as never before to bring about better conditions in the life of the whole people.

LITERATURE AND DIPLOMACY

THE Authors Club of New York not long ago very appropriately "received" M. Jusserand, the new ambassador from the French to the American republic—received him as an accomplished comrade in letters, and presented to him an edition of the works of Edgar Allan Poe. The occasion was an interesting one, though little appeared concerning it in the newspapers. The ambassador spoke in that English the literature of which he has studied so long and to such good purpose, as his numerous works attest.

In the speeches that were made, reference was natural not only to the works of the distinguished guest of the evening, not only to the writings of Poe,—so long and warmly cherished in France,—not only to the characteristics of French literature, but also to the connection between literature and diplomacy, and especially between American literature and American diplomacy. M. Jusserand was reminded that

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the history of American diplomacy is illustrated by a line of eminent authors, some of them having been, perhaps, more distinguished as writers than as diplomats; others having been more distinguished as diplomats than as writers; while others were equally distinguished in both capacities. There have been, of course, many successful and prominent members of the diplomatic and consular corps who would hardly have laid claim to membership in a body like the Authors Club, and yet who have not been at a loss to express themselves in excellent literary form.

That the roll-call of our literary diplomats (including in the term members of the consular service) is a significant one can be proved by imagining what American literature would have been without such names as those of Franklin, Irving, Bancroft, Hawthorne, Motley, Bayard Taylor, Donald G. Mitchell, Lowell, Howells, and Bret Harte.

The full list of our literary diplomats, liberally so defined, would include Jefferson, sent to France, as were John Adams and Franklin; the other Adamses, the Livingstons, Joel Barlow, Albert Gallatin, John Jay, John Marshall, Henry Wheaton, John Howard Paine, Nicholas Biddle, Edward Everett, A. H. Everett, W. Beach Laurence, Adam Badeau, George P. Marsh, Eugene Schuyler, W. H. Prescott, J. L. M. Curry, J. Ross Browne, Robert Dale Owen, Albert Rhodes, J. G. Nicolay, S. G. W. Benjamin, S. S. Cox, Rounseville Wildman—among those who have gone. Only on technical grounds would be excluded from such a category the name of Sumner, the traveled and literary statesman, who knew his Europe well, and who, as chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, helped to shape the diplomacy of the nation in trying times.

In our day are John Bigelow and Whitelaw Reid; that veteran and master diplomat, Andrew D. White; John W. Foster, Hannis Taylor, Carl Schurz, Oscar Straus, J. J. Piatt, John B. Moore, William M. Sloane, Nadal, Hardy, George F. Parker, J. Augustus Johnson, J. C. B. Davis, F. W. Seward, G. F. Seward, H. Vignaud, S. H. M. Byers, W. L. Alden, W. W. Astor, Penfield, Horton, Tourgee, Bishop, De Kay; Adee, who stands both for perpetuity, knowledge, and wit in the Department of State; Hay, one of the most literary, as he is one of the most brilliantly successful, of the diplomats of the world.

It has been said that the frequent success of literary men in public affairs is natural and to be expected, because their profession trains them to see things as they are, and to state them clearly. At least, we know that their proportion of success in diplomacy, as well as in other affairs of government, is excellent. Some might say that as the world's business increases, diplomacy must more and more depend, in its highest responsibilities, upon special training; and that, on the other hand, as the world's literature increases, an even greater concentration upon his special work will be demanded of the writer. Yet a fresh view and a new hand, ideals of a different nature from those of the expert diplomatist, may at times be vastly useful in the diplomatic field; while a wider outlook upon the world may add both scope and power to the writer's art.

It is likely to be the case in America that as time goes on and our relations with foreign powers become more and more complicated and pressing, permanence in consular and diplomatic office, based upon knowledge and proved fitness, will be the rule. This may mean that it will not be so common a practice to take scholars and authors from private life and place them suddenly in foreign consulates and missions. But even then it is likely that our literature will be enriched by the work of men who have become authors while enjoying the opportunities for new studies and broader observation afforded by the foreign service of their country; so that if, hitherto, literature has contributed to diplomacy, hereafter we shall see our diplomacy contributing to our literature, as has, not infrequently, already been the case.

It would, indeed, be unfortunate if the diplomacy of the future should be entirely estranged from literature; for the markedly literary diplomat may be of high and particular utility in that nobler diplomacy which includes peoples no less than governments. This is the diplomacy which fosters peace with an economy which puts to shame the insane method of ever-increasing fleets and armies—a method which burdens the hapless people, in whole decades wherein no hostile sword is drawn, with the full cost of actual and bloody war.

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OPEN LETTERS

The Menippus by Velasquez

(SEE FRONTISPIECE)

THIS painting hangs in the Salon de Velasquez of the Prado Museum in Madrid, and measures five feet ten inches high by about three feet wide. It is life-size and painted on canvas. The figure is clad in a black cloak, and the painting has a warm brownish and grayish background. It is in the third or latest style of the artist.

The form of the figure beneath the cloak is well expressed. The boots are of a soft, deep-buff color, harmonizing well with the general scheme. The standing of the brown water-jar on the board, which is poised on two round stones, is said to have been a favorite feat of the philosopher—a vainglorious formula of his sobriety and abstinence. He lived on beans, despite the fact that Pythagoras proscribed them.

At his feet lie an open folio on the left and a roll of parchment with an octavo volume on the right. He has the cheery, optimistic air of the true philosopher, though there is mingled somewhat of the Cynic in his expression. Note here what Lucian, the Greek poet and satirist, gives in his picture of Menippus, and how Velasquez takes the license of a poet in departing from him. The parchment and books at the feet may have been intended by Velasquez to symbolize the disregard and contempt in which he held the would-be philosophers of his time.

Timothy Cole.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

To a Little Swedish Girl

WHEN Ragnhild brings the washing,
If she 's got some time to spare,
She takes her hat and yacket off,
And sits down on a chair;
And then she starts to yabber,
Till we laugh and laugh and laugh,
And beg her yus' to yabber on—
We 've not enough by half.

She tells about Yorge Washington,
And how he yumped for yoy
When his father did n't punish him,
But called him noble boy;
And 'bout the yigs she dances
With Yohnson Yackson's Yim,
And all the yolly yokes he tells,
And what she says to him.

Ah, Ragnhild, little Ragnhild,
With the winsome flower face,
We love to hear your chatter
As it echoes through the place;
We love to feed you dainties
That we 've brought from near and far;
To hear you asking if it 's yam
Or yelly in the yar.

We 'd like to see all little maids
So patient, brave, and sweet;
With hands so deft at tiresome yobs,
Such ever-willing feet.
May you, with yest upon your lips,
Yus' yog your way through life,
Till comes some lucky yentleman
To claim you for his wife.

Augusta Kortrecht.

It 's a Careless Age, is Twenty-five

IT 's a careless age, is twenty-five,
And all of the world is fair.
There 's a rondeau then for Molly's lips
And a sonnet for Helen's hair.
One easily sings of so many things,
And rhyme is quite within reach;
But one's figures when one is—well, no matter what,
Are hardly figures of speech.

And at forty—why, one is n't quite passé;
It is chilly, perhaps, not cold;
And sweet sixteen, be she kind as she may,
You know that she thinks you old.

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The frost just touches the maple-tree,
And the forest is all aglow;
But when one reaches—well, no matter what,
There is only the white of the snow.

Oh, I have not turned my back on the muse,
But I fear she 's a sad coquette,
And she still is smiling, and still beguiling
Some younger wooer; and yet,
Though she stayed but a minute, and there was n't much in it,
And light were the songs that I sung,
It is pleasant to think at—well, no matter what,
That somebody thinks you are young.

Walter Learned.

The Wanderings of a Bewildered Soul

IN THE MAZES OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

SINCE God is Good and God is All,
And All is God and All is Good,
It follows, then, whate'er befall
Must fall to my Beatitude.

Since God in All is God Entire,
And I 'm in All and All in Me,
It follows that I may aspire
To be considered Deity.

Since God is I and I am God,
And God is Power and Power is I,
Methinks it would be rather odd
If any Force could Me defy.

There is no matter, say the Wise;
In man and nature Spirit reigns.
I only Think that I have eyes;
I only Think that I have brains.

There is no sin. It lingers in
The Concepts of untutored thought;
And therefore to believe in sin
Is deadly sin, as I am taught.

There is no pain, and I am glad;
For God is All, and Good, and so
No pain *could* be, since pain is Bad,—
Yes, very bad! I ought to know!

Belief in Pain is Very Wrong.
Who thought of it, I wonder, first?
And did it take him very long
To furbish up the Myth accurst?

[*In the midst of her philosophizing the Christian Scientist is suddenly seized by a severe Imaginary Toothache.*]

Ouch!—Fie! I mean. How weak I am,
Thus to debase my sovereign Me
Beneath an incorporeal qualm,
An out-of-date nonentity!

[*Another twist of the illusory screws.*]

Oh, my! My tooth! Ouch!—U-u-m! I mean.
Alas, alas, my feeble faith!

[*Speaking rapidly, as an exorcism.*]

No—tooth—no—ache—no—felt—no—seen,
All—God—Good—Mrs.—Eddy—saith!

[*The Illogical Unreality gets in some more of its fine work.*]

Ouch!—Oh, those Drops I used to use
Before I learned the Truth of Things!
But no! the Higher Way I 'll choose.
Rise, Soul, on Faith's triumphant wings!

[*Further Imaginary Qualms, attended by rapid cogitation.*]

Behold, how flexible is Truth:
I 'll stuff some paregoric in;
It can't do harm, as there 's no Tooth;
It can't be wrong, as there 's no Sin!

Amos R. Wells.

Plantation Hoe Song

HEAH wid my hoe I go—
Row on row, row on row—
Hoein' my corn:
Five stalks for every hill—
One for de rust to kill,
One for de cutworm's bill,
Three for de barn.

Red-waistcoat robin sings
Up 'mongs' de greenin' things,
Mate on de nest;
My pardner's nestin' too,
Nestin' like humans do—
Got lonesome, jest us two,
Same as de rest.

So wid my hoe I go—
Row on row, row on row—
Proud as a king.
Dry-rot an' gray mildew
Mus' share in all I do;
But Gord 's my pardner, too—
Dat 's why I sing.

Robin, he "knows it all,"
'Ca'se he can sing an' call—
Dat 's only half;
Maybe a bird can shirk
Singin' like any clerk,
But only men dat work
Knows how to laugh.

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So wid my hoe I go—
Row on row, row on row—
  Laughin' along;
Let robin sing at ease
Whilst I sows corn an' peas:
Gord plants him cherry-trees
  Jes for his song.

Whilst his slim mate an' him
Built on de apple-limb,
  I sowed my lan',
Three grains in every hole:
One for de shovin' mole,
One for de devil's toll,
  One for to stan'.

Ruth McEnery Stuart.

Joe

JEST the village fool is Joe
  (Fellers dub him "Wabble Legs"),
Yet he alluz seems to know
  Where the pa'tridge hides her eggs;
And when perch begin to run
  By the thousands in the spring,
Wind or weather, Joe 's the one
  Fetches home the biggest string!

If you want some sassafras,
  Joe 's the chap to get a lot;
When your hoss is out to grass,
  Joe can ketch him on the spot.
Wild grapes grow, by hook or crook,
  For *his* pickin', every year;
And he 's sure to have a nook
  Where the wind-flow'rs first appear.

S'pose you 've got an ailin' pup,
  Or a cow that 's off her feed;
Joe comes round and cures 'em up
  Slick as shootin'—yes, indeed!
Cows 'll let him take a calf
  Other hands can't even touch.
"Don't know 'nough to harm," you laugh;
  Guess *they* sense he knows too *much*.

Oftentimes you 'll see him lay,
  If he reckons folks are n't nigh,
In the sunshine half a day,
  Watchin' jest the clouds and sky.
"What you thinkin', Joe?" you 'll call;
  But he 'll only sort o' grin,
And won't drop a hint at all
  Where that mind o' his has been.

Edwin L. Sabin.

WELL TRAINED

MOTHER: Now, Jack, you and Jill have been so naughty, you must both be punished.
JACK: Ladies first, muvver!

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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From a painting by F. W. Stokes

AN ANTARCTIC AFTERGLOW, SIDNEY HERBERT BAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1902, ABOUT 9 P.M.

(See page 521)

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MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVI AUGUST, 1903 NO. 4

A PLACE OF MARVELS

YELLOWSTONE PARK AS IT NOW IS

("THE GREAT NORTHWEST" SERIES)

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

WITH PICTURES BY ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHEIN

A LIEUTENANT OF THE ARMY GUARD

[THE account here offered of the aspects of Yellowstone Park, as it is now under government supervision, will be read with particular interest by those who remember the first magazine papers to bring the subject prominently before the public. They appeared in the early numbers of this periodical, within one and two years of the discovery of this remarkable region. Ex-Governor N. P. Langford's two papers on "The Wonders of the Yellowstone" were printed in this magazine for May and June, 1871; in the November issue of the same year Truman C. Everts described the incidents of his "Thirty-seven Days of Peril" while lost in the Yellowstone, having become separated from the Langford company; and to the February number of the following year (1872) Dr. F. V. Hayden contributed a fully illustrated paper on his adventurous visit of the previous year.—THE EDITOR.]

AT first, approaching the Park, we felt the pressure of our desire to reach the ultra-natural attractions which have made this a place of marvels for all the world—the remnant volcanoes dying out in geysers, the strangely ebullient pots of mud, the thundering earth-rents discharging clouds of sulphurous steam, and the many other evidences of a world in the process of making. But as we proceeded—we had come in by the little-traveled south entrance of the Park, through Idaho and Wyoming, along the splendid Tetons, the wildest of wild country, desert basin, and mountain pass—we seemed to forget the objective point of our journey in the natural glory of this Rocky Mountain wilderness, the every-day joy of the road, sleeping underneath

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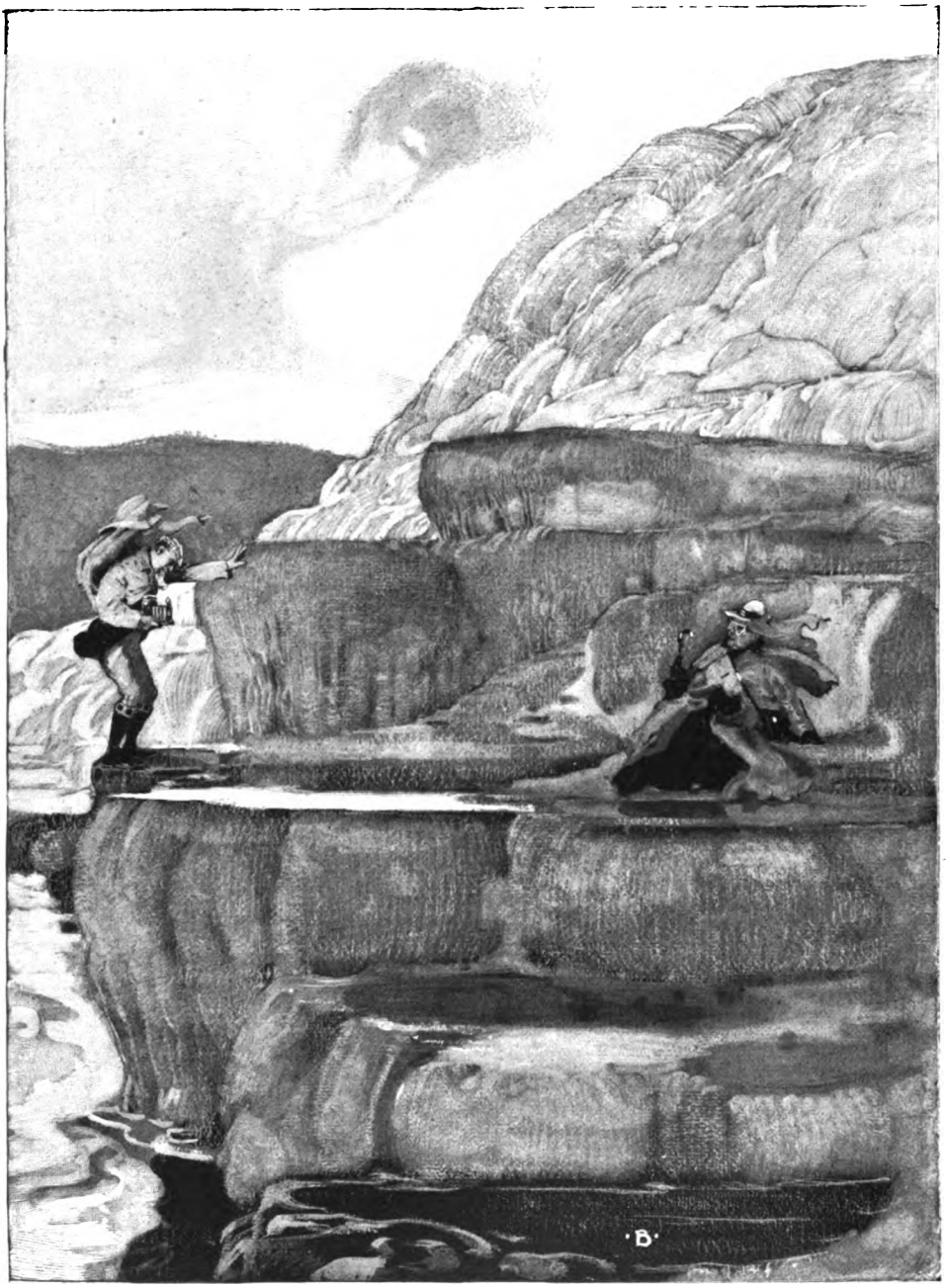

Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

SITTING FOR A PHOTOGRAPH ON PULPIT TERRACE

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the trees, bathing in the noisy streams, tramping off alone through beguiling by-paths of desert and cañon. Here the wilderness is so commanding and omnipotent that the dim, winding human trail among the rocks and sand seemed almost of yesterday's making, giving us the feeling of the intrepid discoverer. Think of coming suddenly to an opening among the trees and, all unexpectedly, beholding a fine, brawling stream tumbling down a mountain-side, or a snow-clad mountain-peak with the sun upon it, or an elk or a deer starting from the very road, pausing a moment with startled alertness, then bounding off, a flash of brown and white, through the woods!

So long we loitered among these beauties, common to all the Rocky Mountains, that we were slow in reaching the wonders of the Park itself. Perhaps these days of adjustment to the wild and natural prepared us the better for what we were now to see.

In the morning of our second day within the Park we beheld afar off a valley rolling full of steam. It was as if a city lay hidden there, with smoke rising through the bright, cool air from a hundred busy chimneys. For a moment, so vivid was the impression, we almost expected to hear the city noises and smell the city smells; then we felt again, not without a pleasant sense of recovery, the solemn quiet of the forest spreading illimitably before our eyes, the splendid mountain-tops, the glimpses of blue lake, the charm of the winding road.

But the populous and smoky city of the imagination was now the eager desire of the heart. Certain sulphurous odors, suggestive of volcanic activity, had come to our nostrils; we had already seen a number of smoking rivulets oozing out of the earth near the roadside and creeping down through varicolored mud to the brook, and we had dismounted to dabble our fingers in the tepid water of our first hot spring. Now we rode out of the forest, and there before us, on the shore of Yellowstone Lake, stretched the bare volcanic formation, a glaring white in the sunshine, steam rising from a score of grotesque mud-cones and boiling pools—nature's imitation of a smoky city.

Here is a veritable miniature volcano, crater and all; a wooden sign names it a paint-pot. We stoop over and look into the steamy crater: a lake of pink mud is slowly rising within, rumbling and emitting sulphurous smells. Opening suddenly, it hurls the hot mud in air, splashing it almost into our faces, and slowly subsides with much grumbling, to repeat the operation again in a few minutes, as it has been doing these fifty thousand years and more. Not beautiful, but mysterious, curious, uncanny.

Here is a placid hot pool a dozen feet wide, set like a white-rimmed basin in the hard formation, with water so clear that one can see the marvelously colored sides extending deep into the earth—evanescent blue, cream-color, pink, red—attractive because so strange. A Chinaman has planted his laundry where he can dip up water heated by the earth's eternal fires for his wash-tubs. His clothes-line, with a brave array of new washing, cuts off a large portion of the volcanic landscape. Down at the lake-brink a number of girls are trying, with unaccustomed fishing-rods, to perform the feat, without which no visit to the Park would be quite successful, of catching a trout and cooking it, wriggling, in the hot pool behind them. A few rods away are the lunch-stations of the transportation companies, where the regular visitors in the big coaches stop for a meal, or possibly to stay for a night on their way around

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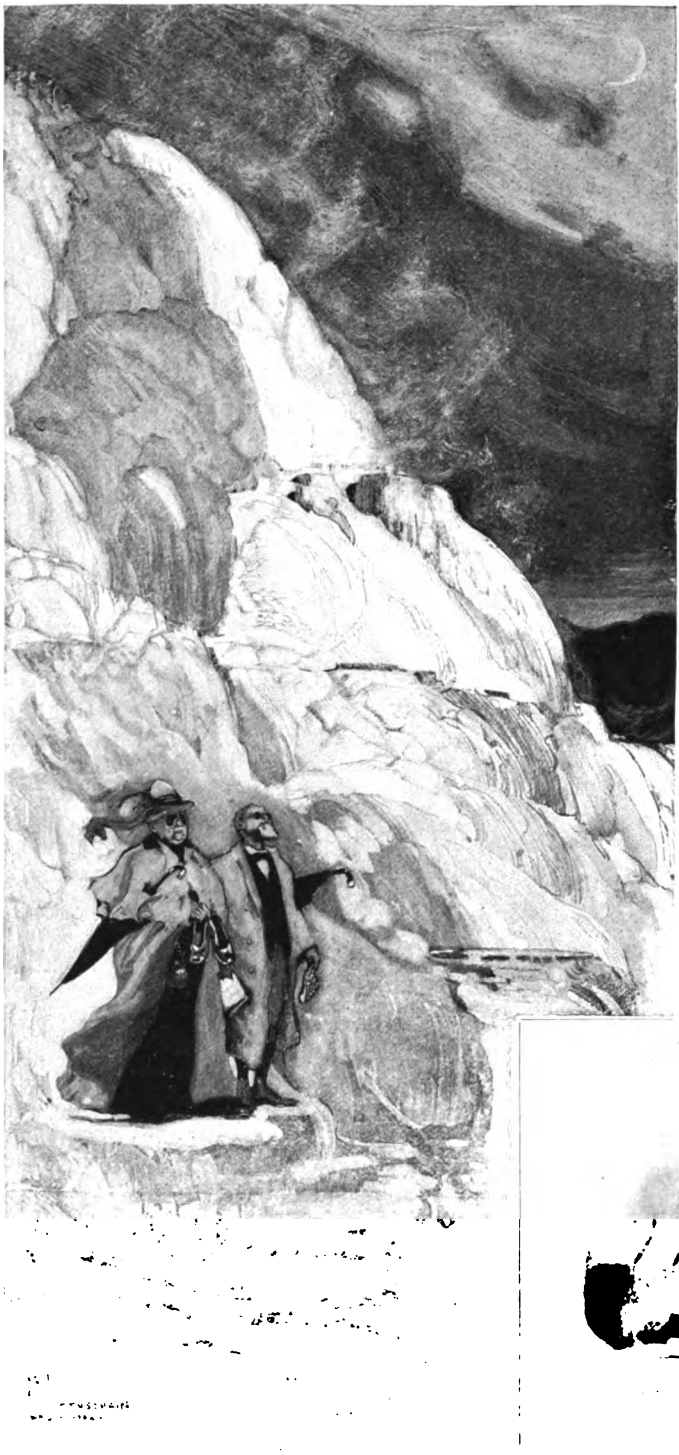

the Park. At each wonder-center such a station may be found, buzzing with visitors, every one in ecstasies over the geysers, setting up cameras, snapping buttons, filling little bottles with hot water or little boxes with pink mud, all very jolly, all expecting to be astonished, and all realizing their expectations. Indeed, a nameless exhilaration seems to affect every Park visitor, so that everything seems especially beautiful, especially marvelous—perhaps the effect of the clear, pure air, or the altitude: for we are here more than seven thousand feet above the level of the sea.

They tell one that the Thumb—this point of Yellowstone Lake is thus described—is nothing. "Wait until you reach the Upper Geyser Basin! Wait until you hear the Black Growler at Norris! And wait, oh, wait, until you see Old Faithful in eruption!"

Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plates engraved by F. H. Wellington

JUPITER TERRACE "OLD FAITHFUL"

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And so one mounts his horse with a cheerful sense of pleasures to come, and half a day later rides into the fuming valley of the Upper Geyser Basin, the greatest of all the centers of volcanic activity. As one emerges from the forest, Old Faithful is just in the act of throwing its splendid column of hot water a hundred and fifty feet in air, the wind blowing out the top in white spray, until the geyser resembles a huge, sparkling, graceful plume set in the earth. The geyser holds its height much longer than one expects; but presently it falls away, rallies often, throws up lesser jets, and finally sinks, hissing and rumbling, into its brown cone, leaving all the rocky earth about it glistening, smoking with hot water. The little crowd of spectators on the convenient benches press the buttons of their kodaks once more, and hurry to the next geyser on the list. All this valley smokes with pools and hot rivulets flowing into the Firehole River; there are many curious, grotesque cone formations very appropriately named, each bearing its label on a white stake. And on the hill stand the big, ugly eating-house, swarming with tourists, and a store where one may buy photographs of the wonders, and souvenir spoons, which will help to convince the friends at home that no wonder has been missed.

Beyond the Upper Basin one cannot escape a veritable succession of marvels. At the Fountain there are many strange forms of geysers and hot springs, often gorgeous in coloring, surrounded by water-formed rocks in many curious and beautiful designs, and veritable caldrons of bubbling mud, and bears in the garbage-piles, and I know not how many other wonders. At Norris there are growling, jagged holes in the earth, belching forth huge volumes of hot steam, which, having killed and bleached all the verdure of the near mountain-side, has given the whole valley an indescribable air of desolation, as if the forces of nature had gone wrong—the very work of the devil, after whom so many of the marvels are named. Farther along one shudders under the brow of Roaring Mountain, makes a wry face while sipping water from the Apollinaris spring, wonders at the Hoodoo rocks, or admires the gorgeous-colored pulpits and terraces of the Mammoth Hot Springs.

And yet after all these things, amazing as they are, one turns again to the road and the mountains and the trees. Undue emphasis may have been laid upon the odd, spectacular, bizarre—those things, dear to the heart of the American, which are the "biggest," the "grandest," the "most wonderful," the "most beautiful" of their kind in the world. But the Park is far more than a natural hippodrome. The geysers appeal to one's sense of the mysterious: one treads on the hollow earth not without an agreeable sense of danger, thrills with the volcanic rumblings underneath, waits with tense interest for the geyser, now boiling and bubbling, to hurl its fountain of hot water into the air; one is awed by these strange evidences of a living earth, guesses and conjectures, as the scientists have been doing for centuries, and then, somehow, unaccountably weary of these exhibitions, turns to the solemn, majestic hills, to waterfall and marshy meadow, to the wonderful trail through the forest. For, after all, the charm of the Park is the charm of the deep, untouched wilderness, the joy of the open road.

Indeed, the very name

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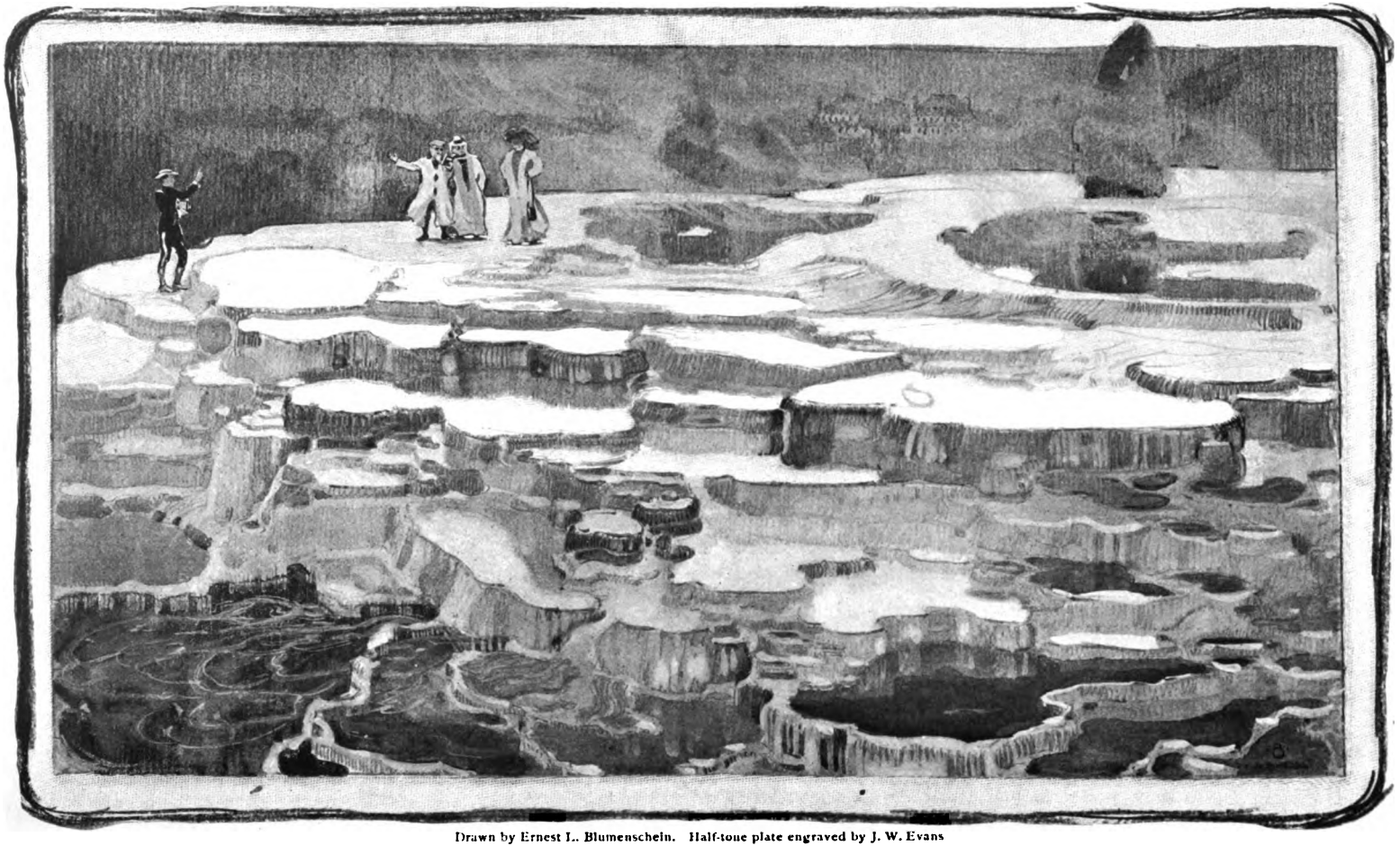

Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

ON HYMEN TERRACE

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Park, associated as it is with smooth lawns and formal, man-guarded tree-groups and stream-courses, seems out of place when applied to these splendid mountain-tops. Here is a space nearly sixty miles square—a third larger than the State of Delaware, and, with its adjoining forest reserves, which are really a part of the public wilderness, nearly as large as Massachusetts or New Jersey. Visitors see only a narrow road-strip of its wonders, though the best; upon vast reaches of mountain and forest, lakes, rivers, geysers, cañons, no man looks once a year; probably many areas have never been seen by human eyes. The United States regular soldiers who guard it keep mostly to the roads, the boundaries of the Park being for the most part so wild and rugged that even poaching hunters could not cross them if they would.

It was a carping German traveler who complained that this Park was no park.

"Look at your dead trees and burned stumps in the woods," he said, thinking perhaps of the well-groomed, man-made forests of his native land, "and your streams, full of driftwood. It is not cared for."

And Heaven help that it may never be cared for in that way! Not a park, but a wilderness, full of wild beauty and natural disorder, may we keep the place as nature left it, disturbing no land-slide where it lies, no natural dam of logs and stones heaped here by mountain freshet, no havoc of wind-storm or avalanche. The windfall, with its shaggy spreading roots full of matted earth and stone, rapidly being covered with grass and moss, and the river-bed full of bleached driftwood, each has its own rare quality of picturesqueness, its own fitting place in this wild harmony. There is beauty even in the work of the forest fire, which has left whole mountain-sides of freshly scorched pine foliage, a deep golden red smoldering in the sunshine; and many a blackened bit of forest, longer burned, leaves an impression of somber shadows, of silence and death, which cannot be forgotten. One even comes to begrudge this wilderness its telephone poles, its roads, and the excellent stone embankments which keep them from slipping down the mountain-sides into the swift streams below; for they detract from its wild perfection. We may behold nature in its softer and more comely aspects almost anywhere; but every year, with the spread of population in our country, it becomes more difficult to preserve genuine wilderness places where hill and forest and stream have been left exactly as nature made them. Already our indomitable pioneers have driven the wilderness into the very fastnesses of the mountains, so that only remnants now remain. And this great Yellowstone Park remnant has been fortunately set aside by the government for the enjoyment and inspiration of the people forever.

And not only for the enjoyment of the people, but for practical use as well. Nothing gives the American keener joy than to plan a pleasure and then find that he has also developed a business opportunity. So Yellowstone Park, set aside for the wonders of its geysers and its great cañon, turns out to be the very continental fountain of waters. Here in the tops of the Rockies, within the Park or near it, rise the greatest of American rivers. At one spot the traveler may stand squarely upon the backbone of North America, the continental divide: at his right hand a stream flows outward and downward, find-

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ing its way through the Snake and Columbia rivers to the Pacific Ocean; at his left a rivulet reaches the Yellowstone, the Missouri, the Mississippi, and thence the Gulf of Mexico. And to the southward of the Park rise the head-waters of the Platte and the Colorado rivers, and to the northward the head-waters of the Missouri. Protecting these mountains, preserving the forest, excluding cattle and sheep, help to conserve and maintain the water-supply and keep the flow of all these rivers steady and sure, a need which grows greater with every year's development in the irrigated desert land.

We come, at last, to the final glory of the Park, the splendid cañon of the Yellowstone. Yellowstone Lake, a deep basin of snow-water, 7721 feet above sea-level, debouches at its northern end into the narrow Yellowstone River. Flowing for a dozen miles or more through a wild and rugged country, this turbulent stream comes suddenly to a rocky ledge, over which it leaps 112 feet downward into a resounding gorge. Gathering itself in a huge, swirling pool, foam-flecked, it flows onward a few hundred feet and takes another tremendous leap, this time 311 feet, straight into the awful depths of the Grand Cañon. So great is the fall that most of the water, bending over the brink of the precipice, smooth, oily, and green, is dashed into spray, widening out at the base and drifting against the steep cañon walls, which the constant moisture has clothed with soft green mosses and other minute water-growths. Thence it collects in a thousand gleaming rivulets, gathers in brooks and cascades, and gushes back into the river-channel. From the summit of the awful precipice above the falls one may trace the stream along the depths of the cañon—seen at this distance a mere hand's-breadth of foamy water broken by varied forms of cascades, pools, and rapids, and all of a limpid greenness unmatched elsewhere.

SENATOR CARTER OF MONTANA

Niagara is greater, more majestic in the plenitude of its power, having twenty times the flow of water; but it cannot compare with these falls in the settings of cañon and forest, in the coloring of rock, water, sky —all so indescribably grand, gorgeous, and overpowering.

A PIONEER

Somehow I had thought of the cañon as rock-colored, gray, somber, perhaps like the gorge of Niagara; and it was with a thrill that I first saw it in all its savage glory of reds and yellows, greens and blues. Surely never was there such a spectacle. Imagine, if you can,—but you never can,—a mighty cleft in the level earth a third of a mile wide, its brinks sharp, precipitous, reaching over twelve hundred feet downward, sometimes almost perpendicular, sometimes banked with huge heaps of talus or buttressed with spindling pinnacles and towers often surmounted with eagle-nests, and all painted, glowing with the richest color—vast patches of yellow and orange, streakings of red and blue, with here a towering abutment all of red, and there another all of yellow. At the bottom flows the gleaming green river, and at the top the dark green forest reaches to the cañon-edge, and sometimes, even, rugged and gnarled pines, the vanguard of the wood, venture over the precipice, to find footing on some ledge, or to hang, half dislodged, with angular dead arms reaching out into the mighty depths, a resting-place for soaring eagle or hawk. The sides of the cañon, being not of solid rock, but of crumbling, soft formation, have furnished plastic material for the sculpturing of water and wind, which have tooled them into a thousand fantastic forms. One's eye traces out gi-

AN ENGLISH TOURIST

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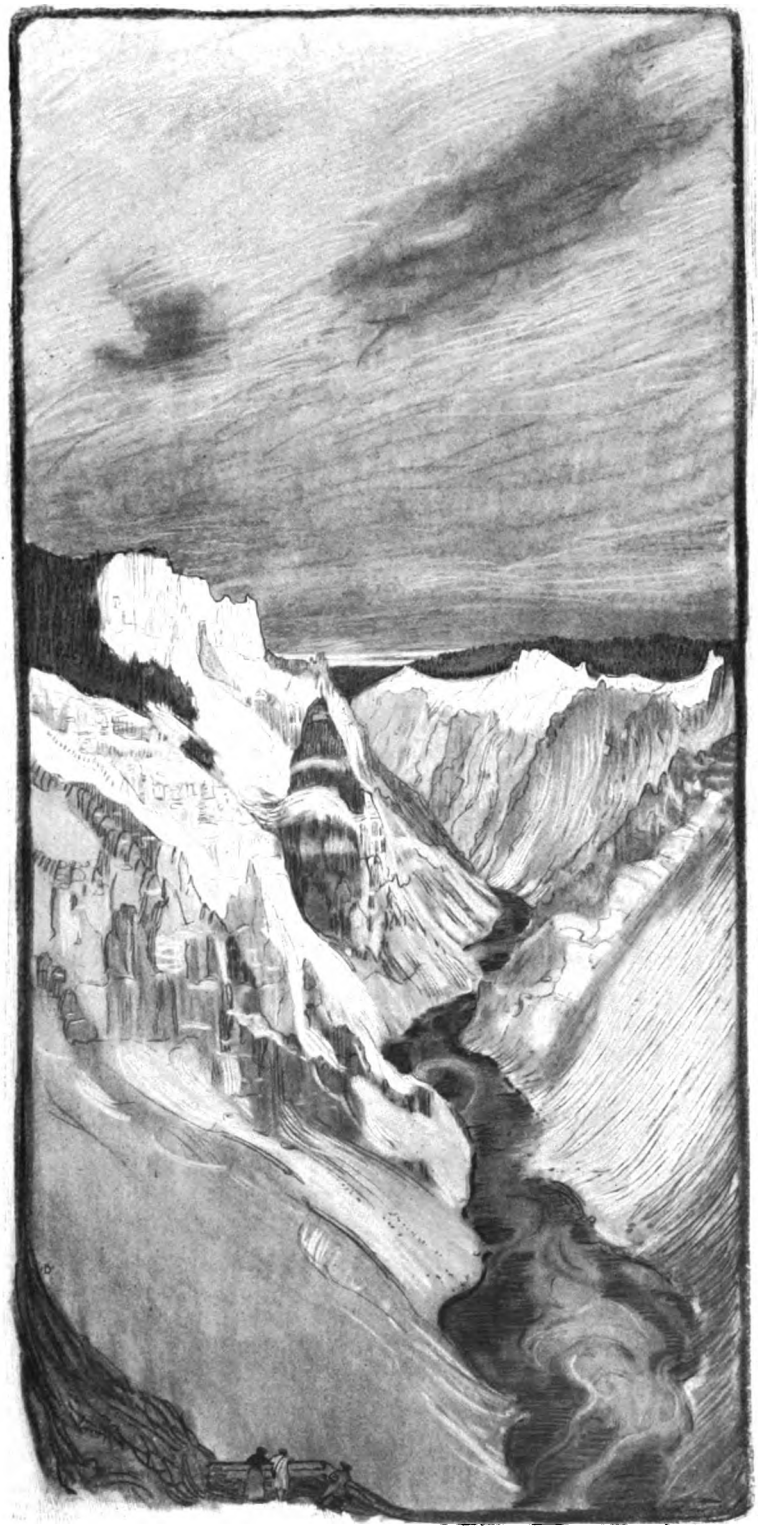

Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE

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gantic castles, huge dog forms, bird forms, titanic faces—all adding to the awful impressiveness of the place.

For miles the cañon stretches northward from the lower falls. From numerous well-guarded outlooks the spectator, grasping hard upon the railing lest the dizziness of these heights unnerve him, may behold a hundred varied views of the grandeur, looking either toward the falls, which seem to fill the cañon-end like a splendid white column of marble, or off to the northward, where the stupendous gorge widens out, loses some of its coloring, admits more of the forest, and finally disappears among rugged mountains.

Everywhere the view is one that places the seal of awed silence upon the lips; it never palls, never grows old. One soon sees all too much of geyser and paint-pot; of this, never. At first the sensation of savage immensity is so overpowering that the spectator gathers only a confused sense of bigness and barbaric color; but when he has made the perilous descent to the cañon bottom below the falls, when he has seen the wonder from every point of view, he begins to grasp a larger part of the whole scene, to form a picture which will remain with him.

One turns away from the cañon not with the feeling with which he left the geysers and the mud-pots, yet contented to go back to the simple, familiar beauties of the trail. Occasionally it is well to feast on a grand cañon, but these hills and streams are much the better steady living. These soothe and comfort.

Next to the natural wonders of the Park, one will be most interested in the human procession which passes constantly up and down within it. Gradually, after days spent steeping one's self in the wild and lonely glory of the wilderness, he will come again to watch the people riding, tramping, all in ceaseless course, around the Park, each taking his wonders in accord with the eccentricities of his temperament.

It is hardly safe in these days to define a wilderness, it contains so much that is unexpected. We must refuse to be convinced by the unsatisfied one who finds incongruity in the ugly red hotels, the yellow coaches, the galloping tourists, the kodaks. After all, every age is entitled to its own sort of wilderness, and ours seems to include the tourist and the hotel; the traveler is to-day as much a part of the Rocky Mountains as the elk or the lodge-pole pine. No picture of the modern wilderness would to-day be complete without the sturdy golf-skirted American girl with her kodak, the white-top wagon, the Eastern youth turned suddenly Western, with oddly worn sombrero and spurs. It was a shock to one traveler's sensibilities (but it converted him) the day he went poetizing up a faint trail through the deep wood. "This," he was thinking, "is the forest primeval; this is the far limit of the wilderness. Surely no human foot has ever before trod upon this soft timber grass!" I think he expected momentarily to see a deer or a bear spring from its secure resting-place, when, lo and behold, a party of girls! Here they were miles from their hotel, tramping alone in the woods, getting the real spirit of things, and as safe,

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bless them! as they would have been at home. He found he had yet to learn a few things about a modern wilderness.

But most of the tourists remain pretty snugly in their coach-seats or near the hotels. One meets them in great loads, some wrapped in long linen coats, some wearing black glasses, some broad, green-brimmed hats. Wherever they may come from, they soon acquire the breezy way of the West, and nod good-humoredly as they pass. Occasionally one sees them devouring their guide-books and checking off the sights as they whirl by, so that they will be sure not to miss anything or see anything twice. Usually they come in trains, a dozen or twenty or even forty great coaches one after another, and when they have passed one sees no more of them until another day.

And such fun as they have, such acquaintances as they make, and such adventures as there are! One old gentleman, accompanied by his stenographer, after each excursion sat on the piazza, guide-book in hand, and dictated an account of what he had seen. And then there is the tourist who has brought a fine new pair of field-glasses through which he is constantly seeing more wonderful things than any one else; the old lady with the lunch-basket; the young person who is absorbed in altitudes, and who wishes to be constantly informed how high up she is now.

And then there are the dusty campers with white-top wagons or pack-horses trailing slowly along the roads or making camp at the stream-sides. Many of them have been through before; many are from near-by Montana or Utah, and have come for their regular summer outing, turning their horses to graze in the natural meadows. We met one young married couple thus spending their honeymoon, looking from the front of their wagon, a picture of dusty joy.

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(BEGUN IN THE JULY NUMBER)

Drawn by Harry Fenn from a print
THE "FOUNDERY"

WESLEY'S DAYS OF TRIUMPH

BY C. T. WINCHESTER
Professor of English Literature, Wesleyan University

PART II

THE METHODIST ORGANIZATION

AT the outset of his career John Wesley had no thought of founding a new sect or building up any elaborate religious organization. He was intent only on carrying the gospel to those who seemed to have otherwise little chance of hearing it. His united societies, class-meetings, lay preachers, and conferences were not parts of a prearranged system, but simply the means devised or adapted from time to time, as need arose, to furnish such religious incitement and guidance as the Established Church did not—and apparently would not—afford. "Societies" such as those he founded had not been uncommon in the English Church for the previous fifty years. In the thought of Wesley they were no innovation. When, in the summer of 1738, he formed the little society in Fetter Lane, he was doing only what he had done in Oxford and in Savannah. When he went down to Bristol in the early months of the next year, he found one or two such societies already gathered there. Late in the same year, 1739, on his return to London, finding that some differences had arisen between himself and the Moravian members of the Fetter Lane Society, he withdrew with those in agreement with him. The new society thus formed leased and repaired a tumble-down building on Windmill street, in which cannon had formerly been cast; and for nearly forty years the "Foundery" was the headquarters of Methodism in London.

Other societies soon sprang up in Lon-

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don and Bristol, and then wherever Wesley's preaching extended. In 1743 there were so many of them that Wesley thought it wise to frame a brief set of "General Rules" for their direction. But, as he says in the first section of these rules, "in the formation of the societies there was no previous plan or design at all, but everything arose just as the occasion offered." It was to visit these societies and to give them his personal counsel and oversight that Wesley made his continual journeyings from one end of England to the other. But, as they multiplied, there soon became need of some more constant and minute supervision. The system of "classes," which met this need, sprang up in the same unpremeditated way. The society at Bristol was one day discussing means of discharging a small debt, when some one proposed that every member should bring a penny to the weekly meeting; and when it was objected that some were too poor to give even that, he volunteered to see eleven other members every week and collect the penny where it could be afforded. Others promised to do the same thing, and thus the membership of the society was divided into groups or classes of twelve. "Then," says Wesley, "it struck me immediately, this is the very thing we have wanted so long." He called together the collectors, or "leaders," as they were now called, and asked them thereafter to make a weekly report upon the behavior of those whom they visited. After a little it was found more convenient for all the members of a class to meet their leader at a specified time than for him to make the round of their houses—and this was the Methodist class-meeting.

The societies met on Sundays, but never at the hour of church service, and, when neither Wesley nor any other clergyman was present, spent the hour in prayer and religious conversation or exhortation. From exhortation before the society to formal preaching before it was only a step; but to Wesley it seemed a very long step. While in Bristol he learned, one day in 1739, that one of his converts, Thomas Maxfield, had been preaching before the Foundery society. He hurried up to London to stop it. But his mother—who since the death of her husband had been living in a room of the Foundery building—met him with a protest: "John, take care what you do with reference to that young man, for he is as surely called to preach as you are." Admonished by this counsel from one whose caution on all churchly matters he knew to be quite equal to his own, Wesley reluctantly consented to hear Maxfield preach. After listening, he exclaimed: "It is the Lord's doing; let him do as seemeth to him good." Convinced in spite of deep-rooted disinclination, he sanctioned the first Methodist lay preacher. Within a year there were twenty.

In 1744 Wesley invited several clergymen in sympathy with his work to meet his brother Charles and himself, with a few of these lay helpers, to "confer" with reference to the advancement and oversight of the movement now spreading so rapidly over the island. In this first Methodist Conference there were four clergymen besides the Wesleys, and four lay preachers; but in the years immediately following, the number of lay preachers very largely increased. These lay preachers, by the Declaration of the first Conference, were to be employed in cases of necessity where the services of a clergyman were not to be had. But the need of them was soon urgent. The societies were multiplying rapidly; the clergy of the Establishment were in most cases either indifferent to them or violently prejudiced against them. It was clearly needful that there should be some systematic aid given to Wesley in the instruction and guidance of these thousands of Christians at whom the Church looked askance. The lay helpers were to meet the societies in the circuits severally assigned them, exhort and preach in the absence of an ordained clergyman, receive the statements of class-leaders, and report at the annual Conference.

Wesley well understood the risks of intrusting to those he himself called "a handful of raw young men, without name, learning, or eminent sense," the virtual cure of souls. He felt it necessary to exercise over them what, in other circumstances, would have seemed a very exacting supervision. They were personally responsible to him, obeyed his directions, went where he sent them. He frequently gathered a number of them who could be spared from their work for a little time, and read them lectures on divinity, or discussed with them some work on philosophy

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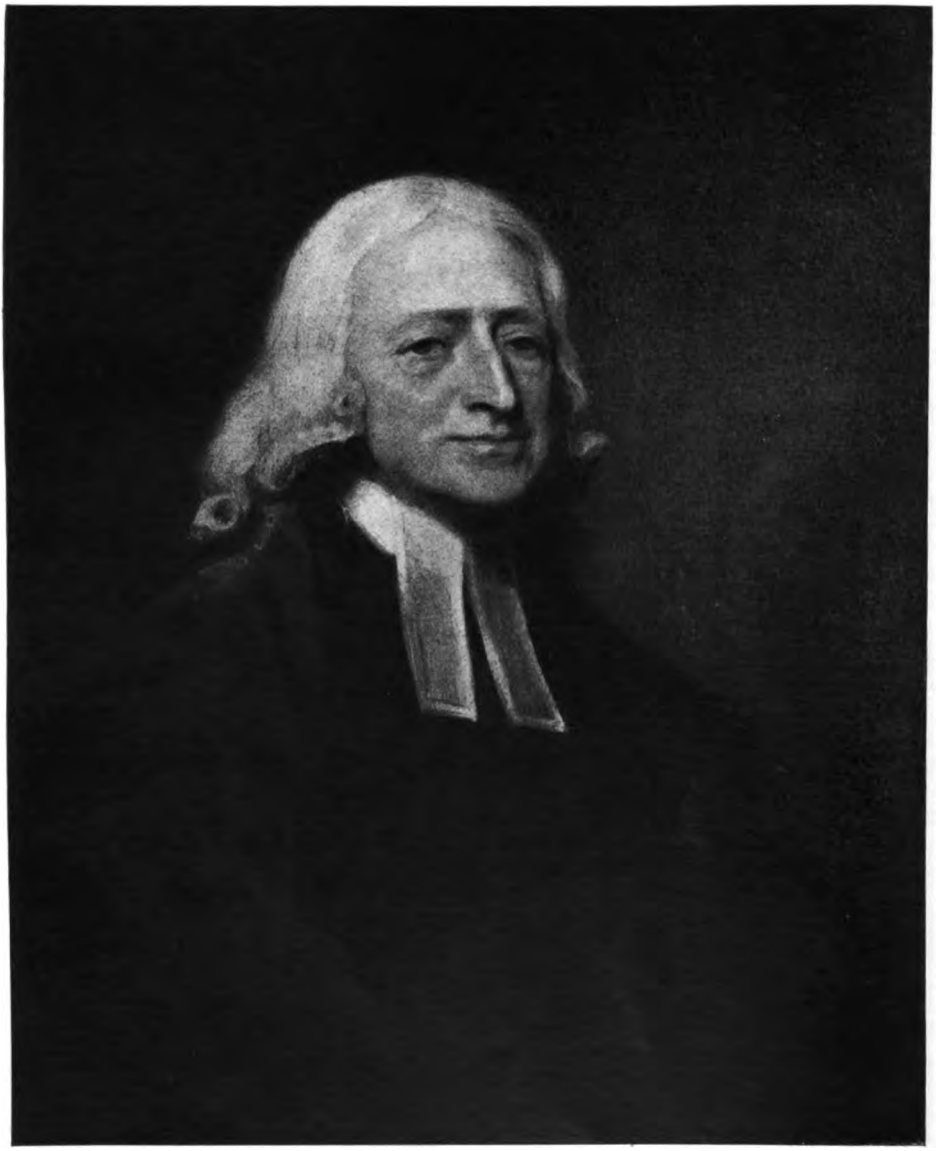
or rhetoric. He gave them individual suggestions as to the manner of their preaching, and criticized sharply their faults. He had a scholar's regret for their lack of learning; but he allowed himself to be consoled with the reflection that the most of the rural clergy were but little better off. "How many of them," he cries, "know any Hebrew? Nay, any Greek? Try them on a paragraph of Plato. Or even see if they can hobble through the Latin of one of Cicero's letters." Certain it is that most of these unlettered lay preachers, by their native judgment and force of character as well as by their heroic labors, amply justified Wesley's trust. A story like that of John Nelson, for example, is a kind of humble epic.



After the portrait painted by Romney (1789), in the possession of Mr. W. K. Cassells. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

JOHN WESLEY

Wesley was always very sensitive to the charge that, in sanctioning this class of

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helpers, he had violated the laws of the Church. To touch that point, he averred, was to touch the apple of his eye. He persistently, and no doubt justly, claimed that there was nothing in the constitution of the Established Church to forbid such lay preaching; he would never consent that his helpers should call themselves ministers, should administer the sacraments or assume any priestly functions. "They no more take upon themselves to be priests than kings," he said. For himself, he always discouraged all tendencies to dissent. It was his intention, through the greater part of his life,—and doubtless always his desire,—that nothing in the methods or results of his work should pass beyond the legitimate sanction of the English Church. And had the attitude of the clergy toward his preaching in the earlier years been more intelligent and liberal, that might have been possible. But as the Methodist movement developed a more highly organized form, it became increasingly evident, even to Wesley, that there must be difficulty in confining it within the usages and sanctions of the Establishment. A complete system of worship and discipline was growing up, with methods and officers quite unknown to the English Church. A large number of men, not in orders, were preaching by the authority and under the direction of a single clergyman, a Fellow of Lincoln College, and owning responsibility to no other ecclesiastical superior. The buildings which many of the societies had erected could be licensed as places of worship only under an act framed for the benefit of dissenters. The members of these societies generally felt that they were only half welcome in church. Many of them thought it a hardship that the sacraments of the faith could be ministered to them only at the hands of a clergyman who regarded them with bitter prejudice; and they not unnaturally desired that the men who were their pastors and teachers should also be their priests. These tendencies toward separation, Charles Wesley, always more conservative than his brother, viewed with increasing alarm. He wrote to stout John Nelson, in 1760: "John, I love thee from my heart; yet rather than see thee a dissenting minister, I wish to see thee smiling in thy coffin!" But John Wesley was willing, though reluctantly, to allow departures from churchly order that he deemed necessary to advance or to perpetuate his work. His churchmanship, after his early years, was far less rigid than that of Charles, and grew less rigid under the pressure of circumstance in his later life. The truth is that the Wesleyan movement, in twenty-five years, assumed such proportions and elaborated such a complete and separate organization as to make permanent inclusion in the Establishment impossible. Wesley, although to the last he deprecated the separation of his societies from the Church, could hardly have expected anything else; and he could defend the churchmanship of some of his own actions only by denying or explaining away some of the fundamental principles of the English Church.

PERSONAL TRAITS

THE life of Wesley, the man, after 1740, it has been truly said, is the despair of the biographer. Private or domestic life he hardly had any. He had no home. Rooms were set apart for his use in the Foundery building, and later, when the Foundery was demolished, in the Preachers' House, adjoining the new chapel in City Road. But he seldom occupied them more than a few days at a time. He was constantly journeying from one end of the island to the other; at the beginning of the month in Yorkshire, at the end of it perhaps in Cornwall. No man of his century could have known the English roads so well. It is estimated that in fifty years he traveled about two hundred and fifty thousand miles and preached over forty thousand times—an average of some fifteen sermons a week. And all his journeying up to about 1773 was on horseback. Indeed, when his preaching began, there were no turnpike roads in the north of England, and the London coach went only as far as York. His "Journal" contains more than one instance of a journey of from eighty to ninety miles on horseback in one day. Later, when he traveled by post-chaise, he sometimes covered even longer distances. In 1773 he left Conlington one Wednesday afternoon for a hurried visit to Bristol; stayed in the latter place two hours, and was back in Conlington early Friday afternoon—two hundred and eighty miles in forty-eight hours, "and no more tired (blessed be God) than when I left."

He uniformly rose at four in the morn-

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Drawn by W. Hatherell. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

JOHN WESLEY PREACHING ON HIS FATHER'S GRAVE IN EPWORTH CHURCHYARD

In May, 1742, seven years after the death of his father, Wesley, in one of his preaching tours, visited Epworth. Not being permitted by the curate to preach in the church, he stood upon the flat tombstone of his father in the churchyard, and there spoke to the people every evening for a week.

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ing, summer and winter, and usually had an appointment to preach at five. Not infrequently he followed this sermon by four others in the same day, riding some ten miles between each one and the next. He always had a book to read while riding, whether on horseback or by coach; he kept a voluminous journal—a requirement that he imposed upon his preachers; and his printed works fill some twenty volumes. Such a prodigious amount of work was rendered possible only by the most rigid system. He was never in a hurry; but there were no vacant minutes in his day. While in Oxford he wrote his father, "Leisure and I have parted company"; they never met again.

But this ceaseless, methodized activity robs life of some of its best charms. Wesley not only felt himself obliged to forgo those attractions of society which he was fitted both by nature and by education to enjoy, but he allowed himself no real companionship whatever. He had no time for it. Samuel Johnson, who met him repeatedly and was well acquainted with his sister Mrs. Hall, once said to Boswell: "John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have his talk out as I do."

In truth, Wesley perhaps was not always a very entertaining companion. He was not cold or unsympathetic, as some of his critics have thought him; but his temper of strenuous preoccupation made him impatient of those common secular matters in which society very properly takes interest. When obliged, one afternoon, to be in what he calls genteel company, he exclaims: "Oh, what a dull thing is life without religion! I do not wonder that time hangs heavy on the hands of those who know not God." But certainly a healthy religion should permit a man of breeding and culture to stay even in "genteel company" for two hours without being bored. Nor is it probable, in spite of the testimony of Johnson, that Wesley was a really good talker. Of argument and homily, which were the kinds of conversation Johnson himself most affected, he may have been a master; but there is little evidence that he ever allowed himself those moods of genial relaxation that beget good talk. The same limitation of habit is seen in all his thought. He never unbent his mind and gave it free play about all sorts of subjects. His writing, always direct and pointed, has little ease and discursiveness. It is the writing of a man who never ruminates, hardly ever reflects; consequently it lacks the charm of suggestion and allusiveness. He seems to have little sense of the range, variety, pathos, humor of life. One feels that he might have been a wiser and a broader man could he have learned with Wordsworth that there are seasons when

> "We can feed these minds of ours
> In a wise passiveness."

The same fear of relaxation vitiated all his ideas of education. When he founded a boys' school at Kingswood, his first rule was that no boy should be allowed any time at all for play. This Kingswood school, in fact, was a good example of everything that a school for boys ought not to be. As might have been expected, it gave Wesley no end of trouble. Its unwise discipline led now to intolerable severity and now to insufferable laxity. The absence of all spontaneity, the system of religious forcing that encouraged pronounced emotional "experiences" of repentance and conversion, gave a morbid tone to the whole life of the school, resulting in seasons of hysterical excitement, followed naturally by periods of reaction against all serious things. It is a wonder that any boy passed through the years from eight to fourteen under such regimen without some arrest of development, both bodily and spiritual. It must be admitted that Wesley's religious treatment of childhood generally was unwise. Some of his accounts of pious children are almost offensive—Betty and Lucy and Tommy, who, at the age of seven or nine, have visions and terrors and preternatural assurances. Fortunately these persons die young. Without children of his own, or any real knowledge of childhood, his notions of the proper discipline for young people were largely derived from his recollection of his mother's parental system. It is possible to doubt whether Susanna Wesley's training of her children was altogether beyond criticism,—of her seven daughters, five made very unfortunate marriages,—but John Wesley copied her strictness without her wisdom.

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Perhaps this constant tension of mind is largely responsible also for Wesley's lack of humor. Wit he had in considerable degree; it was a form of that intellectual quickness that made him a master of debate. He was never at a loss for repartee, though he seldom allowed himself to use it; and the last of his twelve rules for his preachers closes with the significant injunction, "You will need all your wits about you." There was something of the stuff of a satirist in him; it is conceivable that he might have surpassed his brother Samuel as an imitator of the point and polish of Pope. Not that he was either cynical or austere; on the contrary, he was the most cheerful of men, with a sunny temper and gentle manners. But he never had that quiet enjoyment of the manifold incongruities and contrasts of life which we call humor; or, if he had, he made little sign. Wit is a matter of the intellect, instantaneous, the action of a mind attent and elastic; humor implies a mood of ease, a habit of leisurely and sympathetic observation. One feels the lack of it both in Wesley's life and in his writing. Perhaps we ought not to expect it in a religious reformer; yet humor, too, is a good gift of God, and would have rendered his work no less useful and his character more interesting. His "Journal," for instance, affording as it does an extremely valuable picture of English life in the second and third quarters of the eighteenth century, needs only humor to make it one of the most entertaining books ever written.

Drawn by Katharine Kimball

WEST STREET CHAPEL

Originally a French Huguenot chapel, purchased by Wesley in 1743, it was the second Methodist chapel opened in London. West street is in the Seven Dials district, a few steps off St. Martin's Lane.

No man in that century had half so intimate a knowledge of the great English middle class. For fifty years he journeyed among these people, lived with them, saw them in their homes and at their work, was their father confessor. Think what a wealth of native, unworked humor might thus have been disclosed to a man with a broader enjoyment of human nature. There must have been hundreds of Mrs. Poysers among the early Methodists, else the Methodist movement would never have taken such a healthy hold upon conduct; but we seldom get a glimpse of them in the "Journal." Most readers would willingly spare some of the accounts of "dying grace" for more samples of that wholesome humor which gives a homely grace to daily life. As it is, some of the most amusing passages in the "Journal" are precisely those which exhibit Wesley's inability to perceive a ludicrous situation. Passing one day a cottage where the man of the house had just been beating his wife, he records that he "took occasion to speak strongly to her concerning the hand of God, and his design in all affliction. It seemed to be a word in season." It will probably occur to the reader that some strong speaking to the husband would have been "in season." One Saturday he gravely sets down in the "Journal" his conviction that it is his duty to marry. The next Wednesday he recounts, with equal gravity, that he met the single men of the London society, and "showed them on how many accounts it was good for them who had received that gift from God to remain single." And ten days later he married.

The infrequent passages of conscious humor in the "Journal" almost always have some satiric quality; it is Wesley the controversialist who is speaking. "I talked with a warm man who was always very zealous for the Church when he was very drunk, and just able to stammer out, 'No gown, no crown.' He was quickly persuaded that, whatever *we* were, he was himself a child of the devil. We left him

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full of good resolutions, which lasted several days."

Perhaps it was a consciousness of such a tendency to unwarranted satire that made Wesley fearful of humor. When the Bishop of Exeter, in his scandalous attack, charged him with having formed a resolution not to indulge in laughter, Wesley replied, "No, nor ought I to indulge in it at all, if I am conscious to myself that it hurts my soul. In which let every man judge for himself." But there is a laughter that doeth good like a medicine; I do not think a little more of it would have hurt the soul of John Wesley. It is good to know, however, that he was always sunny-tempered, and grew more genial as he drew near the sunset. A friend who knew him in the last year of his life speaks of sportive sallies of innocent mirth that delighted even the young and the thoughtless.

A deficiency in humor often seems to imply some lack of fitness or proportion in the sentiments. Certainly John Wesley never showed much wisdom in what the older moralists used to call "the conduct of the affections." Why his early acquaintance with pretty Betty Kirkham was broken off, we do not know; probably because marriage would have obliged him to resign his college fellowship. In Savannah, as we have seen, he had weakly given up what seems to have been a sincere, if not very lasting, attachment, at the dictation of some Moravian elders. He was wise enough never to invite such an interference again; but he was hardly more fortunate in his later attempts to venture upon marriage without taking advice.

During the summer of 1748, while on one of his visits to the north of England, Wesley was overtaken by temporary illness, which obliged him to stay some days in the orphanage at Newcastle, where Methodist ministers had hospital privileges. During this illness he was cared for by one of the nurses of the orphanage, Mrs. Grace Murray, a young widow of thirty-two, whose husband, a London sailor, had been drowned some years previously. Before her marriage this Grace Murray had been a domestic servant in London, and seems to have enjoyed few opportunities of education or society. She was attractive in person and efficient in practical affairs, but without much self-possession and of a rather hysterical temperament. Wesley had met her often in London and Newcastle, and now, after six days of her care, he was convinced that she was the woman divinely intended for his wife—and told her so. She responded, "This is all I could have wished for under heaven!" What followed, however, may remind one of Sir Roger de Coverley's despairing exclamation, "You can't imagine what it is to have to do with a widow!" One of Wesley's biographers summarily declares, "Grace Murray was a flirt." Another asserts that she reciprocated Wesley's affection, but "with shrinking diffidence."

What seems certain is that she had another suitor whom she would not risk losing altogether, and was very much at a loss to know upon which of the two she should finally bestow her hand. A year before, she had cared for one of Wesley's preachers, John Bennett, through a long illness, and ever since had been in correspondence with him. When Wesley now left Newcastle she accompanied him through the northern counties till they reached Bolton, where Bennett resided. Here she stopped, while Wesley went on, hoping that they might meet again soon, "and part no more." Three days after they had parted, she promised marriage to John Bennett. "Here," says Wesley, in his curious account of the affair,[1] "was her first false step"—which is certainly a mild judgment. During the next twelve months, Mrs. Murray, who, whatever her virtues, cannot have had much decision of character, was unable to be sure for six weeks together what were the dictates either of duty or of affection; but at last, after having been engaged to, and disengaged from, each of her suitors twice over, she concluded that Wesley had the stronger claim upon both her conscience and her heart. Marriage might soon have followed, had not Charles Wesley now appeared upon the scene. He had himself just married a young lady of good family whose culture and refinement were to make his house, for the next forty years, an ideal Christian home; he heard with dismay that his brother was about to take as a wife a woman without education, who was engaged to another man. He hurried to the north of

[1] "Narrative of a Remarkable Transaction in the Early Life of John Wesley. From an Original Manuscript." (London, 1862, pp. 62.)

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England, and finding reproach and dissuasion alike vain with his brother, addressed his expostulations to Grace Murray herself. The poor woman, distracted by his assertion that her marriage with Wesley would be a violation of her precontract and a grievous wrong to both her suitors, at last changed her mind again, and Charles Wesley had the satisfaction to see her safely married to Bennett before he left her. Wesley would not quarrel with his brother or blame the woman; but the week after her marriage he recorded his own poignant grief in a series of stanzas that have at least the merit of utter sincerity. Forty years afterward, when both were near the close of life, they met again for a few moments; and it was evident to the friend who accompanied Wesley that the wound, though it had long since ceased to smart, had never been forgotten. The affections of the man were deep and tender; but it was certainly some proof of ill-regulated sentiment that he should have bestowed them upon one so little fitted to become his companion.

Drawn by Katharine Kimball

FRONT VIEW OF CITY ROAD CHAPEL

Yet marriage with Grace Murray, unfortunate as it might have proved, would have saved Wesley from a worse fate. On that later story the biographer does not care to linger. On February 2, 1751, Wesley writes in his "Journal": "Having received a full answer from Mr. P[erronet], I was clearly convinced that I ought to marry." This time he evidently determined to be beforehand with his brother, for on the same day he announced to him his fixed resolution. "I was thunderstruck," said Charles, "and could only answer he had given me the first blow, and his marriage would come like the *coup de grâce*. Trusty Ned Perronet told me the person was Mrs. Vazeille, one of whom I never had the least suspicion. I refused his company to chapel, and retired to mourn with my faithful Sally." Charles Wesley knew there was cause for mourning. Mrs. Vazeille was the widow of a London merchant, an essentially vulgar woman, with a tendency to hysteria. What attractions of person, mind, or temper she can have had for such a man as Wesley must always remain a mystery. He doubtless intended that the marriage should not be long delayed; but it was by an accident precipitated more speedily than he had purposed. A week after the entry in his "Journal" just cited, he slipped on the ice while crossing London Bridge, injuring his ankle so that he could not walk or stand upon his feet. He was immediately taken to the residence of Mrs. Vazeille, on Threadneedle street. And eight days later he was married. There was long leisure for repentance.

It is possible, we may admit, that the best of wives might have found Wesley exacting. In a tract on Marriage, written in later life and perhaps colored by his own experience, he says that the duties of a wife are all comprised in two: "1. That she must recognize herself as the inferior of her husband. 2. That she must behave as such."

Mrs. Wesley did not accept this theory. She was obstinate, peevish, and subject to fits of violent passion. Wesley was just and—in the opinion of his brother, at least—marvelously patient; but he could hardly have felt much affection for such a wife, and some of his letters evince a certain long-suffering assertion of superiority not exactly conciliatory. One of them closes with the advice, "Be content to be a private, insignificant person, known and loved by God and me." Moreover, in his innocent unwisdom, he allowed himself to write letters of religious advice and sympathy to other women, especially to a Mrs. Ryan, housekeeper of the Kingswood school, who was doubtless at this time a pious and useful woman, but whose early career had been by no means above reproach. The knowledge of such correspondence threw his wife into paroxysms of jealousy. She intercepted and opened his letters; she interpolated com-

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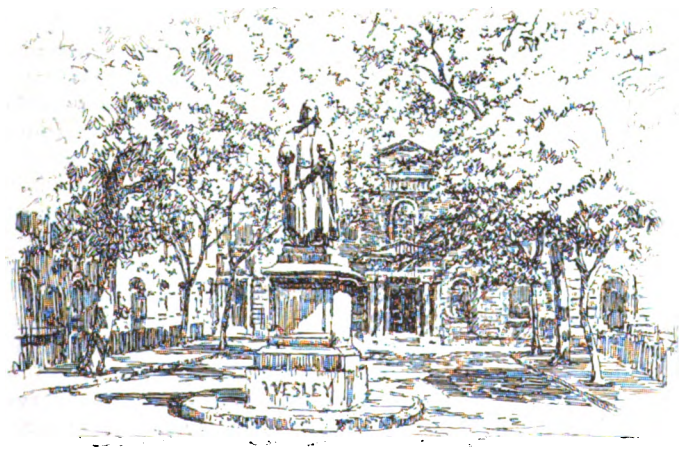
promising passages of her own invention in them, and then read them to prejudiced persons; in one or two instances she gave such doctored letters to the public prints. She spread the most absurd and calumnious reports as to her husband's character. Her conduct, indeed, was so scandalous and at times so violent as to prove that she cannot have been perfectly sane. She left Wesley repeatedly for long periods, and finally, in 1771, departed, taking with her a bundle of Wesley's letters and papers, vowing never to return. Wesley simply noted the fact in his "Journal," and added: "Non eam reliqui; non dimisi; non revocabo." She seems, however, to have returned of her own accord, but only for a short time. When she died, ten years later, she was in separation from Wesley, and he was not even informed of her death until three days after her funeral.

Drawn by Katharine Kimball

GRAVE OF JOHN WESLEY, SHOWING A PORTION OF THE REAR OF CITY ROAD CHAPEL

Perhaps it is not strange that, after such an experience, Wesley should have repeatedly given to his young preachers who thought to marry the laconic advice of Punch, "Don't." Not that he was coldly insensible to the power and charm of youthful sentiment; on the contrary, as his favorite niece prettily said, "My uncle John always showed peculiar sympathy to young people in love." His advice was prompted, I judge, not by a dislike for sentiment, but by a distrust of it. Knowing from his own case how fatally easy it is to become unequally yoked together with believers as well as with unbelievers, he feared lest his preachers, like himself, might have their judgment blinded by an excess of that amiable quality. But it certainly was unfortunate that a great religious leader should have found no happiness in the most normal of human relations, and should have dissuaded other religious teachers from entering it.



Drawn by Katharine Kimball

ANOTHER VIEW OF CITY ROAD CHAPEL

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THIS COMBINATION OF REASON AND SENTIMENT CHARACTERISTIC OF THE AGE

THE personal character of Wesley was in some respects curiously representative of his age. In England, as everywhere else in Europe at the middle of the eighteenth century, critical reason and romantic sentiment, the one largely exclusive and scholarly, the other democratic and popular, were working together to form a new society. And in England, as elsewhere, the democratic and sentimental impulse, the impulse of Rousseau, though here restrained by a conservative national temper, was increasingly powerful. With the close of the first third of the century, English society and letters, as well as religion, began to be very indulgent to emotion. The logical intellect no longer held exclusive dominance.

Literature, emerging from the clubs and drawing-rooms of Queen Anne society, threw off the restraints of convention to gain freer utterance for personal feeling; indeed, in the reaction from academic coldness it often passed to the opposite extreme of sentimentality. In poetry, melancholy became a favorite motive, sometimes gentle and chastened, as in Goldsmith and Gray, sometimes rhetorical and sonorous, as in Young and Blair. In fiction Fielding well represents solid English common sense; but Fielding's portrayals of burly, red-blooded life, healthy, though coarse, were far less popular than Richardson's portrayals of tortured, long-suffering sentiment. And Sterne was for a time a greater favorite than either. "Sentimental!" writes Wesley, after reading "A Sentimental Journey." "What is that? He might as well say continental. It is not sense. And yet this nonsensical word (who would believe it?) is now become a fashionable one." Popular religious literature, appealing to a less cultivated taste, often shows this sentimentality in its most disheveled form. The most widely circulated book in England at the middle of the century was not poetry or fiction, but the "Meditations among the Tombs" of Wesley's college friend James Hervey. The reader of to-day who looks into it will probably be surprised to find it the most rhetorical of books, written in a tone of unctuous bathos very unedifying.

Now the character of Wesley exhibits just this strain of sentiment grafted upon an essentially critical nature. The basis of his character was logical. All through his life, as in his boyhood, he was always insisting on underpropping conduct with reason. He complains impatiently of some of his converts that, while their experience and conduct are satisfactory, they seem to be quite unable to give any reason for the faith that is in them. He had a natural turn for argument, which had been disciplined by his duties as moderator at the daily debates in Lincoln College, and had been given frequent exercise throughout his career. It was the only gift he used to speak of with complacency, perhaps with a little pride. "I have found abundant reason to praise God for giving me this honest art. By this, when men have hedged me in with what they call demonstration, I have many times felt able to touch the point where the fallacy lay, and it flew open in a moment."

His writing is usually at its best when he is proving or confuting something. His own style, in sermon, essay, or pamphlet, is clear, direct, and entirely plain. He holds himself closely to the thought in hand; there is no allusiveness in his writing; it is straightforward, eighteenth-century common sense. His manner is as homely and simple as Swift's, in whose style, he says, all the properties of a good writer meet; but, unlike Swift, he has very little imagination, and cannot, therefore, illumine his page as Swift can, with constant play of illustration, indignant, pathetic, or humorous. Wesley only speaks right on. For the florid pulpit manner of Whitefield, for what he called "the amorous way of praying and the luscious way of preaching" common among some of Lady Huntingdon's Methodists, he had a most healthy dislike. Over and over again he cautions his own preachers against extravagance of statement or violence of elocution. His taste in matters of phrase, indeed, was severe, sometimes almost finical. His nicer judgment corrected many a careless line in the hymns of his brother Charles, and his own translations of the Moravian hymns, though sometimes bald, are always dignified. It was from an analogous severity of taste, as well as from principle, that he practised himself, and enjoined upon Methodists, plainness of dress. So far from being in-

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different to his own apparel, he was the most precise of mortals; as many as ten times in telling of his encounters with mobs he remarks, as if it were a physical injury, that he got some dirt upon his coat or hat. It was just this scrupulous precision that made him impatient of anything gaudy or decorative.

But in Wesley, as the child of his age, this precise and reasoning temper was united with a contrasting vein of sentiment. His own nature was not emotional, but—possibly all the more on that account—he admired and valued any expression of genuine emotion in others. This susceptibility is seen very suggestively in the comments upon books and authors with which the "Journal" abounds. He was a tireless reader. Books, indeed, were almost his only companions in his lonely and wandering life. Whenever he rode, on horseback or by coach, a volume was always open before him. And his reading included the best the world afforded. In his monotonous and wearisome labors, performed mostly with and for people of narrow horizon and scanty ideas, he found refreshment and inspiration in the works of the masters of literature. One week he reads over again the "Odyssey," and breaks out into a fine burst of enthusiasm over the charm of its description and the nobility of its morals; another time he reads over the tenth book of the "Iliad" while riding to Newcastle; or it is the "Cyropædia" of Xenophon, or the "Letters" of Cicero. Homer, Virgil, Ariosto, Tasso, Shakspere, Milton, Voltaire—they are all among the companions of his travel. But the trend of his tastes may be seen best in his comments upon contemporary literature.

The one poet then supreme, of course, was Pope. Wesley shared and often expresses the general admiration for his work, but with only one of Pope's poems does he show special familiarity, and this one is significantly Pope's one concession to sentimentalism, the "Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady." This Wesley quotes repeatedly, and expresses great admiration for it. The one of the Queen Anne poets, however, whom Wesley admired most was not Pope, but Prior. He quotes him over and over again; and when Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," spoke in depreciation of the character and verse of Prior, Wesley, then seventy-nine years old, came to the defense of his favorite poet in a very spirited paper.[1] Prior, he asserts, was not half so bad a man as his critics have painted him; while as to the Chloe of the charming lyrics, who had been represented as no better than she should be, Wesley declares, on the authority of his brother Samuel, who knew her well, that she was an estimable Miss Taylor of Westminster, who refused the advances of the poet while he was living, and spent hours weeping over his tomb when he was dead. But it is Johnson's criticism of Prior's verse that provokes Wesley's warmest protest. The great critic had said it lacks feeling. "Does it?" cries Wesley. "Then I know not with what eyes or with what heart a man must read it! Never man wrote with more tenderness." Prior's "Henry and Emma," a rather frigid version of the "Nut-brown Maid" story, he avers to be a poem that "no man of any sensibility can read without tears." Various other verdicts in the "Journal" betray a similar susceptibility. Of Thomson's work he says he had entertained a very low opinion till he read his sentimental tragedy "Edward and Eleanor." Home's once famous romantic drama "Douglas," now remembered only by a single line, he is "astonished to find one of the finest tragedies I ever read." The grandiose declamation of "Ossian," which excited only the contempt of Johnson, he pronounces deeply pathetic, "little inferior to Homer and Virgil, and in some respects superior to both." Beattie, whose poetry is, for the most part, an attempt to give a romantic flavor to the warmed-over philosophy of Pope, he considers one of the best poets of the age—an opinion shared, I believe, by George III. After reading Voltaire's "Henriade," which he praises generously, he remarks that the French language, for all its finish and precision, lacks pathos and heartiness, and is no more to be compared to the German and Spanish than is a bagpipe to an organ. All which, with many other opinions of a like sort, may show that in literature, as in life, Wesley's critical judgment was never proof against the charms of romantic sentimentalism.

THE CHARGE OF CREDULITY

WESLEY has often been charged with credulity. Some of the remarks in the

[1] "Arminian Magazine," 1782.

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"Journal" upon which the charge is based do not in fairness warrant it. If a man really believe—what many profess and do not believe—that there are no accidents whatever in the government of the universe, he may justly see something providential in the fact that rain ceases as he is about to address a large audience, or that a cloud slips over the sun just when the heat upon the bared head of the preacher is becoming intolerable. Before a universal Providence, distinctions of great and small vanish, and you may as reasonably deny accident to trifles like these as to the catastrophe that ingulfs a city. But there are other and better grounds for this charge of credulity. Wesley did profess a belief in witches and apparitions, and declared that to give up witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible. From boyhood, probably in part because of the strange happenings in the Epworth rectory, he lent a ready ear to accounts of dreams, visions, second sight, ghosts, and all such preternatural phenomena. The "Journal" contains a large assortment of these marvels, ranging from what would now be called cases of thought-transference to the most creepy and convincing ghost-stories. They are generally recounted with circumstantial detail, and most of them, it must be admitted, are well enough attested to deserve examination by the Society for Psychical Research. In nearly every instance it seems clear that they were not fabrications, but sincerely believed by the good people who told them.

All such matters evidently had a fascination for Wesley; yet he seldom accepts without qualification a supernatural explanation for them, and never insists that any one else shall do so. Still less does he countenance any attempt to base a system of belief or teaching on such phenomena. His interest in such matters is not, in fact, exactly a proof of credulity, but rather of a singular curiosity with reference to whatever lies on the borderland of experience. One thinks of it as an extension, beyond scientific limits, of that intense interest in all unfamiliar physical facts which led him to read with avidity the records of chemical and physical experiment, and to follow eagerly the new science of electricity. But, while his logical faculty was acute, his judgment upon facts or testimony was not always sound. From boyhood he was very deferential to a syllogism; but he did not always scrutinize carefully enough the facts that went into the major premise of his syllogism.

Outside the realm of the preternatural, at all events, it cannot be said that Wesley was credulous; yet his very confidence in logic made him over-ready to revise or to reverse any accredited opinions that seemed to be contradicted by a correct course of reasoning. Some of his verdicts were curious. Mary Queen of Scots, he is convinced, was a person of devout and unaffected piety; and Queen Elizabeth was "as just and merciful as Nero, and as good a Christian as Mahomet." On all historical and scientific questions, his opinion is liable to be the prey of the last book he has read. He reads Woodrow's "History of the Church of Scotland," and he pronounces Charles II a monster, in comparison with whom Bloody Mary was a lamb—a judgment about equally unjust to both monarchs. A treatise by a certain Dr. Wilson convinces him that the heart has nothing to do with the circulation of the blood. Moreover, he is not only careless of the content of his premises, but he is prone to forget that the motives for conduct can seldom be run into syllogisms, and that practical conclusions of any importance are not to be proved or disproved by a single line of argument. For example, in the middle of June, 1775,—just forty-eight hours before Bunker Hill,—he wrote to Lord North an able letter on American affairs, in which he says: "In spite of my long-rooted prejudice, I cannot avoid thinking that an oppressed people asked for nothing more than their legal rights, and that in the most modest and inoffensive manner that the nature of the thing would allow." Less than three months later, he issued his "Calm Address to the American Colonies," in which he tells our forefathers that they have every right that the English enjoy, and their complaint of taxation without representation is altogether groundless. How came he to change his mind? He had read Samuel Johnson's "Taxation no Tyranny."

Yet this easy surrender to a line of clear reasoning, if a fault, is a fault that implies some very important virtues. John Wesley was the most candid of men. Seldom has a great religious reformer been so little of a dogmatist, or shown so little stubborn

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persistence in his own views simply because they were his own. Moreover, with his direct and logical cast of thought, it was impossible that his opinions should be doubtful or befogged; that he should let his emotions run away with his reason; that he should ever maintain at the same time two logically inconsistent positions.

HIS WISDOM AS A RELIGIOUS LEADER

WHATEVER the limitations of his genius, seldom has a man been better qualified to lead a great popular religious movement than John Wesley. He knew that truth, if it is to have effect upon the life of men, of whatsoever class, must find a response in their feelings; but he never aimed to arouse crass or undirected feeling. It must be repeated that he was no enthusiast. As one of his critics says, he was intolerant of everything that had not a practical bearing. The condition of membership in his societies was always conduct. The Wesleyan movement, throughout its whole course, was singularly free from empty ardors, and fruitful in all the practical virtues of citizenship. Not only did it diminish the more flagrant forms of vice, but it raised the standard of morals throughout society. Places like Wesley's own native parish of Epworth, once reeking with drunkenness and loud with profanity, in twenty years had grown sober and quiet. Some prevalent forms of crime had been almost eradicated. In his earlier visits to Cornwall, for example, Wesley found that nearly all the members of his societies in that shire were in the habit of buying and selling goods that had not paid the duty. It was not thought immoral; everybody did it. But, says Wesley, "I told them plainly they must put this abomination away, or they would see my face no more." The records of the excise show that smuggling, thereafter, almost ceased on the Cornish coast. So, too, the universal practice of bribery at elections Wesley denounced as impossible for a Christian man; he had the satisfaction to learn in many instances that members of his societies would not even eat or drink at the expense of the men for whom they voted, and that the Methodists came to be recognized as almost the only incorruptible class of voters in England.

Drawn by Katharine Kimball

THE PREACHERS' HOUSE, ADJOINING THE CITY ROAD CHAPEL

Even upon the manners of the English people no man of his century had so much influence. It was peculiarly fortunate that the leader of a great popular movement united with intense religious earnestness the tastes of the scholar and the instincts of the gentleman. He never felt it necessary to vulgarize his teaching or to make any concessions to coarseness. In his spotless linen, his cassock, his black hose and silver shoe-buckles, he was a model of scrupulous precision in personal attire; and his oft-quoted saying, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," well expresses the almost fastidious habit of the man. His dignified yet gentle courtesy, his refined self-possession, made his very presence an example and an inspiration.

And it should be said that Wesley used his immense personal influence with singular wisdom and liberality. He had in his hands control of the whole system of Methodist discipline; but he did not attempt to bind the members of his societies by narrow or rigid rules, still less to impose upon them arbitrarily his own judgments.

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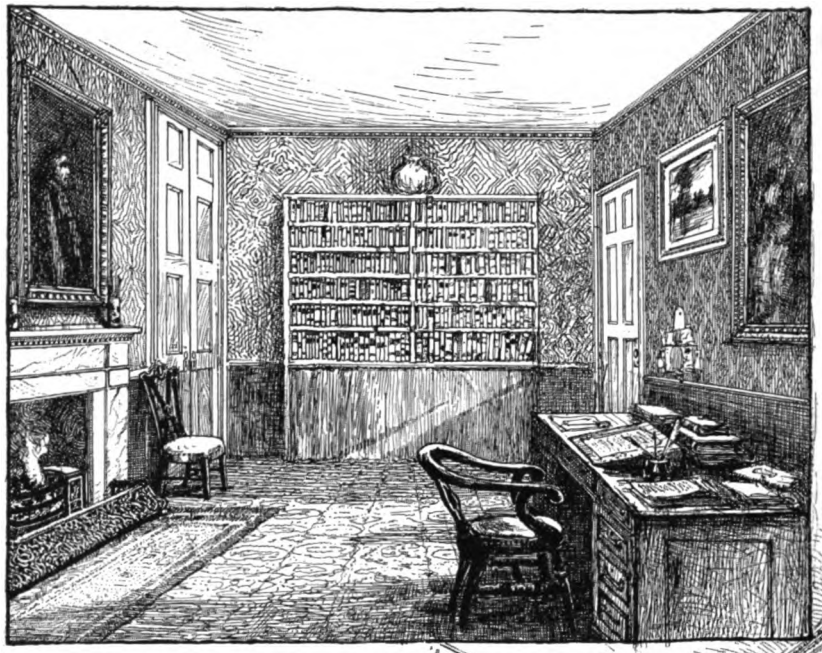
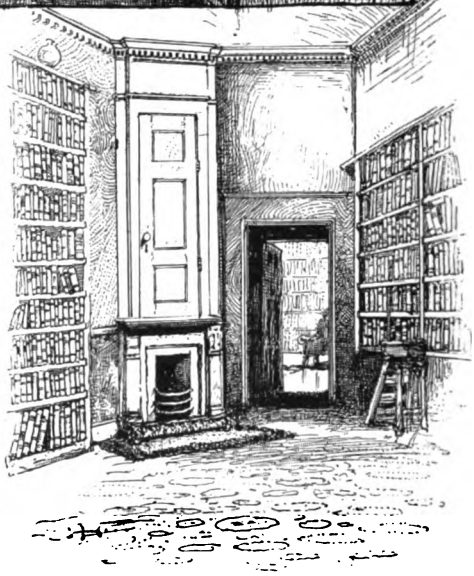


ROOM IN THE PREACHERS' HOUSE IN WHICH JOHN WESLEY DIED

He was anxious only that Methodists should be good Christians. On doubtful matters he did not prescribe or prohibit, but left the decision in such cases where it belongs—with the individual conscience. In an admirable sermon on amusements, after admitting that much may be said for the drama,—he was a lover of dramatic literature himself, and used to advise his preachers to read plays that they might cultivate a natural mode of speech,—he decides that, for himself, he could not go to the theater or play at cards with a clear conscience; but he adds: "Possibly others can; I am not obliged to pass any sentence on them that are otherwise minded. I leave them to their own Master; to him let them stand or fall." His successors have not always been so wise.

Still more noteworthy was his liberality in matters of belief. Liberality is easy when you have no beliefs of your own that you are very sure of; but Wesley had a consistent set of theological opinions, which he held very stoutly. Yet the only requirement of those who sought admission to his societies was the purpose to lead a religious life. Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Quakers were welcome, "and none will contend with them as to their opinions." "Where is there," Wesley asks reasonably enough,



STUDY ADJOINING THE ROOM IN WHICH WESLEY DIED

"such a catholic society? In Europe? In the habitable world? I know of none. Let no one talk of the bigotry of Methodists." To some Methodists themselves such liberality seemed excessive. But Wesley, while always ready to defend his own creed, was faithful to his favorite maxim, "Think and let think." "I am sick of opinions," he said in his last years; "let my soul be with Christians, wherever they

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are, and whatsoever opinions they be of." In fact, his tolerance extended quite beyond the limits of Christianity. He not only had admiration and sympathy for such heretics as Pelagius and Servetus, but was glad to think of Socrates and Marcus Aurelius as among the many who come from the east and the west to sit down in the kingdom of God. History may be challenged in vain to find another religious leader of equal prominence and equal positiveness of personal opinion who showed such breadth of charity.

THE DEED OF DECLARATION AND THE AMERICAN BISHOPS

WESLEY'S whole elaborate system of societies, as we have seen, centered in himself. As he drew near the close of life it became evident that, if this organization was to hold together after his death, provision must be made to transfer his personal control to some properly constituted body. Accordingly, in 1784, he adopted two important measures which should consolidate and secure the Methodist organization in both England and America. In England the many Wesleyan chapels were held by trustees "for the sole use of such persons as might be appointed by the yearly Conference of the people called Methodists." But this Conference had no legal status, being merely a private meeting called by Wesley; it was without power to acquire or hold property, and might cease to exist altogether at the death of Wesley. He therefore drew up a document naming one hundred of his preachers as members of the Conference, and defining its powers and duties. This "Deed of Declaration" was enrolled in the Court of Chancery, and the Conference was thus given a permanent legal existence. It was thenceforth impossible for the property of the societies to revert to private use, or for the societies themselves to fall apart and become mere separate congregations.

Wesley's other step was still more important, and involved a wider divergence from ecclesiastical order. There were in 1784 about fifteen thousand Methodists in the new United States of America, and not a single ordained minister among them. Before the severance of the colonies from the mother country, these American Methodists were theoretically members of the Church of England, though by far the greater number of them were without the ministrations of any clergyman of that church. Wesley had twice applied to the Bishop of London for the ordination of one of his preachers who might visit the American societies; but in vain. Now that there was no longer an established church in America, and the greater number of the English clergy had left the country, the Methodists found themselves without any form of church government, and with no one to administer the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper. In these circumstances, Wesley was confronted with the alternative either of leaving the American societies in this desolate state to schism and disintegration, or of providing them with some form of discipline and ministration even at the risk of violating ecclesiastical usage.

After careful deliberation he made up his mind. He preferred the episcopal form of church government, but he had long been convinced that there was no difference between bishop and presbyter. On this conviction he now acted. He summoned to Bristol his ablest preacher, Dr. Thomas Coke, an Oxford graduate and ordained presbyter, and with him two of his lay preachers; and there, on the 2d of September, in his private room, he set apart the two lay preachers as presbyters, and laying his hands upon Coke, "set him apart to the office of Superintendent of the Societies in America." Coke was to proceed to America, and there in the same way designate as his Associate Superintendent Francis Asbury, the heroic English preacher who had been the Wesley of the American Methodists. Coke sailed in October; on his arrival he immediately consecrated Asbury, and in the last weeks of the year (1784), in a Conference of preachers held in Baltimore, the two laid the foundations of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Wesley's action in this matter has been the subject of much controversy. Doubtless, from a churchman's point of view, orders so conferred could have no validity. Wesley himself, in his account of his action, was careful to avoid the word "ordain," and some years later wrote to Asbury remonstrating with him for assuming the title of bishop. It may suffice to say that, in this case as in some others, he felt himself justified in breaking with usage

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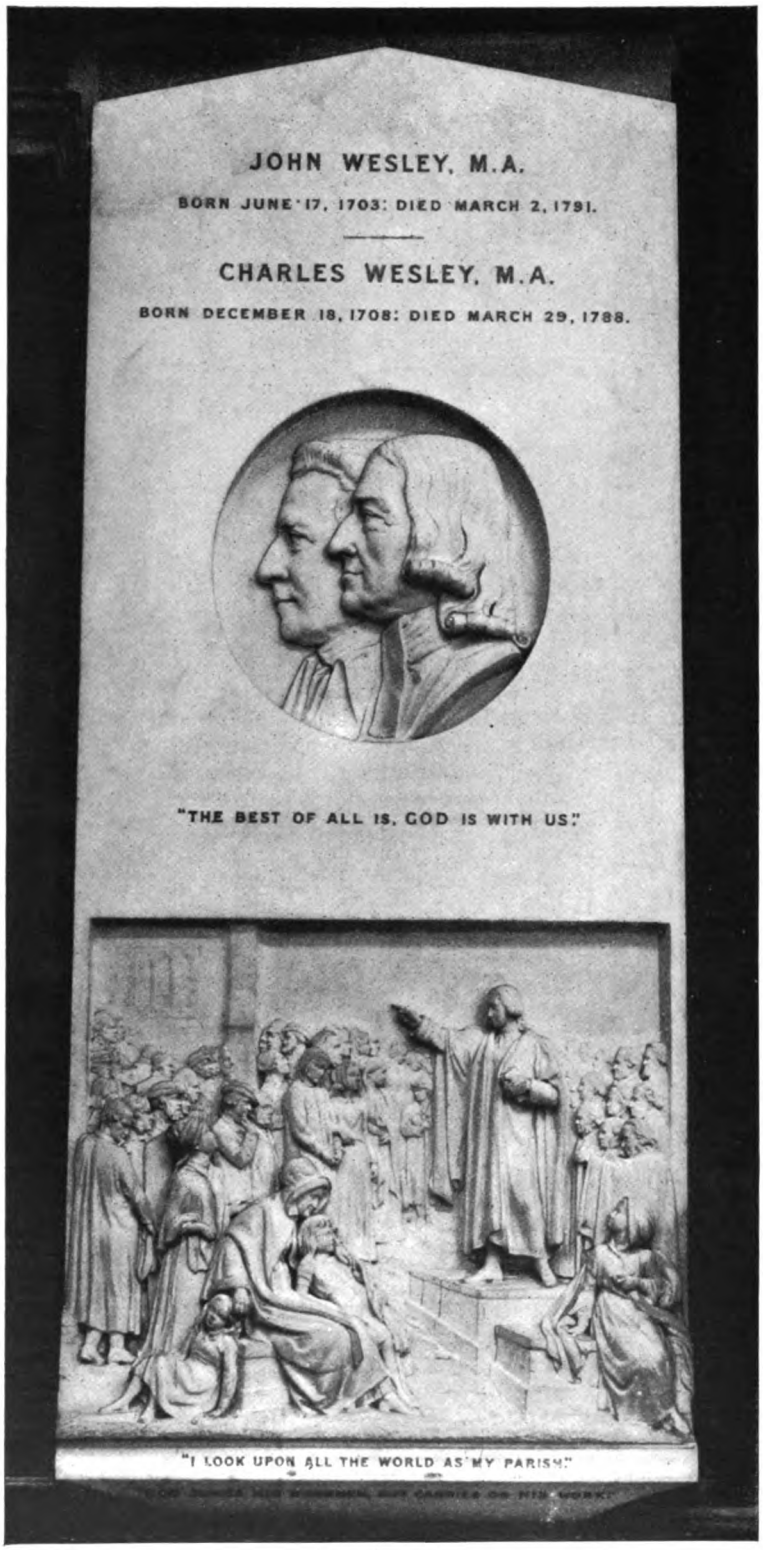
JOHN WESLEY, M.A.
BORN JUNE 17, 1703: DIED MARCH 2, 1791.
CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.
BORN DECEMBER 18, 1708: DIED MARCH 29, 1788.
"THE BEST OF ALL IS, GOD IS WITH US."
"I LOOK UPON ALL THE WORLD AS MY PARISH."

From a photograph

MEMORIAL TABLET IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY TO JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY

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and discipline when he deemed that only so could the religious welfare of great bodies of his fellow-men be conserved. It is probable that, in the opinion of the disinterested historian, his decision will be justified by its results.

THE CLOSING YEARS

WESLEY'S last years were blessed with

> "All that should accompany old age,
> As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Opposition had almost entirely ceased. His life of devotion to the highest good of men had won the respect of all who knew his name, and the reverent love of thousands who called themselves his friends. In his journeyings during these later years it often happened that a company of his friends would follow him from out a town, walking beside his carriage till they met a similar company approaching to welcome him to his next station. But although venerable, he showed none of the infirmities of age. His slight, short figure was erect, his eye was keen, his step elastic, and only the crown of silver hair betokened his years. On his eighty-third birthday he wrote in his "Journal": "It is now twelve years since I have felt any such sensation as weariness. I am never tired (such is the goodness of God) either with writing, preaching, or traveling." Two years later, when his friends urged him to ride to a preaching-place six miles out of Bristol, "I am ashamed," replied this youth of eighty-five, "that any Methodist minister in tolerable health should make a difficulty of this," and tramped away. On his birthday in that year, he admits that he cannot "run or walk quite so fast" as once he did, but he still feels no weariness, and has "not lost a night's sleep, sick or well, on land or sea," since he was born. In his eighty-first year he made a visit to Holland, which, as he says, opened to him a new world; and his curiosity is as eager as if he were just out of his teens. He records how one of his hosts spoke Latin excellently, and another showed an "easy openness and affability almost peculiar to Christians and persons of quality." His own conversation in those years was more vivacious and wide-ranging than in earlier life. He retained all his love for books, for music, and especially for natural scenery. He makes frequent mention of the beauty or sublimity of the outdoor surroundings in which he preached; and on one of his later visits to Cornwall, in his eighty-third year, insisted on clambering down the rugged cliffs at Land's End to stand once more in the wild spot his brother Charles had commemorated in the hymn:

> "Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
> 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand."

The death of Charles, in 1788, left Wesley lonely, for the brothers had labored together through sixty years, and in spite of very pronounced differences in opinion, their beautiful friendship was never disturbed. The strength of Wesley, after this bereavement, began to weaken; but his remaining years were

> "serene and bright,
> And lovely as a Lapland night."

Crabbe Robinson, then a young man, heard him preach in the last months, and used to say that in all his after life he had never seen anything comparable to the picture of this preacher of eighty-eight, with the gentle voice, the reverend countenance, and the long white locks. To the end he showed no slackening of interest in whatever may make men happier or better. His very last letter, penned with failing hand only a week before he died, was addressed to William Wilberforce, bidding that young reformer God-speed in his great work of the abolition of slavery in the British colonies. The wish he had so often expressed, in the language of a favorite hymn, that he might "cease at once to work and live," was almost literally granted him. He preached on a Tuesday in the City Road Chapel, and the next day in the house of a friend; the following Wednesday, after five days, which seemed rather days of rest than of illness, he died, March 2, 1791. His last distinctly audible words, thrice repeated with uplifted arm, as if in triumph, have become a watchword of Methodism: "The best of all is, God is with us."

At the time of Wesley's death there were in England and America about one hundred and twenty thousand of the people called Methodists. To-day, if we include adherents as well as communicants, there

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are about twenty-five millions. And these figures afford no adequate measure of the wider, more indirect influence of the Wesleyan movement, not only upon religion, but upon society, government, civilization. Surely if any man of the eighteenth century deserved a place in the solemn abbey that holds the dust of England's most honored dead, it was John Wesley. Yet it is better as it is. It is better that he should lie where he lived, not in the shadow of pomp and state, but in the central roar of great London, among those swarming masses of common people to whom his life was given, beside the homely chapel that was the center, and still is the monument, of the greatest religious movement since the Protestant Reformation.

MEDAL STRUCK TO COMMEMORATE THE DEATH OF JOHN WESLEY

HOMESICKNESS

BY EDITH C. BANFIELD

WHERE shall I wander, where upon the plain,
Who find not that for which my heart is fain,
Not one sweet meadow where the violets wake,
Nor any woodland bordering a lake?
Where shall I search upon the mountain-side,
Who cannot find the darlings of my pride—
The first arbutus hid beneath the snow,
The star-sown wind-flowers that I used to know,
The wintergreen, the little partridge-vine
Bright-berried yearly underneath the pine?
Where shall I turn, who can no longer see
The far blue hills familiar unto me—
The hills of summer and the hills of snow
Where great winds rise and driven clouds sweep low.
Too long my steps were taught New England ways,
Too long my eyes looked out upon those days
To find their comfort here. Here sorrow dwells,
And the wide future opens, dim and vast;
But there forever lie the olden spells,
The balm of childhood and my treasured past!

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ISABELLA

·BY· DAVID GRAY·

AUTHOR OF "GALLOPS"

"THAT 'S all," said Mr. Parsons Scott. He waved his hand at the groom, directing him to take the horse which was loose in the paddock back to the stable.

"They are a good lot," observed Mr. Carteret. He had been putting in the morning inspecting Mr. Scott's hunters.

Parsons Scott had an office in town, at which an office-boy might sometimes be found. Scott's personal attention was devoted to the purchase, education, and sale of hunters. As a prudent grandparent had provided him with an income, he was able to live in the country with comfort and to maintain the town office and his horse business as well.

"I 'm glad you like them," replied Scott, referring to Mr. Carteret's commendation of his horses. Carteret's opinion was able in this field.

"Yes," repeated Carteret; "they are a good lot. They are better than Harrington's and better than Brown's. But I really don't think there is anything that will do for me. As I told you, I want something like old Elevator—something that jumps exceptionally big and sure."

"The only other thing which I have is a mare that came yesterday from Canada," observed Scott. "I have n't had her out yet. I got her in a trade, and probably something is the matter with her; but they say she can jump. Bring out Isabella!" he called to the groom—"the new chestnut mare."

"Did you give her that name?" inquired Mr. Carteret.

"No," said Scott; "I should n't name a horse Isabella."

"I did n't know," observed Mr. Carteret. "I thought you might be growing sentimental. It 's a pretty name for a gentle mare."

"Stuff!" said Scott.

"Quite an animal," observed Mr. Carteret, as the mare trotted into the paddock. "Sporty-looking, is n't she? White blaze and stockings, and a piece out of her ear. She is uncommonly well made," he went on; "but her head is coarse, and she carries it too knowingly for a picture horse."

"Yes," said Scott. "I am sorry about the nick in her ear. It takes a hundred off her value. But she is a mare with a lot of character—the kind that can look out for herself and you, too."

Carteret nodded. "Turn her at the jump," he said to the groom. In the paddock there was a made jump, with wings, over which horses could be chased without a rider on their backs. The bars were about five feet high when Carteret spoke.

"That 's too high to start with," said Scott. "She is just off the car."

The groom, who had started to drive the horse, stopped.

"Let it down to four feet," Scott continued.

"Yes, sir," he said.

Before he reached the jump Scott called him back. Isabella was trotting leisurely into the wings of her own accord.

"Look!" said Scott.

The mare reached the jump, popped over it, gave a whisk of her closely docked tail, and began placidly to graze.

"That 's a very remarkable horse," observed Carteret.

"She likes it," said Scott. "Put the bars up to six feet," he called.

The groom adjusted the bars and herded Isabella around in front of the wings again. She looked languidly at the jump, and started for it at a slow canter. She cleared it as easily as before, and went to cropping tufts of grass again.

Parsons Scott swelled visibly with pride.

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Drawn by Urquhart Wilcox

"'SHALL I TAKE HER OVER AGAIN?'"

"She just plays over six feet," he said. "It 's chocolate-drops for her, Carty," he continued. "This is a horse."

"I think it is," said Mr. Carteret, rather humbly for him. "Let 's try seven feet."

"Please, sir," said the groom, "we can't put the bars up no higher."

"Well, never mind," said Carteret. "Scotty," he continued, "I think this one will do. I might as well tell you the truth.

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I 'm looking for something for a—" He hesitated. "I 'm looking for a lady's hunter, and I want a natural big jumper, something that *can't* make a mistake. If this mare is only sound—"

"She is sound," Scott broke in. "I might as well tell you the truth, too. She is a perfect lady's hunter. I got her somewhat reasonably because she kicked a man's buggy to pieces. He was an idiot who left her tied in a village street in fly-time. A traction-engine came past, and the buggy melted away. I should n't exactly guarantee her to drive, but you can see yourself she 's gentle as a kitten. She 's a perfect pet for a girl."

"I did n't say it was for a girl," observed Mr. Carteret.

Scott looked at him, but made no reply. He picked up a green apple that lay by the paddock fence and held it out to the mare. Isabella came forward promptly and took it. "Look!" he said. "She 'll eat out of your hand."

"That is very affecting," said Mr. Carteret.

"She will probably come around to driving in time," observed Scott. "Suppose we see her under saddle."

"I should like to see her under saddle," said Mr. Carteret.

Scott spoke to the groom, and he led Isabella into the stable. While they waited, the two sat on the top board of the paddock fence and discussed the question of price.

"I think that mare," observed Scott, "is easily worth a thousand dollars. She 'd bring that on her jumping alone, and—"

"But I tell you that 's too much," said Mr. Carteret; "my commission does n't authorize me to spend so much: and yet, I want the horse."

"I was about to say," continued Scott, "when you interrupted me, that on account of the buggy affair I would sell her for exactly—" He stopped. There was a clatter in the stable, and somersaulting through the air out of the doorway shot Scott's groom, followed by Isabella, who trotted to a spot where the grass was tender and began to graze.

Scott jumped down from the fence. "What have you got under that mare's saddle?" he bawled at the groom.

"Nothing, sir," said the man, who was picking himself up.

"From the way he came off," observed Mr. Carteret, "there might be a spring-board, or almost anything of that kind."

Scott paid no attention to the joke. He went over to Isabella, who fed on, undisturbed at his approach. Taking the saddle off, he looked for nail-points and objects of a sharp or lumpy nature. There was nothing there. Saddle and leather pad were in perfect repair.

"You must have done something to her," said Scott. "I 'll ride her myself."

The groom acquiesced obediently. Scott mounted, and Isabella stood meekly till he was on and had both his feet home in the stirrups. "Now," he said, "I shall move her around the paddock, slowly at first."

He spoke to Isabella, telling her to "Get up"; and then, placidly and more in sorrow than in anger, the mare gave three bucks. The first was a large one, but Scott hung on. With the second, which was larger, he was on her withers. On the third buck she shook out all reefs and sent him crashing through the top board of the paddock fence. He landed outside, surprised but uninjured.

"I have been to all the Wild West Shows," observed Mr. Carteret from the fence; "I think you have the best bucker I ever saw. Are you hurt?"

"I shall fix that mare," said Scott, gloomy with rage. He called to the man: "Bring out a harness-bridle with a check-rein, and some strong cord." He climbed back over the fence. "Look at her!" he said. The mare had gone back to the plot of tender grass. The episode seemed to have stirred no evil passions in her.

"She certainly is a mare of character," observed Mr. Carteret, thoughtfully.

Scott watched her in silence until the groom came out with the bearing-rein and string; then he approached Isabella and proceeded to arrange the apparatus, and Isabella made no remonstrance. "Do you see," said Scott, "how she can get her head down now?"

"No," said Mr. Carteret, doubtfully. There was something in Isabella's resourceful calm which impressed him and made him uncertain of everything.

Scott mounted, and clucked to Isabella to start. Then a curious thing happened. She made no attempt to fight the bearing-rein and buck. She lifted her fore legs and reared rather slowly until she was perpendicular.

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"Look out! She 's going over!" said Mr. Carteret.

As he spoke she dropped over on her back.

Scott had anticipated her action. He slid off before she came down, and rolled himself out of her way. He arose hastily, and, with such dignity as a man can command who has been rolling in the soil of his paddock, said to the groom, "You may take the mare to the stable." Then he climbed to the top of the paddock fence and sat down beside Carteret. "Carty," he said after a long silence, "I had always believed that a horse that was well checked up could n't rear."

Carteret tapped the fence boards thoughtfully with his ratan stick. "Old man," he said, "as we go on in life we lose many of our young beliefs."

There was a long silence. Scott made no answer. "I think," he observed presently, "that a trap just now turned into the driveway."

They could see the house from where they sat, and they watched and waited. In a few moments they saw Williams, the indoor man, come out and hurry down the walk toward the stables.

"You might brush yourself," suggested Mr. Carteret. "A man who sells horses ought not to be found at his own stables with so much mud on the back of his coat."

"Brush me," said Scott. "Who is it?" he called to the man as he approached.

"Mr. Henderson Lamppie, sir," said the man.

Scott jumped down from the fence and twisted his mustache for a moment. "I don't think I can stand him to-day," he said, as if speaking to himself.

Mr. Carteret also came down from the fence. "Old man," he said, "I ought to be going."

Scott looked at him in surprise. "But you said you 'd stop for lunch," he said plaintively, "and it is almost ready."

"I know," said Mr. Carteret; "but I forgot about an appointment. I must hurry."

"Carty," said Scott, "if you leave me alone with Henderson Lamppie, it never can be the same between us."

"Well," said Carteret, "if you put it that way, I shall have to stay; but I may not be very civil."

"You can be what you please," said Scott. "Tell Mr. Lamppie," he said to the man, "that we are at the stables. Put another place at lunch, and make my excuses for not going up to the house to meet him. Carty," added Scott, after the man had gone, "what an odious little beast that fellow is!"

"The most odious," said Mr. Carteret.

"Carty," said Scott, "don't you think it strange that a girl like Elizabeth Heminway should stand having him about? Those Dago diplomats are bad enough, but Lamppie is worse."

"That thought has occurred to me," said Mr. Carteret.

"Carty," said Scott, "I feel that we ought to do something to save Elizabeth Heminway. One of us ought to marry her."

Carteret laughed softly. "That thought, too, has occurred to me," he said; "but not the part of it which introduces you."

"Well, ride up, then," said Scott. "Go out in front. I 'll give you the panel first."

"It is foolish," said Carteret, slowly, "to ride for a fall when you know the landing is hard."

"Falls be hanged!" said Scott. "If white men like you are going to funk, probably some Dago or Chinee will marry her, or Lamppie."

"Very probably," said Mr. Carteret. "It is apt to be that way."

"Well, something ought to be done," said Scott.

"That 's true," said Carteret.

"We might begin by murdering Lamppie," suggested Scott.

"Why not put him on Isabella?" said Mr. Carteret. "It 's more lawful."

"That might be better," said Scott. "He 's coming."

Carteret glanced at the approaching figure, and then looked gravely at a mud-puddle about fifty feet beyond the paddock fence. "Do you think," he said, "that she could buck him over the fence into that?"

"I think she could," said Scott; "but probably she would n't: she 's too contrary."

"Probably not," said Mr. Carteret, with a sigh.

"Hallo, you chaps!" called out Mr. Lamppie, when he came within hearing distance. "I say, Scotty, have you got a good one for me? I 'm in a hurry, and can't look the string over, but I want the best you 've got—something that can take care of himself."

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Scott came down from the fence and greeted Mr. Lamppie. "We have just been looking at the biggest jumper I have. She is likewise, in my opinion, the most capable of looking out for herself."

"Is that so, Carty?" said Mr. Lamppie.

"It is," said Mr. Carteret.

"Trot her out," said Lamppie. "That 's what I 'm looking for."

Scott called to the stable: "Bring out Isabella again."

"Under saddle, sir?" asked the man.

"I 'd rather see her stripped first," said Lamppie. "You see, I can tell at a glance whether there is any use seeing her jump."

The groom came out with Isabella.

"Not a bad-looking mare," said Lamppie. He turned to Carteret. "What do you think, Carty?"

"I don't think," said Mr. Carteret, severely; "I know."

"Quite right," said Lamppie, affably; "you are quite right." Lamppie was uncomfortable when he talked horse before Mr. Carteret, who was eminent in these matters, and he tried to put himself more at ease by being patronizing. "As I said, you are quite right," he went on; "she is dooced good-looking. Now the question is, Can she jump as I like to have them?"

"You are the only person who can decide that," said Scott. The bars were standing at six feet. "Send her over," he said to the groom.

"But, I say," interrupted Lamppie, "you 're not going to start her in at six feet?"

"Why not?" said Scott, with surprise in his tone. "She plays over six feet."

The words were scarcely spoken before Isabella cantered into the wings and popped over the jump with several inches to spare.

"That is astounding," said Lamppie, "truly astounding!"

"I 'm sorry," said Scott, "that we can't put the bars up higher; but if you want to ride her over the paddock fence, you may. It 's not more than seven feet six."

Lamppie looked around, and his eye fell on the broken board in the paddock fence. "You have n't been sending her over that?" he said in amazement.

"That is one of Scott's reckless acts," said Carteret. "He was riding the mare in the paddock, and the first thing I knew, by Jove! he 'd taken the fence. It 's not surprising that he broke the top board, because he held on to her head shockingly. You know, Scott has bad hands."

Lamppie looked at the jump in wonder. "Did the mare go down?" he asked.

"No," said Mr. Carteret; "she never staggered."

"That is the boldest jump," said Lamppie, "that I ever heard about."

"Lamppie, you are right," said Mr. Carteret. "You 'd better get up on her back," he continued, "and try her over something yourself. You need n't select such a tall obstacle; but she won't go down with you."

"I 'm afraid I have n't time," replied Lamppie, doubtfully. He looked at his watch. "No, I have n't," he added. "I ought to be going now." When Lamppie knew that Mr. Carteret was watching him take a jump, the space between himself and the saddle, which, in fact, was not inconsiderable, seemed at least four feet. He would come down somewhere in front of the saddle, and, to make matters worse, would hoist himself into his seat by the reins. "No," he repeated, "I have n't time; but," he continued, turning to Scott, "I 'm going to take that mare on your say-so and at your own price."

"But," said Scott, "I have n't said any 'say-so,' and I don't intend to. You make a mistake to buy a horse without riding her. You see, to be honest, I don't think she 'd suit you." There was a moral struggle going on within Scott, and the right triumphed. "She bucks," he said.

Mr. Carteret looked away in disgust.

"Fudge!" said Lamppie, "I don't mind a little playful bucking. It 's rather pleasant to go prancing about a bit."

"It is, is n't it?" said Carteret. "It 's the luxury of riding." He looked at the broken board in the fence and smiled sweetly at Lamppie.

"She bucks a good deal," said Scott.

Lamppie looked shrewdly at Scott and then at Carteret. "I see his game," he said to himself: "he wants Carty to buy the mare." Then he said aloud: "That 's all right. I 'll take her."

"Mind, I 've warned you," said Scott. "You had better try her first."

"No time," said Lamppie. "I 'll send after her to-morrow."

"I think," began Mr. Carteret, slowly, from on top of the fence—"I think, Lamp-

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pie," he went on, "that you are funking. She 's a bad horse. You 'd better try her before you buy."

Lamppie naturally was now sure that Carteret wanted her. He looked knowingly at him and laughed. "Sorry I took her away from you, Carty," he said. "By-by, boys!" He waved his hand and was off.

"Well," said Mr. Carteret, after he was out of ear-shot, "*we* did n't have any fun, but Isabella will have some. Why did you try to spoil the sale of your high performer?"

Scott looked dismally at Carteret. "It is all right," he said, "to kill a man fairly, but to sell him dynamite sticks for cream candy is mean."

"You are childish," said Mr. Carteret, "and will never succeed in the horse business. As it is, do you suppose any one will believe that we have *not* unloaded Isabella on Lamppie? If you must pay the piper, why not dance?"

"I 'm afraid there 's something in what you say," said Scott, sadly. "But we might have a small drink in celebration because he did n't stop to lunch."

"That is a reasonable excuse," said Mr. Carteret, and they went to the house.

The next day Scott had Isabella led by a groom eleven miles to Lamppie's establishment and delivered in good order. The day following he received Lamppie's check. In the same mail came a letter from a ranch which he supported in Montana. His agent, it appeared, had contracted bad habits, and the property was vanishing. This letter made it necessary for Scott to set out for Montana at once. Accordingly, on the third day after the delivery of Isabella, he started on his journey.

As he was boarding the train the telegraph-operator rushed out with a message. "This has just come," he said.

Scott tore open the telegram. It said:

I. has begun with L. Collar-bone and shoulder-blade this morning. C. C.

"Whew!" said Scott, softly. He got on the car, and ran into Eliot Peabody.

"Has some one left you a fortune?" said Peabody, pleasantly.

"No," said Scott. "Why?"

"You look so happy," answered Peabody.

"It is very bad news," said Scott, "very regrettable." Then he sat down and read the telegram again.

Scott got back a month later, and went to work at his hunters. The first person outside his own establishment whom he saw was Mr. Carteret. Scott was schooling over some low fences, which were happily screened from the house of the man who owned them by a thick wood, when he saw Carteret hacking along the road. He went out to the road and joined him.

"That 's a good-looking horse," said Mr. Carteret, "but he 's got a spavin coming, I 'm afraid."

"Nonsense!" said Scott. But he dismounted and anxiously examined the suspected leg. "Well," he said, "if it 's a spavin it 's a spavin, and it can't be helped."

"When did you get back?" asked Carteret.

"Yesterday," Scott replied.

Carteret looked at him gravely. "Have you heard about the mare?" he said.

"What mare?" said Scott. He was still studying the prospects of spavin.

"The chestnut one, Isabella," said Carteret.

"I got your telegram," said Scott. "It was too bad about Lamppie's collar-bone."

"That was the beginning," observed Carteret.

"Did he ride her again?" asked Scott. "I never thought Lamppie was that kind of fool."

"No," Carteret answered. "She has been working with others. They 've had some drag-hounds at Newport—"

"Did they furnish sport?" interrupted Scott.

"I don't know," said Carteret; "I was afraid to go there. But I think Isabella furnished some sport. You see," Mr. Carteret continued, "I was going to Newport just after you left for the West, and then I changed my mind. I got a line from Elizabeth Heminway asking me there to stop with them."

"You did!" exclaimed Scott. "Why did n't you go? How is that girl going to be saved if you refuse to do your duty?"

"Have n't you had a letter from her?" asked Carteret.

"No," said Scott, wonderingly. "Why?"

"Have n't you heard?" said Carteret.

"Heard what?" demanded Scott.

"Why, it seems," said Mr. Carteret, slowly, "that I was not the only person

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commissioned to look for a lady's hunter. Lamppie was buying a horse for Miss Heminway when *you* sold him Isabella."

Scott's jaw dropped. "I did n't sell him the horse as much as you did," he said.

"That is, of course, untrue," replied Mr. Carteret; "but I am afraid that Lamppie takes your view of it."

"Was her letter severe?" asked Scott.

Carteret shook his head. "That is what scared me," he said. "It was sweet and gentle. I suspect that she wants me to ride that horse."

Scott laughed. "So you did n't go?" he asked.

"I went to Lenox instead," said Carteret. "I was there three days. The second day a man came up from Newport who is attached to the French embassy. He had his arm in a sling and his knee in a rubber bandage. He had been hunting Isabella. I left and went up to Bar Harbor. When the boat got there, they carried somebody ashore who had n't been visible on the trip. It was what's-his-name—you know him—one of the secretaries of the British embassy. He is a good man on a horse. He had been *breaking* Isabella for Miss Heminway. He told me all about it. Isabella caught him with a back roll and loosened his ribs. This chap said that two horse-tamers belonging to some of the Latin legations were also laid up as the result of breaking Isabella to oblige Miss Heminway. I left Bar Harbor in a day or two and went up to town. In the club I met Crewe and the British first secretary. They were talking about a young Spanish man who had been witching Miss Heminway with his horsemanship. He had concussion of the brain, and they doubted whether he 'd pull through."

Carteret paused.

"Is that all?" said Scott.

"I think it is enough," said Mr. Carteret. "It has strained diplomatic relations with the powers, and though it has thinned out many undesirable admirers, it has ruined our prospects."

"I am afraid that it has not helped *you*," said Scott. "I am sure that Lamppie remembered that I warned him *not* to buy the mare."

Carteret looked at Scott with contempt.

"I 'm coming to lunch," he said, and rode off.

When Carteret arrived, Scott was reading a letter. He looked up as Carteret came in.

"It is all right," he said. "We are forgiven."

"To what do you refer?" asked Mr. Carteret.

Scott handed him the note. "It is a very sweet and noble letter," said he. "She appreciates our innocence in the matter."

"From Elizabeth?" asked Carteret, as he took it.

Scott nodded.

"She says she wants to keep the mare, much as one might preserve an historic battle-ground or the sword that slew a king."

Carteret read the letter. "She asks you down to Long Island for Sunday," he said. "Are you going?"

"I am," said Scott.

"She has asked me also," said Carteret. "I found a note from her when I got home."

"You are going, are n't you?" said Scott.

"I am in doubt," said Carteret, slowly. "I am suspicious. I have known Elizabeth Heminway for a good many years. She is forgiving and noble, but I think she would like to see us riding Isabella."

"Rubbish!" said Scott. "She can't *make* us get up on a horse we don't want to ride, and she can't trick us into it, because we know the mare. She might have her painted, but she can't put back the piece out of her ear."

"No," said Carteret, uneasily; "I suppose not. But Elizabeth is a woman of some intellect. I would n't mind the spill, but she would have a crowd around, and I don't fancy being made a Roman holiday for Lamppie and a lot of Dagos."

"You 'll go," said Scott.

"I suppose I shall have to," said Mr. Carteret. "Are we going to have any lunch?"

CARTERET and Scott arrived at Miss Heminway's on Saturday afternoon. Miss Heminway lived with an aunt, or rather she had an aunt live with her. Her character and fortune fitted her to lead a somewhat original life and to assume much of the independence of action of a man. She had her own hunters, driving-horses, dogs, zoölogical garden pets, to say nothing of a large and ever-diversified corps of personal at-

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tachés. All these she regulated according to her own views.

Carteret and Scott had an extremely happy time. They were the only guests, and the subject of Isabella was not introduced. Once Mr. Lamppie's unfortunate accident slipped into the conversation, but Miss Heminway laughed, and looking meaningly at her friends, said: "I am willing to let bygones be bygones. Are you?"

Carteret and Scott laughed delightedly and said that they were more than willing. What pleased them especially was the double meaning of the remark, which they took to imply that Lamppie was a bygone thing in Miss Heminway's estimation.

Both walked with her, singly and together, on Sunday morning; but in the afternoon their joy clouded. Almost a dozen people came to luncheon, and as many more appeared soon after. As a natural consequence, a kind of horse show ensued on the side lawn where the jumps were. Among those who came was Lamppie. His collar-bone had knit and his shoulder was out of bandages, but he wore a silk handkerchief about his neck as a sling in which he rested his arm. He answered all inquiries as to his condition cheerfully and in detail, but he seemed to receive neither the sympathy nor the notice of Miss Heminway.

Scott observed this promptly.

"She is done with Lamppie," he whispered to Carteret.

"It looks that way," Mr. Carteret answered. He never was very positive in any of his statements about Miss Heminway's probable acts.

After the company had seen Miss Heminway's fourteen hunters, and a new four had been hooked up and sent around the drive, and the ponies had been led out, and the St. Bernard puppies and two racoons and the Japanese monkey, Mr. Lamppie cheerfully inquired if there were not something more.

"There is one more horse," replied Miss Heminway. "It 's a chestnut mare. But I 've had her only a week, and I don't know whether she will jump or not. However, we can see."

Miss Heminway spoke to her head man, and in a few moments a stable-boy came across the turf, leading a good-looking, powerfully made chestnut mare. As soon as it came near, Scott nudged Carteret with his elbow, and at the same moment Carteret nudged Scott with his.

"Look," whispered Scott; "they have tried to paint out the blaze on her face and her two white stockings in front."

"Yes," said Mr. Carteret,—his eyes were very quick,—"and they have tried to sew up the notch in her ear."

The point of one ear was drawn together in an unnatural fashion, and close inspection showed that a piece was gone from the tip and the edges were sewed together. At short range the chestnut dye on the mare's face and legs was apparent to eyes accustomed to horses.

"She 's very good-looking," observed Crewe to Miss Heminway.

"I like her," replied Miss Heminway.

"She 's devilish good-looking," put in Lamppie.

"The question is," said Miss Heminway, "will she jump? I don't want her to try anything high, but I should like to see her ridden over the bars at about three feet. Danny Foster," she continued, "is the only boy at the stable I let ride her, and he is away this afternoon, so that somebody with good hands will have to ride her for me."

There was a heavy silence.

Miss Heminway looked at Crewe.

"Won't you?" she said.

"Why," said Crewe, "I should be glad to, but I 'm ashamed to ride before Carty and Scott, who are distinctly the only men present with truly good hands. Besides, they are stopping in the house, and riding your horses is by right their—" he hesitated and then said—"privilege."

"I don't care," said Miss Heminway; "only somebody get up and ride."

No one made a move.

"Come, Carty," she said sharply, "ride the mare and stop this nonsense. You are coy as a girl asked to sing."

Carteret pulled his straw hat over his eyes and tapped his leg thoughtfully with his ratan stick. "Elizabeth," he said, "you are a fine woman, but you have missed it this time. In the first place, your Titian red is very badly put on, and your surgery on that ear is abominable; a seamstress could do better."

"What do you mean?" demanded Miss Heminway.

"Don't try to force a poor joke," said Mr. Carteret, severely.

Miss Heminway turned to Scott.

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"Will you do me a small favor?" she said.

"Anything in the world," Scott answered, "except ride that mare." He laughed knowingly. A whisper ran through the group of onlookers, and then a laugh. Miss Heminway turned her back upon both Scott and Carteret. Mr. Lamppie was standing before her.

"Mr. Lamppie," she said, "if *you* are not *afraid*, will you kindly show my mare over that jump?"

Lamppie bowed.

"I have only one good arm," he said, "and you know I am not considered much of a horseman by Carty and Scott, but I shall be truly happy to try."

He started for the horse, and at the same moment Scott and Carteret started too.

"Elizabeth," said Mr. Carteret, quietly, "you must n't let him ride that brute. His shoulder has only just healed."

"Please mind your own affairs," said Miss Heminway, severely.

Scott had rushed forward in the attempt to seize Lamppie before he was in the saddle; but, regardless of what was supposed to be his injured arm, he scrambled up, and kicking his heels into the mare, galloped off.

"Mr. Scott," called Miss Heminway, severely, "will you kindly *not* interfere with Mr. Lamppie?"

Scott turned and meekly rejoined Mr. Carteret.

"Look!" exclaimed Miss Heminway.

"I don't care to look," said Mr. Carteret. His back was turned to the horse. "I don't want to see a murder."

But Scott looked. He saw the chestnut mare carry Lamppie into the wings of the jump at an even canter, clear the bars in an easy manner, and come jogging back to the spectators.

There was a burst of applause.

"Has she killed him?" asked Mr. Carteret.

"Carty," said Scott, "it is all over with us."

Mr. Carteret turned around. Lamppie was bowing to Miss Heminway.

"Shall I take her over again?" he asked. "She goes like a sweet dream."

"If you will, please," replied Miss Heminway.

Mr. Carteret watched the mare and Lamppie repeat their performance. He lighted a cigarette and inhaled a long puff of smoke. "Lamppie wins by a block," he said softly.

"How do you suppose they did it?" said Scott.

Carteret's reply was interrupted by Lamppie. "I say, Carty," he called out, "don't you chaps want a turn on this mare? She 's a lovely ride; nothing to be afraid of."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Mr. Carteret. "I 'll not ride."

"Well," said Miss Heminway, sweetly, "if there are no more animals and things to be seen, we might go in and have tea."

The party went into the house, but Carteret and Scott disappeared. They went out a back door and proceeded to the stables.

It happened that Fredericks, Miss Heminway's head man, had formerly been employed by Mr. Carteret. Carteret had given him up much as an orchid-fancier might send a lady his choicest air-plant. When the two men entered the stable, Fredericks greeted them obsequiously. There was a queer look in his eyes, but he was very grave because Carteret was grave.

"Fredericks," said Mr. Carteret, "we want to see that mare."

"Very good, sir," said Fredericks, and he took them down the stable to a box-stall. He opened the doors and showed them the mare. A stable-boy was scrubbing her legs with some chemical preparation, and they were becoming white.

"This part of the job," said Carteret, pointing with his stick to the mare's legs, "you did very badly. I should like to know, however, how you got Isabella to go so kindly in so short a time. I consider that a very remarkable achievement, Fredericks."

"Thank you, sir," said Fredericks. He bowed very low, and his cap concealed his face, but it could not conceal the quivering of his large frame. "I beg pardon, sir," he gasped, and fled out of the stall, apparently in a convulsion.

"I am afraid," said Scott, "that if we were Fredericks we should feel as he does. I want to know, though, what he used."

Fredericks returned shortly, much mortified and with many apologies for his breach of manners.

"I 'm goin' to tell you, sir," he said, "if I lose me place. Come this way, sir."

He led them to another box-stall, which

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was at the end of the passage, opened the door, and stood aside for them to pass through. They entered the box, looked at the horse before them, and then at each other.

"Well," said Mr. Carteret, "it is easy when you know how."

They were in the presence of Isabella. In shape, size, and color the other mare was her counterpart; but that this only was Isabella they knew now by her eye, by her expression, and by her simplicity of character. She was trying to get her nose into Scott's pocket, and failing in that, she nipped his hand with her lips.

"She 's too fat," said Scott. There was nothing else which occurred to him to say.

"So she is, sir," said Fredericks.

"No exercise," said Carteret; "the diplomats gave out."

"I was three weeks finding that other mare," said Fredericks. "She 's pretty near a match, sir."

"Did you cut the tip of her ear and then sew it up?" demanded Carteret.

"Not I, sir," said Fredericks. "No, sir. That was Miss Heminway's friend Dr. Anderson, the surgeon, sir. He did it with instruments and cocaine and surgeon's needles, sir, and Mr. Lamppie helped him and held the cocaine-bottle."

"They all knew about it," said Mr. Carteret. "Thank you, Fredericks," he added; "we sha'n't tell on you."

They walked in silence back to the house. At the door Carteret spoke.

"I told you," he said, "that Elizabeth Heminway was a remarkable woman."

"You did," said Scott.

"I knew we ought not to have come."

"You said that, too," said Scott.

"And you made me come," said Carteret.

"I did," Scott replied.

"Well," demanded Carteret, "what are you going to do about it?"

"What is there to do about it?" said Scott.

There was a long silence. Carteret tapped his leg thoughtfully with his ratan stick.

"What is there to do about it?" Scott said again.

Carteret made no answer, but opened the door and went in, and Scott followed.

THE IMMORTAL

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

BROOK and wind, though they flow
A thousand years,
Age can they never know,
Nor age's fears,
Never be known of woe,
Nor sighs, nor tears.

Love, if it live at all,
Is young as they,
Young as the brooks that brawl
The livelong day,
Young as the winds that call
The blooms of May.

Out of the gloom Love beams
Forever young,
Bright with delights and dreams
Like jewels strung;
Lyrical-lipped with themes
Still to be sung.

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AN ARTIST IN THE ANTARCTIC[1]

BY FRANK WILBERT STOKES

WITH PICTURES BY THE WRITER, THE FIRST ARTIST TO BRING PAINTINGS FROM THE ANTARCTIC

FAR down at the nether side of the globe the little black, bark-rigged *Antarctic*[2] rolled over lovely seas of cobalt blues and greens, bound for that dread Niflheim where

"Death-dealing vapors rise
From a black mist-world full of sighs."

It was January 11, 1902. The temperature of the water gave unmistakable signs. At twelve minutes past 1 P.M. we sighted what seemed to be an iceberg. Gradually through the silver mist of nimbus a mountainous, snow-clad island appeared in delicate pink tones. It proved to be King George Island of the South Shetlands. Again curtained in mystery until 4 : 30 P.M., the golden sunlight pushed the mist aside, disclosing the island surrounded by a flotilla of majestic icebergs. It was completely snow-clad down to the edge of the dark cobalt-blue sea, where it terminated in an ice-wall two hundred feet high. This snow-mantle was of a delicate white-yellow chrome, with faint cobalt-blue cloud-silhouettes creeping over its rounded surface. A few bare rocks added a deep touch of reddish-brown purple. The bergs were glistening in marvelous pink purity under the sun's rays, with rich, deep shadows of turquoise-cobalt blue. Penguins sported swiftly in the waters round the ship.

This *coup d'œil* demonstrated a radical difference in the character of the far-South land compared with the far North. We were upon the threshold of the last great region of geographical mystery. At 5 P.M. we had approached near enough for an initial color-sketch. Landing-parties the following day found a considerable area of rock free from snow, and obtained seals and birds, some green snow,—caused by a minute plant of the same order as that of red snow,—lichen in abundance, and a new beetle.

Rapidly gathering clouds obscured the sun with heavy forms and deep, cold blue-grays, and interspersings of pale, chilly yellow. A damp, penetrating wind from the northeast, with a counter ocean current, produced a choppy sea, and the spray flew over us, while the barometer fell suddenly. Passing through Nelson Strait, we rode out a gale in the cold gray-green waters of Bramfield Strait. All night the gale continued, and a heavy sea was still running on the morning of January 12. About 8 A.M. I went on deck. There, partly veiled by a drifting silvery mist, were Trinity Islands and the lofty mountains of Terre Louis Philippe, or Palmer Land. The captain, ensconced in the "crow's-nest," scanned the horizon for an opening into Weddell Sea, as we hoped

[1] For Mr. Stokes's pictures in color of "The Aurora Borealis," see this magazine for last February.

[2] The Swedish South Polar Expedition, under the leadership of Dr. Otto Nordenskjöld, a nephew of the famous Arctic explorer Baron Nordenskjöld, was equipped by private means. This expedition sailed from Gottenburg, Sweden, October 8, 1901, touched at Falmouth, England, for coal, leaving that port October 16, for Buenos Aires, Argentina, where it arrived December 16. At this port a young ensign of the Argentine navy joined the expedition, together with the writer. On December 21 the steam-sealer *Antarctic*, with the full complement of the expedition on board, left for the south, stopping at the Falkland Islands for a day, and then at the Staten Islands, off the southernmost extremity of South America, in order to correct the magnetic instruments at the meteorological station of Argentina.

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to place the winter station on the eastern coast of King Oscar II Land. Cloud-mists obscured the land, and a raw wind and a cold gray-green sea, with hurtling masses of gray overhead, ensued.

After a succession of squalls we sought the welcome shelter under the land, and, as if by the touch of a giant, Boreas fled, leaving a calm, deep-blue sea, in the waters of which whales were spouting, and dazzling ice-palaces floated in delicate tones of lilac-pink, chrome-green half-tones, and turquoise-cobalt shadows. Beyond, in imposing grandeur and beauty, was a strange mountainous land—a land of the gods—wrapped completely in an ice-mantle æons old. There were long vistas of gleaming, winding, tortuous glacier valleys, in blinding coruscations of silvery pink and green reflections, and jagged peaks, softened by cyclopean snow fingers, over which the magic of translucent light and shade rushed with lightning speed, obscuring and revealing in bewildering succession.

A breathless silence pervaded the scene. I was busy with camera, pencil, and brush, fearful that these grandiose themes would escape, and succeeded in finishing five sketches. Charts were consulted and positions measured as we bowled along, enjoying the transition from storm to calm and comparative warmth. Some of us took boat and landed on a rocky islet as the westering sun disappeared behind gray-turquoise cloud-strata and shot a path of gleaming salmon gold across the sea.

Myriads of penguins waddled about in their solemnly comical fashion, and were not in the least disturbed by our presence until we walked among them, when they tried to bite our boots and struck at us with their little wings. Two penguins would waddle close to each other, and then, stretching their necks, with bills pointing upward, would sway to and fro, making a strange rasping sound, as if condoling with each other over our invasion of their territory. Cormorants sat round demurely, with beautiful snow-petrels, watching us in a leisurely, fearless manner. When one of the men shot a few for specimens, the noise made them fly a few yards, only to return and crane their necks with fearless curiosity over their comrades, and toward the tall, strange human animals who had such a loud cry.

Presently, with the wash of a wave, in rolled a large Ross seal, which stopped a moment, and raising its small head, gave us a half-fearful, grave, questioning look from its stupid, bloodshot eyes; then it awkwardly humped and wriggled over the rocks a few yards past our feet, where it lay down and slept. The seals were entirely unaware of the presence of deadly enemies. The sensation that such a scene produces upon the mind is indeed very strange; the pathos of it is disquieting.

We returned to the *Antarctic* at 1 P.M., with specimens of lichen, stones, and a species of moss covered with mussels.

January 13. There was only a temporary setting of the sun, and the ship passed under the silent gaze of sentinel after sentinel of rock giants, hoary with age, calm and immovable amid a region of raging storms and bitter cold. The rocks of these stupendous heights, which pierced whirling cloud-masses of dark smoky blue, were varied shades of gray-blues and deep maddered purple-gray, the glaciers' brilliance of pale, pure gold eclipsing the light of the clouds. Below, the sea was calm, with only a ripple over its surface of deep-toned gray madder of an ocherish tinge. Then distant, strange murmurings were borne through the air, and the black bodies and flukes of cetaceans moved into view, then dived down into the silence of the deep.

It was with some effort that I found energy enough to paint a large sketch of a bold unknown headland, as our little vessel turned northward. There was much discussion as to where we were. The captain believed we were in a large fiord east of Danco Land, but later it was discovered that we had been in Belgica Strait, opposite Schlautter Channel and Antwerp Island, the northeast promontory of which I had sketched.

The night came as a very bright twilight. After landing upon Danco Land, we succeeded in passing eastward through a strait between Capes Donbuzet and Kimnes, of Terre Louis Philippe on the north, and Danco Land on the south. The sky was blue and the sea was blue, and the sun shimmered gold all around. The land was mountainous on each hand, and from 1500 to 2000 feet in height, covered by a snow-mantle of brilliant pale yellow and pinkish lilac. The sea was flecked with a few large tabular bergs of pale lilac. Ahead, to starboard, giant cliffs of reddish-purple basalt

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From a painting by F. W. Stokes

THE SUN'S RAYS, SIDNEY HERBERT BAY AND JOINVILLE LAND, FEBRUARY 10, 1902, 7 P.M.
(WEDDELL SEAL ON AN ICE-FLOE)

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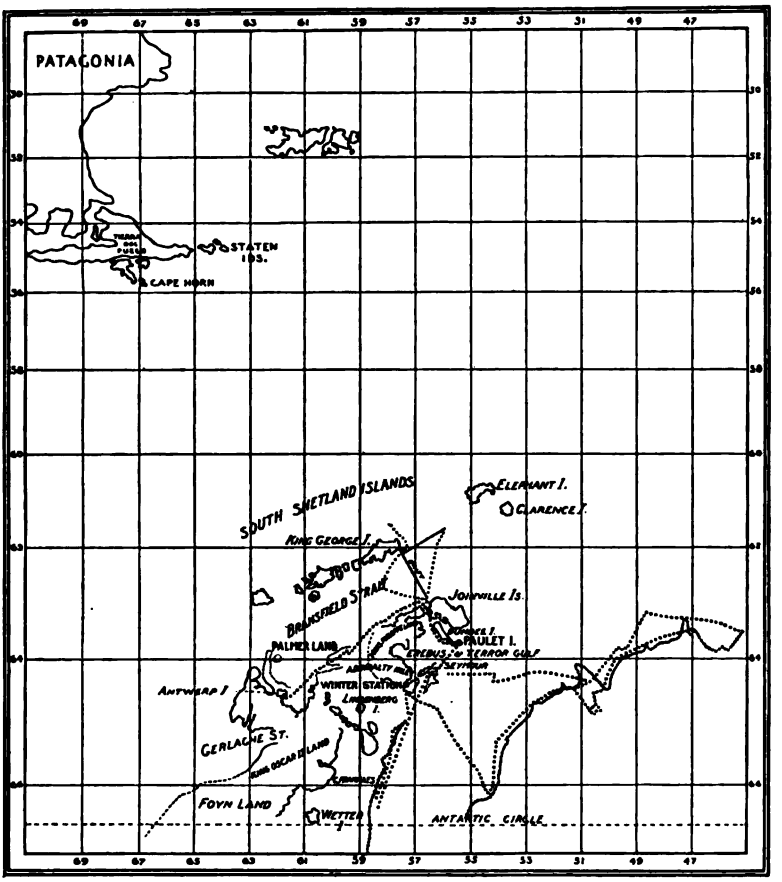

COURSE OF THE ANTARCTIC IN 1902

R. WEIR CROUCH

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appeared almost denuded of ice and snow, with glittering glaciers of purest creams and turquoise blue winding their way to the sea. It was a reminder of Greenland.

January 15. Soon we were plowing the treacherous waters of the Erebus and Terror Gulf (well named) of Ross, gruesome in spirit, notwithstanding a clear, sunlit day. At 3 P.M. we were within a mile of Paulet Island. This island was discovered by Sir James Clark Ross on December 30, 1842. It is volcanic, with an extinct crater, and must have changed measurably since Ross saw it, for the rocks are only 200 feet in height, while he says that they seem 750 feet, and from the distance to "rise so abruptly as to render it quite inaccessible." Nevertheless, two boat-loads of sailors put off to the island for seals, and we rowed between huge ice-blocks, threading the way without much difficulty, and hauled up the boat upon a large level beach of rounded stones of a grayish-blue color.

Immediately the air was filled with the strange cries of millions of penguins that covered the shore and hillsides up to their summits.

Each one of us went about his special work, and our meteorologist proceeded to take some magnetic observations. Brownish-gray albatrosses flew and strutted about regardless of the newcomers. There were also beautiful white pigeons, gray and white gulls, and black-headed shags. But the penguins were a perfect wonder. Upon this densely populated island we heard everywhere the queer voices of these creatures as they scolded and growled, disputing our passage, with the body swelled and the feathers at the back of the head raised in anger. In the deep-blue water countless penguins disported, rising and diving in porpoise-fashion with incredible swiftness. The roar of the surf, the distant thunder of huge ice-masses breaking from glaciers, glistening in the brilliant, crisp sunlight, in delicate alabaster, turquoise, and cobalt blue, and the blowing sound of huge fin-back whales, added charm to a scene of wondrous beauty and weirdness.

A few rods inland there was a good-sized pond the shores of which were seamed with well-trodden paths which wound up the sides of the hills. Along these paths or roads long lines of sober penguins waddled, hopped, and sprawled, in their black-backed, white-breasted coats, their little wings extended, resembling ill-made flowing sleeves to a swallow-tailed coat. Solemn swallow-tailed guards were posted upon rocks and lumps of ice, and there seemed to be a well-organized system of government. The skua-gulls are their enemies, robbing the nests of eggs and young. Family groups, when invaded by a penguin from another group, set upon the invader and either send him about his business or kill him. As it was late in the season, the young were almost as large as their parents, and covered with a soft, mauve-colored down. They stood helpless, close to their mothers, while the fathers protested at our presence. The nests were formed of a ring of stones, which the males pilfered, each for his own particular family. The whole island was redolent of guano of a pink color; the odor was almost nauseating.

When we embarked it was about 8:30 P.M. We sped toward the ship, that, toy-like, lay several miles distant, a little black atom in this great space of azure and lilac-pink and gold. Again on deck, I repaired to the cabin and groped in its darkness for a match, and lighting a candle, found the sketch-box. Then hurrying above, I climbed upon the poop-deck over empty barrels, rusty chains, and various debris, and placing the box on a coil of rope, finished a sketch in about twenty minutes, when the welcome call of *spieza* from our pale-faced steward brought me back to practical things. We had no fire for heating purposes in the cabins other than that furnished by a lamp in the gun-room, and everything was very damp.

We moved through gloomy weather over Erebus and Terror Gulf, toward Cape Seymour, a tawny-colored island entirely free from ice and snow, but full of penguins. After delays from fog and ice we landed and left a record-cairn. At 11 A.M., January 18, we were in sight of King Oscar II Land, with Mount Jason towering high into the clouds, covered with the everlasting snow, in lilac-turquoise-gray. It was some thirty miles away, over a vast level sheet of ice-floe. Overhead the sky was a soft blackish blue, deepening into a band of mellow gray gendarme-blue.

We had reached the Antarctic Circle. A cry from one of the sailors drew our attention to a strange upright object standing motionless upon the sea-ice. It resembled an

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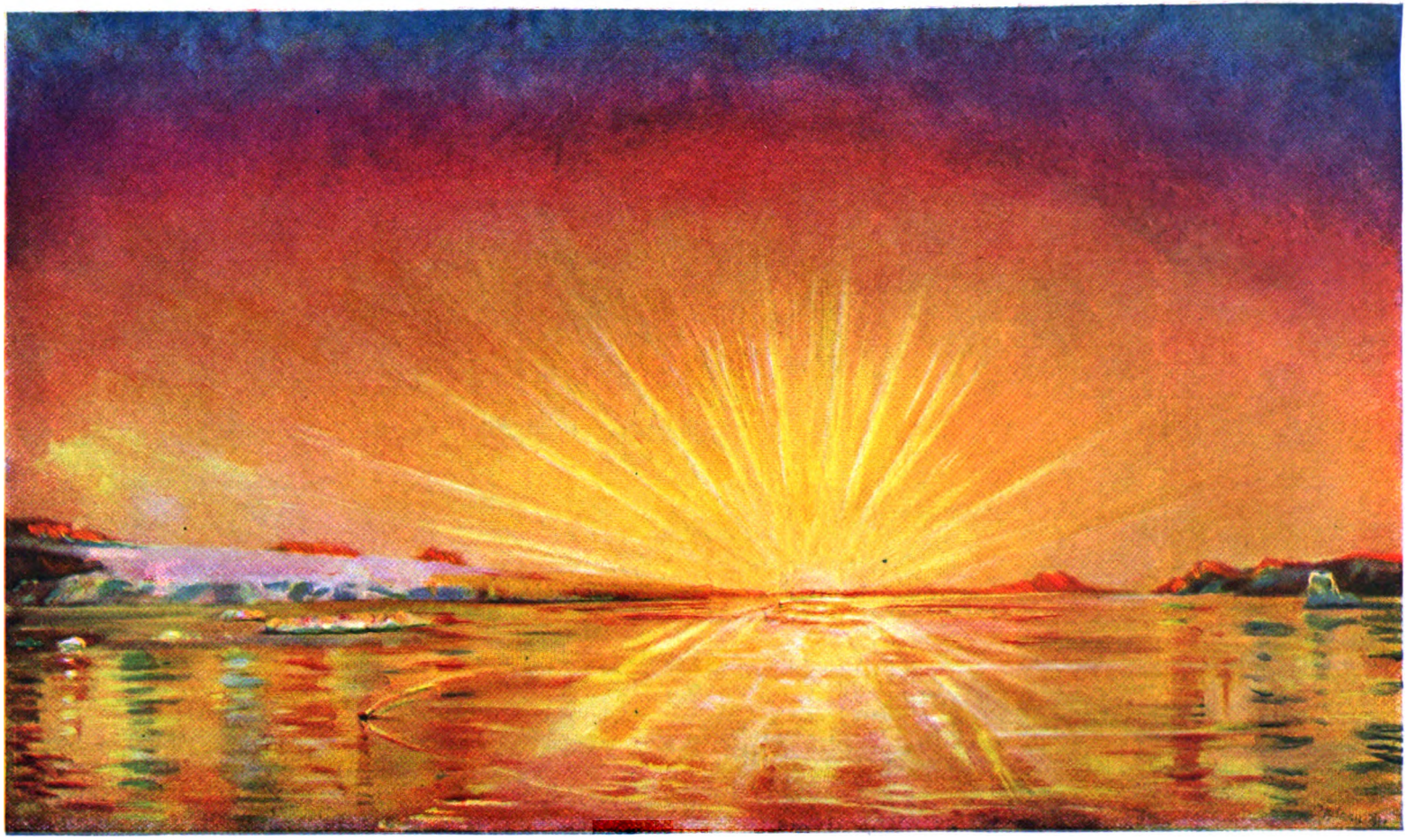

From a painting by F. W. Stokes

AN ANTARCTIC SUNSET, ADMIRALTY INLET, JOINVILLE LAND, FEBRUARY 13, 1902, ABOUT 7 P.M.

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uncouth, uncanny human being. The dark creature moved its head, but without uttering a sound. This strange being turned its small dark head upon a close, short neck attached to a heavy but graceful black-and-white feathered body, as if in doubt and somewhat uneasy at the approach of the ship. All was silence save the smothered beat of the propeller, the soft lapping of the waves against the ice, and the swish and creak of the floes as they jammed against one another. The propeller ceased its revolutions, a boat was swung over the side, and the crack of a rifle broke the stillness. We were soon rowing over the blackish-gray purple waters of the floe, where the wounded creature reclined on cream-white snow. It uttered no cry of alarm or pain, but mutely suffered, eying us with a strange indifference. When we were within several feet of it, the creature seemed to recognize that we were enemies, and made a few weak movements to escape; but the sailors strangled it easily, and were soon dragging the body of an emperor penguin through the snow. The bird is well named, for there is a certain melancholy majesty about it. It measured three and a half feet in height and weighed seventy-six pounds.

January 20. During the approach to this beautiful snowland I was painting one effect after another without a moment's pause, until I had added four sketches to my color-record. Enormous tabular-shaped bergs were everywhere, and were many miles in extent, covered with a crisp snow. Where this was wanting, there were ravishing gleams of turquoise and cobalt blues. The malachite-green hues prevalent in the Arctic were rare.

It was found impracticable to transport stores over the ice-floes thirty miles to land, and at 10 P.M., as the barometer was falling, we sped eastward to find, if possible, a break in the ice. Far, far away, in the distant west, under a burst of pale yellow-ocherish gold light and misty gray-blue clouds, a new cordillera appeared, with serrated peaks and glaciers, bathed by the waning light. I painted while they gradually faded behind a veil of pale pearlish gold.

Weddell Sea, February 2. There were no church bells for us, but instead the swish and roar of the heavy seas breaking over us, the moanings and groanings of the little vessel's timbers, and the heavy shock, now and then, as we collided with a bit of ice. I had been gradually awakened by the increasing din of the gale. Every large wave brought something down to the floor with a crash, and I wearily peered through the darkness and confusion at the dull glimmer of the bull's-eye, which betokened the dawn. Sleep was impossible, so I arose and dressed with difficulty, and climbing over fallen obstacles, went up on deck. It was 3 A.M. A few dim figures of sailors were hauling away at the sheets, their melancholy cry mingling with the keen, searching wind and seething spray. Dark gray-green waves, almost mountainous, were rolling up against the pale fire of the newly risen sun, the beams of which burst through the cloud-masses. Here was a fine subject, and no time must be lost. Chilled with the cold, but warm with enthusiasm, I soon emerged on deck with sketching-materials. The sketch-box was placed upon the carpenter's tool-chest and secured with twine, and baring my hands in order to work quickly, I placed the colors as rapidly as possible, considering the difficulties of keeping upright, and the hardening of the colors from the cold. In about fifteen minutes the effect had been caught, and, chilled through and aching with cold, I hurriedly closed the sketch-box and groped down the companionway, past the gun-room and its miasmatic odors, into my cabinet, which was a chaos of boxes, books, and wearing-apparel, and soon threw myself between warm blankets and dozed restlessly until breakfast. As the day advanced the gale ceased, and the gray fog hung heavily, through which the soft white snow-petals silently flurried and fell.

Presently the fog disappeared, disclosing great numbers of blue whales spouting far and near, some coming within three fathoms of the *Antarctic*. A large gray-brown mauve-colored albatross, a peculiar species of the stormy petrel, also approached. Blue petrels, with beautiful blue feet, and Cape pigeons hovered astern. This was an eventful day for all, as we turned back after reaching latitude 63° 29′ south, longitude 43° 39′ west. The sounding-line touched at 3500 meters. We were making direct for Cape Seymour, and scudded through another gale during the night. The shepherd-dogs were all in mourning, for the ship and the weather

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did not suit them; but the Eskimo dogs, now old salts, strutted about with their tails curled tight over their backs, as the climate reminded them of old times, but aimlessly, with the ears in a flabby pose, indicating clearly that their brains wanted occupation.

Sunday, February 9. At 4 A.M. Howells Island, and at 6 A.M. Cape Seymour and Cockburn Island, were in sight, and there was a rough sea with a south wind. At 5 P.M. a heavy gale was blowing from the south, with thick fog and snow hiding everything but the stormy seas close at hand. The deck was slippery from seal-blubber and ice and snow. With a wind blowing twenty-one meters per second, it required some agility to cross even the waist of the ship. Returning to the cabin and the sketch I was painting between the lurches and rolls of the vessel, I was called up on deck. After an acrobatic ascent of the companionway, I managed to open and close the door, and holding on to any projection that offered, looked around. Cockburn Island, to the left, was almost hidden in a deep atmospheric gray mauve, inclining to turquoise cobalt, the threatening cloud-masses almost one tone of warm gray underneath, a mountainous mass of purplish-gray cloud-legions of a cumulus character, with a single opening of rich golden mellow ocher light casting a faint glimmer over the iron-like, heavy, storm-swept, gray-green waves rolling in from Erebus and Terror Gulf. The blasts of wind howled through the rigging continually, and the waves struck us heavily. We were heaving to in the lee of Cape Seymour for safety. Now and then a ghost-like iceberg suddenly appeared through the driving fog and spume, calmly, majestically pursuing its course, unaffected by the rage of the elements, like some mighty spirit from another world. All night the vessel labored, and by February 10 we had lost a sail, and the sailors had frost-bitten hands, but the storm had flown with its furies. The *Antarctic* was sheathed in ice. I was hard at work on deck sketching Terre Louis Philippe from Erebus and Terror Gulf, the first promontory to the left of Cape Gordon. The night shadows brought the storm, and again we were lying in the shelter of an iceberg.

Off Sidney Herbert Bay, Tuesday, February 11. The ice blown from the south by the storm separated us from the land. Looking across the comparatively calm waters of dark-mauve black-green-gray, the eye met a cold blue tone of turquoise ice, then a burst of creamy-white light along an undulating billowy mass, with delicate cloud-shapes hurrying over the snow-covered land of Terre Louis Philippe, broken by rock-juttings of deep purple, and, just above, a long, narrow strip of perfect azure, the first we had seen for days. In the empyrean hung a threatening cloud of dark reddish gray-purple, but the sun burst into a crescendo of glory, speeding it to the south. The air became balmy, and color-harmonies were seen on every side. The heavy ice-floes were brilliant in delicate lilac half-tones and purple and madder-pink shadows. Reaching the main body of the ice before dinner, we were crunching between the heavy floes until about nine in the evening, when we reached comparatively open water. I was now painting with an enjoyment of comfort that had been lacking for some time.

Wednesday, February 12. Bright and sunny. We were at last in Admiralty Inlet. A little space in the dun-colored mountains to the left of a great glacier was pointed out where we purposed landing to find a site for the winter station. About seven in the morning we rowed ashore. The boat danced over the blue waves, and the air from the ice was keen. It was delicious to drink in the sunlight from the pure azure and the sparkling sea. After a thirty minutes' row we came to a low shore, along which was scattered a fringe of huge ice-blocks of turquoise and cobalt blues, showing at their tops fantastic forms of sea-water arrested and frozen during the recent tempest. After choosing the site, I climbed up a hill and saw that the land looked like an island, with a strait of open water to the northwest of the glacier, and two small islands. We returned to the *Antarctic*, breakfasting at ten o'clock. Preparations were made at once to land stores for the winter party. The setting sun was the most dazzling gold, in a setting of pale yet rich golden salmon-pink at the horizon, merging into turquoise-pink, yellow, delicate violet, and finally into the deep blue turquoise-cobalt of the zenith. The sun flashed its blinding gold across a perfectly calm sea, the glacier to the left being a deep purple-cobalt blue, tinctured with the sun's madder and gold, while the cliff on the right was a deep yet grayish purple

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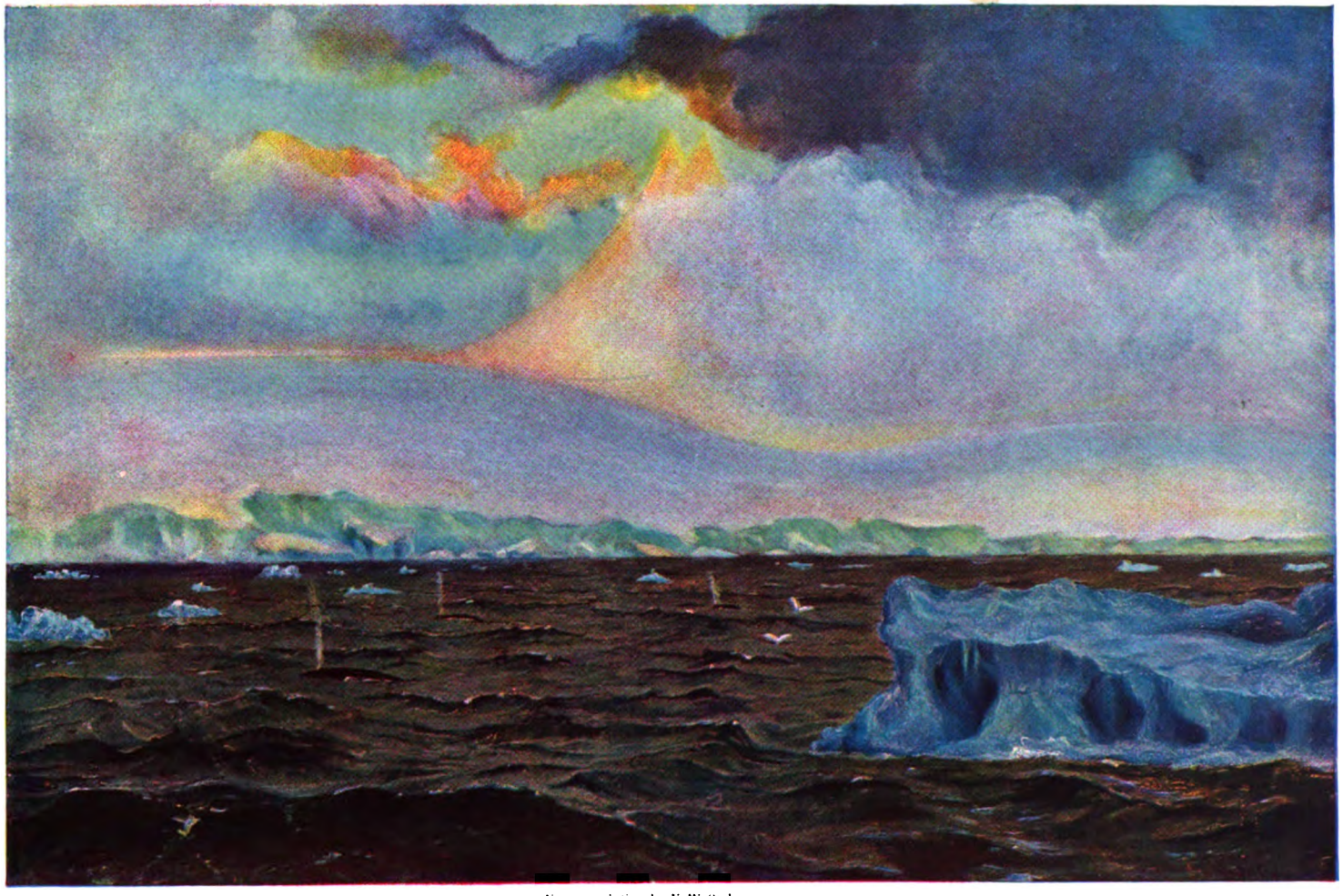

From a painting by F. W. Stokes

THE APPROACH OF A STORM, JOINVILLE LAND, EVENING OF FEBRUARY 23, 1902, ABOUT 9 P.M.

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and madder-brown, and the ice-floes at a little distance showed pure turquoise tints of cobalt and delicate rose. The sky was Eastern in its aspect, and somewhat characteristic of Egypt.

February 13. Bright and beautiful sunlight. All was noise, bustle, and confusion. Two whale-boats lashed together and covered with a platform were used to carry goods and provisions ashore. The frame of the winter house was put together. The decks were slippery with grease and filth. Poor dogs! In a measure they had become accustomed to their floating home, but none of them liked it. The Eskimo dogs were aware that land was near, and their tails were screwed up tight over their backs in consequence.

Friday, February 14. Fine and clear. By 4 P.M. farewells were said. The captain was in the crow's-nest, the crew below in the forecastle, and the scientific party was on deck. The Swedish flag was dipped, while the little whale-boat of the winter party grew smaller as our vessel threaded its way between the floes, out of the inlet, during which time many themes for the brush appeared. At supper we numbered six instead of ten, and the absent ones were missed. All retired early after the fatigue and excitement.

February 19. We returned to Admiralty Inlet after reaching the latitude of Robertson Island in a vain attempt to place a cache on either Robertson or Wetter Island, or on Cape Framnaes, and make a far southing. Our portion had been a continuous succession of gales and impassable ice. The decks were slippery and bloody and redolent of seals. The rigging was covered with a beautiful hoar-frost. From horizon to horizon there was a cold, black, bluish-gray sea, icebergs in mirage and in reality, with savage gray snow-squalls crossing the pale band of horizon light.

Some stormy petrels and brown-and-white Cape pigeons enlivened the melancholy scene, and in the far distance could be discerned the lofty spray columns from blue whales. I completed a memory sketch of an effect seen in Admiralty Inlet.

We returned to the winter station on February 21. Finding the party well, and taking farewell letters, we steamed out again at five in the afternoon. In the interim I painted three sketches, becoming thoroughly chilled and suffering from aching fingers. After hastily warming myself, I remained on deck painting more effects, which required much memorizing, as the panorama changed rapidly.

February 23. We had been through one gale after another, and although it was again calm, the threatening gray sky remained, with the ghastly glittering "ice-blink" in all quarters, an unwelcome sign that the ice was all about us. In the southwest by west a single band of black-blue sky, a "water sky," remained; and if that lead had proved unavailable, we should have been frozen in for the winter. At 3 P.M. the lead was still ahead, in the new strait. We had entered between Terre Joinville and Terre Louis Philippe. To port was an uncharted island, very steep, with a natural archway at its southwestern extremity, almost entirely ice-free, and of a dunnish purple-gray.

By 7 P.M. we had passed into a comparatively ice-free sea, and as we were congratulating ourselves upon our escape, the heavy clouds parted, disclosing a lofty double-coned volcano, completely snow-covered, rising majestically thousands of feet from vast curved ice-hills, the sea-walls of which rose three hundred feet above the sea. Huge whales spouted in all directions. The wondrous blue bergs, together with the complete ice-covering of the land, and the great quantity of storms and grisly colors, are some of the most distinctive features of the Antarctic as compared with the Arctic world. By 11 P.M. we were free of the ice-locked strait, and lying for the night in the lee of an unknown ice-covered island north of the Dausay Islands. The sailors' tread upon the snow-covered decks gave a crisp, crunching sound, indicative of the cold.

February 24. Rain and squally; our latitude 63° 3′, longitude 53° 20′ west. It was a day of discomfort, and one in which we had a miraculous escape.

All night the gale blew, and I was unable to sleep, on account of the pitching and rolling. Through the din I could hear the stroke of 3 A.M. in the gun-room. Curious about my belongings, I lighted a candle and groped over fallen chairs, boxes, and all sorts of apparel, and found all safe. Returning to the cabin, I read and then tried to sleep, but was soon disturbed by voices and hurrying feet above. Some one came down the companionway, and a conversa-

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tion ensued between the captain and the second mate. Then the song of the sailors rose faint and distant, as if in a wail of supplication, above the shrill blasts. At breakfast the captain related that at six o'clock, amid the thick fog, a huge iceberg suddenly appeared on the port bow, while the gale was blowing us upon the colossus, against which huge seas broke. It was only three ships' length from us. We were just able to pass by this imminent peril.

The gale rose in fury. Work was impossible. I remained on deck a great part of the day. Most of the men were in their bunks. Cape pigeons, gray albatrosses, gray pigeons, and the little stormy petrel, were nestling cozily on the heaving seas in our lee, feeding upon the animalculæ that come to the surface in storms.

Wednesday, February 26. A black day; a gray day as to sky and seas, but black in its hidden dangers. All night the storm blew with violence. There were hurried voices amid the booming and din of the tempest as sea after sea struck the little vessel, which emitted frightful strainings and groanings, mingled with the crash of falling pots, pans, chairs, and the tremulous beatings of the propeller as the stern was lifted out of the water. We breakfasted at 10 A.M., standing. The captain believed that we were in much danger of being driven upon the ice-clad rocks of the South Shetland Islands. He was trying to keep the ship off to the northward. We lost our best whale-boat, part of the starboard bulwarks in the waist, and a portion of the shrouds. The carpenter, with a gang of men, constructed in my former cabin a hatch-door for the companionway, in case its covering should be washed away. The sailors came through the gun-room and between decks to go forward, as the waist was washed continually by heavy seas. Oil was poured upon the water to calm it, but with what effect I was not able to perceive. Some of the men locked themselves in their cabins. I managed to gather all my sketches and seal them in tin cylinders which I had provided for such an emergency, in the hope that if we should founder they might be picked up. Then I slowly made my way to the bridge. It was a wild scene. A light-gray impenetrable mist with snow was driving in fierce squalls over the surging waves, rendering it impossible to see ahead. The fitful light of the sun shone through the mist toward noon, a pale, misty, greenish yellow. The seas swept under and over us from the starboard and almost broadside, as the engines of the *Antarctic* were too feeble to keep her head to the wind. One of the discouraging features was that the South Shetlands were imperfectly known and charted. At the wheel were two men in tarpaulins, grizzly and shaggy, and covered with ice-frost. The cabins were foul with the stench of bilge-water, and I went on deck to breathe a little fresh air, and was immediately drenched by the waves.

There was a break—a slight, transient break—of palest blue amid the swiftly hurrying storm-mists and a faint yellowish gray to windward, when all became suffused with a pearlish-turquoise tinge. At the evening meal we stood waiting in silence the captain's arrival. Presently he groped his way down the steep companionway in oilskins, and, without waiting for a query, turned and announced that we had just cleared the rocks. When I thanked him, he characteristically replied: "I t'ank mysel'."

The storm had blown us fifty miles westward, and at eight in the evening land was sighted, which proved to be Elephant Island of the South Shetland group. Afterward we found that we had been within less than two English miles of those terrible rocks. Our position, February 27, at 10 A.M., was between Elephant and King George islands. We rejoiced in a southerly wind, and set foretopsail and jib. The gray mists hung about us, effectually shutting out the ice from our sight, and I felt that I had painted my last Antarctic sketch. At night, on February 28, as the evening shadows fell through the gray, the red and green port and starboard lights were put in position for the first time in many days.

At the Falkland Islands I boarded a steamer from Valparaiso, and proceeded to Montevideo and thence to the United States.

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EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE. IX: M. GEORGES THESMAR, BY FREDERICK MACMONNIES

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Drawn by J. M. Gleeson. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

BRACKEN AT LEONARDSLEE

AN ENGLISH GAME-PARK

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH M. GLEESON AND CHARLES R. KNIGHT

I. SIR EDMUND LODER'S SEAT AT LEONARDSLEE, SUSSEX

BY JOSEPH M. GLEESON

ONLY two hours before I was in the thick of the turmoil of London life as it is to be had at Victoria Station, and now I sat joyfully among the twisted roots of a giant beech, surrounded by the beasts of the field, and gazed upon as fair a prospect as heart of man could desire.

The sky was clear and blue, just flecked with a few lumpy white clouds. A gentle breeze tempered the warm midday sun, the birds sang gaily, and it was hard to realize that I had but just been part of a world where hundreds of thousands of people could never even dream that so fair an imitation of Eden was almost at their door. Countless rabbits hopped busily about me. An old partridge, leading her brood, stole warily from one bunch of bracken to another. A quiet little muntjac browsed in the shade of a clump of giant ferns. In the broad, cool shadow of a neighboring beech reposed, in dignified calmness, a small flock of aoudads, the grizzly patriarch of the flock silhouetted in monumental lines against a blazing green background, while the funny little kids gamboled gaily about him. Down the steep sides of the long ravine that divides the park, among the

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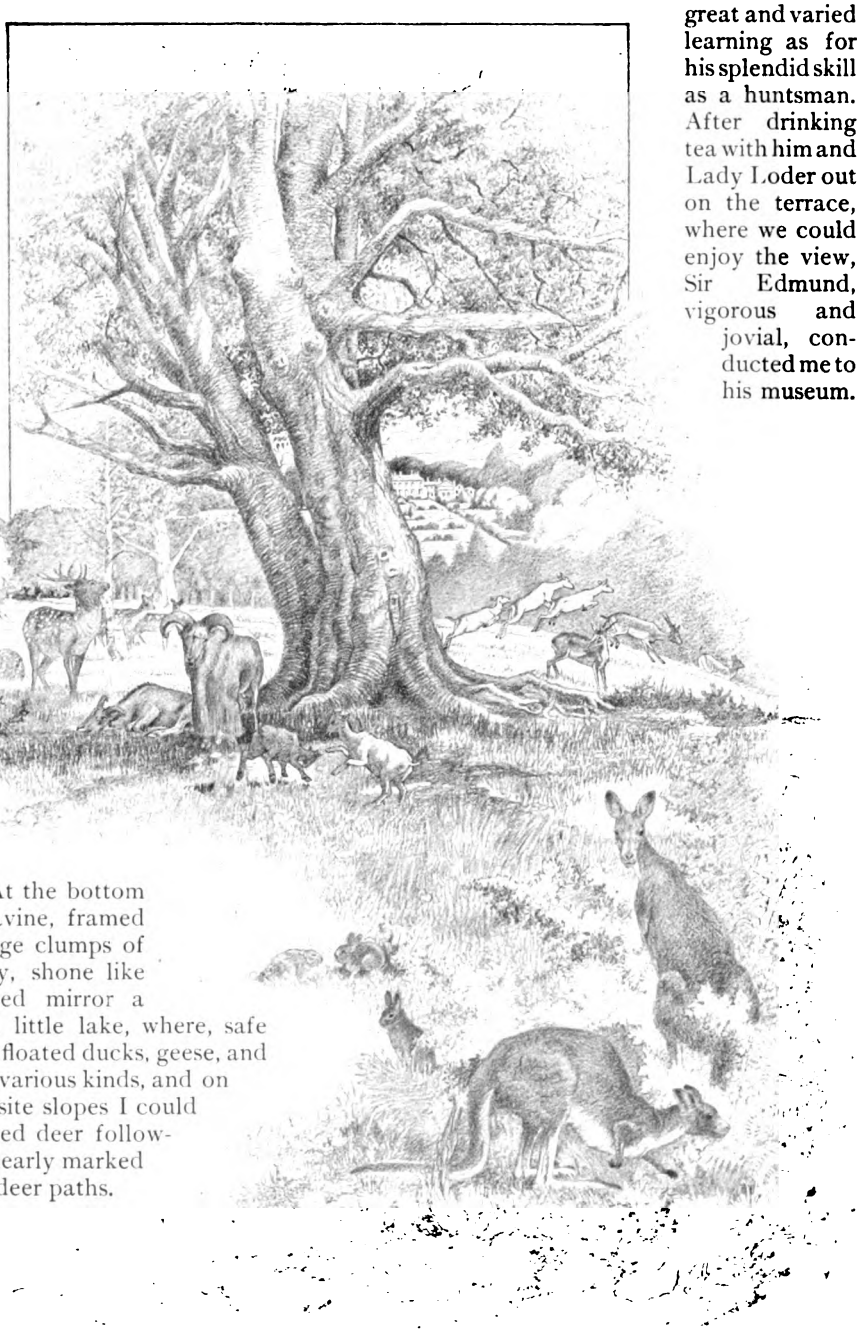
dark pine-trees, I could see now and then the dappled chestnut-colored forms of the Japanese deer. Their antlers were becoming hard, and the young bucks occasionally made a few tentative passes at one another. At the bottom of the ravine, framed in by large clumps of shrubbery, shone like a polished mirror a beautiful little lake, where, safe and free, floated ducks, geese, and swans of various kinds, and on the opposite slopes I could see the red deer following the clearly marked winding deer paths.

On a grand height facing the ravine, surrounded by broad terraces gay with flowering shrubs, stood the lordly mansion where dwells the master of this noble demesne, Sir Edmund Loder, a gentleman as well known for his great and varied learning as for his splendid skill as a huntsman. After drinking tea with him and Lady Loder out on the terrace, where we could enjoy the view, Sir Edmund, vigorous and jovial, conducted me to his museum.



Drawn by J. M. Gleeson. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

A VIEW IN THE PARK, SHOWING THE MANSION IN THE DISTANCE

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It is literally crammed with natural-history subjects—horns, skulls, pelts, and stuffed specimens. Here reposes a huge African elephant's skull. Sir Edmund placed a finger in the hole where the ball entered that brought him down when but a few paces from the hardy huntsman. In a corner crouches a huge Bengal tiger, to which another thrilling tale is attached. Towering aloft, stands a fine skeleton of the extinct Irish elk. Here are a mammoth skull and tusks. Specimens of the fauna of the entire world are here, nearly all victims to the deadly aim of the master, who passed rapidly from group to group, talking quickly and with the knowledge of a scientist and a scholar. He is considered one of the best shots in England, and I could not help thinking that the scientific world suffered a severe loss through his becoming so keen a sportsman.

A NETWORK OF DEER PATHS

Near the house, in a small paddock, are some timid, hairy little South American cavies, and dainty, nervous Persian ga-

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WHERE THE RABBITS FEEL AT HOME

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Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

INDIAN ANTELOPE JUMPING

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zelles, the little buck so plucky, and even savage, that it had been found necessary to cut his horns. It is a curious thing that this delicately shaped animal, weighing perhaps forty pounds, is so strong that a single man cannot possibly hold him. Sir Edmund on one occasion was knocked down by him.

On entering the park, one is impressed by the beauty of the trees. Huge oaks and beeches throw great circular patches of dark shadow. Groups of Scotch fir, their strangely twisted limbs shining like copper in the sunlight, reminded me of the copies in the drawing-books of a generation ago. Against the dark masses of the pines gleam the white stems of the silver birch, while here and there are dark clumps of holly carefully wired in for protection from the animals. Great tufts of bracken dot the open park—miniature forests, where roam at will the gray rabbits, the quiet little muntjac, and the baby kangaroos. On the edge of the park I came upon a village of prairie-dogs, just as busy, just as watchful, and as much at home, as on the broad prairies, only here they share their burrows with the rabbits, and their shrill warning cry seems to answer for both.

Going down the steep hillside into the ravine, I passed a small colony of South American coypous, the largest of the rodents, and resembling the beaver, though smaller, and with a tail that is rat-like. Walking along the shores of the lake, I amused myself watching the various broods of young aquatic fowl. Then crossing over, I followed a deeply worn deer path up the opposite hill, starting up here and there all kinds of game—deer hiding their fawns in the bracken, kangaroos, pheasants, partridges, and, of course, everywhere rabbits. The top of the hill is crowned by a noble forest, primeval in character. Here and there I found rustic shelter-houses, constructed for the use of the animals in stormy weather, and, by the marks, I saw that these perfectly wild creatures appreciate their use.

Emerging from the forest on the other side, a wonderful sight met my eyes. Here, on a high rolling plain, all the grazing animals of the park were represented. One quick glance at me, and they were off for the deep shelter of the wood.

From this point the view of the country is superb, extending in rolling plains almost to the sea. I have since visited many of the notable parks of England, Ireland, and Scotland, but to my mind Leonardslee Park, as an animal preserve, is the most complete, the most interesting, of them all.

II. FOREIGN ANIMALS AT LEONARDSLEE

BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT

THE country surrounding Leonardslee, the residence of Sir Edmund Loder, is wild and rather rugged. Fortunately all the natural features have been preserved in the park. The hills are steep, and the sheltered valleys afford excellent protection for the herds of Indian antelope, Japanese, axis, and other deer.

The game is wild and almost unapproachable, owing to the secluded character of the situation. On our first visit to Leonardslee, we were so fortunate as to see the Indian antelope in rapid motion, a most curious and novel sight. As we approached, the herd, which had been lying down, rose in a body and faced us, the bucks stamping impatiently and getting ready to move. Then, as we began running toward them, off they went in a twinkling, bounding along much after the manner of deer. Suddenly the foremost bucks rose lightly from the ground several feet in the air, as if on springs, and coming down stiff-legged, they bounded upward again and again, until the whole herd was literally sailing through the air, rising and falling like so many birds. This extraordinary movement continued until they vanished in the thick scrub which covers the sides of the hills.

At present there are about thirty-five of these graceful creatures in the preserve, and as they breed regularly, the number bids fair to increase. Besides the animals

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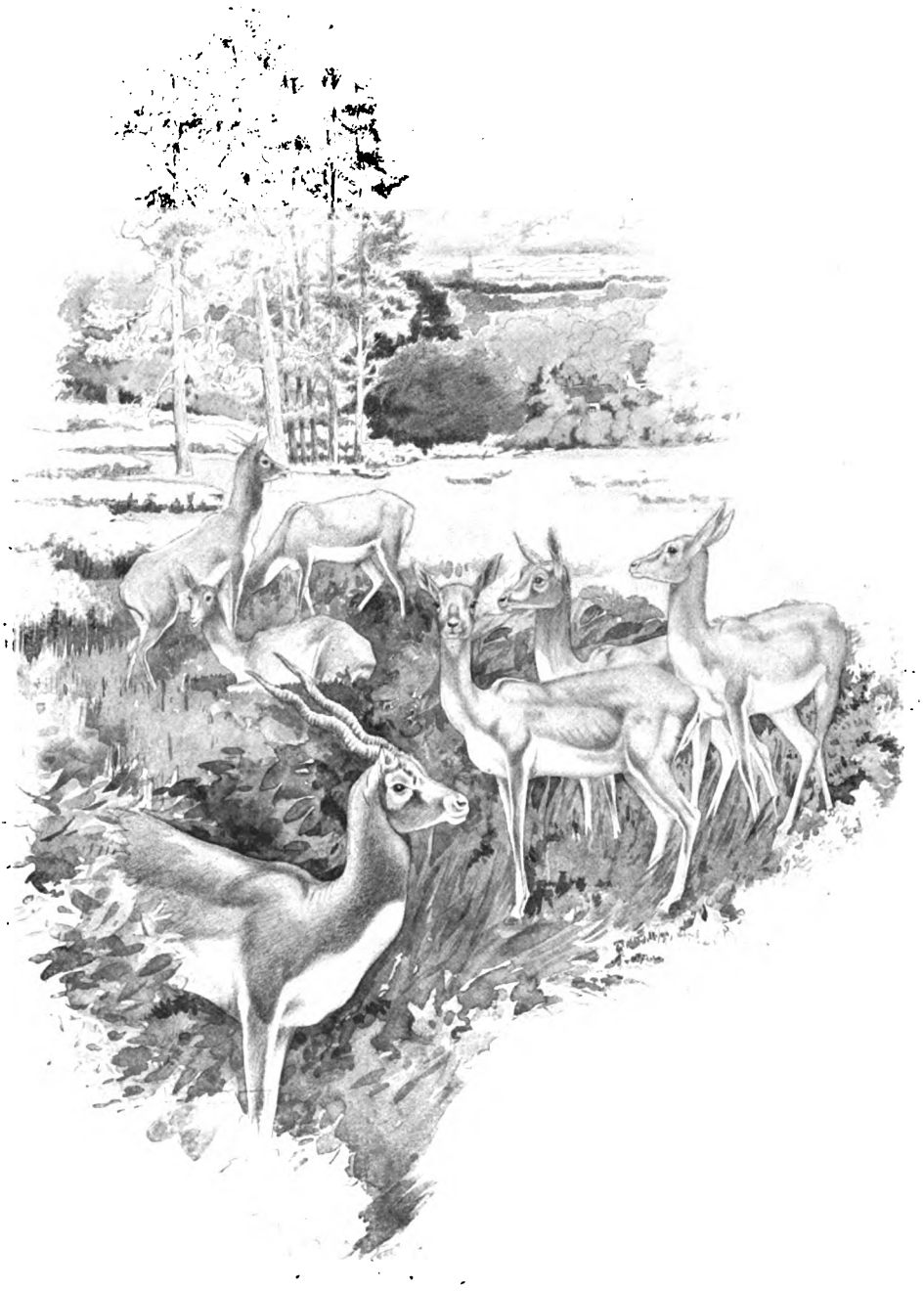

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

INDIAN ANTELOPE, OR BLACK BUCK

already mentioned, the park contains wild turkeys, Sardinian mouflon, kangaroos, muntjacs, beavers, and a great variety of water-fowl.

Sir Edmund's house is built on the top of a hill, with a commanding outlook over the park. On the opposite hills a network of paths is seen, made by the game in their daily wanderings in search of food. The paths are worn smooth, and wind back and forth through the scrub in a most intricate manner.

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It has been Sir Edmund's earnest wish to acclimate the various creatures on the estate, and, so far, he seems to have succeeded very well. This is perhaps the dryest part of England, and for this reason, as well as from the quantity and quality of the food, the stock thrives splendidly.

The dense bracken covering the hillsides gives cover to the small animals, whose rustlings, as they scurry to and fro, may be heard in all directions.

A tiny wallaby (small kangaroo) dashed past us as we walked along, sitting up at some distance like a frightened rabbit.

The movements of the larger kangaroos while running are very interesting. The powerful tail, held out stiffly at a downward angle of about forty-five degrees to the tip, which curves slightly upward, moves up and down like a pump-handle at each jump, and serves to steady the creature in its onward flight. Its speed is very considerable, as it easily keeps up with the Indian antelopes while running in the same bunch. Of the lesser game there is not much to be said, except that, as usual in all the parks, shooting goes on here in the autumn to keep down the increase.

A FRENCHMAN CANNOT ALWAYS WORK

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER

"COME, Clarisse! put by hay-rake!
This sun is hot enough to bake,
And those who keep to the fields to-day
Must scorch and shrivel like drying hay;
But where the blackberry-patches lie,
Birches give shade and a brook runs by.

"Come, Clarisse! and I will show
The place where ripe blackberries grow—
A cool, still place, so hid away,
The sun won't find it even to-day;
A place so still, fawns dare to leap,
So still, the wood-duck floats asleep.

"Come, Clarisse! throw rake aside!
The wood's cool arms are open wide,
Leaf-cooled the air stirs in the wood;
To-day a change will do us good—
Moss is better than plow-fields rough,
Blackberry-picking is work enough!

"Don't scold, Clarisse, and say I shirk—
A Frenchman cannot always work!"

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OVERHAULING THE POLITICIANERS

BY GEORGE S. WASSON

Author of "Cap'n Simeon's Store"

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN

"THESE here plaguy bell-b'ys an' groaners is a ter'ble ole nuisance, you!" exclaimed Cap'n Roundturn, as he appropriated his usual chair in Simeon's store one windy October evening. "I did n't make out to ketch scursely a wink o' sleep all last night on account o' that set-fired groaner gov'mint has went to work an' planted out there on them s'utheast ledges this summer, an' I don't see no sight for ary wink to-night, neither. By spells I git thinkin' how I 'll jes turn to some day an' write off a piéce to Washin'ton, there, 'bout the whole business."

"Don't blame ye a mite, cap'n," said Job Gaskett, decidedly. "You 're jes the very man can do that same thing up in good shape, an' there ain't no manner o' doubt but what them to'mented pol'ticianers out there needs overhaulin' bad enough. The way I look at it, all the reason in God's world ever them groaners an' all them kind o' things was got up for anyways is jes merely to help out them yacht fellers; an' now the people 's got to turn to an' foot the bills."

"That 's jes the case to a dot," returned Cap'n Roundturn, his furrowed face fast taking on a stern expression. "I been knowin' to jes how this thing was workin' for some consid'ble time sence now, an' soon 's ever I can git round to it, I cal'late to up an' give some o' them pol'ticianers a good hot one right betwixt wind an' water, as the ole feller said.

"I dunno how 't is, but, one way or 'nother, some o' them big herbs out there to Washin'ton 'pears to run away 'long o' the idee that us folks all down through this section hereaways is ter'ble mod'rit an' easy-goin' like; but mebbe they 'll find out some day we don't cal'late to stan' not quite everything, no more 'n a blame' stone drag doos. There 's folks here yit that 's got a grain o' buckram left into 'em, ef they do live a piece in from the ro'd."

"That 's the ticket, cap'n!" cried Job, again. "Take an' poke it right to 'em! I 'll resk but what you 'll make out to say it over to them fellers in good shape soon 's ever you once git het up to it a grain. The way I look at them things, there ain't noways the leastest mite o' call for no sich horrid shindy goin' on outside here every time the wind takes a notion to cant to the east'ard an' kick up a grain o' chop. Lord sakes, you! why, here 's folks been runnin' for this harbor in all kinds o' chances ever sence Adam was a yearlin', you may say, thick-o'-fog an' thick-o'-snow, by daytimes an' by nighttimes, blow high or blow low, an' nobody did n't use to claim but what them two or three ole spar-b'ys was all-sufficient. You nor me nor none o' our folks here to this Cove never had no great trouble workin' in an' out, that 's dum sure."

"Well, seem 's though we allus made out to git 'long tol'ble easy, an' done consid'ble dodgin' back'ards an' forrards too," said Cap'n Roundturn. "Here 's all the vess'ls pooty much gone from round here at this day o' the world; but for the reason, prob'ly, that some big herb amongst them yachters kind o' got balled up tryin' to find his way in here 'cause the sun hap-

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pened to slip behind a cloud, I think 's likely, why, gov'mint turns to right off an' plants a set-fired groaner on them outer ledges, an' a bell-b'y chock aboard on her there to the 'Hue an' Cry,' to say nothin' o' the horn there to the light. That 's jes what gov'mint doos, sir, an' now, jes though we wa'n't nigh rid under with taxes a'ready, we folks has got to not jes merely turn to an' pay for sich fool-works outen our own wallets, but we 're obleeged to lay awake by night-times an' suffer same 's so many blame' thole-pins a-listenin' to the dinged rumpus."

"I 'll tell ye what 't is," put in Simeon from his high desk. "Betwixt me an' you an' the win'lass-bitts, from what little ever I seen o' them yachters, seem 's though 't is a dod-blowed meracle they ain't every soul on 'em drownded off the fust season."

"Well, now, I 'll be jiggered ef 't ain't some sing'lar how them fellers doos make out to skin round summer-times same 's they do," declared Cap'n Job Gaskett. "You tell 'bout how the Lord allus cal'lates to take extry good care o' fools an' summer boarders; looks to me jes though that 'ere sayin' ought to be rigged over so 's to rope in them yachters, too!"

"Oh, Godfrey Mighty, now!" exclaimed Cap'n Roundturn, "it 's safe to jes leave alone o' *them* fellers for gittin' took the best o' care on every time. The way the thing is workin' now, they ain't runnin' no great resk o' life, that 's dead sure. I would n't wonder myself a mite ef they cal'lated to have groaners an' bell-b'ys an' b'acons an' monymints an' all sich works close 'nough aboard one 'nother yit so 's 't they won't never lose sight o' one astarn 'fore ever they 'll make the next one ahead."

"Yas," added Cap'n Gaskett, with good-natured sarcasm; "an' have a life-savin' station on the beach betwixt every b'y, with the strictes' ole kind o' orders never to leave them yachters go out o' sight o' their glasses."

"Eggsac'ly!" cried Cap'n Roundturn, giving his thigh a resounding slap with a ponderous hand. "That 's about what 's comin' to. But I take pertikler notice there wa'n't no groaners, nor no bell-b'ys, nor no nothin' scursely, when me an' you went, an' there was two dezen sail o' vess'ls them days to every one blame' hooker there is goin' now'days."

"'I 'LL TELL YE WHAT 'T IS,' PUT IN SIMEON FROM HIS HIGH DESK"

"Oh, well, you forgit they had n't commenced yachtin' of it no great, them days," observed Job.

"That 's jes the thing on 't," returned the cap'n. "A passel o' common lumber coasters an' fishermen wa'n't wuth gov'mint's payin' no kind o' 'tention to, 't ain't likely. Let them kind stivver, sink, or swim, says gov'mint; but mind ye, quick 's ever these here rich young squirts o' college fellers commences to yacht it a grain, 't was a cat o' 'nother color ter'ble sudden. Seem 's though gov'mint could n't make out to stick down b'ys an' slap up lights an' b'acons fast 'nough, there was sich a set-fired stew for fear some one o' them yachters 'd git skeered to death or sunthin'. Not but what them kind needs all the help they can git to keep 'em clear o' trouble; for it 's seldom ever I run afoul o' one on 'em yit that did n't 'pear to be more or less lackin'-like. Maybe they 're borned that

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"'RICH YOUNG SQUIRTS O' COLLEGE FELLERS'"

way, o' course, but I sh'd sooner say, in room o' bein' no benefit to 'em, 't is this here to'mented great jag o' college-learnin' that makes 'em 'pear so numb an' logy-like; same 's you turn to an' load your vess'l scuppers under with a hold full o' green lumber chock to her hatches, an' a' eight-foot deck-load piled 'top o' that. You can't never expect to do nothin' with her in a sea, without it is to jes slump an' waller—you can't git no sail outen her no more 'n ef she was a blame' ole toad in a bucket o' tar. All the way in God's world ever you 'll git a move on to her is to wait an' let the sea all smoothen down same 's a summer lake; then take an' let your wind breezen up good an' fresh right chock aft, an' mebbe you 'll make out to git somewheres inside a month o' Sundays. Now, it allus looked to me a good deal that way with them 'ere college fellers. Ef you cal'late on gittin' anything more 'n jes merely a nat'ral drift out o' them kind, you want to stan' by an' take a master slick chance for it."

"Well, there, you!" put in Sheriff Windseye, "ain't that 'ere part an' passel o' jes what I 've allus been tellin' of ye? You take an' ship off a young feller to one o' them colleges, an', I don't care how smart an' likely he is, soon 's ever he gits out ag'in he might full better go up an' lay right down back o' the meetin'-house there, for all the good he 'll ever be to hisself nor nobody else neither."

"Yas, yas, I know," assented Cap'n Roundturn. "You can't tell me nothin' 'bout all that 'ere, Cap'n Windseye. But, ye see, the fools ain't all on 'em dead yit awhile; ef they was, the bulk o' these here colleges 'd bust up inside o' twelvemonth. For king's sake! whad they 'mount to, anyways? I cal'late my idees an' yourn is full better 'n theirn, any day in the week. Why, see here, now!" exclaimed the cap'n, warming up to his subject. "More 'n thirty year sence, I heared a preacher say one time how eddication an' rum an' money was bound to be the ruination o' the country, an' set-fire ef 't ain't pooty nigh come true a'ready. You take it betwixt these here rich college fellers an' them dod-blowed syndrics there, an' I want to know what show is they for pore men same 's me an' you?"

"Show!" repeated the sheriff, spitting violently at the stove in disgust. "There ain't the fust mite o' show at this day o' the world. Same time, you come to take up a paper, an' the chances is you 'll see some place into her where everything 's all lovely, an' the country jes fairly boomin' of it."

"Oh, for sartin," concurred Cap'n Roundturn. "Ef you 're a mind to turn to an' heave away your money on them

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things, you 'll git holt o' no end o' krawm. They 'll make out to fill ye chock-a-block full o' lies, an' no sort o' put-out to 'em, neither. Still, seem 's though there was allus jes about so many folks that cal'lated to b'lieve any namable thing so long 's they see her printed out in black an' white into some set-fired noospaper—same 's the b'y there that says one time, 's he, ''T is so ef 't ain't so, ef dad says it 's so!'"

"Well," said the sheriff, with an air of satisfaction, "noospapers don't make no great sight out o' me, now I tell ye, for it 's seldom ever I set down to look at one on 'em. I got a book up home there I take an' read out on, ef I ain't got nothin' better to do. The woman she give a feller a dollar for her one time, an' put him up overnight, too, she did."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Job Gaskett, in surprise. "Must be consid'ble of a book. What 's the name on her, cap'n?"

"Well, there, you!" answered the sheriff, after scratching his head a moment. "Dinged ef I ain't clean forgot jes what she is called, now! All the way ever I can rec'lec' anything now'days is to have the woman take an' tie a piece o' yarn round my finger. You see, I ain't troubled that 'ere book noways for goin' on a year now; but I tell ye she 's a complete thing, in every way, shape, an' manner, an' there 's some great ole sceneries copied out into her, too!"

"Kind o' Bible sceneries, I think 's likely," suggested Cap'n Job.

"Any God's slathers on 'em," replied the sheriff. "Then there 's any grists o' these here portograft sketches all drawed out complete. There, you! I was jes goin' to speak the name on her, but swan ef 't ain't gone from me ag'in that soon!"

"Talkin' o' books an' sich like," continued Job, "puts me in mind o' that post-office petition o' yourn, Cap'n Windseye. How 're you makin' out 'long o' that 'ere, anyways?"

"'SHOW!' REPEATED THE SHERIFF"

"Oh, well," said the sheriff, with a degree of complacency, "so fur 's I know now, things appears to be workin' all favor'ble. I ruther cal'late I shall make out to gaft on to that office ag'in quick 's ever the time comes round for makin' ary shift."

"You 'd ought to jes heared ole man Simpson sayin' of it over the time they fust told him you was round gittin' names ag'in," remarked Job, bent on slyly thorning his overreaching neighbor. "The ole sir there he 'lows you don't stan' no more sight to git that office away from him this time 'n ary one o' them clammers down to the Neck there. Says how it 's goin' to be a gold watch or else a wooden leg with ye this time; an' he 's puttin' up good money you 're goin' to stump it round for the rest part o' your nat'ral life."

In the general laugh following this slap at the unpopular sheriff, his always flushed face assumed a deeper hue, and he pulled angrily at his dyed chin whiskers.

"Got anything *you* want to bate on it?" he asked sharply.

"Me? Oh, no. I ain't noways a batin' man. Only kind o' thought it likely you 'd be int'rested to hear jes how the ole sir figgered it," replied Cap'n Job, who, while sharing the general dislike for the sheriff, was not wholly averse to seeing the office wrested from the unrighteous Simpson, a man not only politically offensive, but a leading light in the Upper Cove meeting-house, whose attendants and the members of the Cove parish had long regarded one another as entirely unfit for existence.

"I don't call ole Simp wuth payin' no 'tention to noways," continued Sheriff Windseye. "I cal'late I 've got the bulk o' the rale hefty paytrons o' the office on to my dockymint, an' o' course Simp he 'lows he 's got 'em, too, on to hisn. I think 's prob'le he has, though jes his own say-so don't amount to shucks, for I would

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"'I TAKE AN' READ OUT ON, EF I AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' BETTER TO DO'"

n't trust the ole creetur' alone a minute, not with a red-hot stove; but I know plaguy well our folks allus an' forever would turn to an' sign petitions both ways jes as fast as you 're a mind to draw 'em up. We 've got so 's 't we look for that 'ere right straight 'long, but 't won't make no great odds this time, though, for I cal'late I 've got ole Simp right where the wool is good an' short, an' don't you think I hain't. Them folks over there has been gittin' too blame' toppy an' independent-like o' late, takin' their own time to assault them letters, an' actin' allus jes though they did n't give a rap ef they was assaulted right or not! They've been carryin' sail 'most too rank over to Simp's there this summer, an' the Departmint is knowin' to it now in good shape!"

Here the sheriff again spat copiously, and favored his hearers with a combined wink and leer, for which he was justly celebrated.

"How about this here civic-service business, Cap'n Windseye?" asked Job Gaskett at this point. "Ef gov'mint sh'd take a notion to up an' clap all these here little small offices under them kind o' rules, 't would come nigh bein' a reg'lar corker on ye, would n't it, though?"

At the bare mention of civil service, nearly all the occupants of the store showed signs of deep agitation. Both the sheriff and Cap'n Roundturn began speaking at once, but the latter's powerful voice soon silenced that of the wheezy official. Never was a bull more enraged by the flaunting of a red cloth in his face than was Cap'n Roundturn by the detested words "civil service."

Rising abruptly from his chair and thrusting his left hand deep in his trousers pocket, his long legs braced well apart and his right arm free for all manner of violent gesticulation, in his well-known manner the old man opened fire upon a favorite subject:

"That 'ere most damniable, anarchial, monarchial issue won't never be tol'rated an' put up 'long on by the free people o' this here country! God A'mighty knows we are tromped on, an' spit on, an' drove chock to the wall a'ready we be, a-twistin' an' groanin' un'neath the yoke o' pov'ty; blame' nigh rid under by these here set-fired syndrics, an' subjected to them dod-blowed English lords an' dooks!

"I tell ye, gen'lemen, there 's goin' to be a proper time o' reck'nin' now pooty handy. The plain, common, middle-sex, every-day run o' folks ain't allus an' forever goin' to stan' bein' spit on an' stomped on, an' made wuss 'n nigger slaves on, same 's they be at this day o' the world. The fathers turned to an' waded in blood, an' de-vastated the whole land a-fightin' jes sich another anarchial, monarchial, one-man-power issue as this here, an' Godfrey Mighty, you! we folks can turn to an' do that same ag'in. Fur 's I 'm concerned, I 'll take an' see blood shed; yas, sar, I will! I 'd take an' see the ro'ds

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o' this here Cove a-runnin' rivers an' cataracs o' blood afore ever I 'd knuckle under an' acknowledge ary sich to'mented one-man-power issue as this here civic service.

"'T is them set-fired syndrics, an' the black Republicans, an' them college fellers, I tell ye, that 's crowdin' of the people chock to the wall, an' j'inin' hands 'long o' them dod-blowed English lords an' dooks to spit on 'em, an' trample of 'em un'neath their feet, an' make a blame' sight wuss 'n nigger slaves on 'em; a-tryin' their very dingdest, they be, to set up another anarchial, monarchial, one-man power over 'em!

"That 's jes eggsac'ly what 's comin' to, without the plain, common, middle-sex run o' folks will take an' break out into a risin', an' turn to an' wipe all sich to'mented krawm chock offen the face o' the airth!

"'T ain't so much for myself I 'm speakin' now, mind ye, for I know well I ain't got only a short spell more to stop round here 'long o' ye; but, gen'lemen, lemme tell ye I want to take an' hand down to my ancestors the fundymentils o' gov'mint jes as they was give to us by the fathers. The noospapers, an' the set-fired syndrics, an' them college fellers there, is every one on 'em dead set ag'in' us, bought up body an' soul, huff, horns, an' hide, by them dod-blowed English lords an' dooks; but I tell ye, gen'lemen, ef only the common, every-day run o' folks, the middle-sex, plain style o' folks, them kind that constitoots the bone an' sinoo o' the land, you may say—ef only them style o' folks will turn to an' concentritrate 'emselves together in good shape, I tell ye these here div'lish works can be stopped."

In this manner, for half an hour or more, the doughty old cap'n scourged the hated civil-service laws and urged his hearers to deeds of valor. But it must be said that there was no sign of any immediate uprising, so far as they were concerned. On the contrary, a disposition to head him off was once or twice manifested, though it was well understood that, as a rule, such efforts were fruitless, and that Cap'n Roundturn, when once fully started upon the war-path, would pursue it until compelled by lack of breath to drop into his chair with his customary jarring thud.

LUCIOLI

(IN THE CASCINE, NEAR PISA)

BY HENRY TYRRELL

IN fitful splendor, all one sultry eve,
The fireflies' lamps like specters flashed and died
Above the marish meadows waste and wide
Where Arno's arms his Serchio bride receive.
These mystic lights (as all good folk believe)
Are messengers from heaven sent to guide
Souls of the dead where fain they would abide,
When Purgatory grants them a reprieve.
Shelley! remembering how this haunted ground
In halcyon days was ever dear to thee,—
What inspiration here thy genius found
Among these pine woods, by yon shimmering sea,—
My being thrilled with nearness unto thine
When I beheld the lucioli shine.

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NEW LIGHT ON LHASA, THE FORBIDDEN CITY

BY J. DENIKER
Member of the Société de Géographie, Paris

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY USHÉ NARZUNOF

I. INTRODUCTION BY W. WOODVILLE ROCKHILL

Author of "The Land of the Lamas"

RELIGIOUS worship of the great gods has, the world over, been principally conducted in high places; mountain-tops have ever been their favorite abodes. Assyrians, Hebrews, Greeks, Indians, Chinese, Tibetans, Mexicans, Samoans, and a hundred other widely separated peoples have worshiped thus.

At an early date in the history of Buddhism, the cult of "the All-Merciful God who looks down and sees the miseries of the world," the Saviour, Avalokiteshwara, became probably the most popular one, and Mount Potala, near the mouth of the river Indus, was held to be his abode. In Ceylon he was worshiped on Adams Peak, and in China on Mount Pu-tou (a Chinese transcription of the word Potala), an island of the Chusan group, near Ning-po. In Tibet his worship was, in all likelihood, associated with some mountain from the earliest days, for legends tell us that when he came to Tibet to bring civilization and salvation to the people, he took up his abode on a hill to the west of the present city of Lhasa, called the Red Hill (Marpo-Ri). Here, in the seventh century, the kings of Tibet built their modest palace, and Lhasa grew at its base. In the middle of the seventeenth century, when the Dalai-Lama was finally recognized by all followers of the Lamaist form of Buddhism as the incarnation of Avalokiteshwara and the head of their faith, and had also been made, with Mongol aid, the temporal sovereign of Tibet, he took up his abode in the old palace of the kings of Tibet on the Red Hill; but he changed its name to Potala, by which it has since become known the world over.

The earliest visit by a European to the city of Lhasa was that made by Friar Odoric of Pordenone, who probably passed through it on his way to India from China in 1325; but he does not mention the city by name, or refer to the Red Hill. None of those observant old travelers, Friar John of Pian di Carpine, Friar William of Rubruk, or even Marco Polo, makes mention of Lhasa; nor, strangely enough, do any of the Chinese annals prior to the thirteenth century.

Three centuries and more elapsed before any other Europeans visited Lhasa. In 1661 Fathers Grueber and Dorville resided there for two months, and it is probably to them that we owe the first picture of Potala to reach Europe. It was published by Kircher, in 1667, in his "China Illustrata," and is there called Bietala.

In 1716 the Jesuits established a mission in Lhasa, which passed later on into the hands of the Capuchins, who carried it on till 1760. Three of those early missionaries to Lhasa, Fathers Ippolito Disideri, Orazio della Penna, and Cassiano Beligatti, have left long and interesting narratives of their lives in Lhasa, but none contains more than a passing reference to the Dalai-Lama or to Potala. The same may be said of the

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USHÉ NARZUNOF, BEFORE HIS FIRST JOURNEY (1898)

narratives of the next European visitors, Thomas Manning in 1811, and the Lazarist fathers Huc and Gabet in 1846. Our knowledge of Lhasa still remained hazy; we had nothing to help us form an idea of the place but Kircher's picture of Potala.

In 1878 a native explorer, sent to Tibet by the Indian government, made a careful survey, on a large scale, of the city, and in 1891 the writer of the present notice was able to publish in the journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain a reduction of a native painting representing Lhasa and Potala. It was only in 1901 that photographs of the city and palace were at last secured, the best and most numerous being undoubtedly those reproduced in the present article of Mr. Deniker. One of these was published in "La Géographie" (the bulletin of the Paris Geographical Society[1]) for October, 1901. In December of the same year the "Geographical Journal" of London published two other views of Lhasa and Potala, the latter from a photograph taken within the last few years by a member of a Nepalese mission *de passage* at Lhasa. In 1902 were published the travels of Sarat Chandra Das to Lhasa, and in them are reproduced the pictures previously published in the "Geographical Journal," together with a native drawing of Potala, which greatly assists in forming a clearer idea of the interior arrangement of this no longer mystery-shrouded place.

The photographs now shown us of the great monastery of Dépung, one of the most famous of Tibet, of the residence of the Chinese Amban with the white- and red-walled Potala in the near background, the general view of Lhasa, and all the others now published, are of extraordinary

[1] Of which Mr. Deniker is one of the editors.

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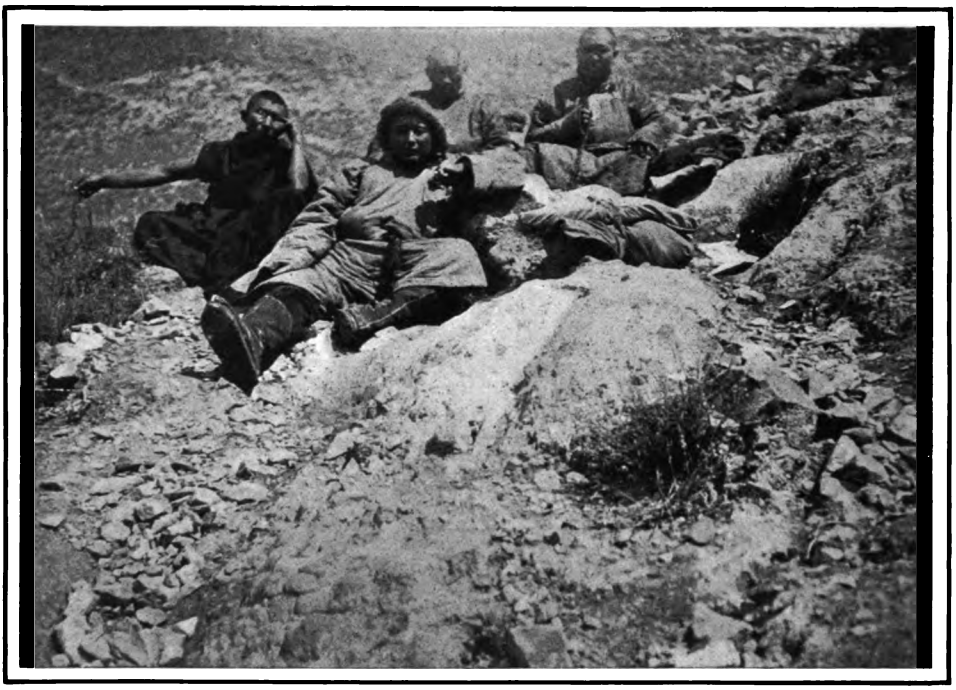

NARZUNOF AND HIS COMPANIONS ON THE ROUTE BETWEEN THE TSAIDAM AND TANG-LA, THE HIGHEST RANGE OF TIBET

interest, especially to those who, like the writer, have devoted some of the best years of their lives to studying all attainable records of this land, and have hoped and striven, but in vain, to see with their eyes the spots now first fully shown us by the Kalmuk pilgrim. We owe him a lasting debt of gratitude.

II. NEW LIGHT ON LHASA, THE FORBIDDEN CITY

IT may be said, at the beginning of the twentieth century, that, except for the two poles, there is not a corner of the earth where white men have not penetrated. Yet, in truth, there exists on the Asiatic continent, hardly two hundred miles from the frontier of British India, a city, the capital of Tibet, to which the "white men" of Europe and America are absolutely forbidden access. Within a distance of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles from this city, all the roads leading to it, at the place where they cross the frontier to the province of Wu, of which Lhasa is the chief town, are jealously guarded by pickets of Tibetan soldiers. Immediately upon perceiving a suspicious-looking caravan the sentinels notify the local authorities. The advancing traveler then sees rise up before him a whole detachment of armed men, commanded by high functionaries of the country, who, without discussing the matter, politely insist that the bold pioneer retrace his steps. They even offer him the money and food necessary for the return voyage, at the same time warning him that if he continue on his way to Lhasa he will pay for it with his life.

Such a state of affairs has not always existed. During the middle ages, and until the middle of the eighteenth century, a number of Europeans, mostly Catholic monks, were able to remain for long periods in the "Holy City" of the Tibetans, who profess, as we know, the Buddhist-Lamaist religion. But since the expulsion, in 1760, of the Capuchin monks, who tried to meddle with the internal affairs of the country, all Europeans have been regarded with suspicion, and none has been allowed to penetrate into Lhasa. Nevertheless, in

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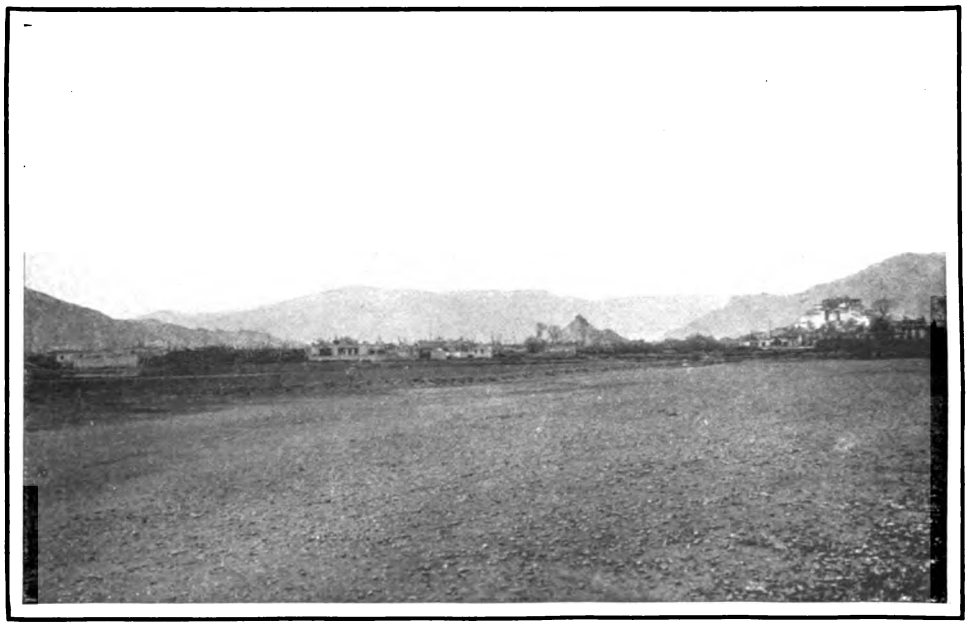
1811 Thomas Manning, an English traveler, and in 1846 Huc and Gabet, two French missionaries, were able to spend months at Lhasa in the disguise of Buddhist pilgrims. They were recognized, however, and were asked to leave the country as quickly as possible.

Since 1846 no European has succeeded in reaching the sacred temples of Lhasa. It is not, however, that attempts have been lacking. The Russian Prjevalsky set the example in 1879; he crossed the whole of northern Tibet, but was obliged to turn back when he had reached a point situated one hundred and sixty miles from Lhasa. Ten years later two Frenchmen, Bonvalot and Prince Henry of Orléans, were stopped when within sixty miles of the Holy City. The English captain Bower, in 1891, and W. W. Rockhill,[1] the American scholar and traveler, in 1892, were able to reach points about a hundred and eighty miles distant from Lhasa. In 1893 two Frenchmen, Dutreuil de Rhins and Grenard, and in 1895 R. Littledale, the Englishman, failed to get beyond the region previously reached by Bonvalot and the Prince of Orléans. The Swedish explorer Sven Hedin, as recently as August, 1901, tried to reach Lhasa, but did not get so far as this even, for he had to retrace his steps when he was within a hundred miles of that city.

However, we have not remained in absolute ignorance of the capital of Tibet since the time of Huc and Gabet. Almost every year the government of British India sends to Tibet a Hindu pundit to make surveys and draw maps of the country. Three or four of these native surveyors, disguised as Buddhist pilgrims, succeeded in passing some time in Lhasa. One of them, Nain-Sing by name, determined the geographical position and the altitude of the city in 1866; a second, designated by the letters A. K. (Kishen Singh or Krishna), drew a plan of Lhasa in 1880; and a third, the most learned of all, Sarat Chandra Das, passed more than a fortnight in the capital in 1882, and wrote a description of it, which was not published until October, 1902. As in their time portable cameras that could easily be hidden were as yet a rarity, it is hardly necessary to say that

[1] Mr. Rockhill's narrative of his first expedition to Tibet (1888–89) was published in THE CENTURY, from November, 1890, to March, 1891. A fuller account of the same journey was also published by The Century Co. under the title "The Land of the Lamas." A paper on Mr. Rockhill's second journey to Tibet (1891–92) appeared in THE CENTURY for May, 1894.



LHASA FROM THE EASTERN SIDE, WITH POTALA AND CHAG-PO-RI HILL IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE

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POTALA, THE RESIDENCE OF THE DALAI-LAMA, VIEWED FROM THE SOUTH

these natives were unable to take any photographs. The pundits, coming from India disguised as Buddhists, entered Tibet by the southern frontier. But by the northern frontier genuine Buddhists come every year, on a pious pilgrimage to Lhasa. They arrive in great numbers, Russian subjects,—Buriat Mongolians from Transbaikalia (Siberia), and Kalmuks from the southeastern steppes of Russia,—winding their way across the deserts of Mongolia, and through northern Tibet and its dreary waste of plateau, which is higher than the summit of Mont Blanc.

One of these pilgrims, the Kalmuk Mongolian Ushé Narzunof, who was less ignorant than the rest, took a large number of photographs in the "Forbidden City" and its environs. It is his story which we will tell, with the aid of his notes, supplemented by the accounts of a Khambo-Lama (high priest or abbot) from the court of the Dalai-Lama, the potentate of Tibet and spiritual chief of all Lamaist Buddhists. The author of these lines numbers Agwang Dordjé, this Khambo-Lama, among his friends. He is a Buriat Mongolian, a native of Transbaikalia, but has lived for thirty years in Lhasa. Within the last few years he has made three voyages to Europe, visiting Paris, Rome, and London, which cities, as we know, are not forbidden to Tibetans.

The careers of these two men are very closely allied, for it was at the instigation of the Khambo-Lama that the young Kalmuk in question, Ushé Narzunof, son of a noble (or Zaisan), began his first pilgrimage to Lhasa in 1898. Young Ushé was living in the province of Stavropol, north of the Caucasus, a peaceful life, supporting himself and his family on the proceeds of his flocks. He had studied in a Russian school and acquired a certain amount of learning, but he did not for that renounce his Buddhist faith. Chancing one day to hear Agwang Dordjé preach, he became fired with a sudden resolution to visit the holy Buddhist shrines and to behold the luminous countenance of the Dalai-Lama, the living incarnation of Avalokiteshwara, who is the spiritual son of the Buddha himself.

Leaving his native encampment, he reached, by way of Siberia, Urga, a large city of northern Mongolia. Here he organized his caravan, consisting of nine camels, and started on his journey across the Desert of Gobi. After thirty-eight days of travel he arrived at the Chinese city of

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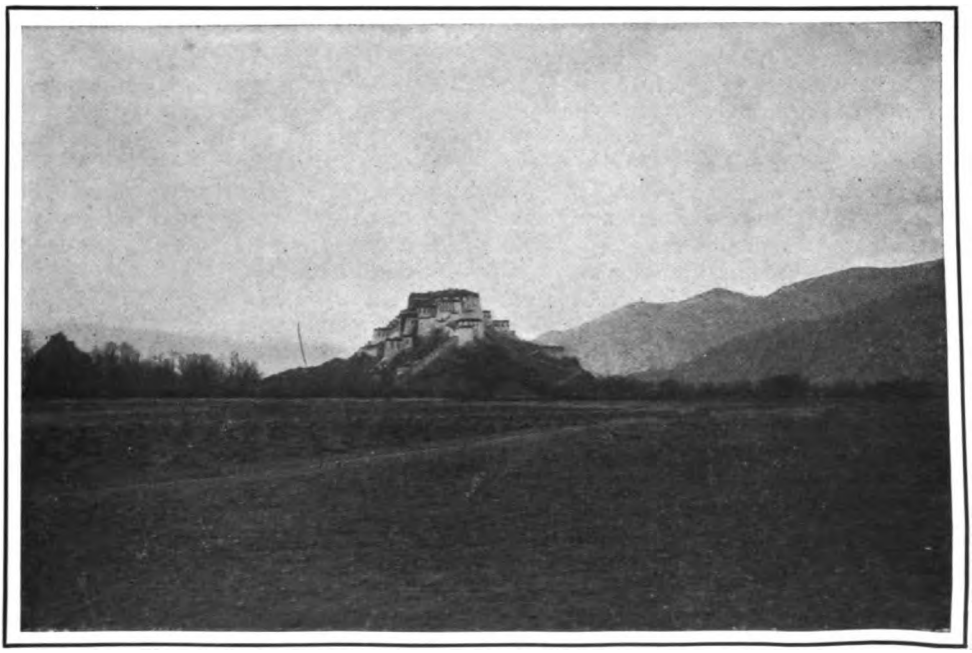
Ansi, on the route to Sa-chou, the Tsaidam, and the Tibetan plateau. Here he made arrangements with Mongols, subjects of the Prince of Korluk-Beise, to be admitted into their caravan. These Mongolians agreed to bring him to the encampment of the Prince (or Zaisan) of Taidziner, in the Tsaidam, at the base of the Tibetan plateau. Unfortunately, these guides soon perceived that their young traveling-companion was taking down notes in a script which was neither like the Mongolian writing nor like the Chinese characters. It was, in fact, Russian. Their suspicions were aroused, for Narzunof had given himself out as a Mongolian and a subject of China. When later they discovered that underneath his Chinese dress and furs he wore a jacket of European cut, their suspicions were confirmed, and they accused him of treachery.

They refused to conduct Narzunof farther, even threatening to carry him as prisoner to their prince. A present of ten lans, or liang (about seven dollars), had the marvelous effect of quieting these fierce guides. Narzunof, furthermore, won their entire confidence by burning before their eyes the jacket which had caused all the trouble, and by writing his notes after that only in Kalmuk, which writing closely resembles Mongolian.

From the encampment in Taidziner the journey was continued on horseback across the high plateau of Tibet and through passes the lowest of which is at an elevation two hundred feet greater than that of the summit of Mont Blanc (15,781 feet). It was in March, 1899, that our pilgrim from the top of Kolam, or Ketcha, the last mountain over which he had to pass, beheld the golden roofs of the temples of Lhasa. He dismounted from his horse and prostrated himself three times, repeating his prayers, overwhelmed by the most intense joy a Buddhist can know; for with his own eyes he now beheld the "Holy City."

Although Lhasa is in the same latitude as New Orleans, its climate is colder, because of its great altitude (it is about 11,900 feet above the level of the sea). The dwellings of the Tibetans are little houses of stone or dried bricks, and have no stoves. The only method of heating is by braziers, and the first nights Narzunof spent in Lhasa seemed very cold to him. Very soon, though, he grew accustomed to the lack of heat and also to the darkness of the houses. Windows with glass panes were



POTALA, THE PALACE OF THE DALAI-LAMA, VIEWED FROM THE EAST

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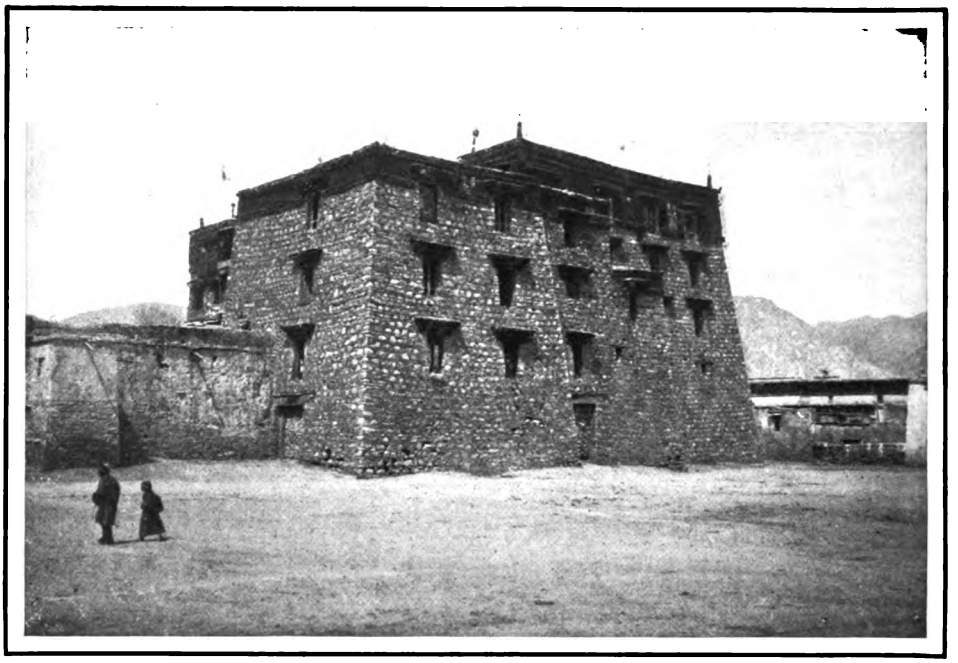

HALF-RUINED PALACE OF THE ANCIENT KINGS OF TIBET AT LHASA

found only in a few palaces of the high priests; in all of the other houses the panes were of paper, either oiled or plain. At night the houses were lighted by torches, or by primitive lamps in the antique Roman style, fed with a vegetable oil.

The city is fairly clean, in the Asiatic sense of the word, except for the quarter in which, in houses made of ox- and goat-horns, the beggars live. It is the business of these beggars to convey the corpses out of the city, as, according to Buddhist custom, the dead are not buried. The high priests, indeed, are buried or burned after death, but the bodies of the lower priests and those of the populace are abandoned to the birds of prey, after having been cut to pieces on a flat stone which lies halfway between Lhasa and the convent of Séra, near the chapel of Pa-ban-ka.

Lhasa is composed of a number of temples and convents, surrounded by gardens and joined together by streets filled with little shops and private dwellings. The town extends about two miles from west to east, and one mile from north to south. It has a population, according to Agwang Dordjé, of from fifty to sixty thousand inhabitants, three thousand of them being monks.

In the center of the city rises the principal temple, called the Great Izon (Zo in Tibetan). This temple is three stories high and has four golden roofs; it contains a large number of statues of Buddhist gods, among them one of Sakya-Muni, founder of their religion. The gilded roofs of the temple are a little to the left of a conical hill which is called Chag-po-ri, or "Mount of Iron" (see the photograph, page 547). On the top of this hill stands the buildings of the largest convent of Lhasa, the Man-bo-datsang, where the monks devote themselves to the study of medicine. To the right, on a hill which rises three hundred feet higher, one sees a collection of buildings, which is the residence of the Dalai-Lama and is called Potala. In aspect it is something between the Acropolis at Athens and Mont St. Michel in Normandy. It is an agglomeration of temples, palaces, and structures which suggest barracks. The whole is surrounded by walls. The zigzag roads lined by stone walls are the means of communication between the different buildings.

The center of this monastic fortress is occupied by a temple palace, Po-brang marpo, and the red of its walls stands out against the white of the other buildings. There are nine stories on the southern façade, while there are only six or seven stories on the opposite side. Here, how-

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ever, are the four temples, with gilded roofs in the Chinese style. To the right of Po-brang marpo is the palace which contains the private apartments of the Dalai-Lama; to the left the buildings where the high dignitaries live, among them Khambo Agwang Dordjé, of whom we have already spoken. Farther on is a large building for the functionaries and staff of the court of the Dalai-Lama. Lower down is a large edifice, a sort of barracks containing cells for several hundred monks, and next to it, just below the Po-brang marpo, is another monastery with a large six-storied temple, where religious services are held daily. Lower down still, at the foot of the hill, are the dwellings of the minor functionaries and servants.

The whole collection of buildings contains nearly three thousand rooms and is larger than the Vatican, according to Agwang Dordjé, who visited the papal residence on his last stay in Europe.

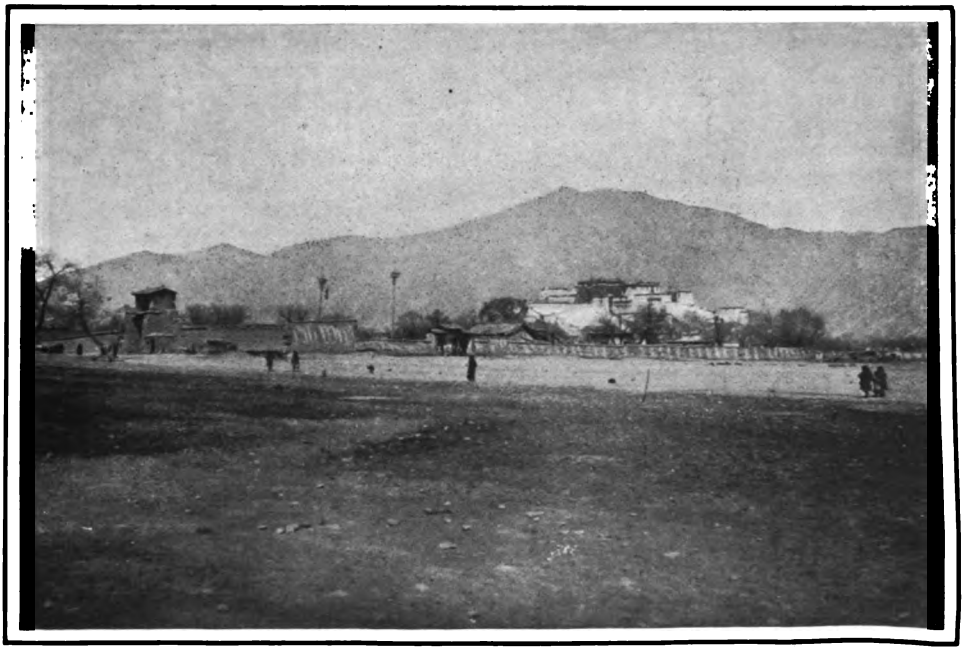
It was in the palace of Potala that Narzunof had the honor of an audience with the Dalai-Lama, to whom he brought the letter and gifts sent by Agwang. In exchange for these he received the benediction of the Great Pontiff and a sum of about two hundred lans (one hundred and sixty dollars).

The Dalai-Lama is a young man not more than twenty-nine years old. His name is Tubdan-gyamtso, and he is of the finest Tibetan type; that is to say, almost European. His usual dress is very like that of the Buddhist high priests, except that it is entirely yellow.

Narzunof stayed a month and a half at Lhasa, then started on his homeward journey. He went by way of Chumbi, in Sikkim, arriving at Darjiling, which is at the terminus of the railroad that goes to Calcutta. Here he took passage on a Chinese vessel, having engaged for his service a Mongolian interpreter who spoke Chinese and Hindu. This man, seeing that Narzunof possessed a considerable sum of money, said to him on the ship: "It is fortunate for you that you have an honest man like me to deal with; any one else would very quickly have seized all you have."

"How would they have done it?" asked Narzunof.

"Oh, it would be very easy," said the man—"just a matter of putting a little poison into your food and going off with your money."



THE RESIDENCE OF THE CHINESE RESIDENT IN LHASA (ON THE LEFT); POTALA, THE RESIDENCE OF THE DALAI-LAMA (ON THE RIGHT)

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BUDDHIST PILGRIMS MEASURING THEIR LENGTH AROUND THE CIRCUIT OF LHASA

This strange conversation put our traveler on his guard against his companion. He watched him narrowly, especially at meals, and if by chance he found a cup of tea which had been poured in his absence, he offered it politely to his interpreter, pouring out another one for himself. At Hongkong, Narzunof, knowing absolutely no Chinese, found himself at the mercy of his interpreter, who profited by his helplessness to rob him. At last he got rid of the man at Tientsin, where he could once more make himself understood in Russian or Mongolian.

After a sojourn at Peking, Narzunof came back by Kalgan and Urga, without adventure, as far as Irkutsk. From here he traveled by the Trans-Siberian Railway to his native encampment, where he arrived in August, 1899.

Hardly was he rested from his fatigues when he began preparation for a second voyage to Lhasa. This voyage, which he undertook in January, 1900, from Paris by way of British India, unfortunately came to nothing.

The fact that Narzunof carried a camera, a rifle and cartridges, a Russian passport, and letters of introduction in French, and that he was dressed as a Chinese, but spoke only Mongolian, aroused the suspicions of the English authorities. He was detained five months and a half at Darjiling, and was even put in prison for a few days at Calcutta. At last he was shipped, under the care and at the expense of the Indian government, on a vessel which landed him in Odessa, October 3, 1900.

Far from being discouraged by his ill luck, Narzunof's thoughts were bent upon making another attempt to reach Lhasa. As luck would have it, the Khambo Agwang Dordjé happened to be in Russia at this time. He had had the honor of a private audience with the Czar, and was making his preparations to return to Lhasa. Here was an excellent chance for Narzunof, and, after an exchange of telegrams, master and pupil agreed to meet on December 1, 1900, at Urga. From here a caravan of six camels carried them across Mongolia and Tibet to Lhasa. This journey was accomplished with such rapidity that it is considered as having broken the record of all previous journeys across central Asia.

Our two travelers covered twenty-five hundred miles in eighty-four days, a distance which it ordinarily takes a caravan from five to six months to cover. They left Urga December 6, 1900, and arrived at Lhasa February 28, 1901. Narzunof's second stay in Lhasa lasted one month. During this time he was presented on three

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occasions to the Dalai-Lama, and received from him, besides his benediction, a mark of his high favor—a tiger-skin rug, on which he was allowed to sit when in the presence of the Dalai-Lama.

Having already a general idea of the city, Narzunof took advantage of this visit to get as many photographs of it as possible. His operations, however, had to be carried on in secret and with much precaution, because it is strictly forbidden, even to the Buddhists, to "coax pictures of things or people into a little black box to be carried into the Occident." The preceding year the Khambo Agwang Dordjé, in spite of all his influence at the court of Lhasa, was obliged to bring his camera (which he bought in Paris and used with success) and break it into pieces before the ministers of the Dalai-Lama.

Among other curious buildings in Lhasa, Narzunof was able to photograph the ancient palace of the kings of Tibet. This is falling into ruin, but is still occupied by private persons. The eastern façade is lower than the western one. The latter is more remarkable from an architectural point of view, but it was impossible to get a photograph of it. This is the only building in Lhasa which is not whitewashed, and this commemorates one of the most important events in the history of Tibet. This building was the residence of Gyurmé-nam-gyal, the last King of Tibet. He waged war against the Dalai-Lama, who was then spiritual leader only, but who was already ambitious for civil power. The Chinese intervened in this civil war, and in 1706 the king was assassinated. Then the seventh Dalai-Lama, named Kalzang-gyamtso (1708–58), was proclaimed by the Chinese both King of Tibet and spiritual leader of the orthodox Buddhists. He inaugurated the form of government which still stands in Tibet.

In commemoration of this event, the Chinese Emperor Kanghsi commanded the people to leave the palace as it had been under the kings of Tibet and to whitewash all the other houses.

Narzunof had many opportunities to snap his kodak in the environs of the city. One particular picture that he took was of the residence of the Amban, or Chinese minister resident, whose duty it is to watch over the Dalai-Lama, the latter being nominally under subjection to China. This house is a very modest dwelling, surrounded by walls, the door of which is falling into decay. It has at its entrance

BRASBUNG OR DÉPUNG, NEAR LHASA, THE LARGEST MONASTERY OF TIBET (10,000 MONKS)

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the two inevitable poles bearing banners which one sees at the entrance of every residence belonging to Chinese functionaries.

One morning, as Narzunof was walking about, waiting an opportunity to take a photograph, he saw for the first time a spectacle which, it seems, is common enough about Lhasa. He quickly took a photograph of what he saw—two men, pilgrims, who were making the tour of Lhasa for the third time, not on foot, but flat on their stomachs, measuring the perimeter of the Holy City with their bodies. They threw themselves down the length of their whole bodies, resting on their hands, then drawing their legs to them, they stood up to prostrate themselves again immediately, this time placing their feet where their head had last been. Beginners put little boards on the palms of their hands to break the force of the blows, and they try to fall without straining their arms; but as soon as they have accustomed themselves a little, they fall on their hands. Think of the length of time, and, above all, of the patience it requires to make thus the tour of the Holy City, a distance of about thirteen miles! But there are some fervent pilgrims who do more than this, for they go seven times round the city. Others, instead of measuring the way by the length of their persons, measure it by the width of their faces; they touch their foreheads to the ground, then, changing place laterally, they press their faces again at the spot next to the one they have just touched. It takes the pilgrim one month to make the tour of Lhasa in this fashion. It is a much longer method, but is not nearly so painful as the other.

During his stay Narzunof visited the monasteries which are in the near neighborhood of the capital. The most important of these, and in fact of all the monasteries in Tibet, is Brasbung or Dépung, which is situated about four miles to the northwest of Lhasa. It numbers about ten thousand monks. A group of four cloisters surrounds the golden-roofed temple called Tsokchin-Datsang, which is large enough to contain the whole ten thousand monks. To three of these cloisters belong special temples (Datsang), where the service of "Tsanit" is held; the temple of the fourth (Gakba-Datsang) is used for a particular service called "Gyud." There is a small printing-office in the monastery.

On leaving Lhasa, our traveler visited Tachi-lumpo, the residence of the Panchen Géghen (another incarnate Buddha, almost as powerful as the Dalai-Lama himself). Carrying his camera always in secret, he went from here to Nepal, and then into India. He came back from India January 24, 1902, going to Odessa with the semi-official embassy from the Dalai-Lama to the Czar, at the head of which embassy was the high priest so often mentioned here, namely, the Khambo Agwang Dordjé.

The importance of this embassy can hardly be overestimated, as it is the first time that the Dalai-Lama has held any diplomatic relations, however timid, with a European power.

Perhaps—who knows?—the time is not far away when Tibet will be open to foreigners. The white traveler will do well, then, to think of and remember the humble Mongolian who, thanks to his energy and perseverance, brought us the first photographic documents from the Forbidden City.

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A CITY'S CAMPAIGN FOR PURE MILK

BY ALICE KATHARINE FALLOWS

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

A MILLION and a half quarts—that is the amount of milk left daily at back doors, on dumb-waiters, in tenement halls, milk-depots, and corner groceries for the inhabitants of New York. Nothing the city eats or drinks is so generally used as milk; nothing else is so dangerous if carelessly handled. A few gallons of bad milk can do more harm than a regiment of doctors can repair, and scatter disease and death enough to put a whole community in mourning. When one remembers that bad milk is no respecter of persons, the campaign against poor milk during the last three years, and the constructive efforts to get good milk, become a reason not only for civic pride, but for individual thanksgiving.

Until three years ago the city's system of milk inspection seemed fairly adequate. Every milk-seller was required to have a permit; inspectors met the great incoming milk-wagons unexpectedly at ferries or railroad-stations, or stopped them on their routes, tested the milk, and sometimes dumped whole cans of it in the street, to the vast satisfaction of gaunt cats and hungry dogs, which reveled in a transient paradise. Arrests and fines brought dishonest dealers, who were trying to impose diluted or adulterated milk on their customers, to a sense of their misdoing.

When the inspectors' tests showed that milk had not been watered or doctored with preservatives, and that it contained as much butter-fat and other nutritive elements as the law required, it was supposed to be safe. That it was not—that it might meet all these tests and still be very bad milk, capable of working sad havoc in trustful digestions—people who had been working on the problem already knew. But Dr. Park, an eminent bacteriologist, was the first to think of applying this knowledge for the improvement of a city's milk-supply. The idea was suggested to him almost accidentally. He happened to notice that a number of kittens fed on milk supplied to a certain hospital promptly died. The milk had met the tests for quality and adulteration satisfactorily; but something serious, he reflected, must be the matter with it to make a kitten forfeit its nine lives at once. He tested the milk for germs, and found almost enough in a teaspoonful to people the United States several times over. Samples of milk taken at random about the city also proved to have a most disquieting number of bacteria. Now, bacteria gage the cleanliness and purity of milk. The city's supply was falling far below the level of safety. Something needed to be done. The question was, What to do and how to do it?

New York's milk problem has grown very complex since the early days when cows were pastured in Battery Park and one's neighbor was his milkman. Then the city needed to give no thought to its milk-supply. But now, to furnish its million and a half daily quarts, New York draws on ten thousand farms in five different States. Dr. Park's discovery of the excessive number of bacteria in the city's milk raised more than a suspicion that the farms supplying it were at fault. But the official censorship of the Board of Health had very definite limits. Its inspectors might reject milk which came into the city if it was adulterated or if it fell below the standard of richness required by law; they might in-

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Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Miller

THE OLD, SLOVENLY WAY OF MILKING

spect the milk-farms in their own State, condemn diseased cows, demand that the well ones should not be fed on brewery waste or on garbage collected from the city, but on wholesome food, and that the farms should be cleanly. But at the State line their jurisdiction ended. The majority of farms sending milk to the city were not in the State; yet the inspector had no control over them, except by the courtesy of the State or at the option of the farmer.

Evident as was the need of a milk reform on the score of cleanliness, officially the Board of Health had neither time nor authority to make it. Dr. Park, as director of its bacteriological work, had the laboratory at his disposal for experiments, but no funds to devote to an investigation of milk bacteria. Through Dr. Biggs, the medical officer of New York, to whose enthusiastic coöperation much of the success of the milk campaign has been due, the funds were supplied by the Rockefeller Institute, of which he was a director. Dr. Park could now carry out his logical scientific crusade against bad milk by studying the effect of milk bacteria, the cause of them, and the ways of preventing them.

Without a little knowledge of the mischief-making capacity of germs in milk, the average person, who takes the world as it comes and milk as the milkman delivers it, could hardly understand the value of the work that was being undertaken. Milk before it leaves the healthy cow is germ-free; but afterward it is a favorite resort for every known kind of bacteria. Given a temperature of seventy degrees, it makes an ideal nursery, and one ancestor germ can produce ten thousand descendants in six hours, and ten million in nine. Disease germs drop in like the rest. The milker with consumption starts a chain of cases through the milk; the one who has nursed his child ill with scarlet fever, and who milks without changing his clothes or washing his hands, passes the disease on to some other child; and diphtheria and other contagious diseases go the same way. Typhoid fever is particularly easy to communicate through milk. Last spring a milkman gave the disease to a number of students at Leland Stanford University. A year ago fifty or sixty people summering near New York contracted the disease from the milk of a man who had typhoid in the family and washed his milk-bottles in the tub used for the patients' washing. At Stamford, Connecticut, a few years ago, three hundred and seventy-six people had typhoid fever because a milkman washed his milk-cans in contaminated water. The danger becomes still more personal when one remembers that, by a

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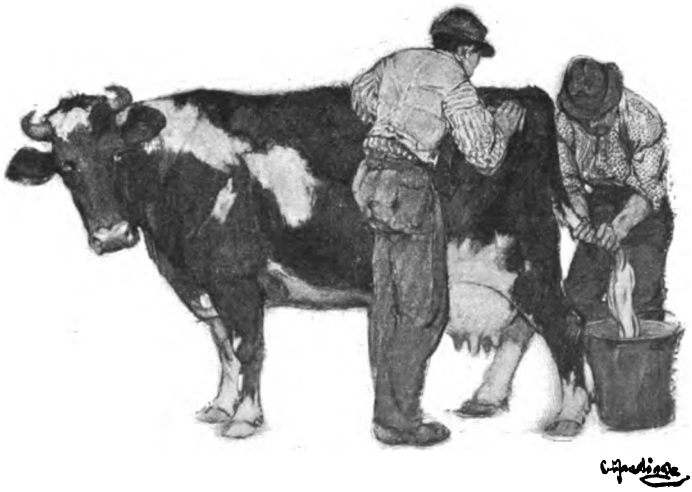
conservative estimate, every third typhoid patient in the city has milk to thank for the disease. Yet, with proper care and handling, milk need not be responsible for a single case of infection.

These epidemics are occasional, but the dangers of bad milk are constant. Hardy older people, who must eat the traditional peck of dirt before they die, are not likely to be harmed by the small amount of milk they use during the day in tea and coffee, unless it has disease germs or is otherwise very bad; but sensitive babies die from the effects of milk that would not hurt an adult. The babies of the "other half," the wizened little creatures of the tenements, are the ones who suffer most. Three years ago, in New York, one of every four babies fed on the "pure milk—3½ cents a quart," advertised in the groceries of the tenement neighborhoods, died of it. From time to time some city, startled into the knowledge of what bad milk can do to its babies, rises in wrath and demands the punishment of unscrupulous dealers, as Chicago did last spring, after an investigation instigated by Miss Jane Addams. But such spurts of indignation soon lapse into indifference. The hope of New York's milk-reformers was to save the waste of life, not for a few months only, but permanently, by improving the whole of the milk-supply.

The first step toward any improvement is to establish the need of improvement; so Dr. Park decided to prove the desirability of fewer germs by showing the effect of more. As a preliminary, the bacteriologists in the research laboratory of the Health Department succeeded, after a long series of experiments, in isolating a hundred and eighty-six of the most common bacteria that come in milk. To test the effect of these germs out of milk, a number of kitten families in the Health Department menagerie were fed medicine-droppers of germs daily, graduating from one variety to another every few days. The little objects, with their stiff tails and abbreviated *mious*, seemed to thrive on the germ diet; and when enough kittens had been put through the process to remove the element of chance, Dr. Park could draw the conclusion that the bacteria in milk, except disease germs, are not hurtful in themselves. They are almost all minute vegetable organisms, harmless enough in their proper place, but in milk throwing off chemical products which change the character of milk, and, in excessive numbers, make it unsafe for older people and poisonous for babies.

While the kittens were demonstrating the effect of germs out of milk, two hundred tenement babies were chosen to show the effect of germs in milk during the summer months, when milk is most dangerous. Not that they were fed bacteria. It was quite unnecessary, since all the varieties of germs were represented in the various grades of milk supplied to the slums. The



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by John Tinkey

THE NEW WAY—FIRST BRUSHING THE COW AND WASHING THE TAIL

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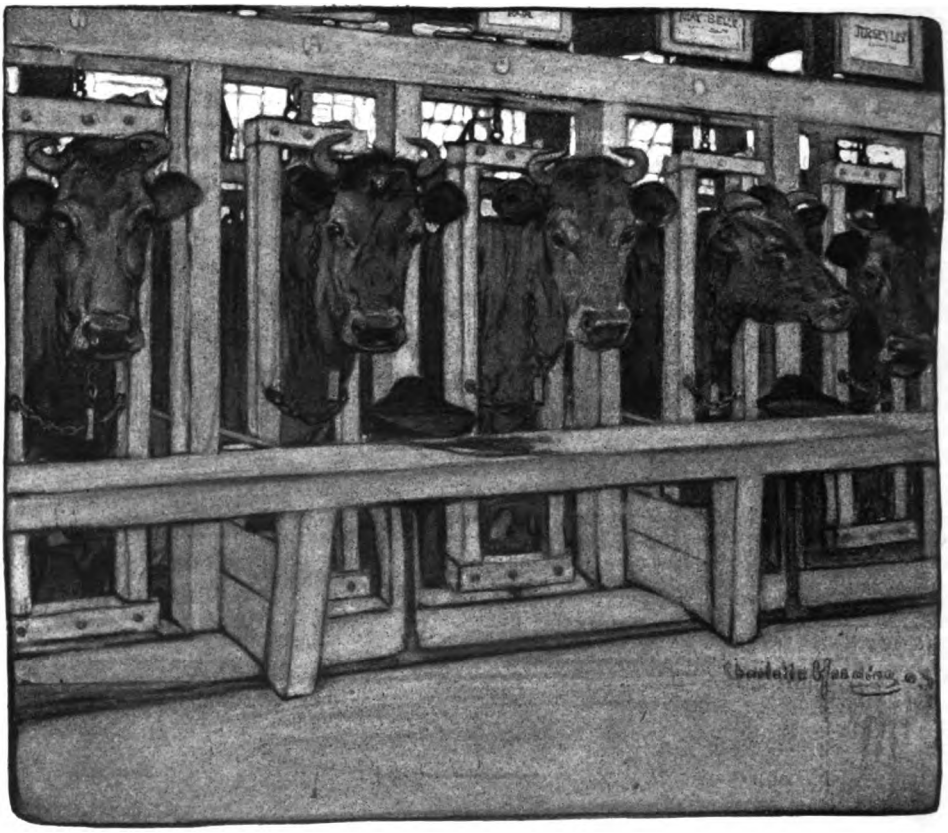
Medical Institute doctors who, under Dr. Park's direction, had charge of the work, went up and down rickety stairs, from tenement to tenement and from room to room, until they found a number of babies fed on each kind of milk—the corner-grocery milk the worst of all, which had fifty or sixty million bacteria to a teaspoonful; condensed milk as harmful for other reasons; ordinary bottled milk, and milk from the Straus stations, the germ population of which fell within reasonable limits. "Certified" milk, the purest known, with almost no bacteria, which no tenement family could afford to buy, was supplied to a few babies, to make the conditions for observation perfect.

Theoretically the experiment seemed very easy of execution. The mothers were merely to keep on with the milk they were already using. The babies were to be visited frequently, weighed at stated intervals, their record kept, the statistics compared, and the conclusions drawn. But practically the doctors found that it took the patience of Job and the tact of a diplomat to carry this work to a successful close.

For scientific purposes, of course, it was important that a baby, once promised, should not drop out. But science and the tenement mind do not move on parallel lines. Sometimes, after a month or two of the experiment, a mother would move away and leave no address, making the poor doctor do strenuous detective work before she was traced, by means of non-committal neighbors and a voluble janitress, to the house of her husband's half-sister's aunt, a hundred and something Hester street, in the rear. Again, a mother would tire of being accommodating, and would refuse to have her baby weighed. It took eloquence then, and perhaps a small bribe, which was even more persuasive, before



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

NEW BARNS WITH SWINGING STANCHIONS

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the doctor was allowed to tie her long white cloth under the baby's arms, test the knot at the back, put the scales through it, hold the baby suspended an instant, a comfortable little bundle of limp humanity, and enter its weight in her book.

The ignorance of the mothers was a still greater obstacle to the smooth progress of the experiment, and the doctors were forced to turn teachers, in spite of themselves. They convinced many of their grown-up pupils that it was not wise to swaddle a baby in flannels and set it in an unventilated closet or by the stove, with the thermometer rioting in the nineties. They saved many babies for science and the world by preaching the gospel of fresh air and frequent baths for the little heat-sufferers. But they could not always foresee the peculiar turn a mother's ignorance would take, and forestall the consequences.

One doctor who had been fighting to save a very sick baby had finally left it out of danger. When she called several days afterward, she found the mother bending wearily over the wash-tubs.

"Where 's the baby?" asked the doctor.

"My baby is dead with the convulsions t'ree, four days ago," was the answer.

"Did you feed it the heated milk?" questioned the doctor.

"Yes," replied the woman. "Only I hear blackberries is fine for the trouble it have, so I give 't some of dem, too. But they ain't do no good. The baby die that night."

In spite of many difficulties, however, enough babies were observed during the first summer's work, three years ago, to give Dr. Park material for very accurate conclusions. But, to make assurance doubly sure, the experiment was repeated the second summer with three hundred babies. The result proved most conclusively the need of better milk. Of the babies fed on "certified" milk, bottled milk, or milk from the Straus stations, which is of the same grade as bottled milk, only one in fifty died; but of the babies fed on condensed milk or bad grocery milk ten out of every fifty died.

Incidentally, the experiment emphasized the value of the charitable effort made by Mr. Nathan Straus, at his own expense, to establish stations in the slums where the babies of the poor, at a nominal cost, can be given pure milk modified to suit each baby customer, put up in bottles each containing enough for a feeding. One practical result of the scientific attempt to show why babies need pure milk has been an increase in the number of Straus stations this summer.

Good milk is much, but it is not everything. From the observation, during the two years, of five hundred babies with their five hundred mothers, differing only in the degree of their ignorance, the doctors concluded that greatly as the babies needed good milk, they needed medical care quite as much. Even with moderately good milk, and a doctor at hand to do the right thing at the right moment, babies were better off than with very good milk and no doctor. Often a tenement mother cannot afford to call a doctor until it is time to call the priest; so the Board of Health, for several summers, has turned into the tenements, to look after sick babies, all the doctors who have the public schools in charge during the winter. A baby directory, giving the name and address of every baby born, started last winter, has helped this summer to give the work definiteness. Where formerly a Board of Health doctor has had to knock at the door and ask if there was a baby, and run the risk of a rebuff from a suspicious mother, this year he has entered with assurance and said: "How do you do, Mrs. Struzzieri? Your baby is Marco Polo Struzzieri, is n't he? Seven months and six days old, I think. How is he standing the hot weather, and what kind of milk are you feeding him?"

Any distrust was disarmed by an omniscient person who could tell the day of the baby's birth, and the various Mrs. Struzzieris of the tenements have been willing to give him their respectful attention. Following the hint given by the Medical Institute, the Board of Health has also assigned to each Straus station a doctor, who has kept track of the little customers, and at the first hint of sickness has told the mothers just what to do. The great number of babies kept well and comfortable in this way are eloquent testimony of another of the indirect blessings of the crusade against bad milk.

While the effect of milk bacteria was being demonstrated by tenement babies for the benefit of future generations, the cause of the mischief-making germs was receiving a due share of attention. Since

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Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

FEEDING KITTENS WITH BACTERIA

milk has no germs before it leaves the healthy cow, a million or so bacteria to the drop meant carelessness on the farms. Without reforming them there was little hope of making any radical improvement in the milk-supply. Before any remedy could be suggested, it was necessary to know what the actual conditions on the milk-farms were. The way to the investigation was opened up thus: Certain unusually intelligent customers beçame so clamorous for milk that could be guaranteed pure that the dealers serving them saw the need of providing it. The Milk Commission, made up of physicians from the County Medical Society, seized the opportunity to coöperate with the Department of Health. The commission was nevertheless independent of it. As a private body, the commission could demand a standard which the department, working for the whole city, could not demand; and through Dr. Park, who was one of its members, could make these dealers an offer. "Furnish milk of a certain standard of quality and cleanliness," said the commission, "produced under certain conditions, and we will guarantee your milk."

The dealers agreed, and the next step was to determine what conditions were necessary to secure safe, pure milk. To carry on this part of the work Dr. Belcher, a trained bacteriologist and a fellow of the Rockefeller Institute, was appointed missionary to the farmers.

That was not her official title nor her avowed intention, but the rôle followed naturally as a consequence of her scientific knowledge and enthusiasm and the great need she found of reformation. From the time she started out with her hand-bag and her case of sample bottles, evidences of carelessness and ignorance met her on all sides. Tracing the route of the milk backward, she found that some of the railroads bringing a great amount of milk to the city did not even pretend to obey the regulations for cooling the milk they carried, allowing the bacteria in a warm car to accumulate at their usual incredible ratio during a trip of nine or ten hours.

Many creameries were neglecting the simplest precautions for keeping milk pure. As for the average farmer, he was often breaking most of the rules for producing pure milk, under the cheerful conviction that he was keeping them. To combat this optimistic ignorance by preaching the new scientific

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dairy methods was not an easy matter. Farmers who were managing their farms as their fathers and their grandfathers had done before them looked with amusement on this city Ph.D. who thought she could overturn all their ideas about the care of the milk, when she had never milked a cow nor cleaned a stable in her life. But her enthusiasm and tact were usually invincible.

Her immediate purpose in making these country excursions was to get the scientific reason for all the methods the commission proposed to require by gathering, for comparison, samples of the same milk produced under different conditions, and testing them at the laboratory for bacteria. One experiment was with samples of milk taken in a cow-stable before and after cleaning. At the laboratory the doctor put small portions of each sample, properly prepared, into separate dishes of melted gelatin. The gelatin, hardening at once, fixed each invisible germ in its place. The dishes were covered and kept at a certain temperature. After two or three days each germ had become such a large colony of germs that the colonies could easily be counted, the original germs determined, and the total number in a half-teaspoonful estimated. A comparison of the number in each sample told the story. The milk from the uncleaned cow-stable showed so many more bacteria that even a reluctant farmer could not help conceding the advantage of a clean stable. In the same careful, scientific way the new code of dairy methods which the commission was to recommend to farmers was worked out to its least particular.

WEIGHING A BABY FED ON THE MILK COMMISSION'S BOTTLED MILK

To determine the conditions for the production of pure milk was one thing; but in a comprehensive plan of milk reform the important thing was to make them practical for the farmer, with his chronically lean purse. Already, under the direction of Dr. Freeman, the secretary of the commission, who had been preaching pure milk for some time, several fancy farmers who had money to put into model buildings and apparatus, and who could afford to wait patiently for the interest on their investment, had begun to supply a favored few with milk ideal in quality and cleanliness. But the only way to improve the milk-supply for the rank and file was to convert the bad small farms, which were furnishing the bulk of the city milk, into good farms.

To show that this could be done, Dr. Belcher chose a farm, typical of hundreds of others, the milk of which was endangering the health of unsuspecting customers. The barn-yard was a slough of muck and mire, with a stagnant pool in the center. The cow-stable, reeking with unremoved filth, was suffocatingly hot. It was small wonder that the cows, caked with dirt, switching at the stinging flies, gave such poor milk. The dairy, with its dirt and grime and its unwashed bottles from the city that made the inspector wish herself noseless, would have sickened the least fastidious of housekeepers.

With the coöperation of the dealer who was looking for farms to meet the commission's requirements, she directed a thorough-going renovation which transformed the place in a week. After the changes, which cost little except time and muscle, the bacteria in the milk dropped from hundreds of millions in a teaspoonful to thousands, a very small number, considering that a million or two bacteria can rest comfortably on a pinhead. From being in the worst grade, the farmer's milk was now in the best, and his dealer could afford to make the improvements permanent by giving him a better price for his milk.

At the request of several dealers who wanted to supply the new kind of milk, Dr. Belcher made over a number of bad farms during her months of work. Oftentimes it took line upon line, precept upon precept, visit after visit, to get an old-fashioned farm even approximately on a new-fashioned basis. During these visits, informal talks at the creameries and with individual farmers did much to spread the leaven of the scientific ideas about milk. But the offer of the dealers to pay a better price outweighed all other incentives.

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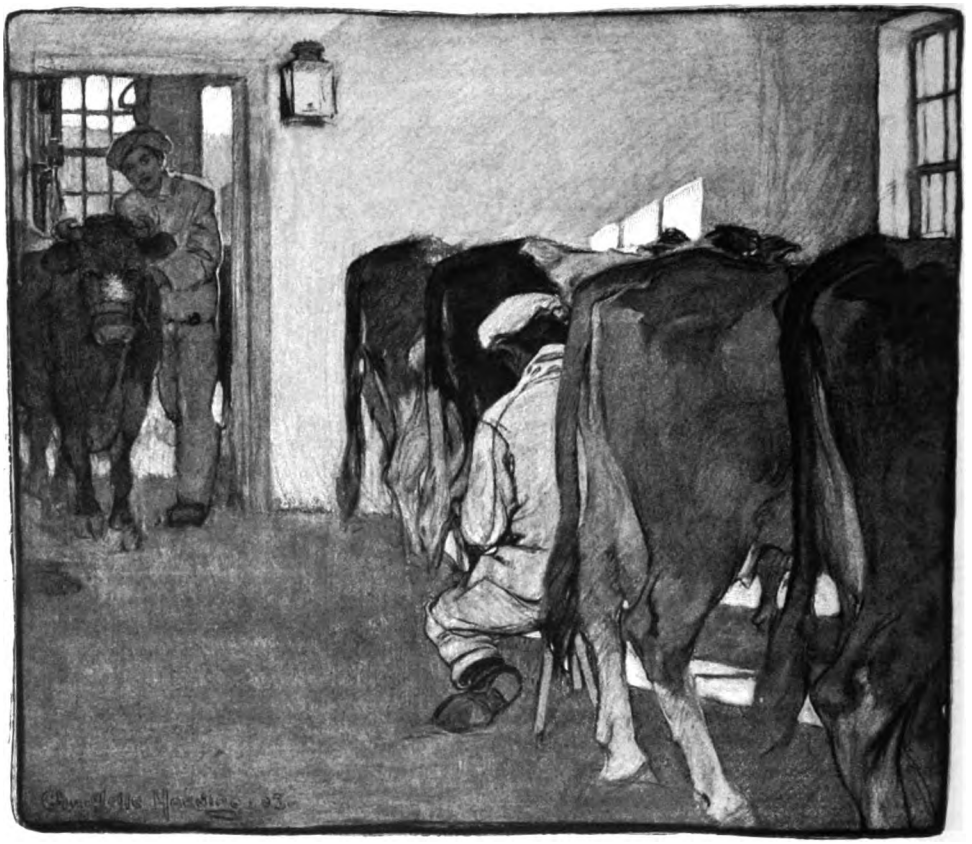
Almost any farmer with a surplus of time and a scarcity of money is willing to reform if he can get three, four, five, even six, cents a quart for the new milk instead of one and a half or two or possibly two

whitewashed walls, and abundant windows. Cows are groomed and sponged off before each milking, and their tails scrubbed until they look like plumes. No man with a contagious disease in his household is allowed



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

A MODEL MILKING-BARN

and a half cents a quart. This is the kind of argument that leads to permanent conversion. The insistent demand of customers for pure milk is the lever that will make the dealer reform the farmer.

The Milk Commission's guaranty fixed a standard toward which to work. As a result of Dr. Belcher's year of investigation and experiment, the commission condensed into two small circulars its requirements for two grades of milk, "certified" and "inspected." For the privilege of putting on a bottle "Certified by the Milk Commission of the Medical Society of the County of New York" the regulations are very exacting. Milk-stables are required to be scrupulously clean and fresh, with cement floors, near the milk. White suits are worn at the milking. Bottles and utensils are sterilized. Bottling is done in a separate room; the bottles are packed in ice and shipped in a refrigerator-car. Every possible precaution for securing pure milk is not only suggested, but carried out, and an inspector visits the farm every few weeks to see that all goes well. But bacteria make excellent detectives in the meantime. Samples of milk taken at random are tested each week at the laboratory, and if a man is careless, up go his germs beyond the limit allowed for "certified" milk, and the inspector makes a special trip to see what the trouble is, and to remedy it.

Certified milk is as pure as science and

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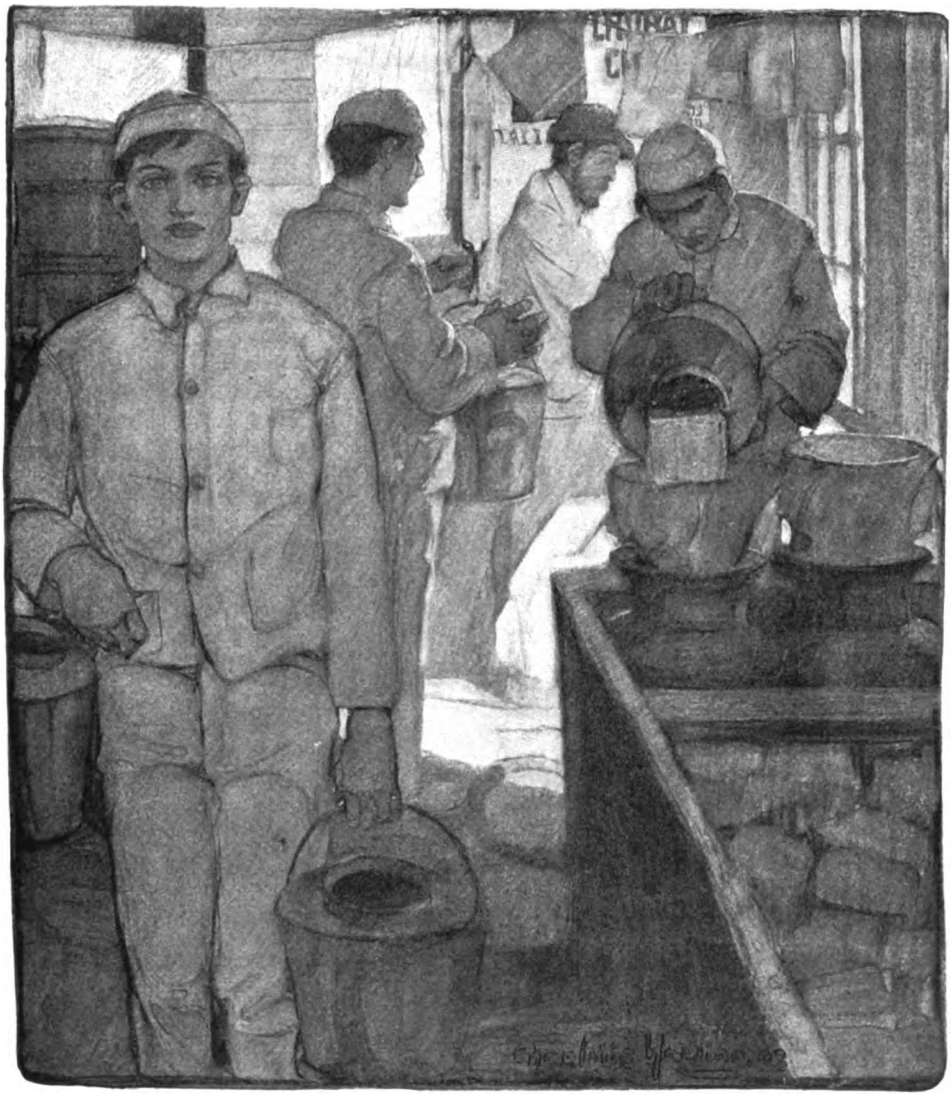

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

WEIGHING AND COOLING THE MILK

skill can make it. But the price necessary to cover the extra trouble rendered it a luxury for the mass of milk-consumers in New York, even if they had predilections in favor of clean milk. What were they to do? Use "inspected" milk, was the answer. The commission's requirements for inspected milk are not so rigid as for certified. Sterilizing bottles and utensils, washing cows before each milking, clean suits for the milkers, and a number of other provisions for certified milk, are not required. But when the housewife reads on a bottle-cap, "Inspected by the Milk Commission of the Medical Society of the County of New York," she may be sure that she is offering her family clean, wholesome milk. The label means that, at the farms supplying the milk, yards and barns are sanitary, cows clean, bottles and cans clean; that the milk is cooled at once and transported quickly, and that it has not more than a certain number of bacteria; that the farm is visited by an inspector, and that the Milk Commission regards it as pure and healthful.

"Inspected" milk means that safe milk is put within reach of the many at the price of

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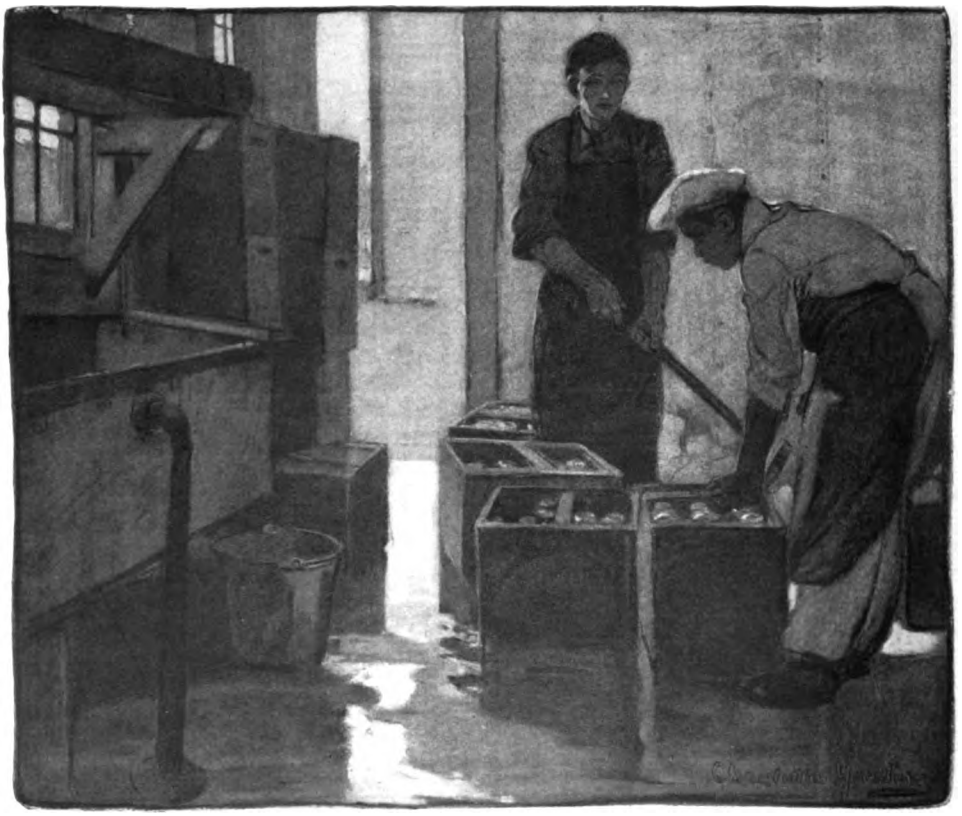
ordinary bottled milk—eight cents a quart. At eight cents, dealers do not force this milk upon their customers; indeed, they are discreetly reticent about it, since they have to pay the farmers more for inspected milk, and get no more themselves. Half a cent more would pay dealer as well as farmer, and make him willing to furnish the milk cheerfully. But the Department of Health, in the meantime, will give to any applicant the names of dealers supplying the new milk, and if the housewives of New York waked up to their privileges, and were insistent enough, the quart of uninspected milk with its possible dangers would be the exception instead of the rule.

While Dr. Park has been establishing the precedents for a new era in milk reform, and pointing out the way of permanent improvement, the Board of Health, within its province, has been doing its share in the milk movement. For the last year, under the vigorous generalship of Dr. Lederle, the Commissioner of Health, and Dr. Biggs, many reforms have been instituted. By the enforcement of the regulation which provides that milk coming into the city shall not be above 50°, railroads have been forced to cool their milk properly from the time it was shipped; dishonest dealers have been dealt with summarily; the old system of inspection, which left many loopholes for dishonest dealers, has been revised. The whole city is now divided into sections patrolled by inspectors. East Side, West Side, up-town, down-town, every person selling milk, once in five or six weeks receives an unexpected visit from one of these officials, who not only tests the milk himself, with a thermometer for temperature and a lactometer for cream, but takes a sample and turns it over to the Board of Health chemist for still further testing. Then woe to the dealer who has diluted or doctored his milk! He is arrested and, except for extenuating circumstances or the adaptable conscience of the justice, is fined a



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

PACKING BOTTLES OF MILK IN ICE FOR SHIPMENT TO THE CITY

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sum that makes him think before he sells bad milk again.

Even on Sunday a tricky dealer no longer has a chance to work off his poor milk. Ever since an experimental raid one Sunday morning, when out of several hundred samples collected the tests showed that almost half of them had been adulterated, occasional Sunday raids have become part of the established order of things.

Outside of the city, the New York farms supplying milk have been inspected as they never were before. Diseased cattle have been condemned, and farm-yards and barns made sanitary. With the health of the city at stake, Dr. Lederle's policy has been "no quarter" to high or low, as certain owners of notoriously bad milk-farms in Queens County discovered to their sorrow. Butwhen the farms were declared a menace to the public health, and the farmers deprived of their milk-supply by having the cows driven to the pound, where they were boarded at a cost, to the owner, of three dollars a day each, they carried out the conditions imposed by the Board of Health with a quickness and thoroughness that demonstrated the complete success of the measure.

Following up the important work begun by Dr. Belcher, the department, by using the bacteria as detectives, has been able to wage war against the careless farmer, out of the State as well as in it, with a letter to this effect:

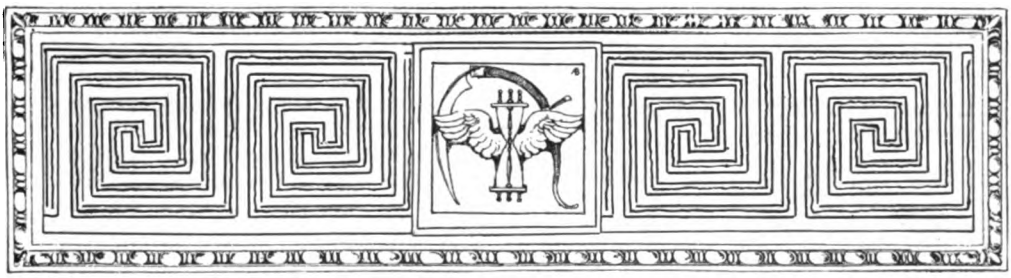
We have tested your milk, and it runs a million bacteria to a half-teaspoonful. That means either that your cows, yards, and barns are not clean, or that you are not cooling your milk. Unless you correct what is wrong, we shall have to exclude your milk from the city.

A circular accompanies the letter, explaining that bacteria are not only dangerous, but unprofitable, because they cause the milk to sour, and telling how to prevent them.

By the combined efforts of the different managers of the milk campaign, the standard of New York's milk-supply has been raised materially. The men who have worked untiringly for this result deserve the city's heartiest vote of thanks. But they need the coöperation of the public.

Efficient as the Board of Health has proved itself within the limits of its authority, the vastness of New York's milk-supply and the wide territory covered by its milk-farms make anything but a general supervision impossible without an army of inspectors. The city cannot require by a law which affects all its citizens the desirable standard which would put the price of milk beyond the reach of its poorest citizens.

The future of the city's milk-supply depends upon the people. The Milk Commission has given New York "certified" milk at the necessary "certified" prices, and, what no other city has had before, safe "inspected" milk for very little more than the ordinary prices. This is the great achievement of the milk campaign. But, if the reform is to go further, the people must take the trouble to demand and get the pure milk which is within their reach.



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From a photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co.

ABBOTSFORD, FROM THE TWEED

THE LATER YEARS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

BEING HIS OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS LITERARY LABORS, BUSINESS ADVERSITIES, FAMILY LIFE, AND LAST DAYS

TOLD IN LETTERS WRITTEN TO MARY ANNE WATTS HUGHES, WIFE OF DR. HUGHES, CANON OF ST. PAUL'S, AND GRANDMOTHER OF THOMAS HUGHES, AUTHOR OF THE "TOM BROWN" BOOKS

EDITED BY HORACE G. HUTCHINSON

With notes by Mrs. Hughes

CONCERNING STUTTERING, SINNING AND SUFFERING, BEING PAINTED, ETC.

DEAR MRS. HUGHES I answer your kind letter, immediately, not only to express my best —very best—thanks for all its contents, but also that you may not remain under the least doubt as to Broster. He is so far an empiric that he has not been regularly educated to medical practice, being bred a bookseller at Chester. But his powers of removing hesitation, or rather his skill in instructing persons to avoid or subdue that painful nervous affection, are certainly wonderful. I have not seen Lady Morton since he attended her but learn on all hands that she is not like the same person in society. Her hesitation was of a peculiar kind, for she stopp'd dead short without any of those unpleasant attempts at pronouncing the Shibboleth which generally accompanies hesitation of speech. And there you stood or sate listening, not well knowing whether the speech had come to a natural or violent conclusion. I am informed she now speaks forward like any other person.

A Major Histed of the Royal Dragoons who

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was inspecting our yeomanry here the other day told me he had been under Mr. Broster's care for a very embarrassing hesitation which interfered a good deal with his giving the word of command and making reports etc. in the course of his profession. I could scarce believe him, so absolutely had all appearance of the kind disappeared. Only watching him very closely I saw when he was about to address the Yeomanry a momentary embarrassment which instantly passed off and would have been totally undiscernible by any one who was not watching very close. So much for the feats of Mr. Broster whom I would certainly consult if I had occasion. There can be no danger of harm to the person, for his instructions are not accompanied by drugs or operations, or to the purse, for like those who cure smoky chimnies he proceeds on the principle of no cure no pay.

I am ashamed to rob you of Lord Falkland [1] who besides the very great value which every lover of Clarendon's history must set upon his character & talents has been happy in an Artist [probably Oliver] to convey his features to posterity. It is absolutely a sin to accept so valuable a present but then it would be an act of the most severe self denial to decline, and I fear we seldom long hesitate when the choice is between sinning and suffering. I once published a very few copies of poems written during the civil war by Patrick Carey a Catholic priest whom I afterwards discovered to have been a brother of Lord Falkland. I think I have two copies left, and will beg your acceptance of one by the first safe opportunity.

Sophia, poor soul, has kept her bed for near a week, dangerously ill at first with an inflammable complaint which has of late been fearfully frequent. Luckily we had near timely aid and skilful medical help, so that with bleeding and care she is now better, but still *couchante* as a Herald would say, but I trust will soon be able to do honour to the "Stones" [2] which I think much improved by the additions which Mr. Hughes has made to the ancient fabric. There is a John Bullishness about the whole, a dogged honesty and stubbornness of good sense, which make honest George Ridler out to be a pattern of old English Yeomanry. We laughed till we were like to die at the primitive display of Mr. & Mrs. Bull [3] in the one horse Chay. I give the bathers infinite credit for their address in contriving so effectual a punishment for interlopers. Many a man has been stripp'd for being himself flogg'd, but the situation of the honest Citizen must have been superb while, reserving the nakedness for his own part of the show, he transferred the flagellation to the back of old Nobbs. Leaving off the vagaries of this second Adam and Eve in a Tim Whisky, I must tell you that I have had another disappointment in an expected visitor of eminence; this was no less than Canning who proposed rubbing up an old acquaintance by a visit at Abbotsford, when pop dies yon old Louis le desiré, and Mr. Secretary of state must go to his office to forward addresses of condolence and congratulation and renew the bands of amity between John Bull & Louis Baboon.

I recollected the passage in Dr. Plott [4] as I read it; but upon what authority comes the explanation—a very natural and probable one, and a sign that old Noll's saints were not quite so confident in their superiority to Satan as their gifted pretensions would have made one suppose. . . . I think you mentioned there was some old pamphlet giving an account of the stratagem. I did not get the drawing of poor John Leyden,[5] but I remember Heber saying he had got it for me, but somehow he forgot to send it me or it was mislaid. I will be much flattered by Mr. Berens letting me have a copy of it. I remember well sitting to him, and Heber reading Milton all the while. Since that time my block has been traced by many a brush of eminence, and at this very *now*, while I am writing to you, Mr. Landseer, who has drawn every dog in the house but myself, is at work upon me under all the disadvantages which my employment puts him to. He has drawn old Maida [6] in particular with much spirit indeed, and it is odd enough that though I sincerely wish old Mai had been younger I never thought of wishing the same advantage for myself. I am much obliged by Mr. Hughes's kind intentions in favor of Charles [7] who will be at Brazen Nose at the term. My kindest compliments attend the excellent Doctor, and I am always Dear Madam,

Your truly obliged and faithful
Walter Scott

October 6
1824

Notes by Mrs. Hughes.—[1] An original miniature of Lord Falkland which I had sent Sir Walter.

[2] Your father had made large additions to Sir Walter's favourite ballad of "George Ridler," and I had sent him a copy.

[3] The ballad of the Magic Lay of the One horse Chay written by your father & published in Blackwood's Magazine for October 1824. It was founded on a fact which took place at Brighton the preceding August, & the loss of Mr. & Mrs. Bull's (for such were the names of the parties) cloaths was owing to their being stolen by a manœuvre of the Bathers.

[4] An extract from Dr. Plotts history of Oxfordshire containing an account of a stratagem practised to intimidate the Commissioners sent by the Long Parliament to value the Manor of Woodstock after the death of Charles 1st.

[5] Mr. Berens had offered me a drawing of Sir Walter's friend Dr. Leyden & had formerly made one for him which he had not received.

[6] A favourite old deer-hound of the Ban & Buscar breed.

[7] Mr. Charles Scott his youngest son. Your fa-

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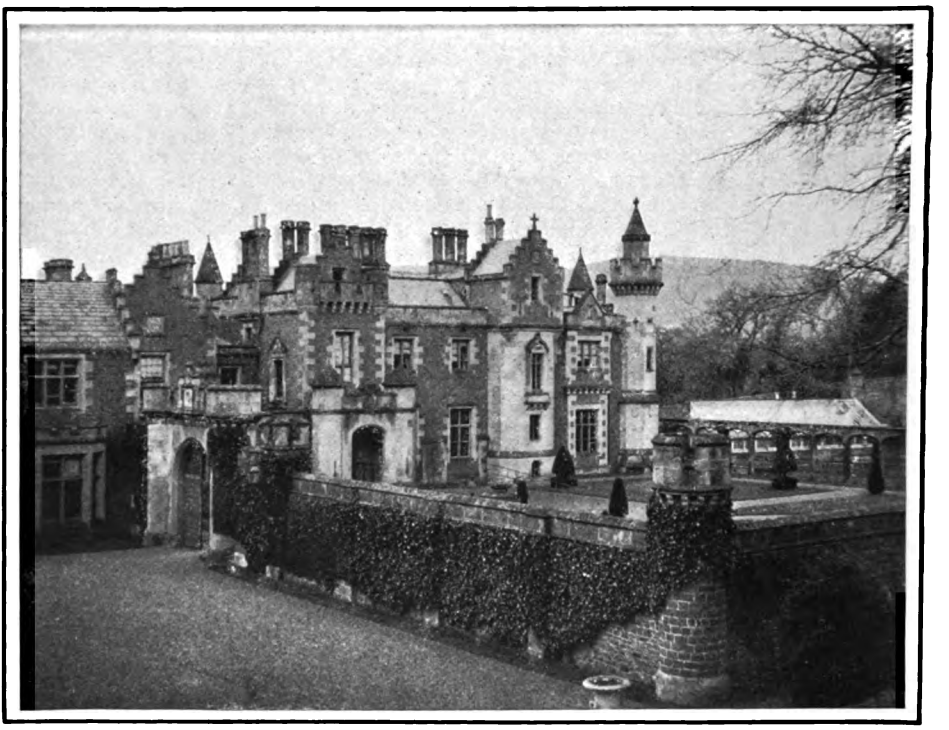
ther had offered to go to Oxford to introduce him to many of his friends, & to superintend his Outset.

The Lord Falkland spoken of in this letter, of whom Mrs. Hughes sent Sir Walter a miniature, was one of the moderates in the Parliament that impeached Stafford, but subsequently went over to the Royalist

"Scott's Familiar Letters," Vol. II (David Douglas & Co.: Edinburgh, 1894).

At this point I wish to interrupt the sequence of the letters, before resuming the series, which continues during the next five years or so, to insert an account, in form of a letter to his mother, of the life at Ab-



From a photograph

THE GARDEN FRONT, ABBOTSFORD

cause, being, as it appears, one of those moderate men who in times of stress seldom are frankly trusted by either party. He was killed at the battle of Newbury, 1643.

In 1820 Sir Walter, who had previously contributed an essay, with the hitherto unpublished poems of Patrick Carey, to the "Edinburgh Annual Register," published "Trivial Poems and Triolets" by this Carey, whom he compares with Lovelace as a poet. On page 230 of Lockhart's Life will be found a long extract from Scott's introduction to this volume of poems. The name of the Falkland family was, I think, generally spelled without the *e*—"Cary."

The six letters that follow, of which the first is of date November, 1824, and the last December, 1825, were published in

botsford, given by Mr. John Hughes (father of Thomas Hughes, the author), who visited Sir Walter and Lady Scott in 1825.

WALTER SCOTT AT HOME

Abbotsford—31 August

MY DEAR MOTHER . . . Sir W. just as you have described him, for one can say no more, the ladies appearing to consider me quite as an old acquaintance; & what is most extraordinary of all, Urisk, the domestic brownie or goblin, in most gracious humour, which has continued. Yesterday we drove in the sociable to call on Mr. & Mrs. Lockhart; then to Melrose, where Lady & Miss Scott had a little shopping, while I looked at the Abbey. In the evening came Mr. Ballantyne, & two French gentlemen with introductory letters, who staid the day. Lady Scott, being evidently mistress of the language, took the first *frais de conver-*

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sation; and guard was relieved soon by Sir Walter, whose bonhommie was remarkably conspicuous; particularly when the Gauls (who are gentlemanlike & speak English pretty well) did not understand anything, & required a French commentary; he then dashed freely at a language he does not much like, although I could see that the effort tried him. Miss Scott being somewhat shy of French, I was forced to do *mon possible*, to rest Sir W. occasionally; & the strangers were on the whole kept sufficiently employed. You may imagine how I have been poring over the armoury & the different curiosities, which I reconnoitred at a very early hour yesterday morning, not to be wasting time there when Sir W. was visible.

I forgot to mention the Lockharts. *She* I should think had most of her father of any of the family; carries it in her manner & countenance. Him I found very attentive & civil, as an old Oxonian; but there is an *aigre* manner in speaking of people & things in general, which warns you to be on your guard, & weigh what you say. Now with Sir Walter I find that reserve is quite out of the question; as he seems to understand & laugh at all the minor tricks of society. His manners seem in the same style of grand simplicity which distinguishes the higher style of painting and which was very much the characteristic of another man of no small celebrity, Prince Nugent. Allowing for the difference of a plain soldier & a man of genius, a man of action & a man of thought, as also for some difference in years, they remind me strikingly of one another; particularly in the art of making you perfectly at home; in the power of dispensing with what one may call the trash of human intercourse without any detriment to their own real consequence; & in short appearing never to think about themselves.

Sept. 1. I was summoned from my letter to accompany Sir Walter & the French gentlemen in a walk towards Huntly-Burn; (Thomas the Rhymer's) which strikes me & struck them, as being the White Lady's hold. Some say Elvin Water; farther on.

You will be glad to hear, I am sure, that little Lockhart is in a state of health quite satisfactory to his parents & Lady S. The sea has done him much good, they say; & the child appears to me as healthy & alert as other children, with a very fresh colour; still rather slightly made, but what flesh he has is firm on him. Mrs. L. seems in very high spirits, as if she had nothing on her mind now; sung us some Gaelic & Border songs last night with much animation, delighted the French gents. though they frankly owned they did not clearly make it out; "mais c'est une espèce d'inspiration." . . .

Ever your affectionate
J Hughes

. . . L. Eliz, I saw & have a daily laugh over Muckle mou'd Meg. . . .

The interval between the dates of the letter of Sir Walter last referred to, and the next, which is given *in extenso*, covered the sad time of the ruin of Messrs. Constable's publishing-house, in which by far the greater portion of Sir Walter's fortune also was involved. The equanimity and courage with which he faced his loss are manifest enough from the tone in which he writes.

SIR WALTER'S PLUCK IN ADVERSITY

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES AND MY WORTHY DOCTOR[1] I write immediately to give you the information which your kindness thinks of importance, I shall certainly lose a very large sum by the failure of my booksellers, whom all men considered as worth £150,000 & who I fear will not cut up, as they say, for one fourth of the money. But looking at the thing at the worst point of view I cannot see that I am entitled to claim the commiseration of any one, since I have made an arrangement for settling these affairs to the satisfaction of every party concerned so far as yet appears, which leaves an income with me ample for all the comforts and many of the elegancies of life, and does not in the slightest degree innovate on any of my comforts. So what title have I to complain? I am far richer in point of income than Generals and Admirals who have led fleets and armies to battle. My family are all provided for in present or in prospect,[2] my estate remains in my family, my house and books in my own possession. I shall give up my house in Edinb. and retire to Abbotsford; where my wife and Anne will make their chief residence, during the time our courts sit, when I must attend, I will live at my club. If Anne wishes to see a little of the world in the gay season, they can have lodgings for two or three weeks; this plan we had indeed form'd before it became imperative.

At Abbotsford we will cut off all hospitality, which latterly consumed all my time, which was worse than the expence; this I intended to do at any rate; we part with an extra servant or two, manage our household economically, and in five years, were the public to stand my friend, I should receive much more than I have lost. But if I only pay all demands I shall be satisfied.

I shall be anxious to dispose of Mr. Charles so soon as his second year of Oxford is ended. I think of trying to get him into some diplomatic line, for which his habits and manners seem to suit him well.

I might certainly have borrowed large sums.

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But to what good purpose? I must have owed that money, and a sense of obligation besides. Now, as I stand, the Banks are extremely sensible that I have been the means of great advantages to their establishments and have afforded me all the facilities I can desire to make my payments; and as they gained by my prosperity, they are handsomely disposed to be indulgent to my adversity, and what can an honest man wish for more?

Many people will think that because I see company easily my pleasures depend on society. But this is not the case; I am by nature a very lonely animal, and enjoy myself much at getting rid from a variety of things connected with public business etc., which I did because they were fixed on me but I am particularly happy to be rid of. And now let the matter be at rest for ever. It is a bad business, but might have been much worse.

I am my dear friends
Most truly yours
Edinburgh *Walter Scott*
6 February 1826

Notes by Mrs. Hughes.—[1] This was in answer to a letter jointly written by me & your Grandfather on hearing of the severe loss sustained by Sir Walter on the failure of Constable his publisher. A few days after I received a letter from a mutual friend (Mrs. Pringle of Yair) which corroborates the noble manner in which this heavy blow was borne by this excellent Man. She says "his works in the Press" (the life of Bonaparte & the Tale of Woodstock doubtless) "are valued at £20,000, & he has other property to convey over to his trustees who have it in their power to manage it in such a manner as will preserve Abbotsford; his son's wife is infeft upon the property, as security for her jointure; under these circumstances his family must contrive to live upon the income arising from his public offices, about £1300 pr annum. From the above statement you will perceive the calamity of ruin appears to be averted, & I trust that it will only be a matter of inconvenience for them to struggle against until his prolific pen (which he will now have time to employ with greater advantage) may reinstate the family in ease and affluence. You have judged truly of the effect of diminished income upon Sir Walter in restraining the style of entertaining indiscriminately, which was in so many cases abused, & even when sanctioned by right & claim, had become such a tax upon his valuable time and domestic comfort, that he crows with glee at having commenc'd a most rigid system of economy, & says he will now have an apology for adopting a style of living much more agreeable to his taste than that to which he has been led on by insensible & almost irresistible degrees. 'They 'll surely not kill the Hen that lays the eggs,' he good humouredly adds."

[2] Lady Scott's brother Mr. Charpentier had left £60,000 to her & her family at the death of his widow.

Later in the year Sir Walter was in London, apparently on business connected with the Constable house, and there are two notes of no interest from him in London to Mrs. Hughes, preserved in the collection. We may go on to the next long letter, of December in the same year (1826), when he was returned to Abbotsford. There is a difference in the style of address in this letter,—the playful and familiar "Mistress Hughes,"—as well as a warmer tone in the signature, that show an increasing friendliness.

The "flattering proposal" of which he speaks in the beginning of the letter refers to a request by Dr. and Mrs. Hughes that he should be godfather to their new grandson, who was accordingly named "Walter Scott," after him, and in whom he took much interest.

A GODSON

MY DEAR MISTRESS HUGHES Your letter arrived between our leaving Edinburgh and our much more happy arrival at this place, so it is two days later in receiving an answer than I would have wished, I write immediately to express how much I shall feel honoured in accepting the flattering proposal of my friend[1] Mr. Hughes & having one more link of friendship to unite me to a family to whom I owe so much kindness. I am afraid I have little chance of discharging any parts of the more immediate duties of a Godfather, but then I have the salve to my conscience that the natural friends of the young Christian are much better qualified to discharge that important task than his spiritual kindred. I trust the youngster will live to be a happiness and honour to all concerned. By some chance I believe, excepting one intervening Robert, my grandfather, we are Walters for six descents, including my son. He is now rampaging up & down in hopes of going to Spain or Portugal, and his sister provoking him by singing in his ear

Oh set me on a foreign land
With my good sword in my hand
And the King's command to fight or die
And shew me the man that will daunter me.

But the noble Captain frowns & considers this as trifling with the honour of the Regiment. For my part unless the French are perfectly mad I think there will be no long fight of it & though I would not spare in old border phrase my *calf's skin* in the service of the country yet when one counts chances you think otherwise when your children are concerned than you might have done had the case been your own.

Will you undertake dear Mrs. Hughes to make my most respectful and sincere acknowledgments acceptable to the Duke of Bucking-

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ham for the splendid donations of the Irish Chronicles with which his Grace has been pleased to oblige me. It is a work executed in a stile of magnificence becoming his Grace's high rank, & with attention to the great object of historical importance which renders its magnificence as useful as it is imposing. As I am conscious how little I deserved the high compliment conferred by his Grace's goodness I can only say that my sense of the obligation is proportionally increased by my own want of desert. My respectful compliments wait on the Duchess, whose kindness is not soon to be forgotten even when experienced during so short an interview as I had the honour of enjoying under your kind auspices. . . .

your much obliged & affectionate
humble servant
Walter Scott

Abbotsford Melrose
24 December 1826

Here we are for three weeks or till our beeves & brewis all fail us; would you could get Prince Housseins tapestry for a trip & light on us one Abbotsford evening with cousins by the score & piper & dancers & old songs & a little good claret & whisky punch & people contented to be happy as their fathers were before them upon the same occasion.

Note by Mrs. Hughes.—[1] To be godfather to Walter Hughes.

That which "you wish to see," in the beginning of the next letter, refers, as a note in Mrs. Hughes's hand tells us, to a copy of "Götz of Berlichingen," which he had translated in the very early days of his literary life. It was out of print.

HIS TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN, ETC.

Abbotsford
Sept 20th 1827

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I have great pleasure in sending you what you wish to see. I have cause however to be ashamed of the thing itself. It was undertaken when I did not understand German, and I am not able to revise it now because I have forgotten the little I then knew. I remember among other comical blunders I gallantly translated *Glatze* a bald head, into glasses, and made a landlord's drunken customers threaten his crockery instead of his noddle. It is quite at your service to keep or copy or do what you will with. When Lockhart & Sophia leave I will send you some similar attempts never published; one I think is a fine subject, the Fiesco of Schiller. I remember I used to read it to sobbing & weeping audiences, & no wonder; for whatever may be thought of the translation, the original is sublime. These were the works of my nonage—not quite literally, but when I was about twenty two or twenty three, and certainly had no hope of doing any thing out of my own head. Where are the people who then listened to them—dead or thrown separate by the course of time & incidents which bear us asunder on the tide of time.

I have not forgotten the Duchess of Buckingham's condescending promise to accept a Mustard or Pepper; but it is difficult to get the real breed, & Spice who is the best I have seen has had no puppies this year. It is singular that the race is very difficult to perpetuate or preserve. Your horrible story of the brother & sister is admirable as it stands; but I think our literature does not willingly admit these odious involutions & perversions of passion in which the Greek poets seem to have delighted; so it is rather a tale for the chimney corner than a subject of anything for the public.

I have been greatly delighted with Lockhart's & Sophia's visit, and cannot express to you my sense of your kindness to them. I shall always think it my particular happiness when I can express in any way my sense of the extreme obligation I feel on that and every other account. Prince Houssein's tapestry it is vain to wish for but as the interval between London and Edinburgh has been contracted in my lifetime to one sixth part of the time which it formerly occupied, who knows how soon time & space may be actually abolished and Abbotsford be as near St. Paul's as White Chapel. Sophia will add news of us; the children are as well as possible. My kindest respects attend the kind & excellent Doctor & Mr. & Mrs. Hughes, and my blessing on my little Godson. I will send him a set of books one of these days to teach him Scottish history. I am in more than haste

Dear Mrs. Hughes
Most respectfully & affectionately
Yours
Walter Scott

At the end of the same year, 1827, he writes again to Mrs. Hughes, with apologies for the interval of silence, a letter long enough to make amends. The reference that it contains to a book he is sending for his godson Walter Hughes (though scarcely of an age to appreciate it) is the first series of "Tales of a Grandfather," published about this time. Throughout all this time, while putting out his novels at the rate of more than one a year, he was at work at a variety of other literary business, notably his "Life of Buonaparte." The "valuable present" for which he returns thanks at the end of the letter was a

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lock of Bonaparte's hair sent him by a friend of Mrs. Hughes.

"A PAIR OF NEW EYES FOR A GUINEA" —DOGS, ETC.

Edinburgh Decr 13 1827

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I have been a great defaulter in not writing to you and the excellent friend to whose kindness I am so much obliged nor have I much to say in excuse for myself. The old divine tells us that the Devil's privy parlour is paved with good intentions; in that case I am afraid a great many of mine go to his sable Highness's share.

I admire your patience in copying out old Goetz, & I am sorry I have given away or lost a translation of Fiesco which is I think a finer thing. Some others I have, made at the same time I was German mad. If you would like to see them I could easily send them up to town but I think they are in general sad trash and if you read ever so little German you would see how inferior they are to the original. The publication of Goetz was a great era however in German literature, and served completely to free them from the French follies of unities & decencies of the scene and gave an impulse to their dramas which was unique of its kind; since that they have been often stark mad but never I think stupid. They either divert you by taking the most brilliant leaps through the hoop or else by tumbling into the custard, as the Newspapers averred the Champion did at the Lord Mayors dinner.

I am afraid you will find from my hand writing that I am becoming blinder than is convenient for my correspondents; my eyes, good servants in their day, fail me now sadly, not that I have any complaint in them, thank God, save that which arises from course of years and hard working. How I regret the hours that I wasted when a boy in reading by fire light. However heaven bless the memory of the honest man who invented spectacles and did more good than twenty besides. It is a fine privilege to have, that one can buy a pair of new eyes for a guinea when the old ones go wrong.

I have been writing of late for the benefit of those who need no spectacles, and the little book which accompanies this is designed for my Godson Walter S. Hughes, and I hope if it does him no great good it will do him no harm. You will recognize Johnnie and the front of Abbotsford. I hope you design to make out your pilgrimage there next spring or summer, to renew your reminiscences; you will find it much improved, and all the groves & glades, of which the places were but signified, appearing in actual perfection.

You are so fond of music that I think you must be interested in some which I have lately heard. It was I think of an original character & which promised to be highly popular. I heard it first at Ravensworth Castle where my young friends the Misses Liddel sing like Syrens. The words were by Mrs. Hemans— "Twas a trumpet's lofty sound," Campbell's "Lord Ullin's daughter" & "Roland the brave" and one or two popular poems of the same character of poetry, and I have never heard music better matched with "immortal verses." I was at first told that [they] were all the composition of Mrs. Arkwright of Derbyshire, a daughter in law of Sr. R. Arkwright the celebrated inventor of the spinning machine, and daughter of fat Stephen Kemble brother of Mrs. Siddons & John Kemble; I remember her mother a most excellent actress & I believe the original Yarico. But I have since heard from Lady Wedderburne that in fact Mrs. Arkwright only wrote some of those beautiful tunes and that others, and particularly one which I greatly admired and for whose popularity should it be published I would become answerable, to the words of Mrs. Hemans "Twas a trumpet's lofty sound," is the production not of Mrs. Arkwright but of Miss Brown the sister of the Poetess—write or compose who will, it is I think very fine.

Now you will ask, what have I to do with all this? very little in truth only thus far, Mrs. A. is a wealthy lady & of course no one has any motive to obtrude opinions or interference; but Miss Brown is otherwise situated, and the question occurs why this gifted lady should not profit by a talent which would speedily realize a considerable independence. I am sure any music dealer of character who could prevail on this lady to publish some of this music would make an immense profit even by affording the Composer a handsome profit. I do not know the lady and have no knowledge of the musical world; but I am sorry that a person of such original genius should not turn it to some account. Now you know these good folks & may not be displeased to communicate to any respectable person the fact that such music exists and may, if I am rightly informed, be made the subject of treaty, and I presume it would not be difficult through Mrs. Hemans to put such a treaty into Miss Brown's power. The Mansfield family who are very musical and indeed all who have heard these melodies consider them as of the highest character. After all I am meddling in a matter [in] which I have not the least title to interfere excepting gratitude for the pleasure I have had in hearing the music of a lady that I never saw and am totally unknown to. I am vexed about Sophia; but she is happy in having your affectionate care and Mrs. Terry's kindness, and for the rest we must comfort ourselves with the proverb

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Well betides
Her who bides.

This was a proverb of my good mother's who had them applicable to all occasions of life in which emergencies were of course provided for. I hope from your diverting story of Johnnie that he also will be a proverb-monger; he seems to have profited by that of Sancho—my Mother whips me & I whip the top.

I enclose a letter to your most obliging friend acknowledging the receipt of his valuable present. My best love attends Dr. Hughes, Mr. Hughes, and I am always Dear Mrs. Hughes

Your truly faithful & obliged
Walter Scott

I am happy to tell you that there is a small family of Mustard & Peppers. I have sent to Tom Purdie to keep such three or four of the two families as with the assistance of John Swan the forester shall be selected as the handsomest, in hopes I may be able, when I get to Abbotsford at Christmas, to select one worthy of the distinction of being preferred to the Duchess of Buckingham's service. Charles is with me just now studying history & public law together with modern languages; he begs most kind & grateful recollections to you, Dr. & Mr. Hughes.

The drawing that much resembles "Old Harden's Crest" in the following letter was an absurd likeness of the baby, Walter Hughes, Sir Walter's godson, done by his brother, and sent to the godfather by Mrs. Hughes. In the references to a desire to visit the Continent and to the Duke of Buckingham going up Etna on a mule we see the beginning, I think, of that journey to Italy which he made a year or two later in hopes of regaining his lost health.

THINKING OF THE CONTINENT—
BEING A LION

Decr. 25th 1827
Edinburgh

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I received your note with old Goetz so you stand acquitted of that valuable work. I am not surprised at a good Welchwoman having the same indulgences for a Minion of the Moors which are proper to our Borderfolks.

Taffy was a Welchman
And Taffy was a—Cymry the wise it call!

Johnnie's letter has tokens of an admirable Amanuensis; his drawing seems much to resemble "Old Harden's Crest" supposed to represent the spirit Threshiewat who used to appear to light him through the Cheviot hills with a lanthorn in each hand, which for dignity sake has been since converted into the sun & moon by the Heralds. It indicates a hopeful disposition to the old trade & would entitle the little Walter to the old benediction of the border mother to her infant.

Weels me on your bonny craigie
If ye live ye 'll steal a naigie
Ride the country through & through
And bring home many a Carlisle cou.

Through the Lowdens o'er the border
Weel my baby may you further
Harry the loons of the Low Countrie
Syne to the border hame to me.

How delightful to think the Duke of Buckingham has been to the top of Etna on a mule. It encourages me in an idea I have [of] going to Sicily; certain troublesome matters are taking a favourable turn with me & whenever they will permit me I am resolved to visit the Continent. I am sure I am much more accustomed to endure any species of fatigue where my lameness does not impede me than most people, & have slept on the heather as soundly as ever I did in my bed, so I have great hopes I may get to the top of Etna; Lockhart will tell you that even in my age I can climb like a cat and in my boyhood was one of the boldest craigsmen in the High School, as the Cats-neck on Salisbury Crags & the Kittle Nine-steps on the Castle rock could tell if they would speak. So I may get to the top of Etna yet. . . .

Always affectionately yours
Walter Scott

I will be at Abbotsford till 10 January & afterwards return here. I need hardly say that my kindest & best wishes attend the excellent Doctor & your son with a blessing for the New Year for little Walter.

I am delighted you know Mrs. Barrington; she is a delightful person & indeed, having the instinct of a dog who knows he is welcome, so I like the whole Ravensworth family much more sincerely & affectionately than most families whom I have been acquainted with of late date. Nobody knows better how to distinguish those who receive me as a *Lion*, (on which occasions I am however always civil,) and those who are kind in my human capacity.

Spring of the following year (1828) finds Sir Walter again in London, engaged in business, but with leisure enough to take most kindly interest in the misfortunes of others, and notably in those of "poor Terry," the actor. The letter below shows his devoted and anxious attachment to his little grandson. The mutual affection be-

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tween these two friends of such unequal years seems to have been unusually and touchingly great.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I have been ungratefully silent owing to the anxiety of the time which I have passed here latterly—now that our hopes begin to assume a more cheerful prospect I hasten to write. I had not been here a week before poor dear Johnnie [Lockhart] became very unwell, spit blood, with a fever and continual cough, and became so debilitated that the physicians thought him in the most instant danger. He was posted down to Brighton without delay, his father, mother and Anne going with him and settling themselves there, with such effect that thank God the poor little fellow is much better, and we have fair hope of his weathering this bad turn. Whether the constant care of his parents will keep alive the feeble plant God only knows, and to Him we must refer ourselves. . . .

Poor Terry's misfortunes have arisen from imprudence but nothing worse. . . . I apprehend he will be obliged to sell his share in the Adelphi worth about £5000 which will pay twelve or fourteen shillings in the pound. It is sad work. I lent him a sum of no great consequence intending that £200 should go to fit out his child when he could get an appointment; this too is lost in the wreck—what I may lose myself is of no consideration and I would give it all freely to see the poor fellow on his legs again.

I am trying what I can do for Alan Cunningham, and I trust may succeed—he is a real good fellow, and a clever one if he knew when he had said enough. Love to my excellent Doctor, your son, his lady and the Godson. The dogs for the Duchess are in health but have rather grown bigger than they should; I will send them by the next steamboat when I return to Edinburgh. Adieu Dear Madam. God bless you.

Walter Scott

Sussex Place 24 Regents Park
7th May 1828

His trust that he might serve Alan Cunningham was well founded, for by his request each of Cunningham's two sons was given a cadetship in the East India Company's service.

Dr. and Mrs. Hughes were now thinking of making a tour to Scotland, and proposed a visit to Sir Walter at Abbotsford as its chief feature and attraction.

A BORN FIGHTER—A TROUT AT THE FLY AND ANOTHER WITH THE BOBBER

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I write immediately on the receipt of your kind letter to express with how much pleasure Anne & I will receive your promised visit. You cannot come amiss to us in the week following the 14th, or any time afterwards you cannot come amiss, as we shall not be absent from Abbotsford where I have much to do—in imagination that is. You shall walk with me, and see if the pruners are doing their duty in the young plantations. I am happy Mr. Hughes proposes to accompany the good Doctor and you; his account of Boscobel and the subsequent adventures of Charles cannot fail to be interesting. It was a great pity that same Charles was but a worthless dog whom even the school of adversity did so little for, & yet there were likeable qualities about him—a sort of Royal *Roué* whom one could not but like even while you could not esteem him.

My two dogs went up from Leith about ten days since: they are grim tykes and should be hardy from their breed, but they are larger in size than I could wish owing to their being overfed; if they take the distemper Blane's medicine will cure them if given when the first symptoms of wheezing & running at the eyes are discovered; they should have a pretty strong dose but they are in fine condition & they have indeed been rather too much fed which has occasioned their great size. Tom Purdie was afraid the distemper would attack them when low in flesh, when it is generally fatal. If the Duchess thinks proper to have them vaccinated as in the case of human beings, it is I think a preventive. I am glad you like the Yon Chrem. He is rather a favourite of mine. But Henry Wynd's *Insouciance* always delighted me in the story. A man who played into such a mortal combat without knowing which side he was fighting on must have been a queer fellow any how. All this and much more we will talk of when you come to the North. I hope we shall have fine weather to greet you.

Think of my luck in getting for honest Alan Cunningham two appointments instead of one; the last is for the institution at Addiscombe where so clever a lad is sure to get on the Engineer's establishment, the best in India. I protest I scarce felt more pleasure than when first a fisher I caught two trouts at once, one at the fly another with the bobber, and, joy on joy, landed them both. Adieu, my kind [friend], & most respectful compliments to the excellent Doctor. I hold it no mean honour that he should undertake a fatiguing journey, and am delighted Mr. Hughes comes with you to take trouble off the Doctor's hands on the road, as well as to add to the pleasure of the visit.

Yours my dear Mrs. Hughes
most gratefully
Walter Scott

Standwich Place Edinburgh
26 June 1828

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Please God I quit this house at one oclock P.M. Friday the 11th, when our potent, grave & reverend Signiors of the Court at Session commence vacations.

From July 18, 1828, when the last letter (which, with one or two others, is not printed here) was written, there is now a gap in the correspondence until October of the same year. But though no letters passed in the meantime, the two friends enjoyed a more pleasant and closer communion in the course of the visit that Dr. Hughes and his wife most successfully paid to Abbotsford in the summer of that year. It was a visit productive of mutual satisfaction and, if possible, increased friendliness. The reference to "Trulls" at the beginning of the letter refers to some small, thick Berkshire cheeses, so called in the local tongue, which Mrs. Hughes had sent the year before. By this time the authorship of the famous novels was public property, and it is interesting to note the quaint, unapologetic attitude in which he refers to the truth, which he had denied, being forced out of him. The "best news" of it, as he says, consists in the wonderfully better account of his grandson's health.

HIS REVISED WORKS, ETC.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I sent to the residence in Amen Corner not one book "as big as all dis cheese" but some score or two of books as big as a score of Trulls; they form the continuation of the translations of which you were kind enough to accept the first series. About these novels you know my feelings are something like those of Macbeth

> "I am afraid to think on what I 've done
> Look on 't again I dare not."

As however the course of things have return'd them to be my property, I have thoughts (though it is a *great secret*) of making a revised edition with some illustrations. Amongst them I think of inserting the account of the affair of Cumnor Hall from Ashmole's antiquities of Berkshire; but to this I would like to add some notice of their present state, & of any traditions which may be still current about them, & for this material addition I must trust to Mr. John Hughes' and your kindness, as also for some thing, no great matter what, about Wayland Smith's stone; there is no hurry about this, and in the mean time I beg the favor of you to say nothing about the plan as I do not wish to lower the value of such copies as may be still in the Bookseller's hands, which an annunciation of my intention might perhaps do. They are now getting very low in number, though the market was inundated by the sale of the roguy bookseller's great stock. We must try to make the new edition superior by illustrations and embellishments, as a faded beauty dresses and lays on a prudent touch of rouge to compensate for want of her juvenile graces. Your kind assistance in this matter will oblige much your indebted friend; the thing is really of very considerable importance, and if it succeeds will do much to rub off old scores incurred by the bankruptcy of my publishers.

Poor Alan Cunningham was like to lose one of his Cadetships by Lord Melville's removal to the Admiralty, but Lord Ellenborough has most handsomely engaged to make it good.

I dined with the Ettrick Shepherd, and an excellent rural feast we had; he had not forgotten your kindness. On that occasion I visited my old acquaintance, the Grey Mare's Tail, in a tremendous storm of wind and rain. The path was a perilous one but the sight of the torrent tumbling from an immense height into a bottomless cauldron swelled by rain, and contending in its fall with a tempest of wind, was very grand; indeed the solid rock on which we stood rocked to the roar of wind and rain. I wished you to have seen it.

But my best news you have probably already heard which is the apparent renovation of poor Johnnie's health, which I know you would learn with as much pleasure as any of his nearest friends; he is allowed to walk upright, and the spinal affection is said by Dr. Brodie to have ceased altogether.

Adieu, my dear Mrs. Hughes. Remember me most kindly to the dear and respected Doctor and to Mr. John Hughes. Your visit made us so happy that we cannot renounce a hope of its being renewed in spite of the recollection of the Steam Kettle.

Yours my dear friend with sincere respect & regard

. . . *Walter Scott*

Abbotsford Octr. 9th or 10th 1828

The translation spoken of at the beginning of the next letter was a translation into French of "The Fair Maid of Perth." Sir Walter had given Mrs. Hughes copies of translations into French of many of the novels when she was at Abbotsford.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I add [to] your collection another translation as you seemed to like those which you cleared my hands of. I cannot tell how kind I felt your visit and how much I am obliged for your patience with wet days and slow movements. Alas! with every wish to make my weather & pace agreeable to

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my friends I have now as little power of mending the last as of improving the first. My

"Jog on, jog on the greensward way"

is degenerated into a sad hobble; but while I can get good friends to keep me company I will not greatly regret it.

All are well here; dogs women and men—only Tom Purdie has cut his foot with an axe, so I want for a time his prop and stay. We have had a very pleasant visit from the Miss Ardens who filled the blank of evening melody which you left behind you. . . .

Believe me always
My dear Mrs. Hughes
yours most faithfully
Walter Scott

Sept 4th Abbotsford
1828

Mrs. Hughes had sent Sir Walter an account of the Uffington legend of Wayland Smith for the new edition of "Kenilworth," together with some anecdotes of Cumnor Hall. Terry was still in trouble, and in spite of all the efforts of his good friends they did not succeed in extricating him.

TERRY'S TROUBLES—A HINT ABOUT PLANTING

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES Your active benevolence starts the game while others beat the bush. I think the Benefit is the best thing that can be devised for poor Terry! I have not the least interest with the dramatic sovereigns of the day; my old friends of the theatre are gone with John Kemble or become old with his marvellous sister, and I have not been even in a London theatre perhaps for ten years except the ill-fated Adelphi. I cannot say I have room for thinking that Terry had hard usage from his partner. His misfortunes were solely, so far as I could see, originated in his undertaking an enterprize requiring a free capital while he was under the necessity of meeting hourly a quantity of secret debt which was becoming daily more heavy by the addition of interest to principal. But the public always like to relish their benevolence towards an individual by making his misfortunes the medium of blaming some other person, so that their charitable feeling may have the flavour of a little scandal to take off its insipidity. All I could [do] would [be] to send my mite, and to try to scribble some doggrel by the way of prologue or epilogue. Good puffing might certainly be commanded and with the assistance of such I think a good thing might be made out for him. We might then try Edinburgh, where I think £100 or two might be [obtained]. I fear sadly his playing days are done.

The notes upon Wayland etc. are exactly what I want and make my task an easy one. For once you have told me of

"a wood
Where a wood should not be."

I know few positions which trees do not ornament but to plant out the curiosities whether of nature or antiquity is certainly a great mistake. I remember old Lord Abercorn, the uncle of the late Marquis excluding with great care from his walks & points of view, Gazebos & so forth, the fine old ruin of Craig Millar Castle which he termed a common prostitute, the beauties of which were seen all over the country.

The cheeses are arrived, and are excellent. They are some comfort to us in coming from the country, which we left with great reluctance on Tuesday last. So, like Ossian's, my dogs are howling in my empty hall. Christmas comes however with its blazing logs, fat beef and brown beer, and we look forward to Abbotsford once more. I forget if I had begun my manufacture of flakes (not flakes of wood) which Highlanders call Leggals and English hurdles. I made up about five or six hundred of them out of the young larches, weedings of my plantations, and I am happy to say they are selling very *bobbishly;* the amount is a trifle but seems to promise future sales which will be every year more important.

Pray remember me most kindly to the Dr. & Mr. Hughes. The brace of Annes send kind remembrances, to which pray dear Mrs. Hughes add my kind compliments.

Always most truly
yours,
Walter Scott

Edinburgh 15 Nov 1828

In the letter that follows, and again later, Sir Walter refers a good deal, and in a way that shows how much the horror and the human interest of their inhuman crime attracted him, to the murders committed by Burke and Hare. It was not merely as a student of human nature that he took a peculiar interest in them, but rather that the whole of Great Britain, and more especially Edinburgh, was at that time full of the case, with a sort of astoundment that such unsuspected possibilities could exist in our human nature, even in its most brutal degradation.

HOW SIR WALTER BRAVES HIS INFIRMITIES—THE CASE OF BURKE

DEAR MRS. HUGHES I am delighted that you & the good Doctor approve of the picture. It has one great advantage over the original that

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such as it is it will remain while I myself feel strongly increase of infirmity with increase of time. I hope it is only this cold weather which benumbs me but I feel my lameness, which used to be little more than unsightly, is gradually increasing, and my walks have been much shortened since I saw you. But I should rather be thankful for the strength which I have enjoy'd under such adverse circumstances than surprised at its not being continued to the end of the Chapter. That my hands may not laugh at my feet I have turned child again and taken chilblains which almost prevent me from holding the pen. So much for grumbling; for the rest we are all as well as possible amid a scene of sickness; a typhus fever is almost universal here chiefly amongst children of the higher ranks who one would think secure from the disease by good living and healthy habitations; but so it is—and the disease does not affect the lower ranks whose dwellings and diet one would think expose them to such a scourge.

In the mean time we have the horrors of the West port to amuse us, and that we may appear wiser than our neighbours, we drive in our carriages filled with well dress'd females to see the wretched cellars in which these atrocities were perpetrated, and any one that can get a pair of shoes cobbled by Burke would preserve them with as much devotion as a Catholic would do the sandals of a saint which had pressed the holy soil of Palestine. I suspect Justice has done her best or worst to avenge these enormities, and one's natural feelings revolt to think that so many of the perpetrators must escape punishment. But you must recollect that it is a thousand times better that the greatest villain should escape than that public faith should be broken or the law wrested from its even tenour for the purpose of punishing them; & the Lord Advocate could not have convicted Burke[1] without the evidence of Hare & his wife, and even succeeded with difficulty, having their support. To break faith with the wretch would be to destroy, in a great measure, a great barrier which the public has hitherto enjoy'd against crime from the want of reliance of the wicked on each other. Hare therefore I fear must be left to the vengeance of heaven, unless the rabble were to make another Porteus job of it. I did not go to the scene of action, although the newspapers reported me one of the visitors. . . .

I am always with kindest wishes
Dear Mrs. Hughes
Your truly obliged
& faithful
Walter Scott

Edinburgh
23 January
1829

All the good wishes of the new year attend you & yours.

The "valuable & much valued token of regard" spoken of in the beginning of the next letter was a folio work on Pompeii from drawings by Colburne, which Dr. Hughes had sent Sir Walter. This letter is without date or signature, but the reference to Burke's execution fixes the date at the end of January, 1829. It is pathetic enough to think of the scribe of the immortal novels fumbling down the inspired words with his poor chilblainy fingers.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I received yesterday your valuable & much valued token of regard & looked over the engravings with pride & pleasure; they are a great monument of modern art & console me for the little chance there is now left that I will ever see the places they represent. I have not looked over them save once, determined to have them immediately secured by the binder to save risque of accidents. Your wishes have been nearly accomplished; the she-hare has been well nigh hunted to death; she was recognized on the bridge, with a blind sickly child in her arms, and instantly assailed bv the mob with snow balls & stones & even personal violence. I am told she was at one moment suspended over the banisters of the highest arch, & only held by the cloaths; it was well for her that her supporters had no chilblains. At length the Police rescued her, but I think it a chance that she loses her life if she ventures into the country, & in Edinburgh she cannot remain. Her Husband remains in Gaol till a deliverance is obtained from the court of Justiciary; the trial comes on on Monday. This Hare is a most hideous wretch, so much so that I was induced to remark him from having observed his extremely odious countenance once or twice in the street, where in general I am no observer of faces; but his is one which there is no passing without starting, & I recognized him easily by the prints. One was apt to say, & indeed I did say to myself, that if he was not some depraved villain, Nature did not write a legible hand.

Burke was executed yesterday morning; he died with firmness though overwhelmed with the hooting, cursing & execrations of an immense mob, which they hardly suspended during the prayers & psalm which in all other instances in my memory have passed undisturbed, Governor Wall being a solitary exception. The wretch was diseased with a cancer which the change of diet & the cold of his cell made cruelly painful. He was rather educated above the common class, which makes his Case extraordinary.

[1 The wretch who murdered by suffocation in order to sell subjects for dissection.—THE EDITOR.]

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The deaths amongst us are fearfully frequent and all the mirth and festivity of the season are silent. . . .

As for my old bones they continue pretty considerably tarnation stiff, as the transatlantic friends express it. We grow old as a garment & I never heard of immortal suits except in Chancery. Our snow is cleared off with immense rain, & the weather I hope will be more temperate.

Sophia's levee of masons, smiths, joiners, & so forth must be teazing, & she may reckon on at least 25 pr. cent additional for the very name of a *decorator*. But then they do their business well, whereas in Scotland, although our masons are most admirable & eke our plaisterers, our joiners, smiths, & Jacks of all trade are atrociously bad. Not a door opens or shuts with accuracy, even in our best houses, for we do not or cannot get any thing but what are called *factory* locks, keys, hinges & so forth which, with want of exact *ruitering* as it is called, makes our rooms, however showy, rather uncomfortable. . . .

No date or signature is given, but the letter must have been written January 29, 1829.

All through these letters there are continued signs of anxiety, ups and downs of alternate hope and dejection, in regard to little Johnnie Lockhart's health, all revealing the charming tenderness and affection of Sir Walter's heart. Only a month after Terry's death Sir Walter lost another very valued friend, Mr. Shortreed, sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire, to whom Sir Walter had not long before sent a set of his works with an inscription.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES A thousand thanks for all your kindness about Kenilworth, Wayland Smith, Abingdon, Cumnor Hall, & other particulars. I am not sure how far they may be all useful, for perhaps there may be no great policy in making holes in one's own work for the pleasure of darning them. Of course I know nothing more than Camden and his commentators told me about those places, and the rest so far as localities are concerned would be *hit or miss* work. But I am interested much in knowing the reality, as it really exists. I have got a list of Leicester's furniture at Kenilworth which seems to have been of the most splendid description. I will get some good hints from it. . . .

So poor Terry is gone—in a situation where life was not to be wished. It is a cruel view of human life to consider what small obstacles impede our voyage. . . . A little more nerve and courage to face his own affairs, and he might have been wealthy and prosperous. But there is a better way of thinking on this subject. . . .

I am
Dear Mrs. Hughes
sincerely & affectionately yours
Walter Scott

Edinburgh
1st July 1830

In the following letter, where Sir Walter refers to Sir Henry Lee's picture, the reference is to an account that Mrs. Hughes had written him of a portrait she had lately seen in Wales, at Newallyn, of Sir Henry Lee of Litchley, with a dog exactly answering to the description of Bevis in "Woodstock."

MY DEAR LADY . . . I ought to be ashamed for having sent such Van-loads of stuff into the world, instead of which here am I *taylorising* as my good mother would have said, that is capeing, collaring & turning my old novels to give them novelty [?] in some degree. *Entre nous*, the success has been hitherto more than our warmest calculations anticipated. This leaves me little time for any thing save exercise which I will not give up either for wealth or fame, but it cuts my correspondence sadly short.

I will be delighted to receive the drawing of Wayland Smith's dwelling which, with the anecdotes you have supplied me with, will make me rich in illustrations of Waverley [Kenilworth?]. . . .

The accident of Sir Henry Lee's picture is very odd. When I was a boy I used to be told that there was risque in presenting your pistol at people even though I knew they were unloaded, for the Devil might load them for the purpose of putting me to shame. Now I really sometimes think some little mischievous Demon takes a pleasure to guide my pen to realities when it is running as the owner supposes on some fiction. The publishers will be certainly desirous to have the picture copied if permission can be obtained. . . .

Your obliged & faithful friend,
Walter Scott

Abbotsford
August 24. [1829]

The next letter records the making of yet another gap in the thinning ranks of Sir Walter's surviving friends of his youth, by the death of Tom Purdie, his very faithful factotum and bailiff at Abbotsford, between whom and his master the bond was very much one of friendship rather than of servitude.

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TOM PURDIE

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES Were you ever engaged in a fair bout of setting to rights? but I need not ask; I know how little you would mind what annoys my ponderous person so much, and in my mind's eye I see you riding on the whirlwind and directing the storm like the fairy Whippity Stourie herself. Dr. Hughes will comprehend the excess of my annoyance in the task of turning all my books over each other to give a half yearly review of the lost, stolen and strayed, which disturbs my temper as much as the gallery stairs do my person. . . .

I have had a very severe loss in my old & faithful Gillian a Chriah that is Man of the belt, Thomas Purdie, and though I am on most occasions like Edward Bruce "who used not to make moan for others, & loved not that others should lament for him," yet on this occasion I have felt very acute sorrow. I was so much accustomed to the poor fellow that I feel as if I had lost feet & hands, so ready was he always to supply the want of either. Do I wish a tree to be cut down, I miss Tom with the Axe. —Do I meet a bad step, and there are such things in my walks as you well know, Tom's powerful arm is no more at my command. Besides all this, there is another grievance. I am naturally rather shy, you laugh when I say this but it is very true; I *am* naturally shy, though bronzed over by the practice of the law and a good deal of commerce with the world. But it is inexpressibly disagreeable to me to have all the gradations of familiarity to go through with another familiar till we are sufficiently intimate to be at ease with him. . . .

Abbotsford

I am sorry, but not surprised, at Sophia's illness; she is a most established coddler, and I think would be better if she would think so. But every one can bear an ill save the person that has it. I have Walter with me as large as life. I hope this cough and cough-like weather will not affect him. I do not know what his youth has to do with it. From fifteen to fifty I cannot boldly say that I had any complaint worse than a head ache of my own procuring.

Edinburgh.

My unfinished letter has skipped to & fro with me and has been written by fits & snatches. I sincerely hope this will find the excellent Doctor in good health. I will not forget to thank Mr. John Hughes for his extreme kindness. I have no news to send, unless I could suppose you would like to hear the quintessence of a debate between two gentlemen of the long robe about an Annuity of five pounds a year which is going on at my ear, for I am sitting at the receipt of custom. I am dear Mrs. Hughes

most truly yours

Walter Scott

Parliament House
1st Dec

In the spring of 1830 Sir Walter was in London for a while, but seems to have been very quiet there. In February, while in Edinburgh, he had been taken with a paralytic or apoplectic seizure, and although he wrote as copiously as ever during the remainder of the year, struggling to pay off liabilities incurred through no manner of fault of his own, it is certain that he was never again quite the man he had been before the attack. The following letter to Mrs. Hughes shows that he accepted this affliction, like every other, in a most brave and cheerful spirit of resignation. He was quite glad, however, when changes in the arrangements seemed likely to make it acceptable to the government that he should give up his position as clerk of session in the Edinburgh courts. In the reference in this letter to his official duties, that "connected me with the world as far as they went, & prescribed a certain number of duties which required attendance without demanding exertion," we see, I think, both his motive in keeping this comparatively humble office during all the days of his splendid fame, and also its real value to him.

SIR WALTER'S DOGS AGAIN—HIS INCOME

MY DEAR MISTRESS HUGHES I denied myself the pleasure of seeing my children & friends in London this spring in order to gather my health together a little more firmly, for a town life is not very favourable to stomach complaints, especially to one who is on a short visit & like to be much about in London. I think I have been the better of my self denial, for two months of Abbotsford with daily walks have made me as stout as an old lion can well expect. We cannot be young again if we would, & I feel disposed to say, what perhaps is like the fox's judgment of the grapes, that I would not if I could. My domestic establishment is increased by a dog of Nimrod's kin, as large, but in make rather like to the greyhound, a most beautiful dog & well entitled to the Celtic name of Bran; he was bred on purpose for me by Cluny Macpherson the chief of the Clan Vonrigh, of course a high Highland chief; he is quite a puppy though Cluny tells me he has killed three deer and a roe,

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perfectly good tempered, & sociable with Nimrod, Spice etc. etc. He is a dog of such high spirit that in chasing half a dozen of deer he would not touch the last but never rested till he turn'd the headmost stag who is usually thought the finest & boldest; so much for Mr. Bran the new favorite; you see he is Ossianic even in name. I am about, it would seem, to resign my official situation; if this Scottish bill passes I become supernumerary, no very pleasant office to stand on, and I think it is most probable, by some sacrifice in point of income, I will be permitted to retire upon a superannuation. Altho' I have no doubt that in the present days of economy Ministers will drive a hard bargain with me, yet I may make up the difference of my income by saving the expence of my house & residence here in the summer & depth of winter, & if I gain six months' time it will be hard if I cannot make something of it to balance my deficiencies. Besides I have some desire to go abroad, like the post horse in John Gilpin—

"right glad to miss
The lumber of the wheels."

And at any rate Abbotsford is a snug residence with plenty of walks in summer & of billets of wood in winter & room enough for exercise without doors, in good weather, & within doors when it is bad. At the same time, like the rest of the world, when I find an object long wished for become probable, I cannot term it certain, I am beginning to feel misgivings. My profession & official duties connected me with the world as far as they went, & prescribed a certain number of duties which required attendance without demanding exertion. I have seen other men miserable from laying down a routine of this kind and I cannot help thinking I shall regret even

"The drowsy bench the babbling hall"

and the whole employment of the day of Session, the attendance of my Brownie who prepared my papers mended my pens and like the Brownie of old time did every thing for me in the world without his principal having to reimburse him—a duty which fell on the unfortunate litigants. The society of my brethren, excellent friendly men whom I prefer for general society to what they call a literary set, as Gil Blas preferred his Commis to the poets of Fabrice, will leave a blank to be filled up, & I sometimes doubt if I shall love the country so much when I am at liberty constantly to reside there. But every thing yet is in dubio so do not say anything about it. The bill may not pass, or, passing, they are not unlikely to drive a bargain with me which would be too sore to submit to, for I am firmly resolved I will retain a sum large enough to keep me in case of illness or incapacity, and if they will not grant it me, the old story goes on, for thank heaven my place is under the great seal of Scotland and cannot be diminished unless with my consent, and so I am provided with philosophical reasons to be contented, wag the world as it may. . . .

Yours always my dear Madam
with great sincerity,
Walter Scott

Edinburgh
May 22. 1830

The next is a very interesting letter, as showing Sir Walter's probable views on what we should call to-day problems of psychical research. It is a model letter in its manner of telling a lady and a friend that you do not believe her statement.

SIR WALTER ON GHOSTS—PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

DEAR MRS. HUGHES I have just got Boscobel & was just about to write my thanks & express the pleasure I had in the perusal when I beheld your kind letter to which, contrary to my rule, I dispatch an early answer. Your recollection is very vivid, & I doubt not sufficiently correct; still it falls short of legal testimony; the recollection of our childhood on such a topic as that of ghosts & goblins is apt to be strangely mixed with exaggerations, a sort of embroidery which your fancy is so apt to lend such strong colouring as misleads even its owners. Our law has wisely I think introduced a prescription of crimes, from the idea that human testimony becomes unsettled by the lapse of time & would be directed more by the imagination than the absolute recollection. I therefore, my dearest lady, paying the utmost credit to your testimony, yet the occurrence of so old a date must not alter my doubts; it winna believe for me. It would be very curious to see the Ghost diary properly certified, but on my word I cannot believe it ever to have had an existence; the story is never told the same way, though there is a kind of general resemblance.

My ghost was that of wicked Lord (name forgot) appeared & peeped into candles. Something there was too of a child's bones being discovered, but I never, I think, heard of the hoarse Butler, which is a well imagined circumstance. In short, the facts are all different, & yet the same, & hence my disbelief in apparition evidence. I do not believe my own experience would convert me; though I might tremble I would reverse the part played by the devils & certainly *not* believe. I wish you would write down Mrs. Ricketts story as well

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as you remember it. Every such story on respectable foundation is a chapter in the history of the human mind. Still I think the balance of evidence preponderates so heavily upon the side of imputing all such appearances to natural causes that the mysterious stories "winna believe for me." I am sorry for it; I liked the thrill that attended the influence of these tales, & wish I were able to wander back through the mazes of Mrs. Radcliff's romances. But alas! I have been so long both a reader and a writer of such goodly matters that

"Dourness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot e'en startle me."

Let me be thankful that better & more valuable feelings remain uninjured, amid this apathy and indifference to things beyond our mental sphere. I was delighted with your account of the babyhood, and no less with the nursing, of my Godson. I suppose you are already quite Mistress of all the Chief-Wood annals, the crimes of Nimrod, and the history of the half strangled cur, not forgetting how Wats Poney [?] pinched his master & robbed him of his loathed bread on the King's highway with high overpowering force and mastery.

Our halls & chambers are now emptied of their autumn guests and Anne & I are drawing our chairs near to the fire with the view of a long & solitary winter. As the youngest of the two seems not to flinch from the prospect, it would be a shame for the old one to entertain any alarm. Sometimes however I think that a certain habitual routine becomes as natural to our habits as snuff to a snuff-taker; the practice gives him no pleasure but the absence of a means of employing time may in such cases become a want. For example, I can conceive that were we suddenly to get a shaggy skin like Bran, & dispense with all the operations of buttoning & unbuttoning which takes up so much of our time, we should feel at a loss how to dispose of half an hour in the morning & at night, which the most moderate at present employ in the toilette.

I send for the benefit of my Godson an order on Mr. Whitaker, Cadell's London associate, for little Walter's tales, as you can then give full directions about them in case you are out of town at Christmas. My kindest & most respectful compliments attend the Doctor, the excellent Bishop & your son & all friends. I send my blessing to the little youngster, which, like the Pope's, if it does little good can do him no harm. Always my dear Madam with sincere regard

Yours
Walter Scott

And then we come to the last in the long series of correspondence:

NEARING THE END

MY DEAR LADY I have been what a Citizen calls in a sad melancholy way, from a disposition of the blood flying to the head, and I therefore am in arrears to all my correspondents including your esteem'd self. I forget what it was you wanted; a specimen of writing or some such matter for a friend which I will supply with pleasure. I do not know of any person in London who trades in low-country plaids, but they are very cheap, & easily come at. Lady Barrington's brother, Mr. Liddel, is here just now (in this house) and is to be here again before he leaves Scotland with his lady, who is just recovering from confinement. He could take care of any such number that you want, if I know the precise purpose. I am upon a regimen, & convinced of the necessity of it, though it is less genial than I could wish; but I hope I shall finely recover, as I am not yet at the conclusion of my sixtieth year, so my old age as Othello says is *not much*. Harry Liddel leaves me this morning but returns again with his Lady & supposing the plaid to be one of our shepherd's Plaids, I will have the pleasure of sending a pretty one to my fair friend.

. . . I should have been well long ago but for the worry of the times & the apprehensions they naturally [excited]. They will be worse I fear before they are better. Meantime excuse a short letter. I generally dictate my lamentations to Mr. Laidlaw & even now lessen the practice of writing with my own hand more than usual. . . . My excellent friend Dr. Hughes is I hope well. It is very true I had almost no audible voice at the Roxburghshire meeting, though they heard me pretty well, nor can I walk half a mile nor ride above two or three. Thank God what mental faculties I have are unimpaired, and I am without pain of any kind, eat well, drink well, & sleep well; but that is all, as the man in the play says. I am however,

Always sincerely & affectionately
Yours
Walter Scott

Abbotsford
4 April 1831.

The last words are not long to tell, the short clew of the remaining years of his life all too soon wound up. This last letter to Mrs. Hughes was written in the spring of 1831. In course of that year he finished and published "Count Robert of Paris," and wrote, even after his seizure in February, the whole of "Castle Dangerous." But his health constantly became more troublesome, and in the summer he set out on the voyage to Italy which had

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long, I think, been in his mind. He spent the winter at Naples in much content, with rather tentative schemes of literary composition. Perhaps the brain to plan was more at command than the energy to execute. There are records of various expeditions to interesting places, in which he took great delight; but his health made no real improvement, and on the homeward journey he was taken with a second and more alarming seizure. With much difficulty he was conveyed home, first to London, and at length to Abbotsford, where he died September 21, 1832.

"CHILLS"

BY R. E. YOUNG

WITH PICTURES BY DENMAN FINK

IT was overflow-time on the Missouri. Up and down the river-line of Sweet-Corn Bottom the willows bent from the wind in a long, even stretch, lashed forward with a force that permitted no petty back-thrashing, the greatest tree and the least whipped into line relentlessly, with their beautiful, mournful fronds blown out before them in rigid veils.

Overflow-time on the Missouri, and in the back yards of Sweet-Corn Bottom rude, hastily constructed rafts were tied to stout trees, where they creaked and swung waitingly, while from the huddled, uncomforted masses aboard them came the sad lowing of cows, the sullen grunt of hogs, the restless cackle and quack of farm-fowls, and the long, disturbing note of horses, with the scent of danger in their wide nostrils.

Overflow-time, with many a family in Sweet-Corn Bottom living on scaffolding in their houses,—stoves in water, beds in water, themselves knee-deep in water,—yet clinging desperately to their drenched and drabbled Penates, fighting off rescue to the last call, with the "Sweet-Corner's" tremendous and inexplicable ability to "stick it aout."

"An' listen at that win'! Jes listen at that win'!"

The voice, pitched in the high, malarial drawl of the Bottom, was braced against some crumbling force of character, just as the speaker, who was quite alone, was braced against his own crumbling gate. He stood with his big lean arms on the gate-post; and his big lean hands, sprawling down and out, suggested how helpless he found himself in the circumstances confronting him, while the occasional hard knotting of his fingers showed how enraged he was at his helplessness. His hat had blown off, and his shock of fair hair stood out on the wind smoothly. Now and again he doubled up his fist and banged at the sweep of air, which, after the fashion of Missouri wind, sounded even mightier than it was.

Ah-hooo-oooh! it boomed in an uncompromising urge that went straight across Evening County.

"Yah-haow-aow!" The man lifted up his voice and yelled back viciously. "Why n't you blow? Why n't you blow me outen Sweet-Corn Bottom? You cayn't do it. I say you cayn't do it." He raised his hand in a vivid despair, and hurled his final defiance: "Bring on your river; I ain't a-goin' to go!" The hand dropped tremblingly to the gate-post, and he leaned there yet more heavily till a woman came to the door of the cabin behind him.

"Ef he ain't ev'm took to fightin' the win'," she muttered to herself, and then called sharply, "What you doin', Chills?"

His manner changed at once in a half-humorous, half-sarcastic effort at evasion, while the grim smile on his face subtly and swiftly duplicated itself on hers. "Oh, jes passin' a few remarks abaout the craps an' the prospec's with Ol' Miss," he answered.

"Ol' Miss cert'n'y cand r'ar up whend she 's a min' to." The woman thought-

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fully regarded the river. Behind her words lay a profound fear which she would not allow to come to any free expression, but which creaked out on the slow whine of her voice. "But I would n't stan' aout thah no longer, Chills. You come on ind. You 'll git a chill."

As the ague that was in his bones had begun to lay hold of him with a more savage grip, he turned at her bidding and passed through the door to his lounge in the corner, where he turned his face to the wall and lay in reminiscent misery.

He was a man who had quit caring about a year before. The girl he loved had gone across the river to Penangton to study music that long ago, and just after her departure he had begun to have chills, and just after he had begun to have chills the Sweet-Corners had begun to call him "Chills." If that was n't enough to make a man quit caring, he would be dog-goned. Whether it was because of the girl or because of the chills, or because of both, certain big resolves and intentions that he had started out with had gone all to pieces; he had become the wreck of himself, hiding in his corn like a weevil, only asking in a dumb, aching way that Fate leave him the corn as long as she left him; and it had taken the melting of all the snows in British Columbia and the middle Rockies, and all the river's cumulative menace to the corn, to sweep him out into the original current of his strong, vehement nature as he had been swept that morning.

While her son slept, or pretended to sleep, Mrs. Tucker took her pipe from the wooden mantel, sat down in a splint-bottom rocking-chair, and smoked and rocked determinedly. She had something to say to him, and presently she began to say it, as one coming up to a high mountain.

"The new man over to Sheep's Nose is mortal skairt abaout the water."

He was not interested in the mental attitude of the man at Sheep's Nose, and he intimated as much.

"Well, up to Mickenses' they ain't ev'm rigged up no raft. I dunno. They ain't so much higher 'n us, if so high."

The day when he cared whether the Micken family sank or swam had gone by.

"Berry Micken's pianner kim daown from Kan' City Tuesday."

A vast silence.

"Mrs. Micken 'laows that Berry learnt some real pretty chunes over to Penangton this winter. Berry 's home. She 's growed into a mighty uprisin' girl. I reckon you would n't hardly know her, not seein' her 'thin a year."

He said he was willing enough not to.

"Y' ain't no call to talk like that, Chills, jes 'cause that chil' taken a few music lessons. She 's sorter kin to you, anyhaow; not 'zac'ly blood-related, but—"

"Her grandpa's caow runned th'ough my gre't-uncle's pasture."

He shut his eyes fretfully; but his mother did not mean to stop until she had finished. As the point she wished to make became more elusive, she became more earnestly bent upon it.

"Wade," she began, settling her monotoned voice into his proper name as into a saddle, and taking a fresh grip on her subject, "ef the water keeps a-comin' like this, they goin' to be ketched nappin' over at Mickenses'. They ain't payin' no 'tention to it a' tall. Gramper Micken 's quietin' 'em off, tellin' haow much higher 't was in '44, an' they jes laughin' at the idee of the river ever gittin' to them. I dunno. They our kin. Seems like somebody orter sorter keep an eye to 'em."

"I reckon they 's enough men in that fambly 'thout me playin' guardeen to it," he snarled, and got up and went to his room in a fit of black and unprofitable memory.

He did not appear again until next morning, when he dressed and got out to his barn-yard early.

"Pretty State, Mizzourah!" he said, taking in the appalling damage done in the flat land at the rear of the house overnight. "Mighty pretty State! Takes a haouse, a flatboat, an' a cyclone-cellar to keep a man alive in it."

With the assistance of his hired man, he set about getting his cows and plow-horses from the barn and his pigs from the sty, and while he was doing it he worked out a problem in topography.

"They 're three mild further up an' one mild further from. Ef it 's this high here naow, it 'll be this high thah abaout a week before they 're ready for it. Hope pianners cand swim."

When his animals were secured inside the fence-like barricade around the raft, fastened to a tree in the highest part of the barn-yard, he gave his final instructions to the hired man.

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"Ef the water ketches you before I git back to-night, you stay by the raft till you have to cut her loose, an' then you stay by her till you git her daown-stream—an' then some."

"Where you go—" began the hired man, inquiringly; but Mr. Tucker had gone inside to his mother, who seized upon him with quick questions.

"Haow high 's the water daown-stream, Wade? Daown to Mickenses'?—They our kin, Wade Tucker."

"Aw, daown thah? Red-eye Bayou 's busted."

She gave a gasp of alarmed, far-reading comprehension.

"You Wade Tucker, they our kin," she said sternly.

"Git ready while I hitch. Twist Road 's still outen the water."

The answer was grudgeful, but it satisfied her, and she darted into the house, while he tramped back to the barn-yard and began to harness an old and dilapidated mule to a still older and more dilapidated spring-wagon. As he worked he talked aloud, looking to the mule for sympathy, and dropping *d*'s and *t*'s from some words only to tack them to others, in the occasional way of Missouri when she is thinking hard. "I 'll be jim-gouged ef I go acrosst, though. I 'll go up an' raoust 'em aout at Mickenses', but I won't go acrosst. I said I would n', did n' I? Well, they ain't air' river runnin' cand raise me nowheres." The mule blinked sagely, as though it got the point of view without difficulty. "I 've foughten win', an' I 've foughten water, an' I 've foughten chills—an' be'n a high-mighty fool abaout Berry—right here; an' I 've out-stuck the win', an' out-swum the water, an' got usend to the chills, an'—an' remain a high-mighty fool abaout Berry."

Cheap result for the great young effort he had put forth as the biggest landowner in Sweet-Corn Bottom! It made him sick to think of it, and he called to his mother querulously. When she had locked her door she came out to the wagon empty-handed save for a roll which contained some clothing. She knew without his telling her that she might never get back, but if the destruction that menaced should come, it would be too dark and complete to be bettered by the saving of a pot here and a kettle there. Besides, the thing of supreme value about the place was the thing she could not possibly pick up and carry away with her—the home feeling, the habit of it all. He let her clamber unaided to a seat beside him, where she sat solemnly, a gaunt brown figure, bent with the tragedy of the river.

As they came out into Twist Road a hundred ugly signs of impending disaster lifted from the water and swung landward like black crows. The ferry from Penangton, which had put out from the Morning County side on a mission of rescue, was beating about in mid-stream; out from shore there was a mightiness in the dull insistence of the body of water, which disintegrated reluctantly in the shallows, and became a white-lipped snarl against the bank.

At Sheep's Nose the man who lived in the shanty left the breakfast which he was cooking on a stove in the yard, and ran out to speak to them.

"Goin' acrosst?" he inquired anxiously. He had not been long in the Sweet-Corn country, and the ways of the river were awesome to him.

"Well, we ain't got our faces set 'zac'ly that way, air we?"

The Sheep's-Nose man shook his head. "I 'm goin' to skedoodle-daddle. You see?" He pointed with his stick to the piece of old shirt that waved from the roof-peak of the shanty, and then jabbed the stick into the air in various directions. "Ev'body 's waitin' fer that ferry 'ceppen Mickenses. They 're plumb foolish. Nothin' don't skeer 'em, 'cause ol' Pap Micken remembers '44. Some 'n' orter raoust 'em aout, 'pears to me. They got a nice new pianner up thah, too."

"Well, I reckon they know th' own business," grunted the younger man.

"Well, why you leavin' your place?"

"Goin' callin'."

But the Sheep's-Nose man refused to be jocular.

"Some Penangton men daown to the landin' yestiddy 'laowed the water 'd be over all your corn by t'-morrer," he announced with deep gloom.

"Ef the Penangton men knew more they 'd say less."

Farther up the road mother and son lapsed into their watchful scrutiny of the river, and the son bit into one similitude after another in a vain effort to express his opinion of all timid and unreason-

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Drawn by Denman Fink. Half-tone plate engraved by J. Tinkey

"WADE TUCKER . . . STOOD UP ON THE WAGON-SEAT"

able predictions. Under the impetus of his ugly temper the quaint equipage rattled along the winding road at a good rate of speed, and the nearer they came to the Micken farm the more apparent became that estimable family's lack of foresight. To be sure, the Mickens were in one of the few two-story houses in the Bottom, and were on a slight elevation; but they were also between the river, though ordinarily out of sight of it, and a chute known as Red-eye Bayou, and both river and chute were zestfully extending their spheres of operation that June morning. Wade Tucker stopped the mule and stood up on the wagon-seat to look at the spreading waters.

"Bee-es-wax! They goin' to be ketched in here like a shuck in a whirlwin'," he ejaculated, and sat down with emphasis.

As he headed his mule in toward the Micken gate, the Micken family flocked into the front yard in neighborly welcome. Standing there in the sun and wind, they showed that they were a lazy, laughing people, too comfort-loving to take quick alarm at anything.

"Thah 's Berry on the gallery, Chills. Thah 's Berry."

"*Don't* call me Chills," he said; for as his eye fell on that girl again he began wishing deliriously and resentfully that he was what he used to be. In the presence of her straight youth and vitality all weakness seemed monstrous. He would have given his chance against the river to have been able to cast from him the marks of ill health; he was sorry he had not put on his red necktie, glad he could still square his big shoulders out of their stoop when he wished to, and he resented in advance what the Mickens would inevitably have to say about his look of physical deterioration. Fortunately for him, the discussion of his appearance took place close to the gate, so that by the time he reached

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the girl on the gallery he had worked the talk around to the river. Then she came to the top step and gave her hand to him in a pretty effort to act like the Penangton girls with whom she had been thrown that winter, and he had to shake hands with her just as though he had forgotten that she had preferred music to him. He held his head up stockily while she led him to the door where the Grandfather Micken was standing in waiting.

"Gramper," she said, "this is Mist' Tucker. You know—Wade?" She hesitated over the name by which she had known him all her life, and then let it come out on her smile shyly.

"W'y, Chills, that you? W'y, you ain't be'n sparkin' raoun' this clearin' in a long time. I 'm mighty glad to see you. What you be'n doin' to yourself? I declah, you look like the little end er nothin'—sharpened."

"Ain't so weak but what I cand print my tracks yit," answered Chills, harshly. He turned abruptly from the old man, followed the others into the Mickens' "front room," and began at once to hammer at Berry Micken's father and brothers about the danger from the river.

But the exasperating grandfather was just behind him.

"Naow, Chills, you got the malary. River never kim up this high in '44," demurred the old man, as though argument ended there.

"Well, ain't you lived long enough in Sweet-Corn Bottom to know that the lan' don't lay like it did in '44? You 're jes abaout a mild closeter to low water in this yere haouse than you was on this yere site in '44. What you take Mizzourah soil fer, pig-iron or clay?"

Mrs. Micken jostled the men with hospitable interruption.

"Jes reach up chairs. Ef the river 's high as you say, Chills, you an' your maw cayn't git back noway, an' thah ain't nothin' to do but be comf'ble 'long of us till the boat comes daown the river an' picks you up."

This setting of himself and his mother into the go-away class and the Mickens into the stick-it-out class was too much for the man who had pocketed his pride to come to warn his neighbors.

"Bee-es-wax!" he thundered. "Shet up naow, ev'body but me. I kim up here to save somebody, an' I 'm a-goin' to do it, ef 't ain't nobody but that dawg-gone pianner."

There was no escaping the compulsion in his eye, and Mr. Micken met it awkwardly.

"Well, what in the name er Gawd you want us to do, Chills?"

"Want one of you to go put up a rag fer the ferry. She won't git daown here before dark, an' we may be right well tickled to see her abaout then. Want some of you to tote all the furniture up-stairs. Want some of you to corral the cattle an' horses, so 't we cand run 'em aboard the ferry ef thah 's room fer 'em. Want the rest of you to lug in some chunks to h'ist this pianner on to. Want all of you that don't wanter do what I say to go aout behin' the willows an' look at Red-eye Bayou."

"He 's talkin' abaout what he knows abaout, paw." It was Berry Micken who spoke, but she had moved over by her piano, and it was plain that she was seconding him only because she feared for the piano's safety. Fortunately, however, it needed but the slight added weight of the opinion of one of their own household to scatter the now roused men to their several tasks, though they went about the work with laughing complaint. It was mid-afternoon before Chills would let them stop, and when they did stop, everything movable in the Micken house had been safely stowed up-stairs, and the piano was perched in mid-air, six feet above the front-room floor.

"It has a chanst," he said to Berry Micken, when he could bring himself to say anything to her.

"It uz a sight er work," she answered, with a soft, soothing sort of appreciation. "Ain't you orful hungry? I 'm goin' to go set table right away." She passed close by him as she spoke. "Don't care to come he'p, *do* you?"

"An' remain a fool abaout Berry," he reminded himself as he followed her.

"Looks like the river 's goin' to chase us clean acrosst, don't it?" she asked, innocently flirting the red table-cloth over the table to him.

He straightened out his end of the cloth conscientiously before he made any reply, and in replying he kept his eyes on the cloth.

"'T ain't goin' to chase me acrosst. I ain't a-goin'."

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"You ain't a—" she stared at him aghast. "W'y, haow come you to come up here ef you—"

"He'p you git acrosst," he interrupted stolidly. "You so fond of it over thah. I ain't. W'y, Berry, I could n' go acrosst. Ev'm ef I tried to, thah would n't be any of me in the man that 'd git aout on yether side. I 've putt jes that much into sayin' I wa'n't goin' to go—jes that much."

"Trouble with you is you putt too much into what you say, Wade," she said, rebelling, as his mother rebelled, at the hard tenacity of his character.

"Trouble with you was you did n't putt enough." But he had never found it easy to reproach her when he was facing the bright brown of her eyes, and he did not now. "Aw, well, yestiddy's sayin's ain't always to-day's doin's, air they?" he said, by way of dismissing a painful subject with philosophy, and fell into a sort of reverie, with his eyes on the green fields outside. "Yestiddy ain't to-day, yestiddy ain't to-day," he sighed.

She turned away from him to the safe and swung open its perforated tin doors upon a wonderful array of china with purple houses and purple trees upon its fat, bulging sides. When she came back to the table she had a sugar-bowl in one hand and a syrup-jug in the other.

"D' you take short sweet'nin' or long sweet'nin', Mist' Tucker?" she asked demurely, balancing her bowl and jug before him.

"Always took what I could git, but—"

"But yestiddy ain't to-day, is it?"

She was around the table from him, but she leaned over farther than there was any need of her doing to set down the jug and bowl; and Wade Tucker, whom malaria and misery had not yet made quite blind, attempted suddenly and under the impetus of strong emotion to get around that table. Unfortunately, however, he managed to wind his foot about a chair-leg a yard behind him, and went heavily to the floor. It was then that Grandfather Micken looked in at the dining-room door hungrily, and the situation was not helped by the grandfather's cheerful chuckle.

"Don't you care, Chills. Always that way. When we want to do our best we do our durndest."

When, a little after, the Mickens invited their guests to sit down to an abundant dinner of pork and greens, preserves and pickles, it was noticeable that Wade Tucker had to be summoned from the far corn down close to the water's edge. All through the meal he talked nervously and continuously of what the river was doing, and at his suggestion the men followed him on another and final tour of the lower farm as soon as dinner was disposed of.

As the sun went down, the wisdom of his precautions began to show discouragingly. The river was making one of its unbelievable jumps, fearful and marvelous. Over its swollen, heaving body a light skiff laden with refugees could here and there be descried, cutting for the Penangton shore. Up and down the lowlands, through the gaps in the willows, other families were visible, surprised as the Mickens were being surprised, out in their yards, at windows and on roofs, waiting the coming of the ferry. It was a sober group that turned from the water at last and beat a funereal retreat to the house.

"Reckon you-all will take the boat along of mother," said Chills, without triumph, when they were back on the porch.

"Reckon," admitted Mr. Micken, morosely. "D' you believe the water 's goin' to come over the first story, Chills?"

"Well, need n' ter fret. I 'll go up an' daown between my place an' yourn in the skifft an' kinder watch."

"You Chills! Ain't you goin'?"

"Nary a go."

The Micken family broke into general protestation, and Berry Micken brushed his arm and said something in a low voice as she passed.

"What 'd say, Berry?" he asked; and as she did not answer him, but pressed hurriedly into the house, he left the rest of the Mickens to appease their consternation as best they might while he followed the girl.

She was back by the piano when he reached her, and she seemed to have forgotten him again. One of her slim brown arms was stretched up against a black claw-foot clingingly and protectingly, and her head drooped on her arm.

"Had to wait so long fer it," she whispered with a little dry click of her tongue; "could n't bear to lose it."

"*Wisht* I could save it fer you," he answered earnestly and honestly.

"Oh, no—ef only the fambly is saved. Is the ferry comin'?"

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Drawn by Denman Fink. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"THE TWO ON LAND MOVED BACK A LITTLE WAY UP THE YARD TO WAIT"

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"Tryin' to."

"Ef it cand git through to us, ain't you goin' acrosst sure enough?"

"Nope. Pianner 'd git lonesome by itself. Goin' to keep comp'ny with it."

Though she said nothing this time, her face fell into the same rigid lines it had shown out on the porch, and he knew that she was thinking now whatever she had been thinking then.

"What was it you said to me out thah on the gallery?" he queried; but she held up a hushing finger.

"Ferry 's comin', Wade. I hear paw hollerin' to 'em. We better go he'p git the child'en together."

They passed through the house, and the girl gathered the younger children about her, and marshaled them down the yard to a spot where a stout-trunked tree seemed to make feasible the securing of the advancing boat long enough for the gang-plank to be run down to the threatened people. Immediately, too, the trouble of getting the boat-ropes tied to the tree was upon the men, and the shouts and execrations of the rescue crew that had come over from Penangton rang through the trees so wildly that he could get no further word with her.

"Tree 'll come up by the roots: run the yether plank daown, boys—yether one, yether one! She won't hold. Whew-wee! but Ol' Miss sucks! Start them kids abaoard—for Gawd's sake, Mis' Micken, throw them things daown! We ain't got room fer draownin' people, much lessen wax wreaths."

The Micken tribe and Mrs. Tucker were being guided up the teetering gang-plank by men up to their knees in water when Berry Micken sped away up the yard again. Chills saw her, but refrained from going after her until a few head of the most valuable cattle were cared for and the men were ordered aboard. He knew that he would find her at the piano, and when he reached the door and saw her standing in front of it, her arms folded tragically and tears upon her cheeks, he tiptoed in, despite the need of haste, and roused her gently.

"Ain't a minute to lose," he whispered, as he drew her away with him.

Out in the yard the man at the wheel was shouting like a lunatic: "Run for it, Chills! Run for it! Can't stand the strain. Current 's going to smash us into kingdom come."

Not for nothing was the Micken girl built like a fawn, with lithe, straight limbs. With her hand in his, they fled toward the boat, and Berry's light feet were near the gang-plank when, with a sly gulp and a great wrenching and tearing, the tree which held the rope came up by its roots and dragged helplessly and hinderingly behind the ferry. The boat shot downstream like an arrow in the vehement current; the two on land moved back a little way up the yard to wait, and the ferry pilot tried to return for them. It was a futile effort. The little stern wheel thrashed unavailingly around and around in the tremendous volume of water, and stayed the boat's progress with the current not at all. The rescued stood dumbly like sheep and stared across the widening gulf at the two who remained on the treacherous, water-eaten earth. Then a smitten mother-wail rang out on the air, and two brown and wrinkled women fell on their knees at the ferry rail, and held out clasped, imploring hands.

"Don't you pester, Mrs. Micken," shouted Chills, from the warmth of a new and vast self-confidence. "Berry an' I 'll foller in one the skiffts.—No, don't you try that, Mr. Micken! I cand save her if anybody cand."

The Micken girl's face was showing an unaccountable satisfaction, as of purpose fulfilled. She gave a little rocking laugh as she looked up into Chills's eyes.

"Did n't hear what I said up thah on the gallery jes naow, did you?"

No, he had not heard. What was it? Quick, what was it?

"Said I wa'n't goin' acrosst lessen you did."

Those on the ferry could see the two on land turn and run to the porch where the skiffs lay, could see them dragging one of the skiffs to the water; but they could not see the great awakening light on Chills's face.

"Goin' acrosst naow, Chills?" she asked, with her head tucked down and her eyes on the lapping water.

He was taking out the oars, and he rose from over them to say:

"Goin' where you go, Berry—but don't you call me Chills. I don't 'laow to chill again 's long 's I live."

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Then he pulled her gently to the board which made a seat in front of him, and the skiff slid uneasily into the water. He marveled at the new strength in him as he beat his oars vigorously with the water's swell. The demands of the last few hours had routed the ague from his bones as if by magic, and as he zigzagged his boat toward the Morning County bank he knew that he had come back into his own. He tried with an ever-increasing earnestness, and with his thought bent always toward the girl at his side, to follow in the ferry's wake and to gain constantly a little here and a little there toward the Morning County hills; but big boat and little boat had gone three miles down the river without making much headway across when darkness began to fall. Very soon after that it became impossible to follow the larger boat, and they were swept on alone. It grew cool, and they could hear little but the urgent suck of the water beneath them, the faint whinny of horses, and the yelp of frenzied house-dogs. Great trees, roots up, passed them, and drowning cows went struggling by.

"Do you 'laow all yer corn 'll go, Wade?" she asked softly by and by.

"It 's my calkerlation the water 's knee-deep all over my corn right naow," he answered. Yesterday it would have been quite impossible for him to say that: it would have meant too much for him. Yet here he was forecasting his own doom lightly, as though, if his corn did go, he would still have reserve fields of rye, oats, wheat, and if the rye, oats, and wheat went, he would still have vaster possessions than he could count.

"Don't seem to be very worrisome to you no more, Wade."

"No, 't ain't," blithely answered the man with malaria. He was a thousand miles from the sodden bumpkin who had shaken and ached and resented on his lounge yesterday. "'I don't go lessen you go!'" Whether the water got his corn or not was an infinitesimal thing.

"Where air we naow?"

"'Way daown pas' Penangton. Closin' in on Snipe Jut. See Pete Cramby's light?"

Silence again, the stars cutting warmly through the cold sky, the black, wild water, and the fright of the drowning animals. She was a little wistful when she spoke again.

"We go a long way daown, but we don't git much further acrosst, Wade."

"Oh, we 'll git acrosst all right." He knew how safe they were, how powerful he had become, how certain of attainment. "We 'll git acrosst; don't you fret."

"I won't fret; don't you worry," she laughed, and then shrank back speechless before the look on his face.

"Thah 's a tree comin' like god-er-mighty!" he screamed; and even as his voice cut the air the big black roots snarled along the sides of the skiff, reached under, and rattled along the bottom; then, as the tree turned in savage resistance to the current, the skiff was drawn with the roots up and over. The boat shot into the air, the man stretched out his arms, and the girl lurched into them.

"WON'T you let me go?" she asked once. "You cand save yourself. Won't you let me go?"

"When we git acrosst," he answered.

"'I DON'T go lessen you go!'" A mighty choir was singing it through the willows as he splashed with his senseless burden through the mud toward the light in a cabin beyond the railroad levee on the Penangton side. "'I don't go lessen you go!'" The cabin walls fell back before the piercing music of it, the light inside flamed red and gold and gorgeous with it.

It was the first thing her lips formed when, a little later on, she revived in the warmth and comfort of the cabin. He was already able to see and hear again, and he got up from his chair and staggered toward the bed where she lay.

"Look, Berry; here I am, an' thah you are, corn or no corn, pianner or no pianner."

A bright new feeling of life caught them both as they faced each other, and made his thought leap gaily ahead and establish them on the Penangton hills in a long, safe future. "We 'll hang up here, ef you say so, Berry. You cand keep a pianner dry over here," he hurried on more and more tremulously. "You cand have a pianner, a' norgan, an' a jews'-harp. Dang ef I don't think a brass ban' would come in right handy, too."

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CHAPTERS FROM MY DIPLOMATIC LIFE

FIRST MISSION TO GERMANY, 1879–1881

A DEBATE AT THE WHITE HOUSE BETWEEN PRESIDENT HAYES AND SECRETARY EVARTS—VISIT TO LONDON—LOST IN A FOG WITH BROWNING—BEACONSFIELD AT GUILDHALL—THE COURT OF WILLIAM I—FREDERICK THE GREAT A BOON TO AMERICAN DIPLOMATS—EXTEMPORIZED AMERICANS IN GERMANY—TROUBLESOME CASES—AN UNBAPTIZED BRIDEGROOM—OTHER TYPICAL MINISTERIAL EXPERIENCES—SOME DIPLOMATIC ACQUAINTANCES

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

IN the spring of 1879 I was a third time brought into the diplomatic service, and in a way which surprised me. The President of the United States at that period was Mr. Hayes of Ohio. I had met him once at Cornell University, and had an interesting conversation with him, but never any other communication, directly or indirectly. Great, then, was my astonishment when, upon the death of Bayard Taylor just at the beginning of his career as minister in Germany, there came to me an offer of the position thus made vacant.

My first duty after accepting it was to visit Washington and receive instructions. Calling upon the Secretary of State, Mr. Evarts, and finding his rooms filled with people, I said: "Mr. Secretary, you are evidently very busy; I can come at any other time you may name." Thereupon he answered: "Come in, come in; there are just two rules at the State Department: one is that no business is ever done out of office hours, and the other is that no business is ever done *in* office hours." It was soon evident that this was a phrase to put me at ease rather than an exact statement of fact, and, after my conference with him, several days were given to familiarizing myself with the correspondence of my immediate predecessors and with the views of the department on questions then pending between the two countries.

Dining at the White House next day, I heard Mr. Evarts withstand the President on a question which has always interested me: the admission of cabinet ministers to take part in the debates of Congress. Mr. Hayes presented the case in favor of their admission cogently; but the Secretary of State overmatched his chief. This greatly pleased me; for I had been long convinced that, next to the power given the Supreme Court, the best thing in the Constitution of the United States is that complete separation of the executive from the legislative power which prevents every congressional session becoming a perpetual gladiatorial combat or, say rather, a permanent game of foot-ball. Again and again I have heard European statesmen lament that their constitution-makers had adopted, in this respect, the British rather than the American system. What it is in France, with cabals organized to oust every new minister as soon as he is appointed, and to provide for a "new deal" from the first instant of

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an old one, with an average of two or three changes of ministry every year as a result, we all know; and, with the exception of the German Parliament, Continental legislatures generally are just about as bad. Indeed, in some respects the Italian Parliament is worse. The British system would certainly have excluded such admirable Secretaries of State as Thomas Jefferson, Hamilton Fish, and John Hay; possibly even such as Quincy Adams and Seward. In Great Britain, having been evolved in obedience to its environment, it is successful; but it is successful nowhere else. I have always looked back with great complacency upon such men as those above named in the State Department, and such as Hamilton, Gallatin, Chase, Stanton, and Gage in other departments, sitting quietly in their offices, giving calm thought to government business, and allowing the heathen to rage at their own sweet will in

From a photograph by Adolphe Zimmermans, The Hague. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ANDREW D. WHITE

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both houses of Congress. Under the other system our republic would probably soon become as delectable as Venezuela, with its hundred and four revolutions in seventy years.[1]

On the day following I dined with the Secretary of State, and found him in his usual pleasant mood. Noting on his dinner-service the words, "Facta non verba," I called his attention to them as a singular motto for an eminent lawyer and orator; whereupon he said that, two old members of Congress dining with him recently, one of them asked the other what those words meant, to which the reply was given: "They mean, 'Victuals, not talk.'"

On the way to my post I stopped in London, and was taken to various interesting places. At the house of my old friend and Yale classmate George Washburn Smalley I met a number of very interesting people, and among these was especially impressed by Mr. Meredith Townshend, whose knowledge of American affairs seemed amazingly extensive and preternaturally accurate. At the house of Sir William Harcourt I met Lord Ripon, about that time Viceroy of India, whose views on dealings with Orientals interested me much. At the Royal Institution an old acquaintance was renewed with Tyndall and Huxley, and during an evening with the eminent painter Mr. Alma-Tadema, at his house in the suburbs, and especially when returning from it, I made a very pleasant acquaintance with the poet Browning. As his carriage did not arrive, I offered to take him home in mine; but hardly had we started when we found ourselves in a dense fog, and shortly it became evident that our driver had lost his way. As he wandered about for perhaps an hour, hoping to find some indication of it, Browning's conversation was very agreeable. It ran at first on current questions, then on travel, and finally on art—all very simply and naturally, with not a trace of posing or paradox. Remembering the obscurity of his verse, I was surprised at the lucidity of his talk. But at last, both of us becoming somewhat anxious, we called a halt and questioned the driver, who confessed that he had no idea where he was. As good, or ill, luck would have it, there just then emerged from the fog an empty hansom cab, and finding that its driver knew more than ours, I engaged him as a pilot, first to Browning's house, and then to my own.

One old friend, to whom I was especially indebted, was Sir Charles Reed, who had been my fellow-commissioner at the Paris and Philadelphia expositions. Thanks to him, I was invited to the dinner of the Lord Mayor at Guildhall, and it was gorgeous. As we lingered in the library, before going to the table, opportunity was given to study the various eminent guests with some care. First came Cairns, the Lord Chancellor, in all the glory of official robes and wig; then Lord Derby; then Lord Salisbury, who, if I remember rightly, was Minister of Foreign Affairs; then, after several other distinguished personages, most interesting of all, Lord Beaconsfield, the Prime Minister. He was the last to arrive, and immediately after his coming he presented his arm to the Lady Mayoress, and the procession took its way toward the great hall. From my seat, which was but a little way from the high table, I had a good opportunity to observe these men and to hear their speeches.

All was magnificent. Nothing of its kind could be more splendid than the massive gold and silver plate piled upon the Lord Mayor's table and behind it, nothing more sumptuous than the dinner, nothing more quaint than the ceremonial. Near the Lord Mayor, who was arrayed in his robes, chain, and all the glories of his office, stood the toast-master, who announced the toasts in a manner fit to make an American think himself dreaming; something, in fact, after this sort, in a queer, singsong way, with comical cadences, brought up at the end with a sharp snap: "Me Lawds, La-a-a-dies and Gentleme-e-e-n: by commawnd of the Right Honorable the Lawrd Marr, I cha-a-a-wrge you fill your glawse-e-e-s and drink to the health of the Right Honorable the Ur-r-r-ll of Beck'nsfield."

A main feature of the ceremony was the loving-cup. Down each long table a large silver tankard containing a pleasing beverage, of which the foundation seemed to be claret, was passed, and, as it came, each of us in turn arose, and, having received it solemnly from his neighbor, who drank to his health, drank in return, and then, turning to his next neighbor, drank to him; the

[1] See Lord Lansdowne's speech, December, 1902.

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latter then received the cup, returned the compliment, and, in the same way, passed it on.

During the whole entertainment I had frequently turned my eyes toward the Prime Minister, and had been much impressed by his apparent stolidity. When he presented his arm to the Lady Mayoress, when he walked with her, and during all the time at table, he seemed much like a wooden image galvanized into life. When he rose to speak, there was the same wooden stiffness, and he went on in a kind of mechanical way until, suddenly, he darted out a brilliant statement regarding the policy of the government that aroused the whole audience; then, after more of the same wooden manner and mechanical procedure, another brilliant sentence; and so on to the end of the speech.

All the speeches were good and to the point. There were none of those despairing efforts to pump up fun which so frequently make American public dinners distressing. The speakers evidently bore in mind the fact that on the following day their statements would be pondered in the household of every well-to-do Englishman, would be telegraphed to foreign nations, and would be echoed back from friends and foes in all parts of the world.

After the regular speeches came a toast to the diplomatic corps, and the person selected to respond was our representative, the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont. This he did exceedingly well, and in less than three minutes. Sundry American papers had indulged in diatribes against fulsome speeches at English banquets by some of Mr. Pierrepont's predecessors, and he had evidently determined that no such charge should be established against him.

My arrival in Berlin took place just at the beginning of the golden-wedding festivities of the old Emperor William I. There was a wonderful series of pageants at court,—historic-costume balls, gala operas, and the like,—but most memorable to me was the kindly welcome extended to us by all in authority, from the Emperor and Empress down. The cordiality of the diplomatic corps was also very pleasing, and during the presentations to the ruling family of the empire I noticed one thing especially: the great care with which they all, from the monarch to the youngest prince, had prepared themselves to begin a conversation agreeable to the newcomer. One of these high personages started a discussion with me upon American shipping; another on American art; another on scenery in Colorado; another on our railways and steamers; still another on American dentists and dentistry; and, in case of a lack of other subjects, there was Niagara which they could always fall back upon.

The duty of a prince of the house of Hohenzollern is by no means light; it involves toil. In my time, when the present Emperor, then the young Prince William, brought his bride home, in addition to their other receptions of public bodies,—day after day, and hour after hour,—they received the diplomatic corps, who were arranged at the palace in a great circle, the ladies forming one half and the gentlemen the other. The young princess, accompanied by her train, beginning with the ladies, and the young prince, with his train, beginning with the gentlemen, each walked slowly around the interior of the entire circle, stopping at each foreign representative and speaking to him, often in the language of his own country, regarding some subject which might be supposed to interest him. It was really a surprising feat, for which, no doubt, they had been carefully prepared, but which would be found difficult even by many a well-trained scholar.

An American representative, in presenting his letter of credence from the President of the United States to the ruler of the German Empire, has one advantage in the fact that he has an admirable topic ready to his hand, such as perhaps no other minister has. This boon was given us by Frederick the Great. He, first of all Continental rulers, recognized the American States as an independent power, and therefore every American minister since, including myself, has found it convenient, on presenting the President's autograph letter to the king or emperor, to recall this event and to build upon it such an oratorical edifice as circumstances may warrant. The fact that the great Frederick recognized the new American republic, not from love of it, but on account of his detestation of England, provoked by her conduct during his desperate struggle against his Continental enemies, is of course, on such occasions, diplomatically kept in the background.

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The great power in Germany at that time was the Chancellor, Prince Bismarck. Nothing could be more friendly and simple than his greeting, and however stately his official entertainments to the diplomatic corps might be, simplicity reigned at his family dinners, when his conversation was apparently frank and certainly delightful. To him I shall devote another chapter.

In those days an American minister at Berlin was likely to find his personal relations with the German Minister of Foreign Affairs cordial, but his official relations continuous war. Hardly a day passed without some skirmish regarding the rights of "German-Americans" in their fatherland. The old story constantly recurs in new forms. Generally it is sprung by some man who has left Germany just at the age for entering the army, has remained in America just long enough to secure naturalization, and then, without a thought of discharging any of his American duties, has come back to claim exemption from his German duties and to flout his American-citizen papers in the face of the authorities of the province where he was born. This is very galling to these authorities, from the fact that such Americans are often inclined to glory over their old schoolmates and associates who have not taken this means of escaping military duty; and it is no wonder that these brand-new citizens, if their papers are not perfectly regular, are sometimes held for desertion until the American representative can intervene.

Still other cases are those where fines have been imposed upon men of this class for non-appearance when summoned to military duty, and an American minister is expected to secure their remission.

To understand the position of Germany, let us suppose that our Civil War had left our Union—as at one time seemed likely—embracing merely a small number of Middle States and covering a space about as large as Texas, with a Confederacy on our southern boundary bitterly hostile; another hostile nation extending from the west bank of the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains; a Pacific Confederation jealous and fault-finding; British Dominions to the northward filled with a sense of commercial and personal grievances; and New England a separate and doubtful factor in the whole situation. In that case we, too, would have established a military system akin to that of Germany; but whether we would have administered it as reasonably as Germany has done is very doubtful.

Fortunately for the United States and for me, there was in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, when I arrived, one of the most admirable men I have ever known in such a position—Baron von Bülow. He came of an illustrious family, had great influence with the old Emperor William, with Parliament, and in society, was independent, large in his views, and sincerely devoted to maintaining the best relations between his country and ours. In cases such as those just referred to he was very broad-minded, and in one of the first which I had to present to him, when I perhaps showed some nervousness, he said: "Mr. Minister, don't allow cases of this kind to vex you; I had rather give the United States two hundred doubtful cases every year than have the slightest ill feeling arise between us." This being the fact, it was comparatively easy to deal with him. Unfortunately, he died early during my stay, and some of the ministers who succeeded him had neither his independence nor his breadth of view.

It has sometimes seemed to me, while doing duty at the German capital in those days as minister, and at a more recent period as ambassador, that I could not enter my office without meeting some vexatious case. One day it was an American who, having thought that patriotism required him, in a crowded railway-carriage, loudly to denounce Germany, the German people, and the imperial government, had passed the night in a guard-house; another day it was one who, feeling called upon, in a restaurant, to proclaim very loudly and grossly his unfavorable opinion of the Emperor, was arrested; on still another occasion it was one of our fellow-citizens who, having thought that he ought to be married in Berlin as easily as in New York, had found himself entangled in a network of regulations, prescriptions, and prohibitions.

Of this latter sort there were in my time several curious cases. One morning a man came rushing into the legation in high excitement, exclaiming: "Mr. Minister, I am in the worst fix that any decent man was ever in. I want you to help me out of it"; and he then went on with a bitter tirade against everybody and everything in the German Empire. When his wrath had

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effervesced somewhat he stated his case as follows: "Last year, while traveling through Germany, I fell in love with a young German lady, and after my return to America became engaged to her. I have now come for my bride. The wedding is fixed for next Thursday; our steamer passages are taken a day or two later. And I find that the authorities will not allow me to marry unless I present a multitude of papers such as I never dreamed of! Some of them it will take months to get, and some I can never get. My intended bride is in distress; her family evidently distrust me; the wedding is postponed indefinitely; and my business partner is cabling me to come back to America as soon as possible. I am asked for a baptismal certificate—a *Taufschein*. Now, so far as I know, I was never baptized. I am required to present a certificate showing the consent of my parents to my marriage—I, a man thirty years old and in a large business of my own! I am asked to give bonds for the payment of my debts in Germany. I owe no such debts; but I know no one who will give such a bond. I am notified that the banns must be published a certain number of times before the wedding. What kind of a country is this, anyhow?"

We did the best we could. In an interview with the Minister of Public Worship I was able to secure a dispensation from the publishing of the banns; then a bond was drawn up, which I signed and thus settled the question regarding possible debts in Germany. As to the baptismal certificate, I ordered inscribed, on the largest possible sheet of official paper, the gentleman's affidavit that, in the State of Ohio, where he was born, no Taufschein, or baptismal certificate, was required at the time of his birth, and to this was affixed with plenty of wax the largest seal of the legation. The form of the affidavit may be judged peculiar; but it was thought best not to startle the authorities with the admission that the man had not been baptized at all. They could easily believe that a State like Ohio, which some of them doubtless regarded as still in the backwoods and mainly tenanted by the aborigines, might have omitted, in days gone by, to require a Taufschein; but that an unbaptized Christian should offer himself to be married in Germany would perhaps have so paralyzed their powers of belief that permission for the marriage might never have been secured.

In this and various other ways we overcame the difficulties, and though the wedding did not take place upon the appointed day, and the return to America had to be deferred, the couple at last, after marriage first before the public authorities and then in church, were able to depart in peace.

Another case was typical. One morning a gentleman came into the legation in the greatest distress; and I soon learned that this too was a marriage case, but very different from the other. This gentleman, a naturalized German-American in excellent standing, had come over to claim his bride. He had gone through all the formalities perfectly, and, as his business permitted it, had decided to reside a year abroad in order that he might take the furniture of his apartment back to America free of duty. This apartment, a large and beautiful suite of rooms, he had already rented, had furnished it very fully, and then, for the few days intervening before his marriage, had put it in the care of his married sister.

But alas! this sister's husband was a bankrupt, and hardly had she taken charge of the apartment when the furniture was seized by her husband's creditors, seals placed upon its doors by the authorities, "And," said the man, in his distress, "unless you do something it will take two years to reach the case on the calendar. Meantime I must pay the rent of the apartment and lose the entire use of it as well as of the furniture." "But," said I, "what can be done?" He answered: "My lawyer says that if you will ask it as a favor from the judge, he will grant an order bringing the case up immediately." To this I naturally answered that I could hardly interfere with a judge in any case before him. But his answer was pithy. Said he: "You are the American minister, and if you are not here to get Americans out of scrapes I would like to know what you *are* here for." This was unanswerable, and in the afternoon I drove in state to the judge, left an official card upon him, and then wrote stating the case carefully, and saying that, while I could not think of interfering in any case before him, still, as this matter appeared to me one of special hardship, if it could be reached at once the ends of justice would undoubtedly

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be furthered thereby. That my application was successful was shown by the fact that the man thus rescued never returned to thank his benefactor.

A more important part of a minister's duty is in connection with the commercial relations between the two nations. At that time each country was attempting, by means of its tariffs, to get all the advantage possible, and there resulted various German regulations bearing heavily on some American products. This started questions which had to be met with especial care, requiring many interviews with the Foreign Office and with various members of the imperial cabinet.

In looking after commercial relations, a general oversight of the consuls throughout the empire was no small part of the minister's duty. The consular body was good —remarkably good when one considers the radically vicious policy which prevails in the selection and retention of its members. But the more I saw of it, the stronger became my conviction that the first thing needed is that, when our government secures a thoroughly good man in a consular position, it should keep him there, and, moreover, that it should establish a full system of promotions for merit. Under the present system, the rule is that as soon as a man is fit for the duties he is rotated out of office and supplanted by a man who has all his duties to learn. I am glad to say that of late years there have been many excellent exceptions to this rule; and one of my most earnest hopes, as a man loving my country and desirous of its high standing abroad, is that, more and more, the tendency, as regards both the consular and diplomatic service, may be in the direction of sending men carefully fitted for positions and of retaining them without regard to changes in the home administration.

Still another part of the minister's duty was the careful collection of facts regarding important subjects and the transmission of them to the State Department. These were embodied in despatches. Such subjects as railway management, the organization and administration of city governments, the growth of various industries, the creation of new schools of instruction, the development of public libraries, and the like, as well as a multitude of other practical matters, were thus dwelt upon.

It was also a duty of the minister to keep a general oversight upon the interests of Americans within his jurisdiction. There are always a certain number of Americans in distress,—real, pretended, or imaginary, —and these must be looked after; then there are American statesmen seeking introductions or information, American scholars in quest of similar things in a different field, American merchants and manufacturers seeking access to men and establishments which will enable them to build up their own interests and those of their country. Most interesting of all to me were American students at the university and other advanced schools in Berlin and throughout Germany. To advise with them and note their progress formed a most pleasing relief from strictly official matters.

Least pleasing of all duties was looking after fugitives from justice or birds of prey evidently seeking new victims. On this latter point, I recall an experience which may throw some light on the German mode of watching doubtful persons. A young American had appeared in various public places wearing a naval uniform to which he was not entitled, declaring himself a son of the President of the United States, and apparently making ready for a career of scoundrelism. Consulting the Minister of Foreign Affairs one day, I mentioned this case, asking him to give me such information as came to him. He answered: "Remind me at your next visit, and perhaps I can show you something." On my calling, some days later, the minister handed me a paper on which was inscribed, apparently, not only every place the young man had visited during the past week, but everything he had done and said, his conversations in the restaurants being noted with especial care; and while the man was evidently worthless, he was clearly rather a fool than a scoundrel. On my expressing surprise at the fullness of this information, the minister seemed quite as much surprised at my supposing it possible for any good government to exist without such complete surveillance of suspected persons.

Another curious matter which then came up was the selling of sham diplomas by a pretended American university. It was brought to my notice in sundry letters, and finally by calls from one or two young Germans who were considering the ad-

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visability of buying a doctorate from a man who claimed to be president of the "University of Philadelphia." Although I showed them the worthlessness of such degrees, they evidently thought that to obtain one would aid them in their professions, and were inclined to make a purchase. From time to time there were slurs in the German papers upon all American institutions of learning, based upon advertisements of such diplomas, and finally my patriotic wrath was brought to a climax by a comedy at the Royal Theater, in which the rascal of the piece, having gone through a long career of scoundrelism, finally secures a diploma from the "University of *Pennsylvania*."

In view of this, I wrote not only despatches to the Secretary of State, but private letters to leading citizens of Philadelphia, calling their attention to the subject, and especially to the injury that this kind of thing was doing to the University of Pennsylvania, an institution of which every Philadelphian, and indeed every American, has a right to be proud. As a result the whole thing was broken up, and though it has been occasionally revived, it has not again inflicted such a stigma upon American education.

But perhaps the most annoying business of all arose from presentations at court. The mania of many of our fellow-citizens for mingling with birds of the finest feather has passed into a European proverb which is unjust to the great body of American citizens; but at present there seems to be no help for it, the reputation of the many suffering for the bad taste of the few. Nothing could exceed the pertinacity shown in some cases. Different rules prevail at different courts, and at the imperial court of Germany the rule for some years has been that persons eminent in those walks of life that are especially honored will always be welcome, and that the proper authority, on being notified of their presence, will extend such invitations as may seem warranted. Unfortunately, while some of the most worthy visitors did not make themselves known, some persons far less desirable took too much pains to attract notice. A satirist would find rich material in the archives of our embassies and legations abroad. I have found nowhere more elements of true comedy, and even broad farce, than in some of the correspondence on this subject there embalmed.

But while this class of applicants is mainly made up of women, fairness compels me to say that there is a similar class of men. These are persons possessed of an insatiate, and at times almost insane, desire to be able, on their return, to say that they have talked with a crowned head.

Should the sovereign see one in ten of the persons from foreign nations who thus seek him, he would have no time for anything else. He therefore insists, like any private person in any country, on his right not to give his time to those who have no real claim upon him, and some very good fellow-citizens of ours have seemed almost inclined to make this feeling of his Majesty a *casus belli*.

On the other hand are large numbers of Americans making demands, and often very serious demands, of time and labor on their diplomatic representative which it is an honor and pleasure to render. Of these are such as, having gained a right to do so by excellent work in their respective fields at home, come abroad as legislators, or educators, or scientific investigators, or engineers, or scholars, or managers of worthy business enterprises, to extend their knowledge for the benefit of their country. No work has been more satisfactory to my conscience than the aid which I have been able to render to men and women of this sort.

Still, one has to make discriminations. I remember especially a very charming young lady of say sixteen summers, who came to me, saying that she had agreed to write some letters for a Western newspaper, and that she wished to visit all the leading prisons, reformatory institutions, and asylums of Germany. I looked into her pretty face, and soon showed her that the German government would never think of allowing a young lady like herself to inspect such places as those she named, and that, in my opinion, it was quite right; but I suggested a series of letters on a multitude of things which would certainly prove interesting and instructive, and which she might easily find in all parts of Germany. She took my advice, wrote many such letters, and the selections which she published proved to be delightful.

But at times zeal for improvements at home goes perilously far toward turning

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the activity of an ambassador or minister from its proper channels. Scores of people write regarding schools for their children, instructors in music, cheap boarding-houses, and I have had an excellent fellow-citizen ask me to send him a peck of turnips. But if the applications are really from worthy persons, they can generally be dealt with in ways which require no especial labor—many of them through our consuls, to whom they more properly belong.

Those who really ask too much, insisting that the embassy shall look after their private business, may be reminded that the rules of the diplomatic service forbid such investigations in behalf of individuals without previous instructions from the State Department.

Of the lesser troublesome people may be named, first, those who are looking up their genealogies. A typical letter made up from various epistles, as a "composite" portrait is made out of different photographs, would run much as follows:

SIR: I have reason to suppose that I am descended from an old noble family in Germany. My grandfather's name was Max Schulze. He came, I think, from some part of Austria or Bavaria or Schleswig-Holstein. Please trace back my ancestry and let me know the result at your earliest convenience.

Yours truly,
Mary Smith.

Another more troublesome class is that of people seeking inheritances. A typical letter, compounded as above, would run somewhat as follows:

SIR: I am assured that a fortune of several millions of marks left by one John Müller, who died in some part of Germany two or three centuries ago, is held at the Imperial Treasury awaiting heirs. My grandmother's name was Miller. Please look the matter up and inform me as to my rights.

Yours truly,
John Myers.

P.S. If you succeed in getting the money I will be glad to pay you handsomely for your services.

Such letters as this are easily answered. During this first sojourn of mine at Berlin as minister I caused a circular going over the whole ground to be carefully prepared and to be forwarded to applicants. In this occur the following words:

We have yearly, from various parts of the United States, a large number of applications for information or aid regarding great estates in Germany supposed to be awaiting heirs. They are all more or less indefinite, many sad, and some ludicrous. . . . There are in Germany no large estates awaiting distribution to unknown heirs in the hands of the government or of anybody, and all efforts to discover such estates that the legation has ever made or heard of have proved fruitless.

Among the many odd applications received at that period, one revealed an American superstition by no means unusual. The circumstances which led to it were as follows:

An ample fund, said to be forty or fifty thousand dollars, had been brought together in Philadelphia for the erection of an equestrian statue to Washington, and it had been finally decided to intrust the commission to Professor Siemering, one of the most eminent of modern German sculptors. One day there came to me a letter from an American gentleman whom I had met occasionally many years before, asking me to furnish him with a full statement regarding Professor Siemering's works and reputation. As a result I made inquiries among the leading authorities on modern art, and, everything being most favorable, I at last visited his studio, and found a large number of designs and models of works on which he was then engaged, two or three being of the highest importance, among them the great war monument at Leipzig.

I also found that although he had executed and was executing important works for various other parts of Germany, he had not yet put up any great permanent work in Berlin, though the designs of the admirable temporary statues and decorations on the return of the troops from the Franco-Prussian War to the metropolis had been intrusted largely to him.

These facts I stated to my correspondent in a letter, and in due time received an answer in substance as follows:

SIR: Your letter confirms me in the opinion I had formed. The intrusting of the great statue of Washington to a man like Siemering is a job and an outrage. It is clear that he is

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a mere pretender, since he has erected no statue as yet in Berlin. That statue of the Father of our Country ought to have been intrusted to native talent. I have a son fourteen years old who has already greatly distinguished himself. He has modeled a number of figures in butter and putty which all my friends think are most remarkable. I am satisfied that he could have produced a work which, by its originality and power, would have done honor to our country and to art.

Yours very truly,

—— ——.

Curious, too, was the following. One morning the mail brought me a large packet filled with little squares of cheap cotton cloth. I was greatly puzzled to know their purpose until, a few days later, there came a letter which, with changes of proper names, ran as follows:

Podunk, ——, 1880.

SIR: We are going to have a fancy fair for the benefit of the —— Church in this town, and we are getting ready some autograph bed-quilts. I have sent you a package of small squares of cotton cloth, which please take to the Emperor William and his wife, also to Prince Bismarck and the other princes and leading persons of Germany, asking them to write their names on them and send them to me as soon as possible.

Yours truly,

—— ——.

P.S. Tell them to be sure to write their names in the middle of the pieces, for fear that their autographs may get sewed in.

My associations with the diplomatic corps I found especially pleasing. The dean, as regarded seniority, was the Italian ambassador, Count Delaunay, a man of large experience and kindly manners. He gave me various interesting reminiscences of his relations with Cavour, and said that when he was associated with the great Italian statesman the latter was never able to get time for him except at five o'clock in the morning, and that this was their usual hour of work.

Another very interesting person was the representative of Great Britain, Lord Odo Russell. He was full of interesting reminiscences of his life at Washington, at Rome, and at Versailles with Bismarck. As to Rome, he gave me interesting stories of Pope Pius IX, who, he said, was inclined to be jocose, and even to speak in a sportive way regarding exceedingly serious subjects.[1] As to Cavour, he thought him even a greater man than Bismarck; and this, from a man so intimate with the German Chancellor, was a testimony of no small value.

As to his recollections of Versailles, he was present at the proclamation of the Empire in the Galerie des Glaces, and described the scene to me very vividly.

His relations with Bismarck were very close, and the latter once paid him a compliment which sped far, saying that he always distrusted an Englishman who spoke French very correctly, but that there was one exception, Lord Odo Russell.

At the risk of repeating a twice-told tale, I may refer here to his visit to Bismarck when the latter complained that he was bothered to death with bores who took his most precious time, and asked Lord Odo how he got rid of them. After making some reply, the latter asked Bismarck what plan he had adopted. To this the Chancellor answered that he and Johanna (the princess) had hit upon a plan, which was that when she thought her husband had been bored long enough she came in with a bottle, and said: "Now, Otto, you know that it is time for you to take your medicine." Hardly were the words out of his mouth when in came the princess with the bottle and repeated the very words which her husband had just given. Both burst into titanic laughter, and parted on the best of terms.

At court festivities Lord Odo frequently became very weary, and as I was often in the same case, we from time to time went out of the main rooms together and sat down in some quiet nook for a talk. On one of these occasions, just after he had been made a peer with the title of Lord Ampthill, I said to him: "You must allow me to use my Yankee privilege of asking questions." On his assenting pleasantly to this, I asked: "Why is it that you are willing to give up the great historic name of Russell and take a name which no one ever heard of?" He answered: "I have noticed that when men who have been long in the diplomatic service return to England, they become, in many cases, listless and melancholy, and wander about with no friends and nothing to do. They have been so long abroad that they are no longer in touch with lead-

[1] One of these reminiscences I have given elsewhere.

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ing men at home, and are therefore shelved. Entrance into the House of Lords gives a man something to do, with new friends and pleasing relations. As to the name, I would gladly have retained my own, but had no choice; in fact, when Lord John Russell was made an earl, his insisting on retaining his name was not especially liked. Various places on the Russell estates were submitted to me for my choice, and I took Ampthill."

Alas! his plans came to nothing. He died at his post before his retirement to England.

Among those then connected with the British embassy at Berlin, one of the most interesting was Colonel (now General) Lord Methuen, who has recently taken so honorable a part in the South African War. He was at that time a tall, awkward man, kindly, genial, who always reminded me of Thackeray's "Major Sugarplums." He had recently lost his wife, and was evidently in deep sorrow. One morning there came a curious bit of news regarding him. A few days before, walking in some remote part of the Thiergarten, he saw a workingman throw himself into the river, and instantly jumped into the icy stream after him, grappled him, pulled him out, laid him on the bank, and rapidly walked off. When news of it got out, he was taxed with it by various members of the diplomatic corps; but he awkwardly and blushingly pooh-poohed the whole matter.

One evening not long afterward, I witnessed a very pleasant scene connected with this rescue. As we were all assembled at some minor festivity in the private palace on the Linden, the old Emperor sent for the colonel, and on his coming up, his Majesty took from his own coat a medal of honor for life-saving and attached it to the breast of Methuen, who received it in a very awkward yet manly fashion.

The French ambassador was the Count de St. Vallier, one of the most agreeable men I have ever met, who deserved all the more credit for his amiable qualities because he constantly exercised them despite the most wretched health: during his splendid dinners at the French embassy he simply toyed with a bit of bread, not daring to eat anything.

We were first thrown specially together by a joint representation in favor of the double standard of value, which, under instructions from our governments, we made to the German Foreign Office, and after that our relations became very friendly. Whenever the Fourth of July or Washington's Birthday came round, he was sure to remember it and make a friendly call.

My liking for him once brought upon me one of the most embarrassing mishaps of my life. It was at Nice and at the table d'hôte of a great hotel on the Promenade des Anglais, where I was seated next a French countess who, though she had certainly reached her threescore years and ten, was still most agreeable. Day after day we chatted together, and all went well; but one evening, on our meeting at table as usual, she said: "I am told that you are the American minister at Berlin." I answered: "Yes, madam." She then said: "When I was a young woman, I was well acquainted with the mother of the present French ambassador there." At this I launched out into praises of Count St. Vallier, as well I might, speaking of the high regard felt for him at Berlin, the honors he had received from the German government, and the liking for him among his colleagues.

The countess listened in silence, and when I had finished, turned severely upon me, saying: "Monsieur, up to this moment I have believed you a man of honor; but now I really don't know what to think of you." Of course I was dumfounded, but presently the reason for the remark occurred to me, and I said: "Madam, M. de St. Vallier serves France. Whatever his private opinions may be, he no doubt feels it his duty to continue in the service of his country. It would certainly be a great pity if, at every change of government in France, every officer who did not agree with the new régime should leave the diplomatic service or the military service or the naval service, thus injuring the interests of France perhaps most seriously. Suppose the Comte de Chambord should be called to the throne of France, what would you think of Orleanists and Republicans who should immediately resign their places in the army, navy, and diplomatic service, thus embarrassing, perhaps fatally, the monarchy and the country?"

At this, to my horror, the lady went into hysterics and began screaming. She cried out: "Oui, monsieur, il reviendra, Henri

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Cinq; il reviendra. Dieu est avec lui; il reviendra malgré tout," etc., and finally she jumped up and rushed out of the room. The eyes of the whole table were turned upon us, and I fully expected that some gallant Frenchman would come up and challenge me for insulting a lady; but no one moved, and presently all went on with their dinners. The next day the countess again appeared at my side, amiable as ever; but during the remainder of my stay I kept far from every possible allusion to politics.

The Turkish ambassador, Sadoullah Bey, was a kindly gentleman, who wandered about, as the French expressively say, "like a damnèd soul." Something seemed to weigh upon him heavily and steadily. A more melancholy human being I have never seen, and it did not surprise me, a few years later, to be told that, at one of the palace revolutions which changed the succession at Constantinople, he had been executed for complicity in the assassination of the Sultan.

The Russian ambassador, M. de Sabouroff, was a very agreeable man, and his rooms were made attractive by the wonderful collection of Tanagra statuettes which he had brought from Greece, where he had formerly been a minister.

In one matter he was especially helpful to me. One day I received from Washington a cipher despatch instructing me to exert all my influence to secure the release of Mme. ——, who, though married to a former Russian secretary of legation, was the daughter of an American eminent in politics and diplomacy. The case was very serious. The Russian who had married this estimable lady had been concerned in various shady transactions, and, having left his wife and little children in Paris, had gone to Munich in the hope of covering up some doubtful matters which were coming to light. While on this errand he was seized and thrown into jail, whereupon he telegraphed his wife to come to him. His idea evidently was that when she arrived she also would be imprisoned, and that her family would then feel forced to intervene with the money necessary to get them both out. The first part of the program went as he had expected. His lovely wife, on arriving in Munich, was at once thrown into prison, and began thence sending to the Secretary of State and to me the most distressing letters and telegrams. She had left her little children in Paris, and was in agony about them. With the aid of the Russian ambassador, who acknowledged that his compatriot was one of the worst wretches in existence, I obtained the release of the lady from prison after long negotiations. Unfortunately, I was obliged to secure that of her husband at the same time; but as he died not long afterward, he had no opportunity to do much more harm.

Yet another good friend was Herr von Nostitz-Wallwitz, representative of Saxony, and he was able, on one occasion, to render a real service to American education. Two or three young ladies, one of whom is now the admired head of one of the foremost American colleges for women, were studying at the University of Leipzig. I had given them letters to a number of professors there, and nothing could be better than the reports which reached me regarding their studies, conduct, and social standing. But one day came very distressing telegrams and letters, and presently the ladies themselves. A catastrophe had come. A decree had gone forth from the Saxon government at Dresden expelling all women students from the university, and these countrywomen of mine begged me to do what I could for them. Remembering that my Saxon colleague was the brother of the Prime Minister of Saxony, I at once went to him. On my presenting the case, he at first expressed amazement at the idea of women being admitted to the lecture-rooms of a German university; but as I showed him sundry letters, especially those from Professors George Curtius and Ebers, regarding these fair students, his conservatism melted away, and he presently entered heartily into my view, the result being that the decree was modified so that all women students then in the university were allowed to remain until the close of their studies; but no new ones were to be admitted afterward. Happily all has been changed, and to that, as to nearly all other German universities, women are now freely admitted.

Very amusing at times were exhibitions of gentle sarcasm on the part of sundry old diplomatists. They had lived long, had seen the seamy side of public affairs, and had lost their illusions. One evening, at a ball given by the Vice-Chancellor of the Empire, which was extremely splendid and

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no less tedious, my attention was drawn to two of them. There had been some kind of absurd demonstration that day in one of the principal European parliaments, and coming upon my two colleagues, I alluded to it. "Yes," said Baron Jauru of Brazil, "that comes of the greatest lie prevalent in our times—the theory that the majority of mankind are *wise*. Now it is an absolute fact, which all history teaches, and to-day even more than ever, that all mankind are *fools*." "What you say is true," replied M. de Quade, the Danish minister, "but it is not the *whole* truth. Constitutional government also goes on the theory that all mankind are *good*. Now it is an absolute fact that all mankind are bad, utterly *bad*." "Yes," said Jauru, "I accept your amendment; mankind are fools and knaves." To this I demurred somewhat, and quoted Mr. Lincoln's remark: "You can fool some of the people all the time, and all of the people some of the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time." This restored their good humor, and I left them smilingly pondering over this nugget of Western wisdom.

Interesting to me was the contrast between my two colleagues from the extreme Orient. Then and since at Berlin I have known the Japanese Minister Aoki. Like all other Japanese diplomatic representatives I have met, whether there or elsewhere, he was an exceedingly accomplished man. At the first dinner given me after my arrival in Berlin he made an admirable speech in German, and could have spoken just as fluently and accurately in French or English.

On the other hand, Li Fong Pao, the Chinese representative, was a mandarin who steadily wore his Chinese costume, pigtail and all, and who, though jolly, could only speak through an interpreter who was almost as difficult to understand as the minister himself.

Thus far it seems the general rule that whereas the Japanese, like civilized nations in general, train men carefully for foreign service, in international law, modern languages, history, and the like, the Chinese, like ourselves, do little if anything of the kind. But I may add that recently there have been some symptoms of change on their part. One of the most admirable speeches during the Peace Conference at The Hague was made by a young and very attractive Chinese attaché. It was in idiomatic French. Nothing could be more admirable as regarded either matter or manner, and many of the older members of the conference came afterward to congratulate him upon it. The ability shown by the Chinese Minister Wu at Washington would also seem to indicate that China has learned something as to the best way of maintaining her interests abroad.

This suggests another incident. In the year 1880 the newspapers informed us that the wife of the Chinese minister at Berlin had just sailed from China to join her husband. The matter seemed to arouse general interest, and telegrams announced her arrival at Suez, then at Marseilles, then at Cologne, and finally at Berlin. On the evening of her arrival at court, the diplomatic corps were assembled awaiting her appearance. Presently the great doors swung wide, and in came the Chinese minister with his wife: he a stalwart mandarin in the full attire of his rank; she a gentle creature in an exceedingly pretty Chinese costume, tripping along on her little feet, and behind her a long array of secretaries, interpreters, and the like, many in Chinese attire, but some in European court costume. After all of us had been duly presented to the lady by his Chinese Excellency, he brought her secretaries and presented them to his colleagues. Among these young diplomatists was a fine-looking man, evidently a European, in a superb court costume frogged and barred with gold lace. As my Chinese colleague introduced him to me in German, we continued in that language, when suddenly the secretary said to me in English: "Mr. White, I don't see why we should be talking in German. I was educated at Rochester University under your friend President Anderson, and I come from Waterloo in western New York." Had he dropped through the ceiling I could hardly have been more surprised. Neither Waterloo, though a thriving little town upon the Central Railroad, and not far from the city in which I have myself lived, nor even Rochester, with all the added power of its excellent university, seemed adequate to develop a being so gorgeous. On questioning him, I found that, having been graduated in America, he had gone to China with certain missionaries, and had then been taken into the Chinese service. It

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gives me very great pleasure to say that at Berlin, St. Petersburg, and The Hague, where I have often met him since, he has proved to be a thoroughly intelligent and patriotic man faithful to China, while not unmindful of the interests of the United States; in one matter he rendered a very great service to both countries.

But a diplomatic representative who has a taste for public affairs makes acquaintances outside the diplomatic corps, and is likely to find his relations with the ministers of the German crown and with members of the Parliament very interesting. The character of German public men is deservedly high, and a diplomatist fit to represent his country should bring all his study and experience to bear in eliciting information likely to be useful to his country from these as well as from all other sorts and conditions of men. My own acquaintance among these was large. I find in my diaries accounts of conversations with such men as Bismarck, Camphausen, Delbrück, Windthorst, Bennigsen, George von Bunsen, Lasker, Treitschke, Gneist, and others; but to take them up one after the other would require far too much space, and I must be content to jot down what I received from them wherever, in the course of these reminiscences, it may seem most pertinent.

(To be continued)

THE TRAMP

A "PA GLADDEN" STORY

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

"Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

ON the first warm evening of the next spring Ma Gladden and Persephone sat on the front porch. The grass was already emerald in spots over the house-plot, and the climbing rose-bushes showed small, reddish leaves. At the end of the path that led to the road was a stile, upon which Pa Gladden sat in meditation. His eyes were fixed upon a sky of fiery splendor.

"I am shore, Persephone," observed the elder woman, "thet yer Pa Gladden air gittin' ready fer one of his old-fashioned tromps ag'in."

The younger woman eyed her affectionately, but asked no question.

"Pa uster git them spells erlong erbout every spring," went on Ma Gladden; "but sence he air older they hain't troubled him so reg'lar-like. 'Peared like he hed ter walk eroun' three er four days afore the season laid holt on him prupperly. Them days I uster worrit turrible. When he went off the fust spring arter we war merried, I eenymost cried my eyes out. But law! Persephone, all men hez blood cranks o' one sort er ruther. Pa would allers turn up inside of a week jes ez happy ez a king, plumb satisfied with life, an' thet glad ter git back ter me thet it 'most paid fer all the worry. Lemme see, now. It air four years sence he walked plumb over ter Lexin'ton, an' brung hum my flowered shalli in his hand."

"He likes to walk a long ways—is that it?" asked Persephone, timidly.

"All the Gladdens war born trompers," declared Ma Gladden; "leastways, so I hed it from Mary Jane Ann, my cousin in Kansas, who heared thet from her mother. Not one o' them thet war airly in this valley ever minded a twenty-mile jaunt afore breakfast. An' thet, shorely ez the sap come up, nothin' would do them but

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ter scatter out an' tromp a spell afore they could settle ter spring plowin'. When I hears thet tale, I cools down erbout yer Pa Gladden's perceedin'. Whar war the use o' worritin' over a streak born in one, an' no wuss ner thet? It might hev been suthin' bad. I jes let him go an' tromp."

"It is n't anything wrong," agreed Persephone; "if it makes him any happier, I would let him alone."

"Thet hev been my idee," went on Ma Gladden, her eyes on her husband, who had never moved. "It air, indeed, a harmless thing. I can't allers understand yer pa's mind, but it air a master one at connivin' an' contrivin'. Ez to these tromps, he air sorter 'shamed over them, an' uster make excuses. But law! now he slips off afore breakfast, an' Aby Early er Jason er some one comes up ter 'tend stock, an' I waits, allers hopin' an' prayin' thet he wull return safe oncet more."

Persephone's eyes lighted up with a new comprehension. She realized the self-sacrifice, the vigil by night, the straining anxiety by day.

"I wonder if he would go if he knew that," she said to herself. Presently she went down the freshly raked path between the flower borders. The farmer turned with a smile, but he read the wistful question in her eyes.

"Whut air the trouble, my darter?"

For answer she leaned against his arm as he sat above her.

"Ye air suttinly better-lookin' every day ye live, Persephone," he went on. "Sence ye air erbout well ag'in, an' hum with us, we 're truly happy. Air thar anything special? Yer see, I am thinkin' erbout steppin' erway fer a few days, an' I warnt ter leave ye ter look arter yer Ma Gladden. She hain't ez young ez she oncet war, if she air spry an' lively."

"Must you go, Pa Gladden?"

"I calkilate I hev ter perceed a leetle onward," he returned, after a silence. "Ye see, I been tryin' ter discipline myself ag'in' thet old wanderin' speerit dwellin' nateral in me when the spring air openin' an' work air pressin'. But it hev oncet more stirred up a fever thet wull not let me be. Suthin' air callin' o' me."

"But do you find what calls you when you go out?" asked the young woman, earnestly.

"Ginerally speakin', I does," said the farmer, "an' I allers arrives ter revivin' grace, not ter speak o' the quickenin' ter my fancy. A good long tromp, an' the plowin' in the south field, air my spring medicine, an' does me more good than any ermount o' yeller dock an' vinegar er saxifrax tea. I war settin' here, jes now, lookin' out at thet yeller sky. Yeller allers hev been my fav'rite color, Persephone. It air the fustest one I remembers, an' 't war my father's color afore me. He uster love ter lay orf erbout his mother,—'Liz'beth Thompson she war, with five brothers ter the Revylutionary War,—jes how his mother uster stand out in the cla'rin' they hed on Little Raccoon Creek in Virginny. Her ha'r war yeller an' thick till her death. All eroun' her feet, like leetle downy yeller chicks, war 'leven childern a-playin'. Thet war shorely a movin' sight, an' must hev got inter the blood. I do love yeller posies, an' skies like thet over thar. Last time but oncet I tromped, I went down east an' a leetle south. It air truly a purty country thar, an' the soil bein' kind, thar hain't no lack o' money. One day I passed afore a big yeller house settin' on a hill, an' thet hev often riz up before me sence. It looked like the brightes' thing on airth ag'in' a blue sky. It hed green shetters an' a giddy-lookin' wire fence runnin' erlong the foot o' the hill. The grass war thick an' short, an' a wide gravel path cut clean eroun' the hill one side an' up ter the porch, thet war shorely a showy thing. But, Persephone, squar' in front of thet house war a tombstun set—a big, thick stun with a name cut in deep."

"My!" gasped Persephone. "That is all of a piece with Mr. Ritter's burying his first wife under the parlor window."

"Somewhut," replied the farmer; "but I hev reasoned on it, an' thet idee air nateral. Whut air allers botherin' me war a face I seen ter the upper windy. I could n't see it plain, but it 'peared ter me sort o' implorin'. Ez yer Ma Gladden hev hed occasion ter remark several times in this life, I 'm a soft-hearted old fool when I feels like thar 's any implorin' of me goin' on. Lately I been calkilatin' ter sa'nter down in thet durrection an' ease up my mind. I won't be satisfied till I do, nuther."

"Oh, but this is such a big, wide country. How can you find that place? How can you?"

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He patted her arm.

"Oncet on a time a feller from up-State brought a basket o' pigeons inter the Valley an' onloosed them leetle birds on Paynter's Knob. They flew eroun' fer a spell, settlin' their minds, an' then made a bee-line fer their hum. How 'd they know? Waal, them air the things folks hain't come ter yet. I wull feel the way, thet 's all."

He got down from the stile, and walked beside his adopted daughter up the path that narrowed under the rose-bushes. To his soft, quavering singing she added her fresh, sweeter notes; so that, in the falling darkness, Ma Gladden knew of their coming by the quaint processional:

"The Lord my Shepherd is,
No blighting want I know;
By verdant fields and gentlest streams
My footsteps ever go."

II

BEHOLD now the vagrant tramping man on the open road and wandering in April woods! Above him burst the maple buds, under his feet the coloring of the skunk-cabbage changed into telltale purple. He heard the clucking calls of the newly arrived robins, and wondered delightedly whence, so round and prosperous, came these chipper fellows. He hailed the bees on the first tassels of the willows, and watched for an hour a velvety butterfly emerge from its bark tomb and feebly try its unused wings in the noon sunshine.

Sin and worry and toil were forgotten. Once again Pa Gladden was young, once again free and a child of nature. After he climbed out from the Long Valley, following his mysterious orientation, the whole world lay before him. The first night he passed at a roadside farm-house, where the young farmer was both curious and garrulous.

"Don't it worry ye none ter leave yer farm-work?"

"Son, when ye air some older, other things wull lay holt on ye besides work."

His wife, with a babe over her shoulder, smiled at the stranger.

"I am allers tellin' him he air thinkin' of nothin' but work, work. It makes life hard."

"So it do," assented Pa Gladden; "an' yet, it air jes erbout whut balances us. But take some time ter smile an' pray, ter love God an' be happy."

The farmer's wife refused his money the next morning. She had a lunch for him in a small tin pail, and watched him on his way.

"I hev an idee," she said shyly, "thet ye air goin' on a dooty. Ye hev thet air. God go with ye! My mother war a religious woman."

The second night he slept at a country road-house, a place he liked much less. The melodious, rhythmical rain fell for hours. It kept him awake, but his meditations were not sad, only tender and reminiscent of long-gone days. For three hours next morning he kept to the beaten road, but, the sun coming up hot and drying the grass, by ten o'clock he again took to the pastures and fields.

To-day the bird world was rampant. Through the woods, now faintly blurred with green, flew and darted and sprang and hopped those songsters which had mated and made homes. They were rapturous in the return of spring. Sweeter than any other sound to his heart was the bluebird's clear and confiding tremolo in the misty aisles of the woodland. Three days he went by road and field, over brambly paths and along creeks and brooks, traveling on patiently. His way was along a dirt road with much woodland on each side and few houses visible. As he went onward, there turned into the road a peddler's wagon with a fine, shiny top. On the high seat sat a jolly red-bearded man with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Howdy, stranger? Which way you bound?" asked the peddler, stopping his horses.

"Ter the south," replied Pa Gladden; "an' sence ye hev put yer nags' noses in thet durrection, whut wull be the damage fer a leetle lift?"

"By your looks you are good company," replied the peddler, hunching himself over; "so climb over that wheel and go as far along as I am going, anyhow."

Pa Gladden made himself comfortable, and surveyed approvingly the backs of two plump horses.

"I 'm out huntin'," he said, "but with my wits an' my tongue instead of with a gun. I 'm huntin' an oncommon-lookin' house in these parts thet no man thet sees it air likely ter disremember."

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"It might be yellow," retorted the red-bearded man, catching his humor, "and high set on a hill, like."

"Thar air a tricky bit o' fence in front," drawled Pa Gladden.

"Even so," laughed the peddler; "and if you will kindly mention a most uncommon ornament to the front premises, I think I can at once match you."

"Precisely," cried Pa Gladden; "it air a tombstun fit fer the buryin' of a governor hisself. It air high an' broad, an' a name air cut thet deep ye kin eenymost read it from the road ez ye pass."

"You 've called it right off," said the peddler, "and are traveling toward it. That is the old Judy place, but fineified up by the present Mis' Judy under the soopervising of a New Yorruk architect. Where did you come to hear about it? Are you kin to the Judys or to her? I never have heared her maiden name. She was from New Yorruk State."

"I hain't no kin ter the fambly," said Pa Gladden, "but I intend ter visit thar, frien'ly-like."

"Certain?" queried the peddler, much surprised. "Well, you hain't one of them big doctors, for they don't travel afoot. Nor a lawyer, for she despises them. Nor a farmer for her ground, beca'se she has got year-tenants on every piece. I can't guess your errant, stranger."

"Jes a-visitin'," said Pa Gladden, pleasantly; "but I don't mind tellin' ye I hev never met Mis' Judy, an' would plumb take it kindly ef ye would onfold a leetle discourse ez ter whut sort o' folks they air."

"There is n't any folks left but old Mis' Judy," replied the peddler, happy to have a tale to tell—"only a sick old woman that is might' nigh to her end. Since you don't know her, I will make free to say, stranger, that you want to keep your weather-eye open. She always has been a master hand at money-making and trading, and there are few men that ever come down that hill that she has n't beat someway. I used to trade with her when first I commenced to run a wagon, but she beat me so, I quit turning in there. If Loueller, that half-breed that lives with Mis' Judy, wants anything, she hangs out a towel on the roseb'ry-bushes, and I blows my horn for her to come down to the gate."

"Ez I hev nothin' ter buy er ter sell, Mr. Peddler," said Pa Gladden, "this old pusson wull not likely do me any great damage. Don't ye kerry me past any turnin' leadin' off ter thet yeller house, but jes continny yer tale o' these folks thet I 'm ter call on when I do corner up with them."

"I tell you, there is only one old woman left," said the peddler. "The race has run out in short order. The story has been in these parts since the land was settled. They do say that the first Vince Judy killed a man overseas, stole his money, and come to America. To hide himself, he clumb clean over the Blue Ridge, and lit in here erbout as soon as anybody. He was a bad old man, and his son Gilbert was just as bad, but got killed when he was in the Mexican War—but not in battle. The grandson, the last Vince Judy, got the place and the money and his full share of the meanness. He was a hoss man, and all the time had some out on different tracks. Stranger, Vince Judy was a rampin' onbeliever, and had a scorn for 'most everything common folks holds to and lives by. When his niggers were freed, he turned them off the place without clothes or tools or food. He would n't let one of them come back. The white men round his stables were the worst sort. No one thought he would marry, but once he came home from the East with Mis' Judy. She was a clipper—um-um!"

"I suppose I understand ye," put in Pa Gladden, mildly, "though my lines hev never been laid ermong thet sort o' female pussons."

"If you has a picture in your eye of a reg'lar rip-tearing, rip-snorting sort of female, you understands, old gentleman," said the peddler. "Mis' Judy, when I first seen her, was a sight to remember—one of them sooty-eyed women that have red cheeks, nateral er otherwise, waving black hair, and teeth like chany ones. Sech women-folks are promisin' at first sight, but too keen, er a man would have to go out of business. A man that does business in women's fixin's and the household necessities calkilates on the general run in looking to profits. But Mis' Judy was too smart for me. Take table-linnings, for instance. 'How much for that dozen of fringed reds?' When me, knowing her, would fall to mere nothing, she would jeer at me. 'Yer the thief of the world,' she 'd say, 'for I can call you the figure to a

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cent that you paid for them at the wholesale house.' And she could, she could, nine times out o' ten. Now that is no way for a man of family to get his living, and as I was n't driving a peddler's wagon round the country for my health, I quit turning in there. But law! the poor woman had to take it out on some one. Vince Judy took it out on her. You see, he thought she was teetotally his, and that is the way some men have of owning things."

"Thet air shorely one view ter take o' merried life," remarked Pa Gladden; "but I believe ye air speakin' with jedgment. Some men looks on thar wives with less o' actooal consarn than they gives ter their cattle."

"He nagged her from dawn till dark," continued the peddler; "he ginerally opened up with the fact, as he stated it, that she come to him empty-handed, and empty-handed she should stay. Well, Vince died onnateral, like the rest. He went over to Lexin'ton to race-meetin', and took three or four hosses. One of them kicked him, and he was brung home on a cot. He never set up once. Mis' Judy nursed him and kept watching. Got thin as a shadder. When he died no one ever did know what happened. She was lying on the floor in a faint, and there was a hundred little bits of paper on the cover-lid. She come into everything by an old will made when they were first married. She has n't got a soul to give it to, they say. Lord! I got seven children and she has n't got one. Curious how some things are divided."

"Does she live there alone?"

"Only a bright woman named Loueller, and the family living in the farm-house. She is about bedrid now—got a mortal disease. So that wicked money has plumb run out. I don't want any of it. Ruther run a peddling-wagon myself than to touch it. Now, stranger, if you strike down the lane we are nigh to, it will bring you into the river road. Keep to your left, and in a quarter of a mile you will see thet Judy house without fail."

"Why did they put thet stun in the front yard?"

"It was in the old will that she stood by. He made it when he was plumb mad jealous. He laid it out in his mind that any man that come to court Mis' Judy after he was gone must pass over his grave to do it. But there 's a saying about more ways of killing a cat than choking it with butter, ye know, and Mis' Judy was that ingenious she laid out to stand by the will and get up to the house around the slope. In five years the grass was all grown over the front walk and no trace left. She kept improvin' on and on until she has a place as yeller as a circus. But you will see for yourself."

Bidding his loquacious companion a grateful good-by, Pa Gladden went down a field lane and over a brook. Here he bathed his face and smoothed his thin locks. At last he came before the strangely gay house.

A substantial mansion it had been originally, square, high, and roomy. Upon it had later been superimposed ornate dormer-windows, and at the end of the side wings were great bays with galleried railings about them.

He looked earnestly above the pillared portico. Surely a white face looked out once and again, and—yes, truly a hand beckoned.

"I air a man thet hez no wish ter meddle," said Pa Gladden to himself, "but shorely my way air plain."

He walked slowly up the neatly graveled driveway, past beds of blooming crocuses and daffodils. The wide front door was open, and at the side hitching-rails stood a carriage with well-kept horses. Pa Gladden waited a moment at the open door. There seemed to come out of the wall beside him a shrill whistle and the words:

"For God's sake, don't let the doctors carry me away from my home!"

For a moment Pa Gladden was at a loss; then he remembered the speaking-tubes Persephone had told him of in the houses of the wealthy.

"One of them new hollerin'-pipes, shorely," he concluded, eying its mouth-piece, "an' runnin' straight up ter Mis' Judy herself. I calkilate I kin make myself beknown ter her thet way."

He cleared his throat, and then called up the tube gently:

"Air I speakin' ter Mis' Judy?"

"Yes. Who are you? What do you want?"

"Folks calls me Pa Gladden, ma'am. I air from Long Valley way."

"Pa Gladden?"

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"Yes, 'm—thet air, ter 'most ev'ry pusson down our way."

"Are you a timid man?"

"I don't calkilate I air."

Quickly came the words:

"Go into the house and make those men go away. They want to take me to a hospital to be operated on. I prefer to die as I am."

Pa Gladden's face was a study. "Waal, I been through some quare things in my time, an' I s'pose thet the grit air still stored up fer this one."

He wiped his dusty feet and entered the wide hall. A confused sound, with now and again a peremptory knock, guided him up the broad and well-carpeted stairway. So absorbed were several persons about a closed and locked door in the upper hall that no one heard him till a travel-stained farmer, hat in hand, stood among them.

"Howdy?" he said. "I come to see Mis' Judy."

"She is too ill to attend to any business now," said one of the men.

"This air no business," returned Pa Gladden; "at least, not ez ye calkilate it, my son. Mis' Judy sent fer me, an' dyin' would on'y make it even better fer me ter be nigh 'er."

"A preacher?" asked another man.

"Not a preacher," returned Pa Gladden; "jes a common, every-day farmer. Now, gentlemen, ef ye wull show me the way, I wull leave ye ter yer counsels. Er"—with a wave of the hand—"mebbe this nuss wull kindly obleege me."

"Mrs. Judy is so ill she is not at all herself," said another man, shortly, "and has locked herself into her room there. She will not let any one in."

Pa Gladden wheeled about and looked at the high white door. Above was an open transom guarded by strong iron bars. He turned to face the men again.

"So!"

One of the men explained:

"Two of us are doctors who have been in consultation on Mrs. Judy's case. This is her man of business. This is her nurse, who feels that she and her patient should not stay so far from medical aid in so serious a case. We have just decided that it is best for Mrs. Judy to go to a hospital in the city, where she can be taken care of properly."

"I understands, gentlemen," said Pa Gladden, "thet in yer own minds ye air doin' the best thing; but, gentlemen, this air Mis' Judy's hum. I need n't ast ye all jes whut she hev said ter ye"—here he stepped backward and placed himself in front of the door; "but she air old an' dyin', an', like many old an' sick folks, would shorely ruther die at hum than ter hev any sort o' tinkerin' done ter her thet may let her live a leetle while longer. I am suttin, gentlemen, thet Mis' Judy thanks ye fer yer improvin' thorts, but she hain't desirin', none whutever, ter be moved ter a hospital."

"How do you know?" asked the lawyer, red and vexed.

Pa Gladden cast upon him a look of reproach.

"She hev told me thet fac'," he asserted.

"What right have you to mix in this?" fumed the man. "Mrs. Judy has no living relatives—I mean, that we know of at the present."

"It won't do fer ye ter be suttin sure jes whar her kin will crop up," said Pa Gladden. "Them thar fambly trees hez lots o' sprangly branches shootin' out here an' thar. Now it air shorely an onpossible contrivin', gentlemen, thet ye kin kerry a rich woman, onwullin', outen her own house ter a hospital, er any sech place, 'thout the papers. S'pose we a'journ this meetin' till ye gits them in proper shape, an' in the meantime, ef darter here—who hez a good face an' nice eyes—wull stay erlong with Mis' Judy, I 'll help find some one else ter be comp'ny an' cheer her up. An', gentlemen, ez ye air mos' prubable goin' straight back ter the city, jes look in on Dr. Torrence, ez I calls Elder Torrence, an' ast him erbout yer old Pa Gladden o' the Crossroads settlement. He wull entirely enlighten yer mind ez ter whuther Mis' Judy air in safe an' hones' hands, an' any promises kep'. Mis' Judy don't expect ter stir from here, but ter be peaceful an' let alone plumb ter the end."

He sat down upon a chair by the door and as benignly as ever regarded the consultation of the three men at the lower end of the hall.

"Let 'em argify all they want," said Pa Gladden, cheerfully, to the nurse. "I calkilate thet Mis' Judy hain't goin' ter open up thet door till I say so, an' I 'll set here

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ter-night afore I gives in an inch. But they won't risk it. Ye see, this pore woman with money hed ter hev a next frien', an' I feel eenymost shore thet the Lord sent me down ter act out the part. He air pullin' the wires, an' I 'm goin' through the motions. Them men air bustin' afeard they air in deep water now. They won't bother her no more."

Two hours later, when the strangers had long gone, the pleasant little nurse slipped into the dining-room, where the strange visitor was eating a sumptuous meal under the obsequious attentions of Louella.

"She wants to see you when you have finished your supper, Mr. Gladden."

"Pa Gladden, darter, ter all nice, brave girls like you shorely be. Waal, I 've been fed like a preacher, ef I don't look like one, an' ez soon ez Loueller finds me a shoe-bresh, I wull step up."

His heart smote him as he looked at the wan and withered old face before him.

"I heard you—every word," she said. "Who sent you here to save me from that dreadful thing?"

"Ef ye hev ast fer help, air thar any special need fer ye ter question, Mis' Judy?"

"Man, how I have prayed to believe in some one that was true and honest!"

Seeing that Death had set his seal upon her, Pa Gladden was very gentle. So she heard of the long memory of her suffering face, and of the grace-giving tramp through the springtime woods. The worn woman listened eagerly.

"Do you know of that grave out there?"

"A man thet durrected me said it war Mr. Judy's own."

"A sign of folly. He made a will when he brought me here. It bound me to stay here, him to leave me his money. He swore in those days that no man should ever seek me save over his grave, and he said he would be buried in the very doorway. He wanted what he wanted, body and soul. There he lies, but the path goes around. No one came; they were afraid. The Judy money brought bad luck; nobody wanted it, man or woman. Listen"—and she told it off on her long fingers. "Old Vince Judy was paralyzed while swearing. Gilbert Judy was stabbed in the back and robbed in Mexico. Vince Judy, my husband that was, was bad to the core. I knew it when I married him. I wanted the money those days. He was killed by a horse. Not one of them died a peaceful death, and here I lie, uneasy in mind and suffering in body. I want to tell you," went on the old woman. "They brought him home and laid him in that room—there; and I went in and nursed him to the end. I went in there, and I stayed with him; and when he came to die, I made him tear up his last will. I got up on the bed on my knees and told him I would have the money—that the law would give me my share anyhow, and I would have it all."

"Ye must hev a powerful object tellin' me," said Pa Gladden, "fer ye air talkin' beyant yer strength. Waal, ye got the money, an' hev lived with it fer years. An' now ye can't take it with ye, so ye kin leave it ter the glory o' God. Thet money should do good, an' wipe out them black sins done in its name. Ye kin shorely make it a blessin' an' not a cuss."

"But the way?" cried the sick woman. "If I knew the way I would have peace. I have prayed for something to help me decide."

"It does 'pear like I hev been sort o' choosed out ter help an' ter console ye," said Pa Gladden. "But I hain't hed no glimmer o' my dooty toward thet money. Ef ye hev no objections, we hed better lift up our souls in prayer erbout this matter."

He knelt down.

"God o' redeemin' love, thet hez shorely durrected me here ter help an' ter counsel our sister, look down on this pore, sufferin' one. She air wishin' ter atone an' ter be guided by thy hand in placin' suttin sin-money whar it wull shorely redeem itself. Look down on her desires, an' guide her, an' give her everlastin' peace, an' let thy servant help her."

Mrs. Judy wiped the tears from her eyes.

"You do believe I will be saved, don't you?"

"Believe? Why, Mis' Judy, I am plumb shore. Ye war settin' here, day an' night, implorin' o' the Lord fer help; an' me, afur off, air sent ye, over stick, brake, an' stone. In Bible times thar war speerits sent ter men on special occasions; but, it seems, the Lord works more ez human ter human. If I air chosen ter set down in jedgment on this money, I wull try ter

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study out suthin' ter please ye an' the Lord."

"You must do it," said the sick woman, "and there is no time to lose. Two weeks only the doctors have given me. I know about the property, and it is in order, but my pen drops when I go to say what shall be done with it. I have made no will."

"Ye fergits thet ye air an' hev been turrible ill an' weak," soothed Pa Gladden, "an' the mind air allers hinged right on ter the body. Now I wanter peruse on this matter a leetle. Mebbe, ef the Lord sent me, he wull let my mind churn up suthin' er other thet wull suit ye. In my time I hev engineered some few things erlong, but thar hev allers been a great movin' power ter my back."

It was not until nine o'clock the next morning that Pa Gladden asked to see Mrs. Judy again. His "perusin'" was much more profound and deliberate than ever before. That first night he walked through the wide rooms restlessly until Louella came to show him where he was to sleep. His rest was like that of a child, and he awoke at dawn to go on a long tramp through dewy woods. He returned laden with late violets and dogwood blooms for Mrs. Judy. His breakfast had waited some time, but Louella was only too glad to serve him.

"Don' yuh-all go 'way none," she said. "I jes thinks I hez ter run ebery day. I hears quare cryin's some nights. Ef thet nuss heared dem, she nebbah stay ter git 'er hat on. My Lawd, Mr. Good Man, don' yuh leab us erlone none!"

"It might be angels' speerits whisperin', likely ez any other," said Pa Gladden. "Don' yer remember in the Bible whar he gives angels charge o' folks?"

Louella was ghastly.

"Mist' Man, yuh-all got a good, brave heart, but I can't stay hyar. I don' wanter meet no angels. I hain't good enough."

Mrs. Judy spoke when he went to her. "I have slept peacefully," she said.

"Truly thet air cheerin'," returned the farmer, "an' ye must shorely hev some one with ye, ef we hev ter tie them down with the idee o' dooty. I hev walked with yer trouble, an' slep' with it in my heart, Mis' Judy, an' shorely thet air makin' it like my own. Mis' Judy, ter lay out sinmoney air a most solemn trust. Jes s'pose ye war walkin' 'long with me on the other side o' Jordan, in them sweet fields o' Eden, an' approachin' the tree o' life, like it says in thet soothin' hymn. Now, ef we war lookin' over ter this pore, troubled place we hev allers lived on, jes these same premises, whut would ye like ter see roun' here, Mis' Judy?"

The deep eyes looked at him as if striving to read his thought; but Pa Gladden was smiling.

"I 'm seein' this big, fine yeller house gay an' heartsome-lookin' ez it hev never been yet," he went on; "all the doors an' the windys open, an' music, an' lots o' leetle childern runnin' all over the premises an' this big house-lot. An' they air throwin' roses an' daisies over thet stun whar the name air cut. It air truly a beautiful sight. Some o' them childern air cripples in leetle chairs an' wagons, an' thar air nusses erbout ter keer fer the babies tumblin' in the grass. It 'pears ter me thet these leetle childern air from the towns whar thar air no fresh air ner green stuff. Thet air whut I sees—an', Mis' Judy, it air shorely the thing thet hez its roots deepes' down; fer it 'pears ter me thet yer money kin hev no better uses than ter do fer leetle childern when they air sick er helpless."

"Roses and daisies on that stone—placed there by little hands?"

"Every day in the summer-time!" cried Pa Gladden; "an' laffin' eroun' it, knowin' ye war so friendly to all o' 'em, an' wanted 'em ter be happy. Talk erbout yer memory bein' green! Why, Mis' Judy, yer memory would jes flower right out afore the hull world. 'Mis' Judy,' folks would say, 'oh, she had the kind heart in her! She left every cent to pore sick childern.' Thar would be thet grand picture of ye thet air down in the hall. It air shorely a thing wuth comin' miles ter see. Ter them leetle folks thet wull be passin' in an' out o' here fer years an' years yer would allers be thet most beautiful Mis' Judy thet air hangin' up thar—ha'ntin' their dreams an' leetle idees o' fairies an' princesses an' sech fancy folks. Now, Mis' Judy, thet air my idee, lookin' over from the other side. I dunno jes how it wull strike ye—but it air shorely my fust glimmer o' light."

The dawn of a smile was in the old woman's eyes.

"It is a good idea, and it comforts me. But, Pa Gladden, come nearer. Tell me

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something of yourself. Can I help you any?"

Pa Gladden's reply was prompt:

"No, Mis' Judy, no. The pore childern wull shorely need all thet ye hev. Besides, my Drusilly an' me an' my adopted darter, Persephone Riggs, would not like ter hev money thet hed any taint erbout it, fust er last. We air pore enough, but air a leetle petic'lar ez ter airnin' an' ter gittin' jes right. Ye hev said yerself thet the Judy money must atone fer black sin, an' ye air right. Ef ye comes ter any peace erlong o' this visit, I hev been more 'n paid fer my tromp."

Later the sick woman begged to hear of Pa Gladden's life and his experiences. Quite his genial and loquacious self, the farmer pictured, before the invalid, his life in the Long Valley, the Dutch and the Crossroads settlements, and told of all those happenings that were marked with white stones, such as that of the little Christmas fellow, the saving of "leetle Billy," and the rescue of his adopted daughter. These took on a new meaning to him as he watched her face brighten and her lips part in something akin to a smile.

"God has been good to you," she said.

When Pa Gladden went in to see the old woman after his breakfast the next morning, the white face seemed almost transfigured.

"Air it all balanced up now, Mis' Judy?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied; "there does n't seem to be anything to worry about."

"Thank God, thank God! Now shorely I must be movin' on. My farm-work air now pluckin' me by the heel, although I hed some done by Aby Early while I tuk this hollerday. But thar air one thing I wanter do, Mis' Judy: I wull not leave ye here alone. Ef ye air agreeable, I wull ast my adopted darter Persephone Riggs, fer my sake, ter visit ye. She wull shorely do her Christian dooty. Ye must treat her fairly, Mis' Judy, an' remember thet she air the very apple o' my eye."

III

Pa Gladden, warned by the collie's barking, looked out of the door of the big barn.

A figure, bareheaded, running and laughing, came over the slope toward him. It was Persephone, her light print gown gathered up from the reach of bush and brier in one hand, that also carried a pair of large shiny shoes. From under the other arm dangled a pair of trousers and a clean shirt, while the hand on that side held a black tie, a handkerchief, and a collar.

"Sence Gabriel blowed his horn!" exclaimed Pa Gladden, "here comes my hull Sunday wardrobe propelled by Persephone. Thar must be a sore an' suddint need o' my makin' a splendiferous appearance up ter the house. Waal, I 'll be gittin' ready fer them clothes, I wull."

He was lathered to the eyelids when Persephone jumped in upon him.

"What are you doing? Why, you must have seen me coming!"

"My eyesight hain't failin' me yet," returned Pa Gladden, dryly. "I seen my galluses flyin' when ye rounded thet hill, an' a clean shirt clasped ag'in' ye a second later. I 'm agreeable ter any happenin' on hand thet air callin' fer any sech performance on yer part. Now whut air up? Hev we got a s'prise-party?"

"Something like it," laughed Persephone; "a whole carriage-load of men, anyhow. There are Dr. Torrence and a stranger, Elder Becks and Dr. Briskett. I did n't wait to hear what they were here for, but as soon as I saw who it was, I grabbed your things and ran right out here to fix you up nice."

"Ye air shorely a comfort," said Pa Gladden; "an' ef ye wull jes step out an' peruse the landscape over fer erbout a second er two, I wull then thank ye kindly ter struggle with me over thet collar an' tie. Then we wull sa'nter up the path tergether, like we wore good clothes ter do our chores in every day, an' no mistake erbout it. I wonder jes whut hev brung all o' 'em here ter oncet. I swanny, I air plumb in a fidget."

"They are your friends," said Persephone, as she retreated, "so don't get nervous. I am sure it 's good news. Dr. Briskett was cracking jokes out in the road."

In a few moments the pair walked briskly back over the path. Ma Gladden, her hand over her eyes, was ringing the big bell vigorously.

"I thort Persephone sorter went inter the airth," she beamed on her recon-

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structed spouse, "but I see thet she hed ample reasons fer absentin' herself. They air settin' on the front porch, laughin' an' jokin'."

The four men had disposed themselves as if entirely at home.

"Yes, we are going to stay to dinner, Ma Gladden," said the doctor. "We brought some news, though, that we all want you folks to hear. So sit down and hear it first. It will give you a good appetite. Have you had any dreams or anything lately, Pa Gladden?"

Pa blushed rosy red and looked embarrassed.

"I know ye like ter poke fun at me, doc, but ye hain't ez old ner ez l'arned ez ye wull be some day. I hev been leadin' a hard-workin', common existence. I guess the Lord air musin' on somebody else jes now."

"He has not forgotten you, Pa Gladden," said Dr. Torrence. "Did you know that a Mrs. Vincent Judy's will was opened in the city last Saturday? She had put it into a trust company's hands right after making it, and it was not to be opened for a month."

"Waal, waal!" said Pa Gladden. "I takes it kindly thet ye all come cl'ar up here ter tell me erbout it. I do calkilate thet she made a sort o' home fer pore childern, did n't she, now?"

"How do you know? Yes; she left her beautiful home as a convalescent hospital for poor children and her fortune to keep it up. Dr. Briskett, a gentleman appointed by the trust company, and myself are the trustees. Whose work is this, we would like to know?" asked the clergyman.

Pa Gladden looked his astonishment.

"Waal, I told her all erbout ye, ter be shore," said he, "but I never hed the least idee my words would cut any sech ice ez thet. I am shore thet home wull be run right an' prupperly. Waal, thet air fine news. Ter be shore it air!"

"Persephone gets a hundred dollars and a good horse," said Doc Briskett, humorously. "We will have her riding it at all the fairs, and making a great sensation."

"Not she," retorted Pa Gladden; "Persephone war n't cut out fer showin' off in public. An' jedgin' from the way she kim over the hill arter me a spell back, shank's mare air erbout her best holt. But shorely it air a big compulment an' respec', ez Persephone war with Mis' Judy ter the last an' done a woman's part by her. We wull put the money in bank an' stable the nag."

"There is another piece of news, Brother Gladden," said Elder Becks. "Which of your friends shall tell you?"

Pa Gladden glanced from Dr. Torrence to Elder Becks and on to Dr. Briskett.

"I shorely dunno which one, I air so close boun' ter ye all. But doc, here, air uster givin' out good an' bad news. Whut air it, doc?"

Dr. Briskett cleared his throat.

"Well, Mrs. Judy left you her own little fortune, except the hundred dollars to Persephone. It has never been mixed up with the Judy money, but, left her by her father, has been hidden in a bank for years. It is about ten thousand dollars now, a nice little nest-egg to get old on. We are really beginning to think that you are a pretty slick whistle. She states that you alone brought her great peace of mind in her last days, and when everything else had failed. We are rejoicing with your good luck, Pa Gladden; but we are also mighty curious to know how you met her, and what passed between you and her. This is a city lawyer that Dr. Torrence brought down here to hear the story."

Pa Gladden rubbed his hands together, and stared at the men.

"I kin tell ye," he said slowly, "but whether ye wull believe it or not air another thing."

He told the story, and there was a silence when he finished, although Ma Gladden's eyes were wet with tears.

"Ye men may think me clean daft," he finished, "but ye hev hed the God's truth. An' I wull say, erlong with yer Ma Gladden, thet yer news hev give us a mighty fine appetite fer dinner, an' thet ef it takes every yeller-legged fowl on this place ter git up a prupper meal fer ye all, we suttinly won't grudge it ter ye. Fly to, Persephone an' Ma Gladden, an' we wull show these here city chaps thet all the dreamin' we do out here don't interfere with our squar' meals an' our appetites in disposin' of them same."

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MEMORANDA

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

THE walking delegates of a higher civilization, who have nothing to divide, look upon the notion of property as a purely artificial creation of human society. According to these advanced philosophers, the time will come when no man shall be allowed to call anything his. The beneficent law which takes away an author's rights in his own books just at the period when old age is creeping upon him seems to me a handsome stride toward the longed-for millennium.

I NOTICE the announcement of a new edition of "The Two First Centuries of Florentine Literature," by Professor Pasquale Villari. I am not acquainted with the work in question, but I trust that Professor Villari makes it plain to the reader how both centuries happened to be first.

AMERICAN humorists are nearly as ephemeral as the flowers that bloom in the spring. Each generation has its own crop, and, as a rule, insists on cultivating a new kind. That of 1860, if it were to break into blossom at the present moment, would probably be left to fade upon the stem. Humor is a delicate shrub, with the passing hectic flush of its time. The current-topic variety is especially subject to very early frosts, as is also the dialectic species. Mark Twain's humor is not to be classed with the fragile plants; it has a serious root striking deep down into rich earth, and I think it will go on flowering indefinitely.

A NOT too enchanting glimpse of Tennyson is incidentally given by Charles Brookfield, the English actor, in his "Random Recollections." Mr. Brookfield's father was, on one occasion, dining at the Oxford and Cambridge Club with George Venables, Frank Lushington, Alfred Tennyson, and others. "After dinner," relates the random recollector, "the poet insisted upon putting his feet on the table, tilting back his chair *more Americano*. There were strangers in the room, and he was expostulated with for his uncouthness, but in vain. 'Do put down your feet!' pleaded his host. 'Why should I?' retorted Tennyson. 'I 'm very comfortable as I am.' 'Every one 's staring at you,' said another. 'Let 'em stare,' replied the poet, placidly. 'Alfred,' said my father, 'people will think you 're Longfellow.' Down went the feet." That *more Americano* of Brookfield the younger is delicious with its fine insular flavor, but the holding up of Longfellow —the soul of gentleness, the prince of courtesy—as a bugaboo of bad manners is simply inimitable. It will take England years and years to detect the full unconscious humor of it.

À propos de bottes. The difference between an English audience and a French audience at the theater is marked. The Frenchman brings down a witticism on the wing. The Briton pauses for it to alight and give him reasonable time for deliberate aim. In English playhouses an appreciable number of seconds usually precede the smile or the ripple of laughter that follows a facetious turn of the least fineness. I disclaim all responsibility for this statement of my personal observation, since it has recently been indorsed by one of London's most eminent actors.

THE fate of the man who does not hesitate is that of the woman who does.

DR. HOLMES had an odd liking for ingenious desk-accessories in the way of pencil-sharpeners, paper-weights, penholders, etc. The latest contrivances in this fashion—probably dropped down to him by the inventor angling for a nibble of commenda-

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tion—were always making one another's acquaintance on his study table. He once said to me: "I 'm waiting for somebody to invent a mucilage-brush that you can't by any chance put into your inkstand. It would save me frequent moments of humiliation."

THE claim of this country to call itself "The Land of the Free" must be held in abeyance until every man in it, whether he belongs or does not belong to a labor organization, shall have the right to work for his daily bread.

GREAT orators who are not also great writers become very indistinct historical shadows to the generations immediately following them. The spell vanishes with the voice. A man's voice is almost the only part of him entirely obliterated by death. The violet of his native land may be made of his ashes, but nature in her economy seems to have taken no care of his intonations, unless she perpetuates them in restless waves of air surging about the poles. The well-graced actor who leaves no perceptible record of his genius has a decided advantage over the mere orator. The tradition of the player's method and presence is associated with works of enduring beauty. Turning to the pages of the dramatist, we can picture to ourselves the greatness of Garrick or Siddons in this or that scene, in this or that character. It is not so easy to conjure up the impassioned orator from the pages of a dry and possibly illogical argument in favor of or against some long-ago-exploded measure of government. The laurels of an orator who is not a master of literary art wither quickly.

POETS are made as well as born, the proverb notwithstanding. They are made possible by the general love of poetry and the consequent demand for it. When this is non-existent, poets become mute. The atmosphere stifles them. There would have been no Shakspere had there been no Elizabethan audience.

THE surest way to kill a fanatical law is relentlessly to enforce it. Its unwisdom or injustice thus becomes manifest. If the law decreed that a murderer should undergo prolonged torture before being electrocuted, and such decree were carried out to the letter, the death penalty in Massachusetts would be abolished to-morrow. In some States it appears to have been repealed simply to prevent the decimation of voters. The instant I detect in myself any homicidal tendency, I shall take up my residence in Maine.

DIALECT tempered with slang is an admirable medium of communication between persons who have nothing to say and persons who would not care for anything properly said.

THOUGH *Iago* was not exactly the kind of person one would select as a superintendent for a Sunday-school, his advice to young *Roderigo* was wisdom itself—"Put money in thy purse." Whoever disparages money disparages every step in the progress of the human race. I listened the other day to a sermon in which gold was personified as a sort of glittering devil tempting mortals to their ruin. I had an instant of natural hesitation when the contribution-plate was passed around immediately afterward. Personally, I believe that the possession of gold has ruined fewer men than the lack of it. What noble enterprises have been checked and what fine souls have been blighted in the gloom of poverty the world will never know. "After the love of knowledge," says Buckle, "there is no one passion which has done so much good to mankind as the love of money."

A DEAD author appears to be bereft of all earthly rights. He is no sooner dead than old magazines and newspapers are ransacked in search of matters which, for reasons sufficient to him, he had carefully excluded from the definitive edition of his collected writings.

> He gave the people of his best;
> His worst he kept, his best he gave.

One can imagine a poet tempted to address some such appeal as this to any possible future publisher of his poems:

> "Take what thou wilt, a lyric or a line,
> Take all, take nothing—and God send thee cheer!
> But my anathema on thee and thine
> If thou add'st aught to what is printed here."

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THE YELLOW VAN

BY RICHARD WHITEING

AUTHOR OF "No 5 JOHN STREET" AND "THE ISLAND"

XXX

THE Square-Toed faction of the court held the field, and all was moral improvement at Allonby Castle. The frivolous Pointed Toes were still in eclipse. Mr. Raif saw that the chance of his life had come, and he made the most of it. If he could interest the royal visitors in his ministrations to the village poor, it might be the first step to a bishopric. He was a sort of despatch agent of blessings, earthly and divine. With him the model township was a sheepfold, with a shepherd who was the beneficent tyrant of its flock. In short, he was the middleman fighting for his own, an extremity in which the middleman is dour. He was keen to detect any infringement of his priestly right to the control of the human conscience. His choice example of the inadequacy of religious instruction in the board schools was an unfortunate reference to the columbines of Solomon which he professed to have had from a town-bred child.

And in so far as he consented in his own mind to share the dignities and the emoluments of agency, he could act only with the nobility and gentry. These and the clergy combined were the appointed leaders of the people; and Mr. Raif was as sure that the latter wanted leading in body and in soul as any of his forerunners. He held firmly to the view of religion as mainly an affair of apparatus that finds so much favor in our day. When in London he always attended the ministrations of a colleague who allured to brighter worlds by means of lantern-slides sandwiched in between the prayers and the sermon, and by catchy advertisements of the variety-show of the Sunday to come. These methods, as being specially suited to the treatment of the working-classes, were much admired by the superior clergy. Their inventor was understood to be assiduously preaching the art of standing on his head in the pulpit by way of crowning the edifice of the conversion of England.

Mr. Raif was much interested just now in a scheme for winning Job Gurt, the village sot, to total abstinence. The blacksmith had fallen on evil times in spite of his "good money." As his potations increased with plentiful earnings, his staying power at work naturally diminished. He had finally been compelled to make overtures for assistance, through his wife, to the domestic chaplain, and had been given to understand that redress of grievance must precede the grant of charitable supplies. Job was interesting as a character so materially minded that he could only conceive the resurrection of the body as an effect of pins and needles after unrefreshing sleep. The chaplain had formed the laudable design of wrestling for the possession of him with the powers of darkness as represented by the Knuckle of Veal. He seemed likely to be successful: Job had capitulated on the imminence of a Saturday night without the prospect of a Sunday's dinner.

On the Friday evening, accordingly, the penitent was seated in the little club-house of the model village, with a determination to make himself as merry as circumstances

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admitted. Mr. Raif was prepared to meet him more than half-way. The gathering was avowedly for a convivial purpose, but its members were to wet their whistles with mineral waters for the bacchanalian songs dear to the old condition of lapse. Mr. Raif was in some measure the patentee of it, and he was proud of the achievement. With the one exception of the intoxicant, the associations were to be as nearly like those of the Knuckle of Veal as the circumstances allowed. The scheme was based on the idea of the coffee-tavern, in which the tippler is supposed to accept harmless liquors as a full and sufficient equivalent for strong drink, by having permission to call for them at a dirty bar. Its inventor had forgotten that, with all its faults, the bar of perdition is at least bright and clean.

The struggle won the sympathetic attention of the village. There was a crowd about the club-house door to witness the arrival of Job. It was felt that his was a test case, and, moreover, that Satan was prepared to regard it in that light. Discomfited in this encounter, the fiend would probably trouble Slocum no more.

Half-past seven was the time for the revel, and at that hour the wretched Job entered the institute with Mr. Grimber, as a kind of sponsor, by his side. The retired cockney tallow-chandler was as yet no convert, but he had come down, by invitation, to see how he liked it, and to report afterward to his own soul.

Mr. Raif was at the door to meet them; and shaking both cordially by the hand, he invited Job's attention to the fact that it was a fine evening with perhaps less success than he had a right to expect.

The blacksmith looked round the room, and found it at once as near to the pleasures of imagination and yet as far from those of sense as the star in the poem. The floor was sanded; the long, hard settle by the fireplace yielded hardly a point in discomfort to the like contrivance at the Knuckle of Veal. There were real pipes over the mantelpiece, long and white, as though they were meant for business. From sheer force of habit the unhappy man stretched out his hand for one of them, and, addressing the boy in waiting, —made up with real apron and real shirt-sleeves,—called for a screw of tobacco.

"A very natural mistake," said Mr. Raif, urbanely, but with a frown that silenced the rising titter. "Bring a little soap and water: Job might like to blow a bubble or two. We are no foes to innocent recreation here. We welcome it, in fact."

It was brought, and Mr. Raif blew a few bubbles by way of example. One of them made its way out of the window. It was followed on the opening of its journey into infinite space with a shout by the urchins, and a smile, as of happy omen, by Mrs. Gurt and other matrons who had now joined the group.

Job shook his head, relinquished the pipe, and pushed the dish of soap-suds from him as he might have done some new variety of tipple repugnant to the conservatism of his British taste.

"Not me," he whispered to his henchman.

"Time 's flying, Jasper," said Mr. Raif. "I think we 'd better get on."

The man addressed, an old shepherd whose guiding principle of action seemed to be to stand well with paason, took the chair without further invitation, and with the brief remark, "Give your orders, gents."

"Now, Gurt," cried Mr. Raif, cheerily, "ginger-beer, soda, lemonade—squash, if you fancy it; but it 'll cost you a ha'penny more."

"Pop," murmured Job, in the tone of a dying man.

"Gents," said the chairman, when all were served, "the usual loyal. Charge your glasses. The Queen!" It was part of Mr. Raif's method to begin the evening with this toast as a happy compromise between a brutish indifference to the providential order and inadmissible prayer.

Job sipped his ginger-beer as a sign that he wished no harm to constituted authority, but, for the rest, seemed to reserve his opinion. The others, who were better used to it, drank with less evident distaste.

Mr. Raif was the only person who showed no misgiving. He was quite convinced that this was the entirely proper way with the humbler classes. You trained them, and they obeyed as naturally as shrubs took their cue from the volition of the gardener. He patted Job on the back as though he were a kind of scapegoat for the inflictions of the whole party. "That 's right, boys; keep it up. I must leave you now. Sing, drink anything you like—within the rules. There they are on the wall.

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And don't forget Rule XIII—break up at half-past nine."

There was silence after he left. It might have been a perfectly tolerable silence if it had not been so heavily charged with self-consciousness and the sense of playing a part.

"I s'pose we 'd better go on," said Jasper, looking timidly at the door by which their tyrant had left.

"Aye; sing a bit, an' get it over, man," said another. "He 'll 'ear 'e pretty sharp if ye doan't. Then we might have a game at baggytelle."

"Well, could n't ye tune up a bit, Job?" asked Jasper. "'In Cellar Deep'—'D' ye ken John Peel?'—any blessed thing ye like. I 've heared ye 're a pretty good performer."

"Mate, I ain't got a note in me," moaned Job, from the depths of his anatomy, "to save my life."

"Give us 'Cellar Deep,' Jasper; that may start un."

The chairman accordingly cleared his throat and set out in his quavering way through a bacchanalian poem of a whole-hearted depravity of taste that makes it unique in the language:

"In cel-lar deep I sit and keep
My soul from cares op-pres-sing,
Com-pan-ion mine, the good Rhine wine,
Earth's sweet-est, tru-est bless-ing.
With so-lemn pate let wis-dom prate
Of what we should be think-ing:
Give me my glass; my days shall pass
In drink-ing, drink-ing, drink-ing."

Done as it was on this occasion in split sodas, it is the very triumph of make-believe. But in the idle singing of our empty day it has probably been the cause of more hypocrisy than any other song in the world. Its reckless burden shows how easily it may have lent itself to mere pot-valiancy at the best of times. Few could have hoped to live up to this ideal, even in the Georgian ages of faith. And in ours it is almost confessedly the hollow lie of the smug tradesman at his masonic dinner and of the basso of the carnival club. The syllabic pauses in the measure of the chorus are obligatory for their effect of intensity of conviction. And when the last one of them has been rendered, with due effect, from the very depths of being, one is transported to a world of good-fellowship which seems a foretaste of the stars. There is no time so propitious for the borrowing of half-crowns. But in our decorous day it is no more than a reminiscence of some golden age when rack punch produced no headache and Irish twist was good for the bile. The basso is only playing at it, and is probably the most exemplary of bank-clerks. His hearers are only playing at it; but their occasional sips of real strong waters are great helps to the make-believe of the game. Yet there are limits to this power of illusion; and, for all but the strongest natures, tea and cocoa and even temperance champagne are a too abrupt descent from the heights of artificial stimulation which they are supposed to feign.

The first verse was enough for poor Job. After an ineffectual attempt to bear his part in the chorus, he set down his untasted cup of institute coffee and staggered forth into the night, brushing from his path the inquisitive group at the door.

"Blessed if he ain't got 's load in spite of 'em," said one of the women.

"Nay," said his more experienced spouse, sorrowfully; "it 's only temper this time, I reckon—and the wuss of the two."

All expected to see him wend his way to the Knuckle of Veal, but they were deceived. He made straight for his own cottage, pursued by the echoes of

"Pour out the Rhine wine, let it flow
Like a full and shining river,"

which the company were now washing down with sassafras, a new beverage just introduced to their notice by Mr. Raif.

XXXI

SATURDAY afternoon, and Job in a bit of fairyland all by himself, smoking his pipe on the trunk of a fallen tree. He has not wholly lapsed, in spite of the bitter experience of yesterday. The pipe may be a backsliding, but there is still a good half-mile of innocence between him and the can of the Knuckle of Veal. He is in a broad glade of woodland, bright in the sunshine of winter, and indestructibly beautiful all the year round. There is temptation, however, at each end, for at the farther one stands the inn of the Duke and the Ditcher. Both houses are rooted only less deep in time than the wood itself. The

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latter is part of an old royal chase where thousands of fat bucks have died the death according to the laws of forestry. Nothing can exceed the charm of this winding way between the two taverns, with its tiny river, broadening here and there into pools where the fish often play at hide-and-seek with the flashes of light and with the flies caught in their ray. But all this, being a thing of use and wont, is quite thrown away upon Job. He is certainly not thinking of its history, running back into the very Saxon time, of its weird old manor-house, where they hatched one of the deadliest plots in English annals, of its caves once haunted by the outlaw bands whose industry was plunder. Every tree may conceivably have its story of tryst and council, and even of summary execution when the deer-stealer caught red-handed was hoisted high in the wind. Wicked old trees they look, for all their beauty. Most of their coating of bark is gone forever, and some lie grim and unrepentant in their ruin, where the winter storms, rather than the woodman, have cut them down.

So there sits Job on one of them, musing on the hardness of the road to Jordan, and between two portals of Paradise barred to him by his vow. His back is turned on the village and on the Knuckle of Veal, but for this very reason his face is toward that point of the compass where the Duke and the Ditcher is visible to the eye of faith. Look which way he will, in fact, there is a snare of the enemy. And presently a fellow-creature comes in sight, in the person of Mr. Grimber, strolling from the hamlet served by the last-named house.

"Day, Job."

"Day, Mr. Grimber."

The slight distinction in the mode of salutation was due to Grimber as a man of independent means.

"Home all right last night, Job?"

"Could n't very well go wrong, as I see."

Mr. Grimber, as already explained, had squired Job in his quest of repentance. He had no excesses of his own to correct, but he had thought it neighborly to stand by a friend in his hour of trial.

"Nice thing to be able to get up in the mornin' without a head on ye."

"It is that," said Job, dutifully.

"And with your money in your pocket."

"That 's so."

"A week more of it, and you 'll be like me."

He said it with a certain sadness, for, to tell the truth, he pitied his crony in the prospect. His secret longing was for something to give a pulse to life. It was the stronger now that, for Job's sake, he had cut himself off from his modest potation and the chatter of the inn. It is all very well to be the perfect ratepayer, but that Nirvana of civic propriety has its drawbacks and its trials. It is attainable only by a series of negations, and these are hard fare for the spirit of man. Grimber hardly knew what was the matter with him, except that he was weary of his own perfections. He had never done wrong, in so far as he could detect the thing by his limited knowledge of its opposite, yet he had still missed his reward. His religion was a matter of what he regarded as "decent observance"—a silk hat on Sundays, a black coat, alertness in the responses, a recognizable contribution to the volume of the hymn. His domestic icon was a lithograph of a royal family that he honored not only with his lips but with his heart. He called one of its members, who was prudence personified, "our sailor prince," and tried to figure him to consciousness as a rollicking blade. He was of that lowest middle class that is a bulwark of Britain, and at once its pride and its despair. His gospel was convention, his law the fiat of his betters in church and state. His life as a retired tallow-chandler was almost absolutely without events. Its terrific sensations were the unwonted recurrence of a grand bezique and a sequence in the same hand; its herculean labors, the turning out of the corner cupboard this day week, or the fortnightly polishing of a watch-case with shammy leather without injury to the works. And yet and yet— People behindhand with their rent, and actually without hope of mercy for unpaid rates, seemed sometimes to get so much more out of life.

"Which way are you walking?" he said to Job.

"Yourn, if you like."

"I was thinkin' of gettin' 'ome again."

So they turned toward the hamlet, still following the fairy pathway of the glade.

"I sometimes feel funny-like, in a manner of speakin'," Mr. Grimber said.

It was a difficult complaint to diagnose

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on such indications. Job did not make the attempt. "I 've felt that way myself," was his reply.

The hamlet was now in sight, its most conspicuous object an ornamental glass ball, quicksilvered in laundry blue, which marked the garden-patch of Mr. Grimber's home.

"Will you come in and have a bottle o'—pop?" said Mr. Grimber. "Or, stop a minute: I 'll bring it outside. It 's clean-in'-up day, an' she might fancy there was mud on our boots."

"If there was any other place, we need n't trouble her, need us?" said Job.

There was a creaking noise overhead: it was the sign of the Duke and the Ditcher swinging gently in the breeze.

"Match that for music if you can," said Job, apostrophizing an observant bird.

Mr. Grimber looked up at the same moment, and their eyes met.

"Just one," said Job. In another moment they were in the parlor of the inn.

What is the philosophy of this wretched habit? Possibly mere association of ideas. Certain it is that, hitherto of all creatures the most forlorn, Job no sooner had an earthenware pitcher before him, nay, sniffed its mere coming in the ale-house reek, than he became quite another man. And, curiously enough, nature, powerless over him till now, began to woo him with effect. He chirruped responsively to a robin on the window-sill, plucked a twig from the garden and put it in his coat. To feel this top of the morning in one's blood without the help of fermentations must be the triumph of the strenuous life. Perhaps, indeed, there is no feeling it without some extraneous aid: it is as hard a problem as ever to lift yourself in your own basket. Natures are to be known and classed by the aids they seek. Shall it be woman's eyes, stringed instruments, or a bottle and a jug?

It was much the same with Grimber. Both men, clown and tallow-chandler, became in a trice humane, courteous, affable, preventive, according to their degree and their breeding in every service of the gentler life—extraordinary creatures that we are.

"We known each other a long time, Mr. Grimber."

"An' respected each other, I 'ope, Mr. Gurt; 't any rate, I—"

"Call me Job, if you doan' mind. Funny I never 'eared your Christian name."

"It ain't much of a one for friendship—Ebenezer. Grim 's what she calls me."

"You 're a trump-card, Grim."

"I do my best."

"I ain't used this place much: my end 's the Knuckle o' Veal."

"Nor me, either. This one 's a bit too near the 'ouse."

"An', besides, there is n't the same company. I will say that, Grim."

"Ever hear the story o' the sign?"

"Yes, an' want to 'ear it ag'in."

"Well, it 's like this. Years an' years ago there was another Duke of Allonby, an' he was 'untin' in these parts—in the days when 'untin' was somethin' like. He 'ad young noblemen to 'old 'is sterrups for 'im when 'e mounted, an' 'e was as good as a king. Well, one day he 'd gone on so greedy after a fat buck that he lost all 'is people an' 'e finds 'isself alone.

"There was a ditcher at work by the roadside, an' the duke 'e runs up to ask 'is way. But, afore he could get a start, the ditcher 'e says: 'Young man, they say the duke 's a-'untin' in these parts; I 'll stand a jug o' ale if you can point 'im out. I bin 'is bondman for thirty year,' 'e says, 'an' I 've a fancy to see the look of 'im before I die.'

"'Brown ale?' says the duke.

"'Brown an' nappy,' says the ditcher.

"'Come wi' me,' says the duke.

"''Ow 'm I to know it 's 'im before I part wi' my money?' says the ditcher. 'E was no fool.

"''E 'll be the only man wearin' 'is 'at,' says the duke, 'when all the others is standin' around.'

"'Then I can show ye where they others is,' says the ditcher.

"So they jogged on till they came to a great open place—over yonder to this day—where all the nobility an' gentry was standin' about, with a sort o' worried look, waitin' for their master.

"The moment they see 'im, down they goes on their knees, off goes their 'ats (bonnets they called 'em in those times, both male an' female), an' they begins 'orn-blowin' for joy.

"'Which be the duke?' says the ditcher.

"'Well, us two is the only ones kivered,' says t' other: 'so it must be either you or me.'

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"Down drops the ditcher on both knees, with 'is 'ands up. 'Spare a poor man's life, my lord,' says 'e.

"'Where 's that jug of ale?' says the duke, laughin'; an' they rode off to this very 'ouse to 'ave it, with all the others trampin' behind.

"When they 'd finished it, the duke 'e stands 'im one more, an' then, 'I make you my 'ead forester,' 'e says—just like that. Them was the days!"

"An' all dead an' gone," said Job.

"We must be stirrin', lad," said Grimber, relapsing into melancholy. "Enough 's as good as a feast."

"You might see me a bit o' the way 'ome," said Job. "I 'm close to the Knuckle."

"I know it, lad; too close. There 's your trouble, Job."

"I like your company. I never knew the kind o' man you was till this day."

"I—she!"

They went back through the wood talking of good men aging, good men gone, touching life with the poetry without which it is a dead thing to the dullest soul. The lowest wretch lives on only for the hope of hours like these. We must idealize human relations or die. Every man is a poet, if only the few sing. The British navvy, that thing of granite, is quite mawkish in his cups, and gushes with a fervor that would put a miss in her teens to shame. The boor of Teniers sees heaven as a transparency through the bottom of his upturned can. The whole business of saint, sage, and social reformer is to help us to see it without a headache next morning. Music is perhaps only an alcoholic wave purged of its grossness. Where would the devil be but for the dullness of some lives? Their talk was worthy of the wood, of the sunshine, of the luminous shade below it, of the whole beautiful world.

Then they came to the Knuckle of Veal.

The Knuckle of Veal understood it all in a glance, and gave them "the time of day," but took no other notice, as they fell into their accustomed places.

It was as old in memories as the Duke and the Ditcher, and just such another shanty of prehistoric planks in the upper story, rough-cast, and Elizabethan brickwork in the lower, tile and thatch above, blackened beams to hold it all together, old brown outhouses where Jack Ostler had called to Tom Tapster in the earliest coaching times, and thirty farmers' chaises, all with yellow wheels, had been put up on market-days; a tap-room with a fireplace of wrought iron whereto generations of shepherds watching their flocks by night had stolen from the hills for furtive comfort to talk the Armada and the landing of the Dutch king; a wainscot pock-marked all over with the incised initials of countless dead, monumental in its way, as deciphered by that Academy of Inscriptions, the ale-bench and the oldest inhabitant. What are you to do with such a place but keep out of it? And in this they failed.

"Only a drain this time," said Grimber. "I 've got my measure."

"Tol-lol! tol-lol!" sang Job. "Give us a toast, old corpse-light!"

It was purely accidental, but unfortunate. Grimber's father had been an undertaker.

"Who 're ye gettin' at?" he said, putting down his glass.

"It 's my fun, like," explained Job. "No offense, cocky."

"I don't like your fun," said Grimber. "I bin a ratepayer for forty year."

"Ratepayer yourself," said Job, incoherently.

"Wish I could return the compliment."

"That 's a snack 't me, I s'pose."

"Take it as y' like."

There was sullen silence for a while.

Job resumed: "Pity to spoil a good meetin'. Will y' 'ave a sentiment from me?"

"Out with it."

"'Eart to 'eart an' 'and to 'and.'"

"That 's better," said the other, returning his grip.

"Tol-lol! tol-lol!" sang Job.

"Must be going now," said Grimber.

"I 'll see yer a bit of the way."

"Mean to say you think I 'm—"

"For 'eart to 'eart an' 'and to 'and; that 's all," said Job.

They sallied forth again, arm in arm. The scene was divine to both of them now, as they stepped aside to save a winter flower, giggled at the reflection of the scudding clouds in the pool—veritable babes in the wood.

"It 's a gran' world," said Job. "Take it fro' me."

"Never thought there was so many respec'ble people in it."

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"A gran' life, Grim—gran' feller-creatur's! You 're one."

"Oh, as for that—"

"Never thought it, all the years I 've known yer. Fancied you was a bit of a milksop."

"No offense; fancied it myself sometimes."

"This 'ere religion they talk s' much about—should n't wonder if it was somethin' like what we 're feelin' now. Eh, Grim?"

"'T ain't all apistles an' collicks taken cold, lay your life."

"One more at the Ditcher—eh, Grim? Then you 'll see me a bit of the way back?"

Job had scarcely spoken when a shawled female figure came in sight, and his fellow-sinner was plucked from him as for translation to another sphere. It was done, not by a gesture, not by so much as a word: a single glance sufficed; but it was one of the right sort. He was alone.

It was a bereavement, yet St. Francis himself could hardly have been at less loss for companionship. Nature, which Job had had about him for half a century without his being aware of it, was there in visible presence at last. "Chip, chip, birdikin!" he cried to a sparrow in the path.

Cold obstruction had gone out of the whole frame of things, moral and physical. There was no more effort in the world. He walked on air, and with as much ease as any nymph of Guido's "Aurora." Earth was one vast pneumatic tire.

"Danged if I could n't finish it mysen now!" he muttered, as he neared the Knuckle again. And he sat down on a fallen trunk, all smooth and silvery with eld, and resumed, as from the balked innings of the night before:

"In wo-man's smile there may be guile;
She 's skilled in arts de-ceiv-ing,
And she may be most false to me
When most I am be-liev-ing.
Friend more sin-cere I che-rish here,
While lips to glass I 'm link-ing,
And com-fort true the whole year through—"

He was about to collect himself for the supreme effort of the bass note when a composite apparition of a most extraordinary character came in full view at an angle of the glade. It consisted of the royal and ducal party from the castle, in charge of Mr. Raif. The princess and the duchess led the way, with the domestic chaplain as cicerone. The personages of the suite were a little in the background, with young Mr. Gooding. A knot of villagers haunting the footsteps of the great folks brought up the rear. Mrs. Gurt was among these, and Constable Peascod seemed to have them all in custody, as for some prospective offense. Arthur took a mean advantage of his being out of his sister's range of vision by showing that he still had the heart to smile. The faces of the others expressed blank consternation, though a close observer might have detected that the royal personage was ready on short notice to give way. But Augusta's bearing awed all within reach of her glance. She looked stern displeasure, her beautiful head thrown back, her color coming and going, her lips firm-set. And, as a slight change of position brought him under her gaze, Mr. Gooding became as demure as the rest, and looked sadly toward the ground.

As for Mr. Raif, he was overwhelmed with confusion. It was the opportunity of a lifetime spoiled, and he gasped dismay as the bishopric seemed to fade off forever into the things that might have been. He had been leading the party round the whole circle of his good works—the model village, and all its apparatus of automatic virtue, and the village proper, with its selected poor in evidence and the others out of sight. He had arranged his itinerary so as to conclude the demonstration with a distant view of the Knuckle of Veal as a section of the inferno from which he had just rescued a soul in torment, when this wretched mischance occurred.

The only person quite at his ease was the offender. He beamed serenely on the whole party, and then tried to fix the princess herself with a smile that had in it unfathomed depths of ineptitude.

"Why, Gurt, what is the meaning of—" began Mr. Raif; but the rest was beyond his power.

"Is drink-ing, drink-ing, drink-ing,"

gurgled the miserable creature, to conclude his stave.

"Gurt, you 're intox—"

"John Barleycorn beats me, gents. I 'm 'appy when I 'm beat. Good aft'noon, all."

It was too painful to last. The royal

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party turned toward the castle as though they had pressing business in that quarter, and Constable Peascod laid hands on Job.

"Know the sayin', sir," cried the delinquent in a parting shot at Mr. Raif, "'When you die it 's for a long time'?"

The village was about to relieve its long-pent-up feelings with a titter, when it was checked by a glance at Mrs. Gurt. She followed her wretched partner to the lock-up as she might have followed him to his grave; and there was despair in her face as he was led off, still wearing his fatuous smile. Like many a woman before her, she was asking herself one of the bitterest of all questions—whether drink might not be a more terrible thing to bear in a man than infidelity itself. And, after all, infidelity of a kind it was, and the grossest. It was a counter-influence to hers, and that thought made for jealousy in its most corroding pang. The more sordid her triumphant rival, the more galling the sense of her own inferiority of attraction. A living woman, after all, was a worthier conqueror. It was champion against champion, and discomfiture by nothing more humiliating than the luck of the lists. But defeat by a mere swinish appetite!

"Tell him I think he 's a brute beast, Mrs. Jukes," she said to the inspector's wife. "And—jest loosen his neck-hankecher, if you doan' mind."

He was frivolous still, and insisted on giving his name as Tobit for the charge-sheet.

There was this excuse for him: the rural station was hardly a place to bring a man to repentance with a sharp turn—prison, if you like, but still a prison in Arcadia. An old cottage converted to its present uses, it was rather a residence for the two constables in charge than a house of detention. Its red brick stained with age, its latticed windows overlooking a churchyard which seemed but a change-house on the road to heaven, its walls of loam and timber overhanging a ground floor that had once been upright but was now not ashamed of looking tired, were all perfect beauty. So was the low doorway, with the neatly dressed children playing on the step, under the eye of a fatherly official at the desk within, while the house-mother bustled to and fro between the sitting-room and kitchen to make tea. Arcadia, in spite of the handcuffs hanging over the porch, a feeble effort of the law to look terrible belied by everything else in the place. Emblems merely—no more. An emblem, too, the strange antediluvian contrivance—a sort of scaffold-pole with a hook at the end—that ran the whole length of the side wall. It was a relic of the days when the villagers struggled with fire as best they might, the men fishing for goods and chattels with this unwieldy rod, and the women praying for a good catch. As for the two cells, they were but a mild joke perpetrated at the expense of the outhouses in the back yard. Job was consigned to one of them that happened to be empty; the other still held the logs for the winter fire.

The inspector's wife had brought him a cup of tea when he was locked in. She presently revisited his dungeon, though not officially, to ask him, through the air-hole in the door, if he would like another lump of sugar. But there was a change. He was beginning to be that most abject thing on earth, a sot whose Dutch courage, Dutch friendship, Dutch faith, hope, and charity, are passing off. The singing had ceased; the voice within was one of weeping and lamentation. He was the victim now. He maundered over his sorrows, the injustice of the world to lowly merit, his desertion by his friends. He had been his own worst enemy, but only in being too good, too considerate, too helpful toward the human race.

The woman, who could have passed a competitive examination in all the symptoms, withdrew without another word.

Left sniveling—perhaps over the thought of a motherland drowning, not even in malmsey, but in swipes.

XXXII

THE next day brought the visit of the royal pair to a close. They left on Monday, with the same ceremony as before, and with an air of benignant weariness. The Points breathed once more, and fresh arrivals added a reinforcement to their ranks. It seemed like old times again. The Square-Toed age could not have lasted; really distinguished persons were beginning to yawn. The castle wore an unmistakable air of high spirits. The joy of living began to dispute the empire of sensation with the mere pious opinion of the certainty of death.

There was a check, though—not to say

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a chill. The public scene was not altogether what it should be. The war dragged on, the government still cried for more men, and the occasional obligation of mourning left the whole scheme of gaiety at the mercy of the accidents of a guerrilla campaign.

With this came matter of still more serious concern in the illness of the sovereign. It was nothing; yet, at her age, anything might give cause for anxiety. There was a consequent damping down of the fires of excitement, no more. A house-party is not easily robbed of its rights.

"Guess what we 've been doing all this afternoon," said Mary Liddicot to Mr. Gooding, who was taking her in to dinner.

"Making mittens for the soldiers."

"Don't be absurd. Playing bridge."

"Don't take a mean advantage: I dare n't echo the reproof."

"Where 's the absurdity? Everybody does it. Lady Felicia Rawton is simply mad about it."

"And a matron of four-and-twenty—fie!"

"She and Di and Twiggy Penstone had a compartment to themselves, and played all the way down in the train."

"We seem to want a foot-note about 'Di,'" said the youth.

"Oh, Di, from 'Diamond cut diamond.' Muriel Paryngton 's so sharp. Have n't you that sort of thing among men? They used to call Tom—"

"And may I trouble you for 'Twiggy'?"

"Never mind all that. It 's a most fascinating game."

"Mind you don't win all their money. But I suppose you only play for hair-pins."

"What do you take us for—babies?"

"Not all of you, upon my sacred honor."

"Real coin of the realm, if you please. Sixpenny points sometimes."

"Sorry for somebody—don't know for which one just yet, some of you look so clever at the game."

"Nonsense: it 's nearly all luck and—what 's your funny American word for it? —bluff: being cheeky, you know, not being afraid. And as for excitement, well—whist with your blood running cold."

"No wonder I could n't find you after luncheon."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Can the grave?"

"It was a girls' party in Lady Felicia's room. She chaperons Di and Twiggy. She 's not my chaperon, you know; I belong to Augusta. But don't you dare say a word to *her*."

"And they offered to take you in. I see."

"I wonder if you mean anything ill-natured. Anyhow, I 'm going to drop the subject. What a fine day for the time of year!"

Mr. Gooding took the rebuke in good part, and, on his return to the drawing-room, discreetly avoided not only the topic but Mary herself. In fact, he sought the shelter of a tropical plant, and sat idly toying with an album of views of Allonby, and sometimes surveying the party over the edge of the cover.

Lady Felicia found him out, for all that. She was a handsome young woman,—a sort of creature of polished steel, all compact, in physique and in manner,—a mighty huntress, but showing traces of the abuse of violent exercise in an unnatural flush of cheek and fire of eye; for the rest, as cold and hard as a bar of Bessemer.

"The oracle in his cave," she said, with a smile.

"No; only the hermit, at worst."

"What 's wrong with Lake Shore?" she said abruptly. "They seem to have a fit of the jumps."

Mr. Gooding found it hard to avoid these questions now that his reputation was established as the agent of a trust. He was supposed to know all about everything in the way of getting rich.

"I 'm afraid they 're out of my line," he said.

"I know what that means: 'Don't bother me to-night.' Never mind; perhaps you 'll be more compassionate to-morrow."

She returned to the lounge on which she had left her two charges. One of these, Muriel Paryngton, Lord Paryngton's daughter, a girl as tall and well knit as her protectress, had an extraordinary repose of bearing, an effect of nature not unassisted by art. The other, Ethel Penstone, was a little creature whose dark eyes and languorous vivacity of manner gave her an exotic charm.

Mary joined them presently, and, after chatting awhile, they withdrew, one by one, as though to their rooms.

"They 're going to play bridge with that chicken," said Mr. Gooding to himself;

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"and I think I 'm going to sit up till they leave off."

The four were in Lady Felicia's sitting-room now. The maids were dismissed for the night, all but Felicia's, a discreet hand of middle age whom nothing could scare. Then, almost without a word wasted on small talk, the game began. The luck of the cut paired Mary with the hostess, and Twiggy with Muriel, for the first game.

"Penny points?" said Felicia, with a cold smile to her partner. "You 're no novice now."

At the end of half an hour Mary was the richer by a couple of pounds. It was a new experience for her, the winning of money worth the count, and it had a fascination of its own. Her father had been almost her only antagonist at cards, and her contests with him had rarely left her the better or worse by more than a florin. But forty shillings! It was like a beginning of income. First earnings always mark a new epoch in life.

"Look at it!" she laughed.

"Millionaire soon, at this rate," said Muriel.

Then there were ups and downs; and Polly blundered, and Di—for they became all nicknames now—bit her lip, and "Fliss" laughingly said, "Better luck next time," and Twiggy, whose mother owned mines in Bilbao, alone seemed unaware that anything had happened either way.

Finally, with a serious change in the luck, poor Polly lost all her winnings and something more in a single deal.

"I think I 'll go to bed now," she said.

"Try a change of partners and sixpenny points," said Lady Felicia, dryly. "It may change the luck. We can book it, you know, Polly. Di 's the clearing-house; and we 'll settle up at the end."

"Change packs, too, while we 're about it," said Muriel. She swept the two in play to the floor, where they lay like so much wreckage of the woods, and drew fresh ones from a neat morocco box stamped with her monogram. Whatever else was not in that honorable young person's luggage, this was never left behind. It was an object of even greater anxiety to her maid than the jewel-case.

Mary mated with Ethel Penstone this time, Muriel as dealer, and—sixpenny points.

Ethel shuffled. It was a pretty sight. Her effortless fingers simply shed the cards; and it was really difficult to regard these as the devil's playthings while they dropped so gracefully from the direction of the sky. The very rhythm in their slight rustle over the polished surfaces was music of a kind. The bared white arm was quite motionless; only the wrist moved, and that almost imperceptibly but for a point of light in her diamond bracelet that rose and fell with an even beat.

They examined their cards, their brows, smooth or troubled, marking degrees of proficiency in the game. Mary pursued her studies with a frown.

Muriel, as dealer, had the right to decide on the trump suit; but she passed it on to Lady Felicia, with the formula: "Partner, I 'll leave it to you."

Felicia having made her choice, the initiative in raising the value of the stakes came to Ethel as leader. She decided to double, so the points became shilling ones at a stroke. Mary checked herself in futile dissent with a gasp. The next moment she was all aglow with the gambler's everlasting hope of a miracle.

The charm of this delightful game is that the stake, big or little, has the illusory nature of all matter in the best philosophic systems. It is a single grain of sand at one moment; at another, by doubling and redoubling at the will of individual players, it becomes a whole Sahara.

Ethel led, with an engaging indifference to results which marked her proceedings from first to last. Felicia, becoming ex-officio dummy as partner of the dealer, exposed her hand on the table and simply watched the game. If Mary had been able to look up, she might have found a sort of terror in the steely eyes. The watcher's interests, however, were in excellent keeping, for dummy's hand was played by Muriel.

It was a scene of strange contrasts, the old and the new. The players, with their charm of age and sex and evening toilets, sat in a turret-chamber with walls a yard thick, glowing in the electric light. The middle ages had blinked and shivered here in the glare of pine torches stuck in the wall, in the fitful warmth of log fires with the open casement for their chimney, and in breezes that sometimes inflated the tapestry like a balloon. There was tapestry still, but it was only part of a decorative

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scheme, of which innumerable curios in the precious metals, and trifles of every imaginable description in hardly less precious fancy leather, with bronzes, water-colors, sofas, rugs, skins of the chase, and a heavy Persian carpet as a welcome substitute for green rushes, formed the details.

But the strangest contrast was in the young women themselves. The stern game unsexed them, and they became as hard as men in the like condition. They were playing for money,—playing for an income, in the case of Muriel,—and they took on the fierce, relentless manner of all who are fighting for life. The environment is everything. Put Milton's Eve at the pit mouth, to which so many of her daughters have drifted, and softness and sweet attractive grace will no longer be her distinguishing charm. Give the Dorothea of Cervantes a tough hand to play for her bread and butter, or at any rate for her pins, and she will have the characteristics, if not exactly the manners, of the betting-ring. They were hard and curt in question and answer, with scant consideration for one another's little weaknesses and little ways. Man, the idealizer, might have been troubled had he heard and seen. Mr. Gooding kept the chamber under observation from his window in a rectangular wing. It was lucky that nothing more reached him than a ray of light from the chink of a curtain imperfectly closed.

XXXIII

PAST one o'clock and a cloudy morning, and ten minutes for refreshment. They rose, stretched themselves. Felicia sent for her dressing-gown, and her maid, on returning with it, noiselessly mended the fire, so as to cause no scandal to a house at rest. She then put cigarettes on the table, with tea, and waters weak and strong—the latter in the form of cognac from her ladyship's dressing-case. They chatted awhile, chiefly in slang and nicknames—all but Mary, who was now forty pounds to the bad. She was ready to run for it now in sheer terror, but she was held back by two considerations—the fear of ridicule, the forlorn hope of recovering her losses.

Play resumed, but with no change of partners, the victors having generously offered the others their revenge. The house is fast asleep, save perhaps for the distant smoking-room, where Tom Penniquicke and his cronies still take up their wondrous tale of the shortcomings of their order. His subject to-night is the scandal of the card-table in great houses. The best and the worst of all talk is not so much what is said as what is assumed. The thing assumed here is the cancerous corruption of a section of society—the matron ready to pay in kind the gambling debts she is unable to pay in specie; the girl held in pawn by the profligate with the dread of exposure.

Mr. Gooding, no longer cheered, or rather tormented, by the wandering ray, turns in, under the delusive belief that the sitting is at an end. He is much mistaken. They are at two-shilling points now. Mary owes sixty pounds, and is ready for anything, in her desperate desire to recover herself.

Has her chance come? Muriel deals her a capital hand in hearts—king, knave, nine, and smaller fry, with equally fair cards of other suits; and, at the same time, declares hearts for the trump.

Ethel declines to double, but passes it on to her partner. Now is the time for the manœuver by which Mary herself has been so heavily hit.

She doubles.

Muriel redoubles as calmly as if she were taking a stroke at croquet.

Mary hopes that none may hear her heart beat under the shock of surprise; but it is all or nothing now. She redoubles.

Then they close for the shock of battle.

Ethel, by way of response to her partner's suggestion of great strength in trumps, leads out her single heart.

Alas! the strong man holdeth only on a well-known condition. Muriel, by the sheer luck of the deal, has a still better hand than Mary, and, with ace, queen, ten, and other trumps at command, is able promptly to put the lead into dummy's hand.

It is the Sedan of poor Mary's plan of campaign, not ill devised as it was on the ordinary calculation of chances.

Dummy leads hearts, and Muriel is able to "sit over" Mary every time.

When a conflict has reached this stage, the humane spectator withdraws. No one cares to look on sheer butchery.

Mary makes no count in trumps, and finally loses four tricks, counting sixty-four each, on a score already working out at something over a thousand.

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Her total loss now stands at one hundred and fifty pounds.

The game is over; the dawn will be here soon. They rise for leave-taking, but not so hurriedly as to preclude a kiss all round.

Gamblers are rarely nice to look at after an all-night sitting, and these young people are no exception to the rule. They are the mere wreckage of the stately order in which they entered the arena yesterday for their triumphs of the drawing-room. Their hair is a tangle of shreds of coiffure; their eyes are lusterless and rimmed with the stains of fatigue; their lips are dry. Toilets that were studied compositions in the carelessness of art are now all astray in the muddle of mere untidiness. Their unwashed hands have sought brow and cheek in the anguish of the struggle, and left their mark.

The room is even worse than its occupants. It is the room that awaits the housemaid every morning in all our houses, but aggravated in the grossness of its effects: rugs, table-covers, all awry, soda-water bottles littering the floor, even a tumbler or two with a sediment of stale drink, stumps of cigarettes, cards crunched underfoot—in a word, disgusting, and more than ever so in its association with a sex of which refinement of habit is the essential charm. Yet the innermost misery of all is not in these things, but in the fact that girlhood has, for the first time in social history, been smirched with these revolting associations. Wicked old women have played for gain in all ages. It has been reserved for ours to admit young ones who ought to be innocent to the partnership of such unholy rites.

"Settling day to-morrow, dear, if you don't mind," whispers Lady Felicia in Mary's ear. "We 're leaving after luncheon."

It says much for Mary's innocence that she takes no thought of her trinkets in this emergency, and, in short, never once remembers that beyond an angry father may be found a placid "uncle" at need. It is but a stage, no doubt, in the experience of modern girlhood, but it is most refreshing to the beholder while it lasts.

So she gives only a feeble smile in response, rushes to her room, and, with the most shocking terrors of remorse, throws herself on her bed with "Gambler! gambler! gambler!" singing in her ears.

Mr. Gooding might almost as well have made a night of it, too, for all the comfort he had of his couch. He rose after fitful slumbers, and drew his curtains to look for dawn. It was almost broad daylight. A cloaked female figure paced the terrace below at a rate that signified either a cold morning or a troubled mind. A single glance at the figure showed him that it was Mary, so he decided for the troubled mind. He rose, and was soon by her side.

The poor creature was in torment. She had lost what with her means and opportunities she could never recover. Her debt of honor was even more binding than any other, but how was it to be paid at short notice? Her allowance, reduced as it had voluntarily been on her part since the beginning of her father's troubles, would never suffice. The thought of the poor old man was maddening. Was she, his mainstay in trouble, to be a second Tom?

But she was brave still, and she returned the young man's greeting with composure.

"You are out early," she said. The hard, dry voice, with all the youth gone out of it, told half her tale.

"Looking for an appetite for breakfast. You have n't seen anything of the sort about?"

"If I had," she returned in the same cheerless tone, "I am afraid I should have appropriated it, for I came first."

"I surrender my claims in any case."

"Oh, I was not thinking of that at all," she said impatiently, her self-command yielding a little, in spite of her, to the appalling friction of the nerves that was going on within.

"I dare n't ask questions."

She felt that she was betraying herself, and tried to change her tone.

"Well, if you want to know, I was thinking of the strangest thing in the world."

"Oh, please share the joke with a friend."

"It is n't a joke," she said, with a quickness that went straight to his heart. "It was just this: I wonder how women earn money when they happen to want to do it, you know."

"Augusta could tell you."

"Oh, but I mean quick—quick!"

"They don't play bridge with old hands," returned the youth, who saw that his moment had come. "That 's the negative of the process, anyway."

"Who told you?" she said, almost fiercely.

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"Yourself."

"So *you 've* turned against me!" she cried, with trembling lip and the tears welling to her eyes.

It was unreasonable, but only the more flattering. He thought of the bank-notes in his pocket-book, and how easily, in other circumstances, a loan might settle the whole business.

"How I wish you were a man!" he said.

"Oh, say anything you like," said Mary. "I suppose I deserve it. Tell me I am lowered in your good opinion; tell me you would never have thought it of me. But remember I only began it out of bravado, and, at any rate, I 'm no worse than—"

"Than?"

"Your American girls."

"I assure you, they are not half as brave as you think."

"You know they are."

"If some of them could hear you, they might say 'Do tell!'"

"I know what you are thinking of me."

"I wonder if you do."

"You made me do it."

"I?"

"What you said about the hair-pins. I was n't going to show I was afraid before —before a foreigner. If I had been an American girl, you would have said it was all right."

"As in honor bound."

"You know they do just as they like."

"Perhaps. You see, there are so many things they don't like."

Silent misery.

"I did n't play for the money, whatever you think of me. I began just to show I was n't afraid. Then I went on to get back what I 'd lost. I 'd do that again, if I could get another chance."

"That 's the spirit and—there 's the breakfast-bell."

Lady Felicia sought him out at the meal, after her wont. "I hope you are in a kinder frame of mind this morning."

"At peace with all mankind."

"And that includes womankind?"

"Unquestionably."

"Then don't trifle; there 's a good boy." She had the share-list in her hand, and followed one of the entries with her pencil for pointer. "They 've dropped again."

"Just like them. It 's an uncertain game. Why not stick to bridge, Lady Felicia?"

She laughed uneasily, and looked at him, still smiling, but with a world of mischief in her eye.

"She 's told you."

"I 've found out."

"Telling is n't the ethics of the game."

"Oh, the moment you bring ethics into it, where are we? All sorts of questions may arise: players of approved strength against weaklings; a chaperon with young girls in her charge; perhaps even the obligations of guest to host in a strange house."

"It was all fair—the luck of the game."

"Bridge is not a gamble, Lady Felicia; if it were, that would only make the case worse."

"It is like the great game, life itself," she said: "the best wins."

"That 's just it: the best head. The deal is only the accident of birth. With two such players as Lady Felicia and Miss Paryngton, invocations to Fortune would be all thrown away."

"Muriel 's not such a wonder," she said; "it 's only that Mary 's such a child."

"That 's just it again—such a child."

"It will be a lesson for her."

"I am afraid the duke would hardly like to think of her receiving the lesson at Allonby."

"Is it a threat?"

"By no means; only a warning."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Only to play the game, Lady Felicia."

This time her ladyship cowered beneath his gaze.

He saw nothing of Mary, or of any of them, till luncheon, and then the whole scene had changed. The girl was radiant.

"We 've been playing all the morning," she said,—"same partners. They would have me in,—was n't it nice of them?—and I 've won it all back but twenty pounds."

"I should stop there," said the youth, "and put up my votive tablet at once."

"Only too happy," she said. "But you were wrong. I told you it was all luck. I seemed to win hand over hand. Even Muriel was stupid; and I never saw Felicia play so badly. Will you own you were all wrong, and make it up?"

"I 'll own anything, now that you 're all right," he said.

Felicia winged a rankling shaft as she took her leave. "Lucky Mary, with a

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friend who threatens to tell!" she whispered with the parting kiss.

They were still at the hall door when a groom came in sight. He was from Liddicot, and the bearer of a scrawl from her father:

For God's sake, Polly, come home at once!

"What is it?" she faltered.

"News from Mr. Tom, miss. But don't you take on: he 's only wounded."

It was the last straw. With the strangest little upward look and smile, as of deprecation of fresh trouble, she fainted.

ANOTHER and a far more dreadful message of doom was to come next day to Allonby, to all England, and to all the Britains. The last of the Points were leaving the castle, still on their endless round of pleasure, when even they were startled by the thunderclap of the Queen's death. They seemed to fall apart from one another under the shock, and to be converted in a moment from a band of revelers in full cry into a flying crowd of phantoms scattering before the presence of a great reality. The flag fell half-mast at the castle, and with sorrow in the household, sorrow in the state, the great bell tolled the end of an epoch. For such it was, whatever else was to come for the Queen's realm in the providence of God.

(To be continued)

TO HER WHO LOVED HIM BEST OF ALL

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Southerners," "Hohenzollern," etc.

WHEN "Evidenced by Service" was published it met with an instant and overwhelming success. His friends—and in truth most readers were that, for he was a popular author and had written much—finished its perusal with three states of emotion striving for the mastery—surprise, admiration, and regret. His other books, while they had all been honest, wholesome, pleasing novels, had not led them to expect anything at once so deep, so brilliant, so subtle as this. In each human being, it has been said, there is at least one real book, one real romance. This was his.

The conception of the novel was so startling and original, it was worked out on such strong and unusual lines, the characters were so finely drawn, and the affection of the woman who filled the center of the story was evidenced in so strange and powerful a way, by an act of unprecedented service to, and sacrifice for, her lover, that his warmest admirers even, to say nothing of the public generally, were lost in admiration. The critics, even the great ones whose words have weight, praised the book without a dissenting voice; the presses put forth edition after edition, and the book-stores could hardly keep pace with the eager buyers. It was the literary sensation not only of the day, and of the season, but of the year.

The regret of it all was that he was no longer alive to enjoy his belated but unequivocal triumph. He had been an old-fashioned author in many respects, never making use of a secretary or a type-writer, for instance, but writing his books laboriously out in longhand. They found him dead one morning seated before his desk, his head bowed upon his left arm, and that arm upon the manuscript of this last story. The pen was still clasped in his hand. He was indifferent now to praise or blame, success or failure. He had been a hard, persistent worker with his busy pen all his life, and it was a great pity that success came so late—too late.

The last words that he had written had

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been traced upon the top sheet of paper, blank save for this significant line of dedication:

To her who loves me best of all

There was no explanation vouchsafed as to who was in his mind when he wrote, not the faintest clue anywhere by which the identity of that unknown woman could be discovered. There was some little speculation about it among the critics for a time, some natural curiosity in the public mind at first; but the matter soon ceased to interest in the larger appeal to discussion made by the wonderful book itself, and the question dropped from the view of every one except five women. To them it became of vital moment indeed, for each one of the five loved him, and the question, "Is it I?" was at once of serious import so soon as it was formulated by five undecided jealous hearts.

It so happened that not one of them had seen the dedication until the book had been published, for the manuscript had been sent by his literary executors to the publisher without inspection or revision by any member of his family or by any of the others. In one way or another the book came into the hands of each one of them about the same time, and the five women faced the problem without reading the book,—that was a secondary matter,—and strove to solve it at the same instant from the dedication alone.

THE first to consider it was an old, bowed, white-haired woman of threescore and ten years—a woman bereft of her only son, who sat alone waiting the end. She wondered, at first dully and then with awakening apprehension, if she had been in his thoughts as he had traced the words. What love is there that humanity may feel that equals a mother's love? She had borne him; in her bosom he had lain; she had carried him in her arms as a child; her knee had been his altar in infancy. Over him, around him, about him, her fostering care had been thrown. She had trained him, developed him. It was largely due to her labor and love that he was what he was.

There had been other children born to her. One by one they had gone. He only had been left alive. To him only had she turned at last. Did he mean her? Had this great work that crowned his life been dedicated to her? Surely none had loved him as she. By right, then, she could claim it from all the world—from wife, from child, from friend, she thought with the quiet but exceeding bitter jealousy of the old.

"Evidenced by Service." She read the title over again. She had scarcely noted it before. What did that mean? Was it love that was evidenced? How stood she there? Had she loved him by that test? Had she served him in the end as in the beginning? Had her devotion wavered or faltered? Was there a taint of self in it? Her conscience smote her at the thoughts. He had been worried, harassed, straitened in many ways in these latter years. She had seen it, she had known it. Had she aggravated his trouble? Had she done what she could for him, had she given or demanded? There had been quarrels, causeless, foolish, jealous quarrels with his wife, dissensions between them on account of him. Had it been her fault? Had she shown the spirit of love, of comity, of self-sacrifice? Had she thought of him or herself first? Had she striven to make him happy? Was it she, after all? His look reproached her because there was only love and consideration for her in it—no reproof for his mother. She sat staring aimlessly before her in the silence, so old, so lonely, the book neglected in her lap. Was it she? O God, was it she?

WHAT of another woman? He had been fond of quoting to his wife, she now remembered, that little word of Scripture, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." And to-day that broken-hearted wife sat alone before his desk in the study on the top floor of their home, which she had so infrequently visited when he lived and worked there, but which now seemed the only room in that lonely house in which she could bear to abide, for there everything spoke to her of him. She lifted the book to her lips and confidently appropriated to herself the dedication. He had thought of her then. Thank God! Yes. In those closing hours, in that last night before he went to sleep to awake elsewhere, he had thought of her, of her. She kissed the page with a passionate in-

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tensity. No one had loved him as she. He must have known it.

But stop! Doubt came into her heart also. Did he, had he known it? Had she known it herself, until after? Ah, no. She must be honest with herself now, and if she had not, how could he have known? There had been quarrels, differences, dissensions, petty bickerings, ill tempers—her fault, her fault. She had not entered into his work, had not understood him, had not sympathized with him as she might. She had been captious, indifferent, exacting. Had she? Had he been first in her thoughts before all the rest? He was so tired, not himself, and she had not comprehended. He had died alone, over his book, pen in hand, like the knight in his harness. What had he said last to her? Or she to him? When had she kissed him last in life?

He had worked so hard, so faithfully, for her and her children. Had she worked for him? Had she kept from him all trouble, all annoyance, that she might have done? Or had she loaded these things upon his already burdened shoulders? Had she been a helpmate to him? "Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honor, and keep him?" Service? Had she evidenced aught by that supreme test? There was his mother—there were so many things. They crowded swiftly upon her.

Had she ever known him before? Ah, now she knew him. None knew him as she. He had been so kind to her, so gentle with her, so indulgent to her. How had she repaid him? She remembered again so many things he had said and done—things full of meaning to her now, different meaning, better meaning. The illumination of a great sorrow was upon her, the enlightenment of a great loss was poured into her soul. She knew him at last. She saw him as he was. She loved him now as none other could. She understood him as never before, and it was too late, too late! Could he have meant her when he wrote those last words? Could he have fathomed her heart in spite of herself? Or was there some other one? Who could it be?

She laid the book down on the desk, where his head had lain when he died, rested her head on her hands, and stared at it in a cold agony of jealous indecision, as one fascinated. Like the mother, she had no tears. She was praying, praying in vain for one word of assurance.

In the privacy of her chamber sat his daughter. She was a girl of eighteen, with all the undimmed enthusiasm of her years. She had been proud of her father, passionately attached to him. Fond of her mother, yes, but the two stood on such different planes that there was no comparison. She took the book in her hand and bedewed the page with her tears—the easy tears of youth. She had been such a comfort to him in many ways, he had said sometimes. She had understood him less, but had worshiped him more. Had he meant her?

There was a childish jealousy in the query in her heart, jealousy of her mother, of her grandmother, of everybody. What was the test he himself had laid down? The highest test of love, service? Had she served him? Had she helped him as she might have done? Had she been a daughter indeed? Alas! there arose before her moments of folly, of petulance, of scenes that had tried him almost beyond endurance. If she only had not done it! If she only had always been what he fain would have made her, what she could so easily have been! It was not she, fond, foolish little child. Would God it might have been!

Away out West a woman who had lived unmarried all these years for love of him pressed the book to her heart, which cried out, in jealous pain she could not stifle, that he must have meant her, there could be no other. They had been boy and girl lovers together and were to have been married. She was young and foolish; they quarreled. It was her fault. He went away and married some one else. She had never seen him since then, and she had repented only once—that was all her life. When too late she discovered that she had loved him with a passion like that Francesca bore Paolo, or Petrarch held for Laura.

And he had loved her. If things had been different and they had been together, how her love would have uplifted him, ennobled him! She knew that she would have made him a better wife than any other; that she would have understood him, sympathized with him, helped him, aided him, as none other could. He must have felt it. The compulsion of her passion

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must have been upon him. He must have known it. Her heart must have spoken to him in some ethereal hour. Sometimes the dying see visions. Had he seen at last and believed? And was she wrought within the fabric of his final dream?

Yet she, too, had failed him. She had robbed him of the treasure of her affection. When she might have been all to him she had elected to be nothing. Could that be explained or brushed aside? Service? She had given him none at all. She had loved him as none other. But had he understood? No, the book was not for her; she could not claim it by desert, however much her desire. He would never know it. He could never understand. Her heart might break with impotent passion, it could make no difference now.

Out where they laid him on the slope of the hill fronting the east, a woman held the book in her trembling hand and looked down at the green mound stretching monotonously from her feet. There were withered flowers upon it, blossoms as evanescent as remembrance. She stood there unheeding the soft drip of the rain drenching the wretched garments enshrouding her figure, a ghastly, haggard woman, fallen as low as humanity could fall and yet be human.

Late one night years ago he had been walking along the deserted river front of the great city in search of local color for one of his novels, and he had pulled from the water at the risk of his life this wretched creature, sick with the hideous horror of her situation, and striving to end it all with one plunge into the icy flood. Nor had his services ceased there. He had provided for her, found a place of rest for her, helped her, in his strong and quiet way, to make something out of herself, put her in the way of becoming a good woman once more.

No one had ever spoken to her as he. She had never met one like him. Her heart had gone out to him. She had loved him with her whole soul. She had worshiped the ground he had walked upon. If he had known he might have meant her. If he had looked he might have recognized her devotion. The book might have been for her; she would appropriate it to herself anyway; by right of the truth it was hers, for she had loved him best of all.

Yet the love she bore him had not served to save her. The last state of the woman was worse than the first. She loved him, yet she had been weak. She had tried,—O God, how she had tried!—and if she had failed, it had not been his fault. Had he known of her failure it would have grieved him to the very heart, but she had gone away and left no word.

"He should have been mine; he was mine, if love gives a claim!" she cried, stretching out her hands to the cold gray clouds bending low above her head. "If I could have been his it might have been different. He did not know, but the book was for me. There is none other can feel as I. He was life to me, salvation to me!"

Stop! There had not been life enough in her love for him to draw her away from the body of death to which she was bound. Her love had not been strong enough to save her from shame. Whoever else there might be, whoever else might claim the words, she was the unworthiest of them all. The book was not for her. She hesitated even to read it, although to buy it had taken her last penny. She knelt down on the wet grass, her face in her hands, but could form no petition. She could not even think of God, for she thought of him.

Yet in the book, all unconsciously it may be, he had solved the problem, and presently one woman of the five read and understood, a peace in her heart that to the others was denied.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME

WANTED: ANOTHER WESLEY

IT is interesting to note that in the same summer when is begun the celebration of a world-influencing act of empire, there have also been two very notable personal celebrations, neither being of men connected with governments or exercising power through legislation or warlike conflict. They were of men whose conquests and whose empire were of the spirit. The two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Wesley, whose avowed followers are numbered by millions and are scattered over the entire globe, was naturally more widely extended than the one-hundredth celebration of the birth of Emerson, the subtile poet, essayist, and lecturer, who formulated no system and founded not the smallest organization. For the very reason, however, that the Emerson celebration was that of a quiet scholar, and not of a popular orator and leader, its significance is peculiar and gratifying; for it shows, to any who need the demonstration, that the physical, the sordid, the external do not entirely dominate these times of rush and strain, of vulgar distractions and unsavory success.

In a recent number (THE CENTURY for May, 1903) we endeavored to point out "Our Inheritance in Emerson." The Wesley bicentennial brings home to us here in America certain considerations which are vividly timely. Professor Winchester's able and unprejudiced summary of Wesley's life and influence, in the July and August numbers of THE CENTURY, presents a character and career worthy of closer attention than has been given to them by our generation. When one reads of Wesley and the "Methodist" movement of his time, one goes back to the old wonder—what would have happened if Catholicism could have included within itself the spiritual fires of the German Reformation; what would have happened if Catholic France had kept the Huguenots at home, instead of sending out into all the world such a frightful proportion of its most valuable citizenship; what would have happened if the Church of England had been wise and skilful enough to have itself adopted the great religious reform of the eighteenth century, and used it as a new and tremendous instrument for righteousness?

As to Wesley's character and individual traits, they seem the more interesting, the more fortunate, the better they are understood. Merely as a writer—though without many traits that give charm to literature—he has delighted some of those who care most for verbal expression. Wesley says a thing and lets it vibrate, not in his own added language, but in the mind of the reader. Said Fitzgerald, speaking of Wesley's "Journal": "It is remarkable to read pure, unaffected, undying English, while Addison and Johnson are tainted with a style which all the world imitated."

The seed of Wesley's religious propaganda was his own soul-experience, and that of his associates and followers. Then, as a practical force, was added his sense of the power of combination to effect large results. Both the secret experience and the wise reliance upon combination were matters that came to him through others, and not by means of mere lonely and unaided cogitation; for his truly scholarly spirit eagerly drank in instruction, advice, and inspiration from every quarter. This great schoolmaster was always at school.

Wesley owed the lasting character of his work to his power of energizing combination. To a deep inward experience and conviction add this belief of his in associated effort, a "genius for government" which Macaulay said "was not inferior to that of Richelieu," his logic and power of clear-cut statement, his liberality as to opin-

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ion, his coolness, and absence of fanaticism, his longevity, and his unbounded and phenomenal moral and physical energy, and you have a movement which not only changed the English people and deeply affected America in his own time, but which in less than two centuries has achieved a following of something like twenty-five millions of human beings.

A very timely consideration concerning Wesley's career has to do with the effect of his movement upon what may be called the public morals of the English people. A remarkable passage in Professor Winchester's July article describes the wholesome effect of Wesleyanism upon the morals of England in the eighteenth century. He declares that Wesleyanism, by penetrating to the masses at the bottom of society, helped to make impossible any "rabid revolt against all established things, such as disgraced the worst period of the French Revolution." Notice, also, Wesley's influence in abating smuggling, and his denunciation of bribery at elections. It is evident that the religion that Wesley preached purified the state by uplifting the individual, and that it very distinctly included the civic virtues.

Is it not evident that if Wesley were alive to-day, and passing in our country from place to place in his wonderful ministry to the masses, his voice would be heard denouncing the civic corruption appallingly rampant in our communities; in deploring the horrible lynching mania which has swept over so many States of the Union; and in attacking the ignoble view of the marriage relation which seems to be gaining ground among us?

Is it not evident that some sort of widespread ethical revival is needed in this country to-day? Who will be the men and women, what will be the agencies, that shall effect this revival?

THE PRESIDENT'S TRIP AND THE FORESTS

THE President's outing in the West has been of public service in calling renewed attention to the extraordinary treasures of natural scenery with which the trans-Mississippi region is endowed, and incidentally to the pressing need of a continuance and extension of the conservative policy regarding the national forests to which, happily, the government is thoroughly committed by the administrations of Presidents Harrison, Cleveland, and McKinley, and now by that of President Roosevelt. Most of the forest reservations have been established at the close of the Presidential term, giving rise to the jest that when a retiring President looks over certain weak places in his record he endeavors to propitiate the future by making a lot of forest reservations, as though to enlist Ceres to intercede with Clio for his fame. The pleasantry serves to remind one of the enlightened stand for the public welfare which Mr. Roosevelt's three predecessors took in this matter, and of our consequent debt of honor to them. It also, however, reminds us that the present chief magistrate is not going to await the close of his incumbency to throw the full force of his influence in favor of the new policy (now, be it remembered, less than fifteen years old) by which a stop was put to the ruinous waste of the great national forests.

If current rumor is to be credited, possibly before these lines shall be published another large and much-needed reservation in the northern Sierra will be proclaimed, extending from the Yosemite National Park to Oregon, and thus completing an almost unbroken chain of mountain reservations from Mexico to British Columbia. Californians need not be told of the enormous benefit to them of the conservation of the water-supply which will be secured by this act: they have long been converts to the reservation system. The region in question had already temporarily been withdrawn from settlement —largely fraudulent settlement—before the President's visit to Yosemite, and if it is to be made a permanent reserve, the fortunate decision will doubtless have been due to his personal observation of conditions in the Sierra. If his trip had resulted in no other public benefit, this alone would have justified it.

But it has had also the benefit of an educational effect upon the people as well as upon the President. His exhortations to them to respect the forests and to cherish them and protect them against destructive invasion have given a new impulse to public sentiment, and will hasten the time when, the upper watersheds of all the great streams being protected by "reservations on paper," the administration will take up

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the question of a vigorous defense of these tracts against timber thieves and against the sheep-herders who now invade them—for the most part illegally, but sometimes, as in Oregon, through the mistaken leniency of the law. That this is possible by a show of determination to enforce the regulations is clear from the management of the Yosemite National Park under military supervision, the success of which is leading Californians to inquire why the old Yosemite grant should not now be receded to the government and have the benefits of inclusion in the Park which surrounds it.

There was certainly never a more opportune time to consider questions of the preservation and scientific control of the great forests. Their relation to fire and flood has been forcibly brought home to us by the disasters of the early summer. Now is the time to agitate for the Appalachian and White Mountain parks—both sadly needed—and for the project to transfer the care of all the reservations to the Forestry Bureau of the Department of Agriculture, now under the direction of a trained and public-spirited officer.

The President's trip is also likely to induce more of his countrymen to see the magnificent scenery of the West. He was happy in his choice, among his companions, of two such lovers and interpreters of nature as John Burroughs and John Muir, writers whose preaching of the gospel of outdoor life is one of the sanest influences of our berated times. Mr. Roosevelt's debt of health to the West and his appreciation of its great natural features lend practical force to his wish that his countrymen shall know it better. His regretful statement that the larger proportion of visitors to the Yellowstone are foreigners would probably apply to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado as well, if not to the Yosemite. All three of these marvelous regions should be as familiar to our people as Niagara or the White Mountains. "The spoiled child," say the Japanese, "should be made to travel," a prescription which may well be made for the child in danger of being spoiled. It would be fortunate if well-to-do parents in the Eastern States could see the advantage of sending their sons out from the fret and luxury of our complex life into the wholesome calm, simplicity, and unforgetable majesty of these Western wonderlands.

OPEN LETTERS

The Minister's Day's Work

NOTWITHSTANDING considerable popular opinion to the contrary, the modern minister is fairly entitled to a place among the world's workers. To be sure, he does not take his dinner-pail every morning and join the procession of factory operatives, nor does he put in an appearance at the counting-room a few minutes past nine of the clock. When Saturday night comes it is difficult to estimate his weekly output in terms of pounds or bales. Nevertheless, the minister works—not the lazy minister, but the average minister. Some work harder than others, some more wisely, but they all work, and as a rule they work as hard as lawyers, physicians, railroad officials, marketmen, or street-sweepers.

Sunday is not the minister's chief working-day; it is his exhibit day, and is not a hard day to the preacher prepared for it. Then it is that the labors of the six previous days reach their glorious consummation. No minister in good health and with a tolerable measure of faith ever complains about Sunday. It is then that his pulses quicken and his heart thrills with the joy of bringing things to pass. It is true that the average minister has little leisure time on Sunday, but if the weather has been fairly decent, and he has kept himself in good form, and people have been reasonably appreciative and sympathetic, he goes to his slumbers Sunday night no more exhausted than a man ought to be who has anything to do in God's world, and not a bit more weary than he often is on Saturday night or on Wednesday night. His Sunday and the value and attractiveness of his part in it will depend altogether on the steadiness and definiteness of the work the week through.

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Let us follow him up, beginning with Monday. That day from time immemorial has been supposed to be his own peculiar property, and the average minister still differentiates somewhat between it and the days that follow. But the pressing demands of modern life have encroached upon this time for rest and relaxation. The ministerial clubs usually meet on Monday, and if a man stays away, he is in danger of being thought ascetic and exclusive. It is the time, too, for the regular session of the executive committees of various missionary and philanthropic boards, and as the average town minister belongs to half a dozen, he must often yield several hours of his precious Monday to careful consideration of appropriations or of delicate questions of administration. Then, there is likely to be in the evening some social or semi-professional function at which he is in duty bound to appear.

So Monday flies by, and the minister is fortunate if he has secured an hour on the golf-links, or a brisk little spin on his wheel, or a frolic with his babies, or a bit of a fishing excursion with his growing boy, or a chance to dip into the novel of the month, or a half-hour's reading from the poets with the mistress of the manse. The truth is, the average minister's Monday does not amount to as much in the way of recreation and personal indulgence as the average business man's Sunday stands for in what it seldom fails to bring him of physical rest, social joys, and selfish pleasure. But granting that Monday is more or less a holiday, how about Tuesday, Wednesday, and on through the week? Now we are ready to measure the nature, the bulk, and the worth of a minister's real work. There are three lines of labor in which a minister is engaged almost constantly from the beginning to the end of his working-year. The first has in view his pulpit, the second his parish, the third the general public. Twenty hours a week is a conservative estimate of the time which the high-minded preacher gives to the preparation of his sermons. It is strenuous labor, too. No man can keep his place long in the modern pulpit who relies on scrap-books and homiletic monthlies for the pabulum of his pulpit discourse. The keen competition of the newspaper, the magazine, the review, the novel, the fresh scientific treatise, forces the minister to delve deep.

It is not easy for the average business man to appreciate the pressure under which the conscientious minister labors because of the unrelaxing demands of his pulpit. Through all the six preceding days Sunday is looming up as a testing-time which he cannot evade or escape. The decent minister loathes repetitions and platitudes. Once and again during the earlier part of the week he wonders at his own presumptuousness when he reflects that in a comparatively few hours a hundred, five hundred, a thousand people will be coming together to hear him speak for the space of half an hour. He knows, too, that most of that congregation will have heard him scores of times. After all, what has he to say more than he has been saying for the last ten or twenty years—"Be good, do your duty, love God, serve your fellow-men"? If he has not something simple, clear, direct, helpful, to say about the deeper side of a man's personal life, about the forces that build manhood and sustain the children of earth through the sorrows and fears of this mortal life, he does not want to set foot again upon his pulpit stairs. And it is this responsibility for the words of his mouth that impels him to bring to bear on his task for three or four hours each morning every ounce of intellectual and spiritual power which he possesses. He knows that he will have only half an hour in which to hammer a sense of unseen realities into minds burdened with thoughts of temporal things, or, as a great English preacher once put it, only half an hour in which to raise the dead.

A variety of employment certainly makes toil easier, and the minister confesses his good fortune in that his afternoon and evening occupations are usually quite unlike those of the morning. But he is still in the harness; only now it is with the parish and the public that he is immediately concerned. The modern minister regards his people both as his field and as his force. As his field, he takes cognizance of individual needs and family relationships. That carries him out day after day on his round of pastoral calls. There is less, to be sure, in these days than there was a generation ago, of mechanical and perfunctory calling. Wise pastors reserve themselves as far as possible for special cases. But, after all, if a man wants to build up a church,—and most ministers do,—nothing is more effective than a great deal of calling. People return his call by coming to his services, and if he never knows and sees them, they are less disposed to go where he can be found. The newcomer, too, must always be sought out, and five afternoons in the week are none too long for even a moderate amount of wisely directed labor of this sort. It is genuine labor, too, sometimes very wearisome, sometimes unproductive, too often unappreciated. But those who still cherish that fine old conception of the ministry as a cure of souls do not shirk personal contact with their flock.

But the church is a minister's force, too, his army to be generaled, his institution to be administered. If he had only to furnish the motive power, his profession would be easier; but in nine cases out of ten he has to attend to the running of the machinery, too. A network of organizations, ranging from the Band of Hope, composed of the tots, up to the Men's

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Club and the Women's Missionary Society, seek his counsel and direction. The number of really efficient workers even in a big church is woefully small. So the minister puts his shoulder to the wheel, and concludes that it oftener takes less time and energy to do a given thing than to get some one else to do it.

All the while the public makes constant and frequently just claims upon the minister. The pleasure of his presence and a brief address is sought for the opening of the new hospital for crippled children. The anti-saloon crusade must have his services in connection with one of its most important committees. The Woman's Club covets the hearing of his paper on Browning. He is everybody's man. People who have never ventured inside the doors of the church where he preaches demand that he shall put aside every other engagement and bury their dead. Very often, too, they want a eulogy when the material for it is altogether lacking. "What shall I talk about?" said a minister the other day, in despair over the duty expected of him at the funeral of a man regarding whom it was almost impossible to say one good word. "Shall I talk about the brevity of life, or the longevity of life, or the progress of mankind during the last fifty years?" Thus long afternoons and evenings far into the night are consumed by a multitude of miscellaneous and sometimes irksome duties. The minister does not recount them for the sake of awakening sympathy. They are inevitable elements in the vocation to which he has deliberately given his life. The only justification for citing them is to neutralize the impression that the average minister does less than his share of the world's work.

Apart from the labors that fruit into pulpit ministration and pastoral and public service, is no accounting to be made of the mental strain and the spiritual travail which are an inalienable part of the ministerial calling? Not only does the minister carry on his heart the sorrows of a great many persons who look to him for succor, but there are hours when the tide of his own faith ebbs. Is a minister's fight with his doubts worth anything to the world? Because he always seems so sure of his hold on the eternal verities, is it to be thought that he is content to pass on to others a merely traditional faith, instead of one that has been wrought out in long hours of painful questioning and wrought at last triumphantly into the very texture of his own life? The effort which a minister makes to keep and broaden, to intensify and make real, his own faith, to adjust it to the growing light of science, is as necessary and as noble a part of his work as anything that he does.

Howard A. Bridgman.

A Painting by Frederick MacMonnies

WITH an international reputation as a sculptor, his studio full of orders, an assured future of honors and prosperity, Mr. Frederick MacMonnies had nothing to gain, and much to lose, by transferring his allegiance to the sister art in which he was a novice. Yet from boyhood there had ever been the desire to paint, and from time to time, practising with the brush as a diversion, the handling of pigments had exercised a strong fascination over him.

Two years ago Mr. MacMonnies made a serious essay, exhibiting anonymously at the Salon, and, unknown, reaping most flattering honors; thus, with astonishing celerity, gaining a second reputation not inferior to that which he already enjoyed.

It is no new thing for the practice of both plastic and pictorial art to be united in an artist's power, but the famous instance of Michelangelo's work in the Sistine Chapel, the greatest, most exalted compositions from any sculptor's hand, is typical of the whole achievement. For, as a rule, the sculptor continues to dominate, conveying form and the great qualities essential to clay and marble in a medium which can convey many other qualities and beauties.

It is distinctly as paintings, as assuredly as are those of Velasquez and Rembrandt, that Mr. MacMonnies's portraits are to be classed. The natural bias, the limits, the peculiar merits, that would seem to have been brought unconsciously from the study and occupation of former years are not to be found; it is as though the artist's talent had been born again —the talent of a painter of painters.

The form is rather limited, being distinctly modified by the atmosphere; the color is very brilliant, and is so pure that it seems transparent, glowing, yet with the stability and body of thick stained glass; the resemblance is accentuated by the way one clear, flat tone is placed next another, giving a most vivid effect from a distance.

The rendering of character is startling in its reality. Selecting the sitters who appealed to him, Mr. MacMonnies has presented the dramatic quality of interesting personalities, unusual, attractive, compelling curiosity and attention. Without any psychological or literary aids, we are made to realize the general characteristics, the thoughts, the aims of these people, what they stand for in life. Too often in modern painting the sitter is but a model; here are men and women.

It would never be necessary to explain that Mr. John Flanagan is a sculptor, or that Madame la Comtesse de Trobriand, seated in her ornate drawing-room, décolleté, bejeweled, her white hair curled in fashion, her

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well-preserved hand resting on the high cane which supports her aged frame, has been a wholly satisfied supporter of the old régime.

In the portrait of M. Georges Thesmar, which has been selected for our illustration, the coloring is very quiet-toned and restful: the lights that gleam on helmet and breastplate, the dashes of red in plume and trousers, tell delightfully in the composition. How accentuated is the simple character, the unconscious attitude of a very strong, brave young man! Nothing could be less posed. He is painted just as he stood up in the studio, as straight as though on guard, a stalwart figure, with a plain, unaffected face. The artist's fair-haired little daughter, with her doll, clings affectionately to his military cloak. The interior has not been slurred over: a window opens behind the officer's head, various members of the family come into the background, as well as a mirror on the wall reflecting the painter at work. And this is done with great dash and breadth; details are touched in without being detailed, and are subordinated to the solidly painted central group. *Pauline King.*

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Wash-day

OH, de sunrise, but it 's sweet!
An' de dew-grass licks my feet
When I balumpses my bundle on my head,
An' I sa'nters to de spring
Whar de risin' bubbles sing
In de chiny-grove behin' de cattle-shed.

Oh, dey 's lather in soap,
An' dey 's bubbles in hope;
But my love he 's in de shed amongs' de calves,
An' he 'll meet me by de mill
At de risin' o' de hill—
'Ca'se he knows I totes my bundle tied in halves.

He 's a skimpy little nigger,
But I would n't have him bigger;
He 's de figger an' de face o' my desire:
Jes as sweet an' dry an' spindlin'
As my pine he splits for kindlin'—
Takes a mighty little thing to light a fire.

When de dusk brings out de edges
O' de west'ard-growin' hedges,
An' each gou'd-flower on de stable is a sun,
F'om de fiel' beyon' my bleachin'
Comes a cow-song, so beseechin'
Dat I fools aroun' untel de milkin' 's done.

Clo'es is sweeter once dewed over
Layin' out upon de clover,
An' a night-shower nuver does 'em any harm;
So, at sundown, shadder-figgers
Of two empty-handed niggers
Dances, tall, across de medders, arm in arm.

An' we watches 'em an' giggles,
An' I dodges an' I wriggles,
So de shadder-man can't tech de lady's wais'
Till he reaches wid a motion
Dat 's perzac'ly to my notion;
Den I 'bleeged to let him span it to his tas'e.

. . . . . .

Yas, de risin' sun is sweet,
But de goin' down 's complete;
On'y trouble is it seems to come too soon;
But dey 's allus one dark minute
Wid de tas'e o' heaven in it—
Jes' a kissin'-space, betwix' de sun an' moon.

Ruth McEnery Stuart.

A Merry-go-round

G. WHILLIKINS was a writer bold
Who never lost a chance;
While good at many sorts of work,
His best hold was Romance.
He wrote a lively, stirring thing,
A tale of love and youth,
With a dashing maid and a clashing blade,
But never a word of truth.
"It 's very good," wrote the publishers,
"but the public taste at present is
for character-study."

G. Whillikins then hied him home
To make another start.
He studied up psychology;
He took men's souls apart;
He learned the naïve, the morbid,
The crazy, quaint, and queer,
And wrote a book without a plot.
[Note: Time elapsed—one year.]
"Why did n't we see this before?" the
publishers asked. "Political Economy
is what 's selling just now."

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THE DOCTOR: A SUMMER COLD

DOCTOR: What seems to be the trouble?
PATIENT: I got my feet wet last March, and it has finally developed into a cold in my head.

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Once more G. Whillikins set out.
With economic lore
He soaked his very being full—
It oozed from every pore.
He proved all poverty a crime,
And chose a "workingman"
For hero, one who ran a strike
Upon a novel plan.
"Excellent," was the publishers' verdict,
"but not timely. We 're doing the
homely agricultural now."

G. Whillikins did some thinking,
And thought this time he 'd wait
Until the wheel had made its turn,
Instead of chasing Fate.
"I 'll bide my time," said Whillikins,
"Until Romance comes round."
But when the cycle reached Romance,
It found him underground.
But his widow was wide awake, and drew
royalties on some fifty thousand copies.

Tudor Jenks.

My Lady Fishes

WITH reel and rod in hand
My lady sits in the prow,
Hope beaming on her brow—
Yes, I 've seen that look on land.

The line gives a sudden swish
And a lightning twist to the tip:
My lady, with tight-pressed lip,
Is beginning to play her fish.

Sometime on shore
I 've seen that look before.

There are flashes in the sun,
There are rushes quick and strong,
And the reel sings forth its song
While my lady lets him run.
On her face
There is no trace
Of fear
For skill or fishing-gear.

Somewhere and -time on shore
I 've seen that look of confidence before.

At last the line becomes less tight,
The rushes now are weak and few.
The gamy victim comes to view;
He 's almost given up the fight:
There 's a last quick flip;
But a sudden dip
Of the net, and neat,
Lands the fish at my lady's feet.

Somewhere and -time upon the shore
I 've seen the look of triumph that she
wore.

Frederick Getchell.

ANTI-TRUST

MME. BIDDY: Now, what chance has a poor hard-working hen?

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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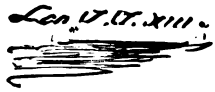
Drawn by George T. Tobin. Based on a photograph by F. De Fredericis. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson



POPE LEO XIII

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THE DAY OF THE RUN

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

IN earlier days, when the flood of immigration was beginning to come in tortuous streams across the West, thin and wayward yet persistent, the land-covetous Anglo-Saxon was pleased to set apart for the previous owners of the property certain places where they might dwell in peace as long as the winds blow and the waters run. Out of the desert he chose certain valleys and mountains, set them off four-square, placed armed men to guard the untracked boundaries, and there in broad reservations lived the Indian.

"They take our hunting-lands," said the Bannock; "they give us shirts."

Shirts they gave and beeves, and they set the half-wild children to reading in books. The Indians roamed on their millions of acres, and ate, and were for the most part content. But it is the fate of the Anglo-Saxon that he go forever forward without resting; he stands for civilization, improved lands, roads, and cities, and he rose like a flood over all the West until the reservations were barren islands in the sea of his progress. The Anglo-Saxon looked across these untilled spots and fretted because they were there. How much better the wide Indian plains would look parceled off in green fields of alfalfa and wheat! And the mountains—who could say what treasures of gold and silver and copper might lie hidden there?

Then happened the inevitable! The fit may no more resist the law than the unfit escape it. Years ago the Anglo-Saxon began to break over the boundaries which he himself had set, and to take up the Indian lands, meting his own justice to the weak. He gave money, which the Indian was a hundredfold better off without; clothes, which brought new sources of swift death; and food, which the Indian ate, and was hungry again. With at least a complexion of honesty, he gave all he could give; the Indian was a willing party to a losing bargain, and the Anglo-Saxon, as always and forever, got more land.

So the opening of the Indian reservation, the sign of the consuming civilization of the white man, has been one of the dramatic and familiar episodes of Western development. Hardly a year passes without some rush to Indian lands; one after another, reservations or parts of reservations have been opened to settlement, are

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being opened to-day. The whole Territory of Oklahoma, soon to be a State, was thus taken from the Indians.

A particular vineyard of Naboth lay in the southeastern corner of Idaho, and it was a desert. Thirty-five years ago, by solemn treaty between the warring tribes of the Shoshones and Bannocks and the Great White Father of the East, it was set aside as a dwelling-place for the Indians and their children forever. It was nearly square, forty miles each way, except for one corner, across which ran the Snake River. It was given the name Fort Hall Indian Reservation. From time immemorial the Bannocks and their neighbors the Shoshones, both proud nations, even to-day among the finest types of Indians, had roamed all the great country along the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, hunting the elk and the buffalo. The white man came, and in a day the buffalo were slain and the elk driven to high pastures. The white man said: "This is my land; I will give you a piece of it"; and from a hunting-ground eight hundred miles long he set aside a reservation forty miles square. Here the proud Bannocks agreed to stay, and when, by mistake or intention, they crossed the invisible boundaries,—the white man's "paper lines,"—soldiers drove them back again. It was a barren forty miles: gray sand, gray sage, gray hills, and endless sunshine and dust; so that the white man never dreamed that any but Indians would ever live within the region. It was then a far outpost, farther away from the East in days' travel than Europe. From the streams that flowed through the reservation the Indians irrigated a few ineffectual acres, raised cattle and cayuses, hunted the hills and fished the rivers, dwelling in skin tepees and log huts; and so for years dwelt in comparative content.

But the white man was tramping westward, inevitable, implacable. He drove a railroad across the reservation on his way to the Pacific Ocean. He might have gone around, but time would have been lost; and what were a few Indians anyway? "Nothing shall hinder my progress," he said. Having a railroad, he needed a town, and needing it, he got room for it—one of the best spots, naturally, in the entire reservation. The camel now had its head within the tent. So Pocatello sprang up and grew, and presently it was made a junction-point, and a railroad was built through the reservation in another direction. Settlers crowded in everywhere, even across the "paper lines," squatting on reservation lands; and the soldiers who had kept the Indians within boundary so effectually failed to keep the white man out. Also, wandering prospectors, who had no business on Indian lands, pecked holes in the hills, inflaming their desires with evident signs of copper and gold. The Bannock says: "White man take gold, leave meat." The whisper grew to a shout: "Gold in the hills! Gold! Gold!"

What can the Indian do with mines? What indeed? He does n't want copper and gold. He won't work. Therefore *we* should have the land. And if by any chance it should prove that there is no mineral wealth, we can farm the river-bottoms better than the Indians, make more money out of them, support more people. Give us the land! It was ever the logic of the Anglo-Saxon, and, as ever, its conclusions were the prompt precursors of action. Pleas went up to Washington. The political representatives of the people asserted that the wheels of progress must not be clogged. The Indians had been given their day to improve the land: they had not done it; therefore they should be cast out. Give *us* the land. The Great Father is a busy father, consumed with many and vital interests; and finally, for their much speaking, he looked out across the smiling western reaches of his land, watered with sweet waters, green with fields, populated with happy people, to this small gray spot in the wilderness. He owned millions of acres of free land in a dozen near-by States, but it seemed that his people most wanted these bare hills and sandy bottoms which he had bestowed upon the Indians and their children forever. And he knew, too,—none better than he,—that until he gave it there would be no rest from the cries of the covetous.

All this time the Indians had gone on impassively, providing for the day in hand and taking no thought for the morrow. To them came, finally, certain commissioners from the East.

"The white man wants your land," they said.

"We ourselves will keep it," replied the Indians.

"The white man will pay you much

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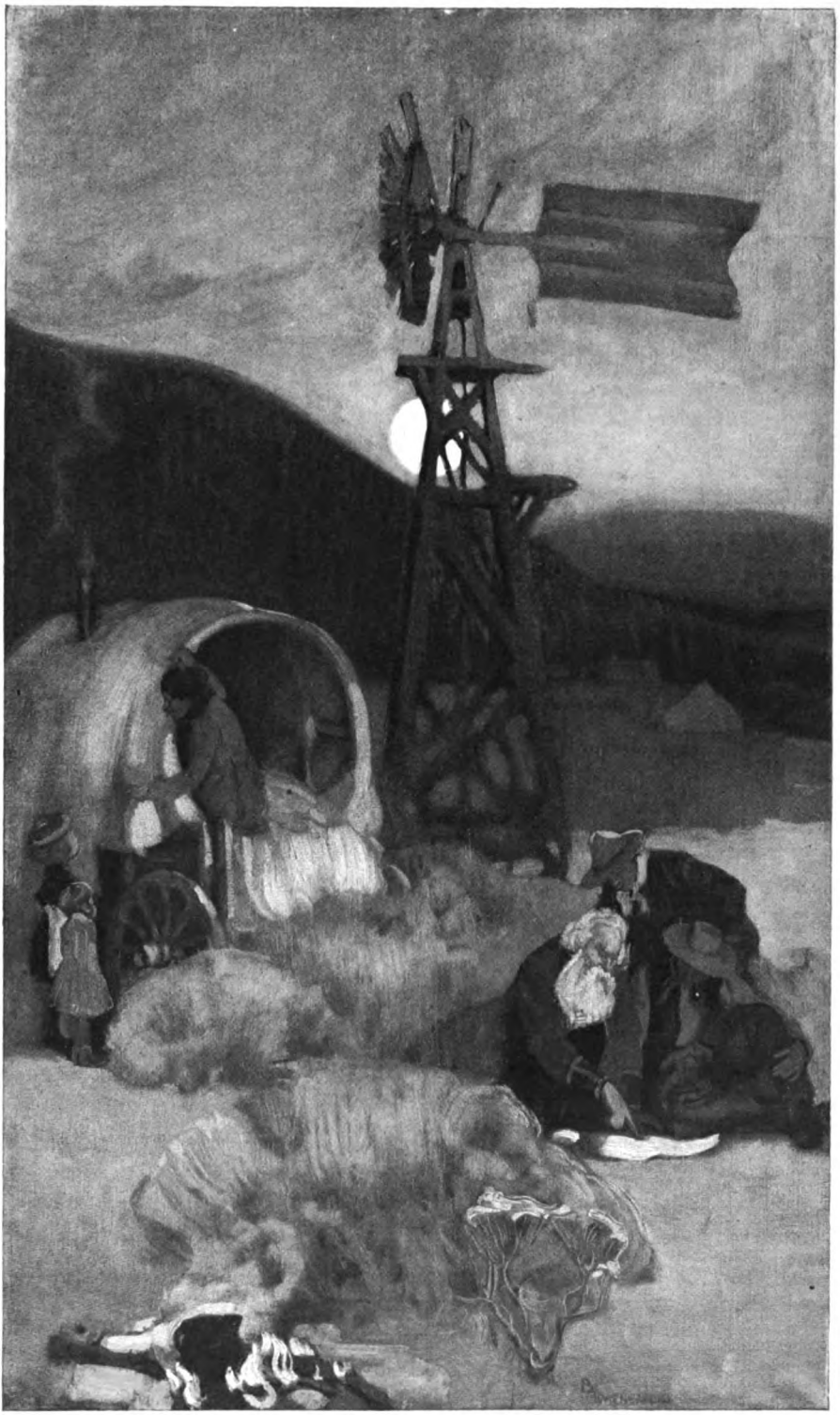

Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

CAMPERS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF POCATELLO

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money for your land, or give you other land in exchange," they said.

"We will keep our own land," responded the Indians. "It is our home: we will keep our home."

But the white man never gives over a purpose. Persistently he argued and urged. I shall not here set down his manifold reasons: they were as sufficient and as conclusive as ever a strong race used with a weak, and, as ever, they prevailed. Indian Joe, with the instinct that eats to-day and leaves the starving for to-morrow, finally agreed to take money in hand and sell the south three quarters of his land, crowding his people into a little strip at the north a few miles wide. It was like a grown grocer driving a bargain with a boy. The Great Father had insisted that everything be done with legal decorum. Justice must be meted out with mercy and generosity, and, above all, everything must be legal. The commissioners drew up the papers beginning with "Whereases" and ending with red wax, very formidable and important, and the Indians, seeing dimly as through a fog, gathered their people together. And up came Jim Ballard (his mark) and Pocatello Tom (his mark) and Kunecke Johnson (his mark), and each awkwardly with pen in hand made the white man's cabalistic and strangely significant cross. They "and two hundred and forty-seven others," a majority of the tribal warriors (the wisest sitting silent in their tents), signed away the larger part of their empire, all in due form, before solemn witnesses, with seals and certifications, on the fifth day of February in the year of our Lord 1898.

Good bargain, indeed! The land at last was ours, and the money a bagatelle from the public treasury: a total of $600,000 in all, with a provision for expending $75,000 for a school-house, which no Indian wanted. The remainder, it was agreed, should be paid, share and share alike, to each man, woman, and child belonging on the reservation—$100,000 down in cash, and the remainder in instalments thereafter for nine years. And so riches have come to the Shoshones and Bannocks. For nine years will they not work; for nine years the white storekeepers will grow rich; for nine years there will be gambling and the canned food of the white man. And after that?

The American is also by instinct a business man; he has grown great and powerful as a result of his business acumen. The fear of him is upon the whole world. With difficulty, we have seen, was he brought to this Indian bargain. But the sale being completed, the deeds signed and delivered, the land his own, he bethought himself that here was a chance to turn a penny. With his own helpless ward had he driven a sharp bargain, but he seemed to feel that he was right in making his profits, if he could. He had paid something less than $1.45 an acre for the land—418,000 acres in all. To the white men who had been clamoring to get it he now offered it for sale at $10 or more an acre (as bid) for all land within five miles of the city of Pocatello (over 60,000 acres in all); at $2.50 an acre for nearly 100,000 acres of agricultural land which could be irrigated; and at $1.25 an acre for the remainder, the shaggy mountain-sides and sandy plateaus, which are available only for grazing purposes.

To sum up, he pays $600,000 for the land, though the Indians receive only $525,000, the remainder going for the unwanted school-house.

He receives for the $10 land $600,000 (or more, as bid), for the $2.50 land $250,000, for the $1.25 land (some 258,000 acres) $322,000—rough estimates all. His total receipts will be, therefore, $1,172,000; he pays out $600,000: his gross profits are $572,000.

Good business, surely! Nearly one hundred per cent. gross profit. Charge out expenses of management, make them fat and full, as becomes a guardian in chancery, and then the profit is far more flattering than even a trust could expect. No; the lands are not all sold yet—will not be sold for years, perhaps; but sooner or later they will all go at the prices named or higher, and the white man can wait with comfort: he pays no taxes. So every one is satisfied; the white settler and miner gets his coveted lands—cheap, too; you and I get our profits; the Indian merrily spends his $50,000 a year; and all the country-side smiles with prosperity and satisfaction.

So now we come to the day of the opening: the great day, long looked forward to, much desired. The treaty was made away back in February, 1898, and it is now the morning of June 18, 1902. Four years have been devoted to the slow processes

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of legislation, the red tape of affairs and formalities. But now the notices have all been given, and the appetite of the miner and farmer has been whetted to the keen edge of eagerness. A great gambling is at hand, a chance to pay in a little and take out much, a fortune for a song. Copper and gold seen bursting from the hazy Bannock hills and the far Port Neufs, it is sinful that water should not already have inspired the sage waste of the valley to alfalfa. But we shall remedy all this: we shall rush in and take up the land, tear open the old hills, build houses and barns, dig ditches; in short, we shall civilize an Indian waste.

It is hot in Pocatello; the sun rides in a brazen sky, the air palpitates with fine dust, blowing in from the desert by way of the new roundhouses and out to the desert again by the brewery. But Pocatello minds neither dust nor heat, for is not this the dawn of her greatest day?

All week the trains have been dropping their passengers in the shade of the red railroad hotel; all week desert-schooners, each with its wake of white dust, have been plying hitherward, to find anchor in the sand of some vacant lot. Overnight tents have sprung up along the Port Neuf River.

From Butte and Boise and Salt Lake, and even as far as Cheyenne, have they come: prospectors looking for mines, cattle-men for cattle chances, lawyers expecting to make their wits do the work of legs, aimless young men scenting from afar the savor of excitement and adventure—all come to attend the great gambling. Here they are this morning, swarming the white-hot streets of Pocatello, handling unfamiliar documents, holding whispered conferences, conjecturing, planning, preparing. They come dashing in on their horses with gusty importance, dismount, remount, and go dashing gustily away again. Here are men who have just come in from Thunder Mountain,—"Thunder" they call it in Idaho,—cheerful in spite of their failure to strike gold, and ready for the next turn of the wheel. Here are veterans of the runs in Oklahoma, wisely giving their advice. Here are old prospectors, who have seen excitement before in their day, sure now that their hands are within reach of certain wealth. One of them lays his finger on his nose—good old custom forgotten by a degenerate age—and tells you that his treasure lies "where the old sage-hen scratches." Another, old and bent, whose pick has resounded in every new find from Alaska to Arizona, expects now to "take the world by the tail." Smoke rises from the Pocatello assay office, and the young men within are red and sweaty with work. No one has been allowed within the boundary of the reservation, and yet somehow specimens of ore have detached themselves from the hills, have come here to these young men, and are now being assayed. You see the anxious prospector awaiting the decision of retort and crucible. No one has been allowed on the reservation; but these Mormons, bearded, hard-handed, shrewd, are discussing with surprising familiarity the various lands along Marsh Creek and the forks of the Port Neuf.

A whisper goes about that there is to be shooting, and, directly, that there has been shooting. A deputation climbs the stairs beside the First National Bank to see the mayor. Presently they come clumping down again, disappointed. There has been no shooting, but there may be. You believe it readily, for you see that more than one coat-tail covers the crook of a revolver. A one-legged horseman, McLaughlin, cow-boy, is cavorting in the street, crutch under arm, furnishing an instant's diversion. He can ride as well with one leg, he asserts, as most men with two; but the town is too much preoccupied to disagree with him.

And the red man, where is he during all this excitement of preparation, this vendue of his property? Forgotten, as usual; there, but not there—of no consideration, not even a subject of pity. He, too, rides in the street, impassive, slow, dignified, uncomprehending, incomprehensible. He wears some of the trappings of the cow-boy, he rides a good horse, but when he thinks he still thinks Indian. And his squaws are there too, blanketed, leggined, papoose on back, walking in the middle of the street. Indian, what do you say to this excitement of scrambling white men? Does it please your dignity? Does it matter that they crowd into your long-owned land, that they toss you scraps of their civilization while they dig in your hills?

"You can't get nothin' out of an Injun," volunteers the one-legged cow-boy.

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

POCATELLO'S PUBLIC SQUARE THE DAY BEFORE THE RUN

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But here they go: the streets are thinning out; the stores are closing up; the ubiquitous saloon has not, fortunately, been open. The rules of the game are well understood, plans are laid. It is all simple enough, as simple as the turn of a card; but the game is greater. You are not to go on the reservation until twelve o'clock noon. Anywhere on the outer boundaries or anywhere on the boundaries of the town of Pocatello you may take your stand, and exactly at noon you may run for the land you covet, post up your notice of possession, and then run back again, by horse or bicycle or railroad-train, to the United States land office at Blackfoot, twenty-four miles north of Pocatello, or, if you are on the south line of the reservation, forty or fifty miles away. If you are first to file your claim for a certain quarter-section, you have won the chance of paying for it at government prices. If it is a choice piece of land, you know that many others will run for it, and the swiftest runner will win—would win if the game were fair; but be assured, man on the bareback horse, that there will be "sooners," who have gone out in the dark and are now away and running while you wait at the line with honest patience for the stroke of noon. Even now there are sooners in the sage-brush stealing their chance, cards up their sleeves. Are there not guards to drive them in? Are they not forbidden on the reservation? Thirty-five Indian police to protect 418,000 acres of land—650 square miles! *Thirty-five* mounted Indians to patrol and guard from determined white men *one hundred miles* of reservation boundary! Yet the United States government is conducting this game, seeing that it is honestly played! And here is a sooner for every sage-clump. No wonder they talk of shooting; no wonder the lawyers have flocked to Blackfoot.

Yet who shall change the Western spirit? Who shall prevent the Westerner playing his game, though he knows the dice are loaded? *Perhaps* some chance *may* turn the winning figures up; and the chance is not to be neglected. So here we are on the line, a blazing sun overhead, blistering sand underfoot. Here we are, all of us, honest runners waiting for the sound of the twelve-o'clock whistle.

We have come down through the dust from Pocatello, past the lumber-yards, past the brewery, the top of which is already swarming with spectators, even beyond the cemetery; and we have brought with us every one in town and all the vehicles. They climb the Red Butte on our left, killing rattlesnakes as they go, and up the distant Brown Butte on our right. Here we are, cheerful, much excited, with the gray desert before us waiting the rush of our feet and the tramp of our horses. Some of us have taken off our shoes and sit our horses bareback, that we may go light; others are in buggies, others on bicycles. We talk about it or are silent, in accord with our mood. We whisper with our friends and take advice good-humoredly. A thin man runs out, camera on shoulder, and with misshapen, black-covered head points our way. We rail and shout at him, to relieve our nervousness, so that he comes running in again, fearful that we are serious. We even talk at the Indians who come here, too, and sit silent with imperturbable dignity, watching all this unaccustomed turmoil. For the twentieth time we examine our watches; we look up at the sun; we wonder if, after all, we can hear the roundhouse whistle when it blows. We adjust our belts; we pull out nervously our "Notice of Discovery," our "Notice of Entry," our "Homestead Notice," finger them, and put them back again, sure that they are safe.

And so at last, at the end of interminable seconds, out blares the roundhouse whistle. They are off, neck and heel, driving home their spurs, doubled over their saddles, leaping sage-brush, all together, all confusion—riders, buggies, bicycles. At first, as we saw it from the end, the line held straight, with monstrous clouds of dust rising behind—a great cavalry charge. Then here and there riders sprang forward from the moving line, the distinction of the strong and the swift. But we are thrilled in vain. Up rises the dust, filling all the valley from Red Butte to Brown until nothing is left but a glimpse here and there of the moving gray phantom of a straggler. Behind, hopelessly and yet with boundless hope, trail two reeling white-topped wagons, their drivers leaning out in front, lashing their horses into dusty obscurity. And the last of the honest runners has gone.

Such was the outward rush to the land;

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THE START AT POCATELLO

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soon they would be coming back for the sterner race to the distant land office, and we should hear the tensely expected news of brawls with sooners, and of the wild race through the dust where no man saw his nearest neighbor.

Here enters the railroad to complicate the situation, for the line runs through the reservation from the southern boundary at McCammon, whence many of the runners have started, by way of Pocatello to Blackfoot, where the land office is located. To some wily land-seeker has occurred the idea of employing steam against horse-flesh. Why not hire a locomotive and have it ready to take him through the moment he has posted his notices? No one, surely, would have the slightest chance against steam and steel! But when he proposes it to the company, he learns that there are already applications from other wily ones for all the locomotives on the division. So the company has decided to put on a special train and take every one who wishes to come, leave McCammon at half-past one o'clock, giving an hour and a half there for the runners to return from their land, stop two minutes at Pocatello, and rush on to Blackfoot before three o'clock.

Here was a new problem, much mooted, of vital importance. The train is an invincible leveler; it gives no opportunity for wit or grit. Weak and strong it carries together, and everything depends on being first off the cars at Blackfoot, through window or door, and the short foot-race across the street to the land office.

Such is not business for the Westerner. His better place is on the back of a horse. He has no confidence in his ability to jump out of car-windows; and as for running afoot, it is contrary to every instinct of the plains. So said Hillman of McCammon, Cottrell, Marler, Joe Neeser, riders all, besides many another runner who claimed land nearer Blackfoot. Here it is, they said, plain as print, fifty miles more or less, according to the location of the land, from the McCammon country to Blackfoot. The train will not arrive at the land office until three o'clock. We can ride it,—fifty miles after twelve o'clock noon, say eighteen or twenty miles an hour,—and beat the train. Truly a proposition of the West, where they know horse-flesh!

"Who would not try it?" argues Hillman. "For here is the old Smith ranch, worth at the start three thousand dollars. Who would not ride fifty miles in a hurry for three thousand dollars?"

Who would not, indeed? But be sure, Hillman of McCammon, whose fame as a rider may yet go down in the annals of Idaho, that there are other riders who have their eye on the fertile meadows of the Belle Marsh, and, though they say nothing, are yet looking to cinch and snaffle and spur. And there are those, also, who place their confidence in steam, respectable ones whose legs have never crossed a saddle, who will post up their notices, and quietly take the train. Look out for them, Hillman of McCammon. It is steel and steam against a reeking horse and an open road —dust too, and heat, and the long dry miles.

News has come of the doings of these riders of McCammon, and of the others from Pocatello, nearer by miles to the land office, and more certain of beating the train. It is known that the man who gets in ahead of the railroad runners has the world his own way except for the sooners. And so there is excitement in the public road. We understand now why these men wait with ready-saddled horses in ones and twos and threes along the fifty miles of winding road between McCammon and Blackfoot. Hillman has no fewer than fifteen relays, averaging some three miles apart, and a friend at the bridle of each. He plans to ride three miles under bloody spur, then off the first horse and on to the second, and so to the end; and the train roaring behind. Neeser has seven relays; Cottrell, so he says, has seventeen; and no one knows how many more there are on the road: but horse-flesh, in a week, has gone to unheard-of prices. Cayuse or racer, they are all on the desert road.

Hillman is ready; confident of victory, he has tied ribbons of red and green around his hat and at his knees and elbows, that all the world may know him running, may certify that Hillman of McCammon was actually on the land before he started, and that he rode honestly and painfully to Blackfoot. Hillman is of racing size, lean, light, wiry. Born a Westerner in Utah, he has lived for twenty-one years in Idaho.

While we wait in impatience the coming of the train at Pocatello, the riders of McCammon are already on their way.

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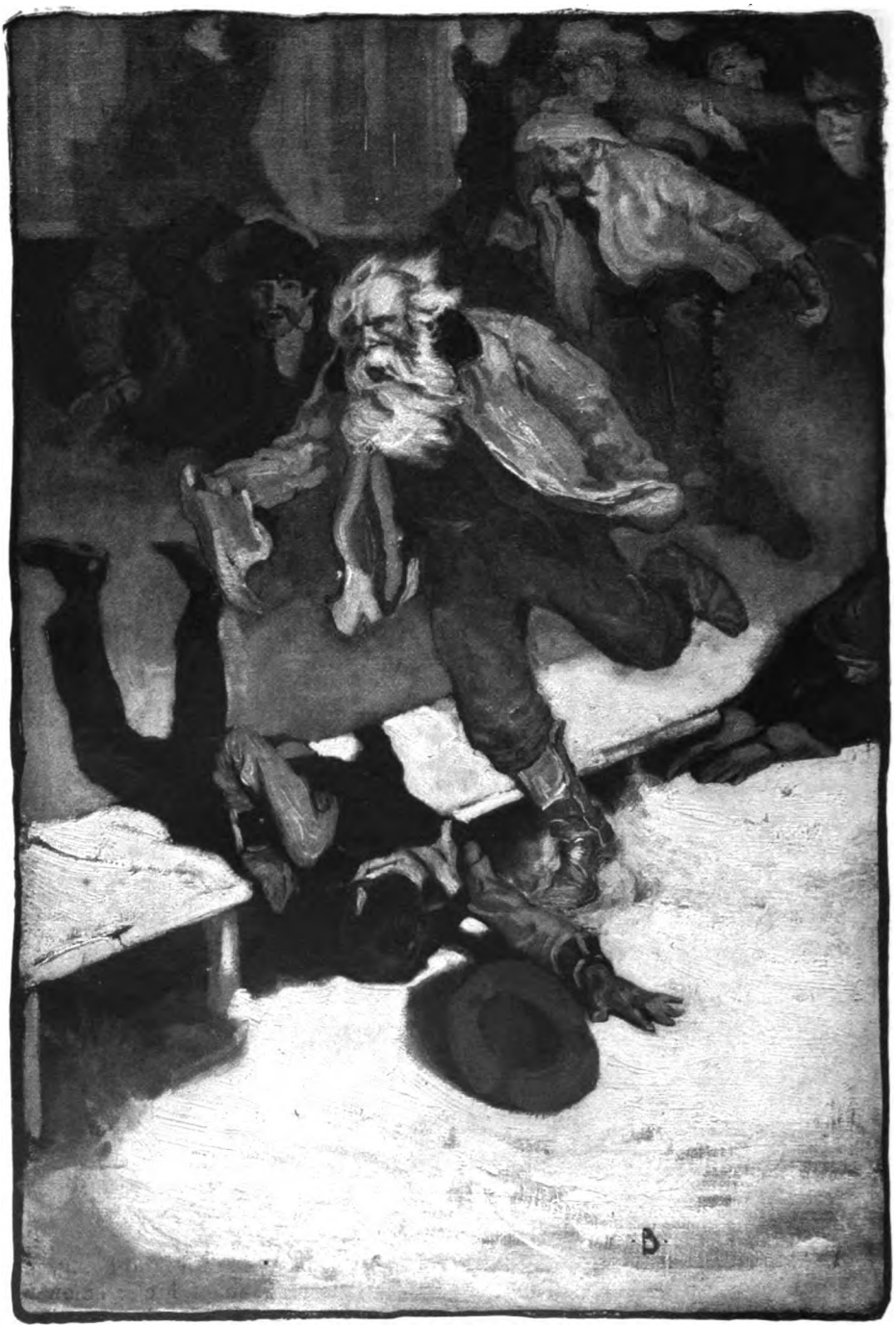

Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

THE RUSH FROM THE TRAIN AT BLACKFOOT

Pocatello has filled again with crowds; they swarm about the depot, those who are not going watching those who are. Gusts of excitement stir us. Here comes galloping one of the runners, his horse lathered, himself as white as a miller with dust, leaps from his mount and inquires if the train has come. *Shore* he went on the

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land and stuck up his notices; *shore* he 's going to get it. No; no shooting that he has seen.

Here is another rider, and another, and here, by their stars, are Indian police, and three sooners afoot, prominent citizens, too, who have lain out on the hills all night to get an early start in the morning. Two policemen have stumbled upon them, have brought them in, ignominiously, under arrest. They did not shoot, and were not shot at. Somehow, try as we will, we cannot hear of bloodshed, except one man who was thrown in the rush and broke his leg, an accident of no account. We have had our minds made up for shooting, nothing less.

Here comes, plodding, a prospector, a ruddy-faced young chap with pick and powder-can, blankets and bacon. He is on his way out to the hills. We shout at him that the reservation 's open, the rush started two hours ago, that he better wake up or some one will jump his claim; but he, not a whit abashed, talks back. He 's going out to find a mine; he don't want none of yer claims. When he finds a real mine, he 'll buy it; none o' yer rock patches fer him at ten dollars an acre. Success to you, hearty prospector: if you can keep cool in this crowd, you should certainly be able to find a mine.

And so at last comes the train, heads out of fifty windows. We make a rush, helter-skelter, for there may not be room for stragglers. Those who are already aboard seek to hold places on the platform, where they can jump off most easily when the train reaches Blackfoot. We go at them joyfully with our shoulders, glad at last for an outlet to our pent-up energy; we swarm inside, and then swarm out again, trying for places on the platform. Outside the crowd is still running and shouting. Some have climbed on top of the cars, and some have stretched out on the brake-beams underneath, a perilous, suffocating place. The trainmen come and drive them off, but they are back again immediately. Let them be! They are risking their own necks!

And so we are off, with much tooting and shouting, much bustle and confusion.

As we roll out into the open country we see along the public roads the spent relay-horses of the men from McCammon who have chosen to risk horse-flesh against steam. All the riders have gone on ahead; their friends wave their hats as we rush past. And so we go, twenty, thirty, forty miles an hour. The engineer is on his mettle. Look out, Hillman and Marler; we are on your heels. Ride now, Jim Cottrell, as you never rode before, for the glory of McCammon. We pass Ross Fork, and the gray old buildings of the Indian agency, and the Indian store with squaws in front, looking on impassively—always impassive, while the white man goes rushing onward with his strange civilization and his unquenchable passion for land.

Now we crowd to the car-side, leaning out, dust in our eyes, to watch for the relay-riders. We are beginning to overtake them. One rides, bent over, without looking around. His friend with the relay rushes out to the road, holds stirrup and bridle. We see him leap from his panting horse before it has fairly stopped running, and with a spring he is on his fresh mount and away. Useless spurring, for we have already given him our dust. Our whistle shrieks back at him derisively, but he still rides grimly onward. Five minutes later we pass another rider, then another and another. The engineer is trying his speed: we are going fifty miles an hour. Where now is Hillman of McCammon? In the distance we can see already the green masses of cottonwood which mark the site of Blackfoot. Our passengers are girding themselves for the final race, windows are opened, there are impassable crowds at the doorways. For we must jump even before the train stops.

Far ahead in the road a lone horseman, spurring his horse! A moment, and we see the ribbons fluttering behind as he rides—the ribbons that were to mark a triumph. Hillman is spurring grimly to win. The town is in view; he is riding his last horse. We overhaul him as though he were walking; we pass him. But still he comes on. He hopes to cross the track behind us, and beat the crowd to the line.

A vision of a broad sandy street thronged with people; a row of fine tall cottonwood-trees with buildings behind, and a dense crowd thronging in front of one of them. We have stopped.

Who shall describe the unloading, the humorous haste and yet the grim seriousness of it? Men flying through the air, coat-tails spread, from car-top and -win-

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Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

SQUATTERS

dow, rolling dustily from brake-beam and bumper, struggling from the vestibules, plunging down the steps, scattering across the sandy street, all noise and confusion. Some land on their heads on the platform, and go first to the doctor; but most of the throng add themselves swiftly to the line which now reaches, close-packed, sinuous, from the doorway of the land office down the street.

Every man is in place when Hillman rides in on his spent horse, his ribbons still fluttering jauntily, his face gaunt and sweat-streaked, his clothing white with dust. We shout for Hillman—we can't help it. We wish he had won, but we give him a place at the end of the line, the reward of the gallant but beaten. Also we present him with a lemon to suck and a beer-bottle to sit on.

As soon as Hillman gets his breath he will tell you about it, the epic of his run, every horse a canto. Fifty-six miles he made in two hours and forty-nine minutes; and such stretches of sand, such heat and dust, such thirst! Once he lost the road and went jumping sage-brush to find it again; once a stirrup broke; once a pinto pony, hard ridden in sand, gave out and dropped with a gasp, so that the rider ran three hundred yards to his next mount. And all for nothing!

Within the land office everything is cool and orderly: a large room of white-plastered barrenness, a deal desk in front, a row of sober law-books, maps on the wall, a long, high stovepipe, a safe in the corner; clerks good-humored and busy; gigantic deputy in a helmet holding back the crowd at the door. Walk up, men of Idaho, and exercise your prerogatives as citizens! The land you have clamored for is now open to settlement. You may pay in your money and get a farm for a song. It is true that the sooners, by hook or crook, by wit rather than heels, have filed on every choice parcel of property: but walk up, honest farmers; file your protests and fight it out in the courts.

Here, too, are the victims of mistaken leniency come to the rush, the white "squatters" who settled on lands within the reservation years ago and were not driven out by the soldiers. They have come to offer battle for their homes and their improvements. There are anxious women among them, one a grandmother of eighty-three years, all in black, standing

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there sweltering in the line among the men, anxious, already beaten, for nimble young men have long ago claimed all her property. Here is Meyers Cohen, come with his face done up. He landed head first from the train. For twenty-six years has he been a squatter on Indian lands. He has fifty-three miles of fences and ditches. The land is now worth ten dollars an acre, he tells you, and it is gone, already claimed and reclaimed, while he went for the doctor. He will fight in the courts. They will all fight. The lawyers and the courts will yet see busy times over this rush. You will pay at last, men of Idaho, much more dearly than you think for these coveted Indian lands.

In all this day, however, you hear of no personal violence, none of the shooting you expected, no brawling, hardly a harsh word. Can this be the West?

"This ain't like the old rushes," regrets a veteran. "It shore ain't."

And so, with much discussion, much heartburn and disappointment, much running back and forth to the attorneys' offices, which, appropriately, flank the land office on each side, much protesting wherein there are trifling gleams of triumph, the line works its patient way through the land office. That day and all of the next it took before the last runner had filed his claim.

A month later the mining-lands were sold at auction, and the disappointed runners, Western-like, had already forgotten the past, and were even now looking cheerfully for a new chance to rush, another opportunity to get a good deal for a little. To-day the land is firmly under the white man's busy hand, in the full tide of development. The Indian, withdrawn to his smaller domain, goes his way exactly as before, looking on imperturbably, eating, sleeping, idling, with no more thought of the future than a white man's child.

WHAT IS THE SPIRIT?

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

I

WHAT is the spirit? Nay,
We know not—star in clay.

We know not, yet we trust
The dream within the dust.

We trust not, yet we hark
The song within the dark.

II

These few bewildered days
Ask little blame or praise.

All mortal deeds go by
As cloudlets down the sky.

We are our longing. Thus
Let Love remember us.

III

We know not whither beat
Its wings, nor what defeat

Death's mighty muffling glooms
May cast on fluttering plumes,

Or if it be success—
That folded quietness.

IV

When like a flaming scroll
Earth shrivels, if the soul

Should those fierce heats outwear,
What of ourselves were there?

A longing bruised and dim,
A seed of seraphim.

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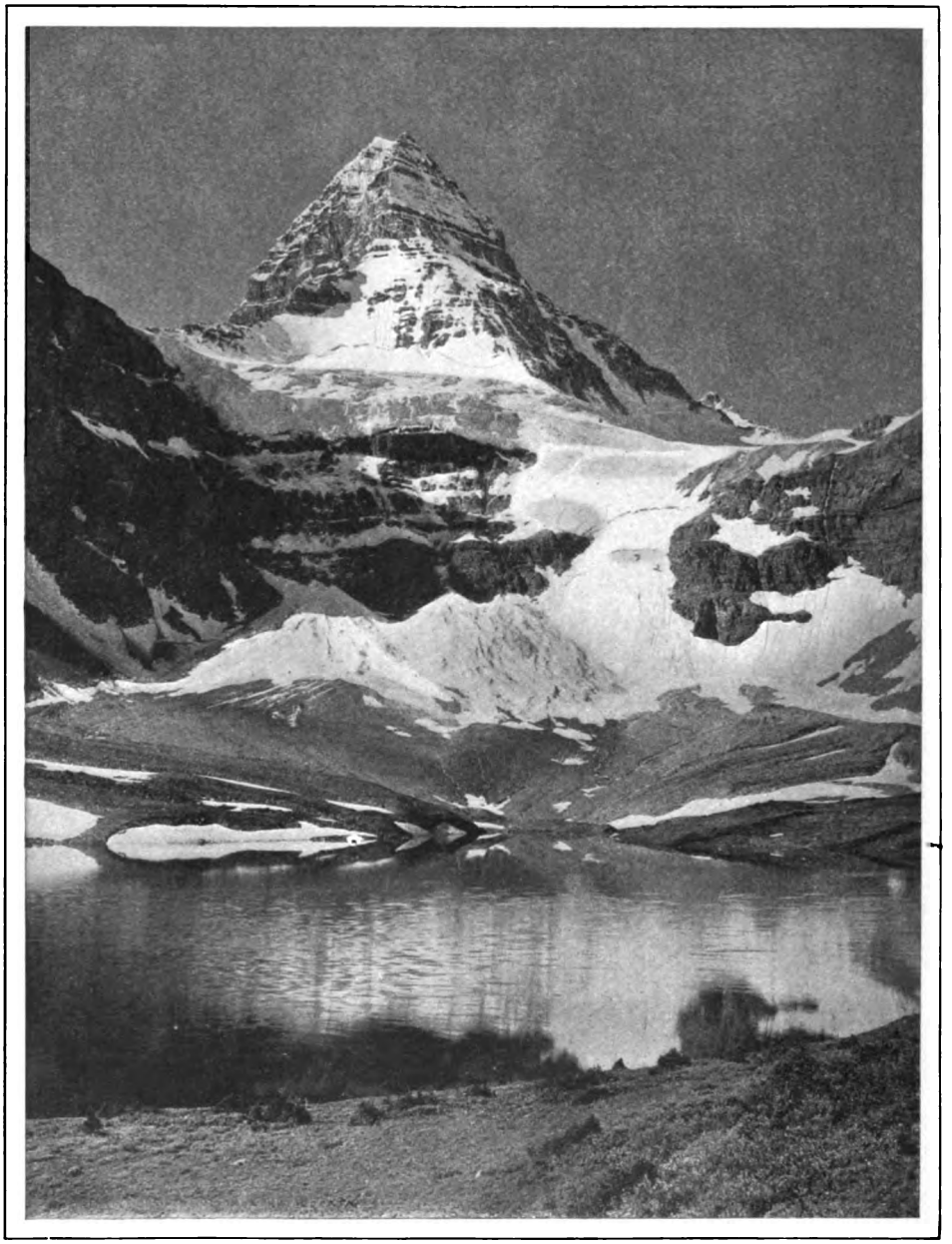

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MOUNT ASSINIBOINE, FROM ABOVE LAKE ALBERTA

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THE FIRST ASCENT OF MOUNT ASSINIBOINE

"THE MATTERHORN OF THE ROCKIES"

BY JAMES OUTRAM

MOUNTAINEERING in North America is still in its infancy—that is, mountaineering in its fullest sense, over crags, precipices, glaciers, and eternal snows, as in the European Alps, the cradle of the art.

Far be it from me to disparage any work of nature or to despise the climbs of countless numbers on lower or easier peaks. The ranges of the Eastern States have sylvan beauties unsurpassed, and, with their loftier brethren of the Colorado Rockies and California Sierra, afford grand views and much exhilarating exercise; and, grander still, the splendid snow-crowned, glacier-hung monarchs of the Western coast,—Mounts Shasta, Rainier, and others,—and, in the distant North, Mount St. Elias, Mount Logan, and kindred giants in their arctic realms, offer the further experience of snow and ice: but for the climber who desires the best the continent provides, the Dominion of Canada must be sought, and in the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirk Range a "playground" rivaling Switzerland awaits his prowess. Rivaling truly, for, albeit in actual difficulty of climbing few of the known Canadian peaks compare with those of Switzerland, the possibility of a "first ascent," so dear to the heart of a mountaineer, but now almost a relic of a bygone age in Europe, is presented on every hand, with the addition of miles and miles of territory quite unknown and unexplored, containing countless lofty virgin peaks and lovely valleys yet untrodden.

The most famous of the Canadian mountains hitherto has been the mighty monolith named Mount Assiniboine by Dr. Dawson, and styled "the Matterhorn of the Rockies" by reason of its striking resemblance to the world-famed Swiss peak. Its massive pyramid forms a conspicuous landmark from almost every considerable eminence for many a mile around, towering fully 1500 feet above its neighbors, and by its isolation no less than by its splendid outline commanding attention. It bears also a secondary resemblance to its prototype from the fact of its having repelled more attacks than any other mountain in the Dominion, and gained a reputation for inaccessibility from every side save possibly one.

It was largely in the endeavor to disprove this latter statement that the expedition was undertaken as here chronicled.

The inception of the enterprise occurred at Mr. Edward Whymper's camp-fire in the Upper Yoho Valley, near Field, British Columbia (one of the most picturesque of valleys to be found in any land, with its mirror lakes, exquisite waterfalls, and mighty glaciers set in a frame of rugged peaks). The disappointing news had just arrived of the failure of Messrs. Wilcox and Bryant's last attempt to climb Mount Assiniboine, and a stronger desire than ever to examine and, if possible, ascend the mountain came to me; but the distance and the expense made the undertaking seem too great, till Peyto, our head packer, offered to take me to the base within two

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days, and asserted his conviction that I could undoubtedly achieve success. So a compact was made upon the spot, if opportunity should offer, then a most unlikely contingency.

At the end of August, however, I found myself unemployed and the weather fine, but showing indications of the break which comes annually about this date, bringing a snow-storm to usher in September. It was now or never for this season, so I resolved to make a dash for the peak before the snow should render it impossible, and Peyto being able to guide us, a start upon the following day was determined on.

Provisions, blankets, etc., were rapidly collected, and in the afternoon my guides and I were on the train bound for Banff. Here we were met by Peyto and conducted to our tent, pitched among the bushes near the bank of the Bow River.

The morning of the 31st of August was occupied in final arrangements,—making up packs, etc.,—and at half-past one our procession started. First, Bill Peyto, picturesque and workmanlike, leading the way upon his trusty mare; then followed four specially selected packhorses laden with tents, provisions, and our miscellaneous impedimenta; Jack Sinclair, our assistant packer, also mounted, bringing up the rear, to stimulate laggards and maintain the pace. Then came, on foot, Christian Häsler of Interlaken, and Christian Bohren of Grindelwald, Swiss guides who had been stationed by a railway company at Field, and myself.

Mount Assiniboine is only about twenty miles distant from Banff in an air-line, yet by the shortest route it cannot be reached in twice that length of march. But all of us were keen, and determined to do our best to make the journey to its base a record and the expedition a success.

The afternoon was sultry, with a haze about the summits and a look toward the west that boded rain; but the barometer stood well, and hope was high.

At first we passed along the dusty road, with the cool, peaceful Bow eddying alongside, hemmed in by green banks, with overhanging branches dipping lazily in the current. Then we turned off into a winding trail that meandered among alders and small timber, with fallen logs and an occasional morass to vary the monotony. Behind us rose the impressive walls of Cascade Mountain; on our right, across the valley, the sharp pinnacles of Edith Peak pierced the sky; and wooded slopes flanked us on the left, and rose to the fine summit of Mount Massive right in front.

Soon we reached Healy Creek, emerging from a narrow gorge, and crossed its double stream, the pedestrians having to clamber up behind the horsemen to make the passage. Leaving the broad, level valley of the Bow, and with it every trace of civilization for many a day to come, we plunged into the ravine, beside the swift, translucent river, until we mounted a very steep trail through thick forest, and emerged high above the creek in a fine valley whence the retrospective views were very beautiful.

Our path led through a tract of burned and fallen timber to more open ground, trending steadily toward Simpson Pass, above which stood a gabled mountain, with a small glacier cradled on its bosom, against a gloomy, ominous background of dark and lurid clouds. The valley narrowed before us, well wooded near the torrent-bed. On one side rugged summits rose abruptly from the thickly timbered slopes; on the other, the more open alps, interspersed with belts and groves of trees, bare cliffs and rocky terraces, merged into castellated peaks, the topmost crowned with snow.

As the evening shadows lengthened, before our camping-ground was reached, strong gusts of wind came sweeping down the gorge, with driving rain beating pitilessly in our faces, and we pressed on until we found a pretty and fairly sheltered spot among the woods, where we pitched our tent.

Next morning we were off at half-past seven, in fair weather, though the trees and undergrowth were dripping, crossed the stream, and after twenty minutes' gradual ascent diverged from the main trail to Simpson Pass, and followed a steep pathway to the south through thick pines up a narrow rocky valley, till we attained a beautiful open park.

The timber-line was passed soon after, and our route lay along a breezy, undulating alp, green and flower-strewn, skirting the Continental Divide, with frequent pretty lakelets in the hollows. Ever and anon a deep cañon dipped sharply toward the east or west, giving a glimpse of larger, wooded valleys, where Healy Creek and

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Simpson River run to join the Bow and Kootenay, and finally sink into the waters of the rival oceans.

About ten o'clock, from a lofty ridge about 2000 feet above our camp, we caught our first glimpse of Mount Assiniboine, bearing from this point a remarkable resemblance to the Swiss Dent Blanche, as it loomed through the slight haze, fourteen or fifteen miles away, dwarfing all the other points and ranges. An hour later, from the highest point upon our upland trail, some 7700 feet above the sea, we obtained a still better view of its noble pyramid, towering above a blue-black ridge hung with white glaciers, which lies between us and its base.

Crossing and recrossing the backbone of the continent, we skirted the base of an imposing natural fortification, 2000 feet high, and passing under its frowning ramparts close to the shores of two or three small lakes, we halted for lunch near a round pond, from which some ducks flew off at our approach, and which, from the numerous tracks leading in and out of it, we christened "The Bears' Bath-tub."

All this time the going had been good, and Peyto made the most of it, leading at a tremendous rate, with Sinclair driving on the pack-animals, and we, on foot, doing our best to keep pace with them.

After lunch a new experience began—a tremendous descent (1500 feet in fifty-five minutes) into an extraordinarily steep and weird valley, narrow and fire-swept, its serried ranks of bare and ghostly poles backed by the slopes of scanty grass and the expanse of rough gray rocks and tongues of scree. Toward its lower end we encountered an intricate maze of fallen logs, through which Peyto steered the horses with marvelous skill and rapidity, until we gained the valley of the chief source of the Simpson River, barren and boulder-strewn, divided into rugged sections by great ridges traversing it from side to side. Bare, burned trees reared their gaunt stems about us, or, fallen, littered the valley-bed, where strawberries and raspberries, gooseberries and blueberries, grew in wild profusion.

Crossing several ridges, we soon arrived at the head of the valley, a cul-de-sac, with a grand amphitheater of precipices and abrupt acclivities, 300 feet or more in height, blocking our way, and towering above the rich green flat on which we rested, beside a tree-girt lakelet, fed by a fine cascade that leaped from the rim of the great cirque above.

A zigzag track conducted us to the lowest point of this great barrier, and a scene of indescribable bleakness burst upon our gaze. The sun was hidden by the gathering clouds, and the leaden sky formed a fit background for the rock-bound basin at our feet, hemmed in by gray, ruined towers, from which wide belts and tapering tongues of tumbled scree streamed down among the bare poles of the stricken pines, with a tiny tarn, somber and forbidding, in its depths.

It was a fitting prelude to the long valley on which we now entered. Here was the acme of sheer desolation. Green-gray rocks and stones were strewn and piled in wild confusion amid sparse, stunted pines; crumbling drab-colored side-hills were lost in jagged, broken ridges and shattered pinnacles, that loomed in sullen dullness against the mournful sky, while a light drizzle bathed the scene in gloomy haze. Here and everywhere along our route the dreary silence and the strange scarcity of living things—a notable characteristic of the Canadian Cordilleras—were very striking. The whistle of the marmot, the rare whir of grouse, an eagle and a little bird or two, and a few tracks of bear or deer, marten or mountain goat, alone betrayed that the region is not quite bereft of life.

So we swung along mile after mile, till the melancholy conditions began to change: grass and light undergrowth appeared, the clouds broke, and, as we neared a rocky lake, Mount Assiniboine came into view again about five miles ahead, grander than ever, and, in spite of evening gloom, showing some detail of its horizontal belts of cliff and smooth, shining icy slopes.

Then came park country, rich green pasturage, and dark forest belts, with a winding coal-black stream-bed meandering through it all; while overhead sharp, serrated ridges, severed by wide passes to the Spray and Cross rivers, converged in the mass of Mount Assiniboine.

At length, at twenty minutes past seven, we reached our chosen camping-ground, sheltered by a grove of trees beside a trickling rivulet, with the dark waters of a long lake just visible beyond.

This lake, one of a dozen or more that

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lie close under the precipices of the giant peak, is nearly two miles long, and, like many others in the neighborhood, without a visible outlet. The waters seem to drain away through the loose limestone strata, and in some valley far below suddenly spring forth from a mysterious subterranean outlet, a full-grown stream.

The night was none too promising—warm and cloudy, with light showers at intervals and distant muttering thunder; and although later on the stars came out, ominous clouds still hung heavy round the horizon. The silence was broken again and again by the rumble and crash of falling ice and stones from the glacier a mile away, which aided the anxiety about the weather prospects to drive the slumber from our wearied frames.

Next morning we were astir early, the moon shining fitfully athwart the clouds and lighting up our grand peak with silvery brightness. As the sun rose, we had an opportunity of studying the mountain. Our camp, at an elevation of about 7200 feet, lay near the shore of the lake, a long mile from the cliff over which the northern glaciers of Mount Assiniboine descend abruptly; 3000 feet above the glacier rises the mighty monolith, a relic of the carboniferous age. Two jagged ridges trend sharply upward from the outlying spurs, until they meet in a dark, rocky apex just below the glistening, snowy summit; between them lies the formidable northern face, set at a fearsome angle, and banded with almost horizontal strata, which form an impressive alternation of perpendicular cliff belts and glassy slopes of ice. The lowest band is specially remarkable—a spectacular, striated wall of brilliant red-and-yellow rock, running apparently entirely round the mountain, and particularly striking where the erosion and disintegration of the ridges leave a succession of colored spires and pinnacles, radiant in the glowing sunshine.

The mountaineering history of Mount Assiniboine can be briefly sketched. Three times at least the citadel has been assailed. In 1899 Messrs. H. G. Bryant of Philadelphia and L. J. Steele, an Englishman, reconnoitered it by the northwest arête, but were repulsed at an altitude of about 10,000 feet. The following summer two Chicago climbers with three Swiss guides attempted the ascent by the north face, but failed to scale the first great line of cliffs. Again in August, 1901, Mr. Bryant made a further attack, in company with Mr. W. D. Wilcox of Washington and the Swiss guide Edward Feuz. Mr. Bryant and Feuz had already been upon the mountain, and Mr. Wilcox, the historian of the Canadian Rockies, was making his third visit to the precincts of Assiniboine.[1] Their knowledge of the peak led them to try the southwest ridge and face, the obviously most promising line of approach; but the condition of the snow was such that fear of avalanches and lack of time drove them back when about 1000 feet below the crest.

The fortress thus remained inviolate, the eastern side a precipice, the southern equally impracticable of ascent, the northern deemed probably inaccessible, and the southwest side, its most vulnerable aspect, strongly guarded.

By the advice of Peyto, who had made the circuit of the mountain with Messrs. Wilcox and Bryant in 1899, we had arranged to make our attempt on this southwest side; but, instead of taking horses and camp by the long detour necessary to reach the base, a two days' trip, we determined to endeavor to find a way round on foot, across the flanking spurs, at a high altitude. Being wholly unaware of the character of the mountain on the farther side, and anticipating considerable difficulty in attaining our goal on the southern ridge, we had little expectation of reaching the summit in a single day, and planned to camp somewhere at the farther side and make our assault on the following day. So at 6 A.M. we started off,—Peyto, Häsler, Bohren, and I,—laden with two days' provisions, changes of raiment, blankets, and a light tent for the night, besides the usual camera and sundry other paraphernalia.

Twenty minutes' walk along the green flat brought us to the first snow, and a steep pull up hard snow-slopes and a craggy wall of rock, followed by an awkward scramble over loose debris, landed us at half-past seven on the ice above. The glacier, covered with congealed snow and thin moraine, stretched away before us at an easy angle, with the great peak

[1] To Mr. Wilcox I am greatly indebted for his kindness in permitting the publication of some of the photographs from his beautiful collection of Rocky Mountain views.

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towering aloft on our left. Forty minutes of rapid going took us to the crest of the sharp ridge which forms the sky-line to the west and merges in the main northwest arête. Two hundred feet below us lay another glacier, and away to our left a second pass, at the base of the great western ridge. Dropping down to the ice, we followed it up, zigzagging to avoid the large crevasses, to the summit of the narrow pass, which we reached at nine o'clock and found ourselves about 9600 feet above the sea and 2400 feet above the camp.

From this point the lower portion of the unknown side of our mountain lay in full view, and, to our joy, we saw that our anticipated difficulties were non-existent. A comparatively easy traverse, along narrow but ample ledges covered with snow and debris, across the ribs and stony gullies of the southwest face, would bring us, with scarcely any loss of elevation, to the southwest ridge, whence the climb proper would begin.

But, to counteract this piece of good fortune, the light, fleecy clouds which had been hovering over the lower western peaks and growing larger and denser every hour were blotting out the view, and soon enveloped us in their chill embrace. With little hope of a successful ascent, we nevertheless made our way to the ridge, where we "cached" our blankets, tent, and most of the provisions, and, after a second breakfast, continued our upward progress at about half-past ten.

Our circle of vision dwindled from one hundred yards to fifty at the most; a steady drizzle, mingled with sleet, began to fall as we climbed cliff and ledge and gully, loose rocks and slopes of debris, as each appeared through the mists in front of us; and every few yards we built a little pile of stones to guide us in returning.

At length, at about 10,750 feet altitude, out of the gloom a mighty wall, seventy or eighty feet in height, loomed before us, its top lost in the clouds. The face seemed sheer and actually overhung in places. None of us had ever seen this side of Mount Assiniboine, excepting Peyto, who had left us a short distance below to prospect for minerals, and we knew not where the summit lay. Of course we went first in the wrong direction. Imagining that this belt was as unbroken here as on the northern face, we sought a cleft up which to clamber, and skirted the base to the right, till we were brought up by a tremendous precipice, some 6000 feet in depth. We had suddenly reached the edge of a gigantic buttress, where its converging sides meet at an abrupt angle. Before us, and on each hand, was empty space, and at our feet a seemingly unbroken drop thousands of feet in depth. Behind rose the sharp edge of rock like polished masonry. Below the stone-strewn ledge by which we had approached, the mountain-side shelved to the south in rugged steepness into far-distant depths; and as we peered with caution round the angle, the farther side disclosed a most appalling face of black, forbidding precipice, one of the finest and most perpendicular it has been my lot to see.

Here for some moments I stood in solemn awe, perched like a statue in a lofty niche, cut in the topmost angle of a vast, titanic temple, with space in front, on each side, above, and below, the yawning deeps lost in the wreathing mists that wrapped the mountain's base.

Our progress in this direction barred, we now retraced our steps and spied a little rift by which, in spite of a fair overhang for the first twelve or fifteen feet, thanks to firm hand- and foot-holds, we were enabled to scramble to the summit of the cliff. Working to the left by a steep succession of ledges and clefts, we reached a narrow, broken ridge running upward from the west, with a sheer drop upon the farther side. We thought that we had struck the main western arête (for it is very difficult to locate one's self in a dense mist, especially on an absolutely unknown mountain) and followed its lead, till in ten minutes, to our great amazement, we found ourselves upon a *peak!* Narrow ridges descended to the east and west, the steep face of our ascent lay to the south, while upon the northern side a mighty precipice fell away virtually perpendicularly for thousands of feet, broken only by a short buttress, with equally sheer walls and edged with jagged pinnacles.

This "Lost Peak" was to us most mysterious. It seemed a genuine summit, narrow and pointed though it was, in altitude a trifle over 11,000 feet. Yet where upon the mass of Mount Assiniboine was such a peak? We had imagined that the

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giant tooth rose more or less symmetrically on every side, and judged the back ridge by our knowledge of the four which we had seen. Häsler at first insisted that we were on the veritable summit, but the elevation and configuration of our whole environment demolished such a theory. We strained our eyes; but, though the breeze kept the thick clouds in constant motion, we could not see more than about a hundred yards ahead. We shouted in this direction and in that, but our voices died away into space until at last held by some loftier mass, which echoed back an answer from the direction whence we had just come. Then we knew that we were standing upon the southeast ridge, which must be longer and less steep, at any rate in its upper portion, than any of the others, and possess a distinct minor peak, separated from the main summit by a considerable break.

Such proved to be the case. After an hour spent in cold and wet, striving to pierce the clouds, hoping some stronger current of wind might waft them off, and thus enable us to see the top and give us some idea of its character and how we might approach it, we built a "stone man" to commemorate our visit, and, at half-past one, returned along the west arête until a chasm yawned beneath our feet—how deep we could not tell (it proved about 200 feet)—and forced us to descend by our cliff route and down the crack to the base of the big wall. A few minutes' walking in the opposite direction brought us to a broad snow-couloir, where the cliff receded and trended upward to the gap into which we had been gazing from above not long before, and away upon our left stretched the steep face of the great peak itself.

It was now too late to think of climbing farther, so we descended rapidly, and rejoined Peyto near the cache. Here, during a meal, we held a council of war, and came to the unanimous determination to shoulder our packs and return to camp; feeling that, if the morrow were wet, we should be better off there, and if it were fine, it would take but little longer to come round in light marching order from the north than to make the ascent thus far with heavy packs from tree-line on the south. In spite of a very speedy return, night fell upon us before we had quite descended the cliff wall below the northern glacier, and we stumbled into camp in black darkness about a quarter past eight.

The clouds had begun to dissipate toward sunset; later on the moon rose in a clear, star-spangled sky; and the chill of frost augured favorably for our second campaign.

September 3, a notable date for us and Mount Assiniboine, dawned brilliantly. At ten minutes past six our little party of three set out from camp in the best of spirits, encouraged by the hearty good wishes of the packers, and made rapid progress by the route of the previous day. In two and a half hours we were on the second pass, enjoying this time a wide view to the south and the northwest of an expanse of indented mountain-ranges and deep yawning valleys, with a little lake far below in each gorge. A brief halt here, and then on to the southwest ridge, reaching the cache three and a quarter hours from the start. Upward, past the colored belt, to our great cliff of yesterday. There, at half-past ten, we turned off to the left and crossed the couloir, full of deep snow upon an icy basis. Beyond it lay the final 1000 feet of the great mountain, its steep and rugged face a series of escarpments, broken by tiny ledges and occasional sharp pinnacles, and rent at distant intervals by clefts and crevices almost vertical. Slopes of solid ice or ice-hard snow, demanding arduous step-cutting, intervened below each wall and ledge and filled each cavity. The rocks were very brittle and extremely insecure, and to the ordinary difficulties there was added that abomination of the mountaineer, *verglas*, the thin coating of ice upon the rocks from the night's frost after the rain and sleet of yesterday.

The general line was diagonally across the face, but frequent minor consultations were required, the problems of immediate procedure being numerous.

Steadily onward the little party made its cautious way across these difficult approaches: ever on the alert, hand and foot alike pressed into service; each hold fully tested before the weight was trusted to it. A slippery ledge demanded an ignominious crawl; a series of gymnastic efforts were required to surmount some of the straight-up rocks and buttresses, where holds were few and far between. Detours were frequent to avoid impossible conditions: all

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sorts of cracks and crevices had to be utilized, and narrow, icy rifts were sometimes the only avenues of access to the tops of smooth, unbroken cliffs.

Thus step by step the advance continued, till, after a final scramble up a gully lined with solid ice and almost as steep and narrow as a chimney, we stood triumphantly upon the south arête, the summit in full view not more than 300 feet above us, reached by an easy ridge of snow, and Mount Assiniboine we knew was ours!

The strangest part of our ascent lay in the fact that now for the first time we saw the actual summit, as we had never had an opportunity of prospecting the mountain from the side of our ascent, and its cliffs rose so steeply during our approach that we could never see more than a short distance beyond us.

White, vaporous clouds had been slowly drifting up for the last hour, and, fearing a repetition of the previous day's experience and the loss of our view, we hurried on to the top, pausing only a few moments to enjoy the panorama, to renew acquaintance with our "Lost Peak," now 500 feet below us, and to take a picture through the mist of the white summit, with its splendid eastern precipice.

A quarter of an hour sufficed to complete our victory, and at half-past twelve we stood as conquerors 11,860 feet above the sea (government survey altitude from distant bases), on probably the loftiest spot in Canada on which human foot has been planted.

The summit is a double one, crowned with ice and snow, the two points rising from the extremities of an almost level and very narrow ridge 150 feet in length, at the apex of the sharp arêtes from north and south. On the western side snow-slopes tilted downward at a very acute angle, while on the east a stupendous precipice was overhung by a magnificent succession of enormous cornices, from which a fringe of massive icicles depended.

One at a time,—the other two securely anchored,—we crawled with the utmost caution to the actual highest point, and peeped over the edge of the huge, overhanging crest, down the sheer wall to a great shining glacier 6000 feet or more below.

The view on all sides was remarkable, although the atmosphere was somewhat hazy, and unsuitable for panoramic photography. Perched high upon our isolated pinnacle, full 1500 feet above the loftiest peak for many miles around, below us lay unfolded range after range of brown-gray mountains, patched with snow and sometimes glacier-hung, intersected by deep chasms or broader wooded valleys. A dozen lakes were visible, nestling between the outlying ridges of our peak, which proudly stands upon the backbone of the continent and supplies the head-waters of three rivers, the Cross, the Simpson, and the Spray.

Far away to the northwest, beyond Mount Ball and the Vermilion Range, we could descry many an old friend among the mountains of the railroad belt: Mount Goodsir and the Ottertails, Mount Stephen and Mount Temple, with the giants of the Divide, Victoria, Lefroy, Hungabee, and many others, a noble group of striking points and glistening glaciers.

The main ridge northward, after a sharp descent of fifty feet, falls gently for a hundred yards or so, and then takes a wild pitch down to the glaciers at the mountain's base. When we arrived at this point (only through my insistence, for the guides were anxious to return at once the way we came), we looked down on the imposing face that is perhaps Assiniboine's most characteristic feature.

On our right the drop is perpendicular, a mighty wall with frequent overhanging strata and a pure snow-curtain hanging vertically beneath the crowning cornice. But the north face, though not so sheer or awesome, is perhaps still more striking and unique. The shining steeps of purest ice, the encircling belts of time-eroded cliffs, sweep downward with tremendous majesty. Between the two a ragged ridge is formed, narrow and broken, like a series of roughly fractured wall-ends.

As we gazed, the question passed round, "Could we not manage to get down this way?" and the hope of crowning the triumph by a traverse of the mountain, conquering its reputed inaccessible ramparts (and that, too, in a descent), together with the prospect of an absolutely first-class climb, decided the reply in the affirmative. True, at least three great bands of rock lay there below us, any one of which might prove an insurmountable obstacle and

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necessitate a retracing of our footsteps, with the probable consequence of a night out, at a considerable altitude, among the icy fastnesses; but we had found *some* crack or cranny heretofore in their courses on the farther side, and—well, we would try to find an equally convenient right of way on this face, too.

So, after a halt of nearly two hours, at twenty minutes past two we embarked upon our final essay.

Well roped and moving generally one at a time, we clambered downward foot by foot, now balancing upon the narrow ridge, 5000 feet of space at our right hand; then scrambling down a broken wall-end, the rocks so friable that hand-hold after hand-hold had to be abandoned, and often half a dozen tested before a safe one could be found; now, when the ridge became too jagged or too sheer, making our cautious way along a tiny ledge or down the face itself, clinging to the cold buttresses, our fingers tightly clutching the scant projection of some icy knob, or digging into small interstices between the rocks; anon, an ice-slope had to be passed with laborious cutting of steps in the hard, wall-like surface; and again, cliff after cliff must be reconnoitered, its slippery upper rim traversed until a cleft was found and a gymnastic descent effected to the ice-bound declivity that fell away beneath its base.

For close upon 2000 feet the utmost skill and care were imperative at every step; for scarcely half a dozen could be taken, in that distance, where an unroped man who slipped would not inevitably have followed the rejected hand-holds and debris that hurtled down in leaps and bounds, to crash into fragments on the rocks and boulders far below.

But with a rope a careful party of experienced mountaineers is absolutely free from danger; and though it took our usually rapid trio three and a half hours to descend some 1800 feet, our confidence was fully justified, for nothing insurmountable obstructed our advance, and, after a brief halt below the last cliff wall, a gay descent, on snow that needed no step-cutting, brought us soon after six o'clock to easier, continuous rocks, where we unroped.

A speedy spell swinging down rocks, with an occasional glissade, landed us on the glacier in forty minutes, and an hour later, in the gathering darkness, we approached the camp, after an absence of thirteen and a half hours, greeted by shouts of welcome and congratulation from Peyto and Sinclair, who had seen us on the summit, and strains of martial music from the latter's violin.

Before turning in, we took a last look at the splendid obelisk above us, radiant in the moonlight against the dark, star-strewn canopy of heaven. A last look it proved, for next morning we awoke to a white world, with nothing visible of Mount Assiniboine but an occasional glimpse, through sweeping, leaden clouds, of its steep flanks deeply covered with the freshly fallen snow.

The return journey was begun at one o'clock that afternoon, and Desolation Valley was traversed in the snow and rain, and we encamped in the flat pasture at the head of Simpson Valley.

Next day we made a most tremendous march in the teeth of a driving snow-storm. The valley, with its gaunt, spectral tree-trunks, was drearier and more weird than ever; the blackened timber, outlined against the snow, showed in a mazy network; the bushes, with their load of fruit, peeped out forlornly amid their wintry environment, and every flower bore a tiny burden on its drooping head. The steep ascent of 1500 feet was made in ever-deepening snow, and on the alp above we met the fierce blasts of the keen north wind, sweeping across the unprotected uplands. Wearied with our forced marches and two long days of arduous climbing, the tramping through the soft, drifting snow, the steady upward trend of our advance, and the hard conflict with the driving storm, it was with deep relief that we crossed the final ridge and descended to calmer regions through the dark, snow-laden pines. Still on we went, down Healy Creek to the Bow Valley, where the packers camped with their tired horses, and the guides and I tramped on two hours more to Banff, arriving there just five days and five hours from the time of our departure.

Our toils were over. Next morning we were again in our comfortable quarters at Field, well satisfied. In spite of adverse weather conditions, the expedition had been intensely interesting from start to

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C. HÄSLER, J. OUTRAM, C. BOHREN

PEAK ON THE WEST SIDE

SOUTH SLOPE, 9500 FEET ELEVATION

LOOKING SOUTH FROM BASE OF GREAT CLIFF

FIRST VIEW OF SUMMIT THROUGH MIST

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DOUBLE SUMMIT, FROM THE NORTH

SUMMIT FROM NORTH RIDGE

NORTH VIEW FROM SUMMIT

NORTHWEST VIEW FROM SUMMIT

finish, and more than a success from a climber's point of view; and the fact that the ascent was made upon the last possible day the weather would permit that season added an extra spice of satisfaction to the accomplishment of a mountaineering feat perhaps the most sensational yet achieved in North America.

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THE HORSE IN AMERICA

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED

THE United States is the greatest horse-producing country in the world. At this time, therefore, when other agencies are coming into competition with horses for many purposes, and are being substituted for horses in many others, it is proper for us to consider what it is wise to do in order that there shall not be too serious losses in an industry as great as it is widespread and interesting. A few years ago the horses in the United States were valued at eleven hundred million dollars. Business depression, together with the competition and substitutions referred to, depreciated this stock more than one half. But there has been an appreciation within a few years, owing to business revival and ensuing prosperity, so that the value of the horses in the country had risen more than two hundred million dollars at the end of the last fiscal year, June, 1902, from what the value was at the low-water mark referred to. It is interesting to record that even during the time of the greatest depression really fine specimens of horseflesh were in demand at high prices, while good horses never commanded more money than at this time. Within the last few years the horse market has been stimulated by the army demands. Not only our own increased army had to be provided, but thousands were also bought for the use of the British in South Africa.

Notwithstanding the importance of horse-breeding as an industry in this country, there is at this time no distinctly American horse type. The racing thoroughbred is English, the heavy draft-horse is French, the hackney is English, and the trotting horse, as bred at present for track and road service, is not a type at all. An animal type cannot be said to be established until it reproduces itself with reasonable certainty. This the standard-bred trotting horse, on which we have plumed ourselves for forty years past, does not do. Exact statistics are quite impossible to obtain, but it cannot be that more than two per cent. of the standard-bred trotters fulfil the intention of their breeders and trot fast, while more than fifty per cent. of those that develop any notable speed are not trotters at all, but pacers. So it is absurd to call this a type on account either of gait, action, speed, or conformation. In conformation they appear to come in all sizes and shapes, and to be as far from a fixed type as possible. Indeed, there is no use in blinking the fact that even the prize-winners among the standard-bred trotters are chiefly useful as parts of a gambling game, serving the relative purpose of the roulette wheel and the pack of cards. The pity of it is that in the efforts to create this fast-trotting type several distinct American types of great value have been lost. That we may see how this has happened, let us go quickly and briefly through the history of the horse in America.

The Spaniards were the first to bring horses to this continent, though the paleontologists tell us that the rocks abound with fossils which show that *Equidæ* were numerous all over America in the Eocene period. It is a singular fact, however, that there were no horses in America when the first Europeans came hither. It is not necessary to go so far back for our present purpose, nor is it worth while to consider more than casually the wild horses of the Western plains—horses which sprang from the castaways of the Spanish explorers and adventurers. The horses in America to-day that are worthy of study have none of this blood in them, but have been domesticated from the time of their importation, and have never reverted to a wild state. The horses brought to America in the colonial

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era were mainly from England, but some came from Holland. The trip over was rough, and they were landed in a rough land and put to rough service. It was a sturdy animal, therefore, that survived and prospered. They did prosper, and long before the Revolutionary War we had in this country what might be called a "basic stock" that was ready for and susceptible

From a photograph by William Notman & Son

QUEBEC HORSE AND CALASH

of improvement. I suspect that the horses that were common on the Atlantic seaboard a century and a half ago were very like the sturdy animals now to be seen in the province of Quebec, in Canada, a little way from the St. Lawrence River. Time has not exactly stood still in this part of the world, but nearly everything there seems to belong to an elder century. The horses, particularly, seem to belong to an older time. They are not beautiful in conformation or in action, but still in many regards they are admirable; for, harnessed in a calash, they get over the ground with ease to themselves and satisfaction to their drivers. In endurance they are wonderful, and I have known of feats of hardihood which quite equal the familiar stories of the famous Morgans of New England. These horses, presumably, are the result of a mixture of English and French blood, just as those about New York were the result of a mixture of English and Dutch blood. They had good material to work in when the colonial gentlemen had reached that point of development where they had time and means to devote to other than the purely utilitarian pursuits which yielded immediate results.

Meantime great progress had been made in improving the English horse. When heavily armored knights were supplanted by a lighter cavalry, gunpowder having been introduced, the horses in England were not fit for the new work demanded of them. They were heavy animals of mongrel stock and seemingly a poor foundation on which to make any improvement. Henry VIII issued a sweeping decree that

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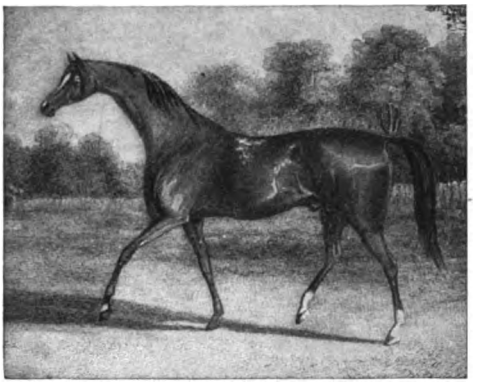
all mares and stallions in the royal forests not up to a certain standard should be killed. Subsequent to his reign there were intelligent efforts to improve the breed, James I buying an Arabian stallion, Markham's Arabian. This seems to have been a very unsatisfactory specimen, and was greatly disliked by the Master of Horse, the Duke of Newcastle. His impression on the English horse was probably neither great nor beneficial; but there were other introductions of Eastern blood during the time of Charles II, and the efforts to breed better horses was persistent and intelligent. By the time of William III the best horses in England, according to Blaine's "Rural Sports," were quite similar to the type now known as Cleveland Bays, though probably not so large. From this stock, by means of the Arab blood,[1]—the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, the Godolphin Barb, and many others,—the thoroughbred racer was made, a type which has existed till now, and has served to quicken the blood of the best horses in two continents. From these improved English horses there were many importations into Virginia and New York for racing and for breeding. Having learned of the value of Eastern blood in improving the English horses, there were importations of Arabian stallions to this country long before we began keeping anything like trustworthy records. But what is known as the thoroughbred racer in America today has little, if any, of what I call the "basic blood" in his veins. He is purely English, and is said to have a cold strain unless the pedigree of both sire and dam trace back to the stud-book kept by the Messrs. Weatherby.



From a painting by D. Dalby, engraved by J. Cone for the "American Turf Register" (1829)

THE DARLEY ARABIAN

There were great improvements, however, in which the "basic stock" figured. The first definite type evolved was in New England, and I doubt exceedingly whether, in the making of this type, which forty years later became known as the Morgan horse, the thoroughbred blood of England figured at all. It is much more likely that it was produced by a union of Arab blood with that of our "basic stock," which was good stock, as it represented that severe rule of animal life, the survival of the fittest. These Morgan horses were neat and symmetrical, with small heads, high crests, clean action, and a stamina which made our forefathers believe that there was nothing too great for their strength and their courage. They were not large, however, generally not being more than fifteen hands in height; but they were not small,

From a painting by G. Stubbs, engraved by J. Cone for the "American Turf Register" (1829)

THE GODOLPHIN BARB

[1] According to the reckoning of Major Roger D. Upton of the Ninth Royal Lancers, there were used in the formation of the English stud from the time of James I to the beginning of the nineteenth century Eastern horses to this extent: 101 Arab stallions, 7 Arab mares, 42 Barb stallions, 24 Barb mares, 1 Egyptian stallion, 5 Persian stallions, 28 Turkish stallions, and 2 "foreign" stallions, or 210 in all. In the popular mind all of these were classed as Arabs. This is not right, as the real Arab is much purer in blood than the others, though the Barbs have virtues by no means to be despised.

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for they were bulky in build, and nowadays would probably be classed as cobs of very high quality. When the Morgans were at their best as a type, a man named Justin Morgan took into Vermont a young stallion which he had bred at Springfield, Massachusetts, and in the effort, by certain methods, to convert a type into a family, he brought discredit upon the whole type. But the type did not perish until the Hambletonian craze took possession of the country, and madness in breeding became the rule instead of the exception.

After a woodcut published in "Morgan Horses"

JUSTIN MORGAN

The Morgan horse was a type, though the type had not been given a name, before the landing of the gray stallion Messenger in 1788. This was a thoroughbred racer, and he had been a successful performer on the English turf. He traced directly to the Darley Arabian and the Godolphin Barb, and was, therefore, rich in that potent Eastern blood from which all the distinguished European horse types have sprung. It was found that the produce of Messenger out of American mares, especially of those which afterward became known as Morgans, could trot particularly fast; and long before he died this stallion was regarded as a valuable acquisition to the country. About him countless legends and fictions have grown, so that he seems more like a hero of romance than merely a flea-bitten gray horse of bad temper, worth about $4500. There is not an aspiring trotter in the country whose owner does not proudly trace his pedigree back to Messenger. But he was a great horse in his life, and in the history of the development of the horse in America his will always be one of the proudest places. He was rather a coarse horse in appearance, as was his great-grandsire Sampson, in whose blood there was a cross of the Darley Arabian with the Godolphin Barb. This coarse appearance of Sampson and Messenger has induced an amusing but unscrupulous controversialist to impugn Messenger's breeding,[1] and to say that his power to transmit

[1] Messenger was by Mambrino; Mambrino, by Engineer; Engineer, by Sampson; Sampson, by Blaze; Blaze, by Flying Childers (pronounced by Major Upton, in his "Newmarket and Arabia," "the best horse to be found in the stud-book"); and Flying Childers, by the Darley Arabian.

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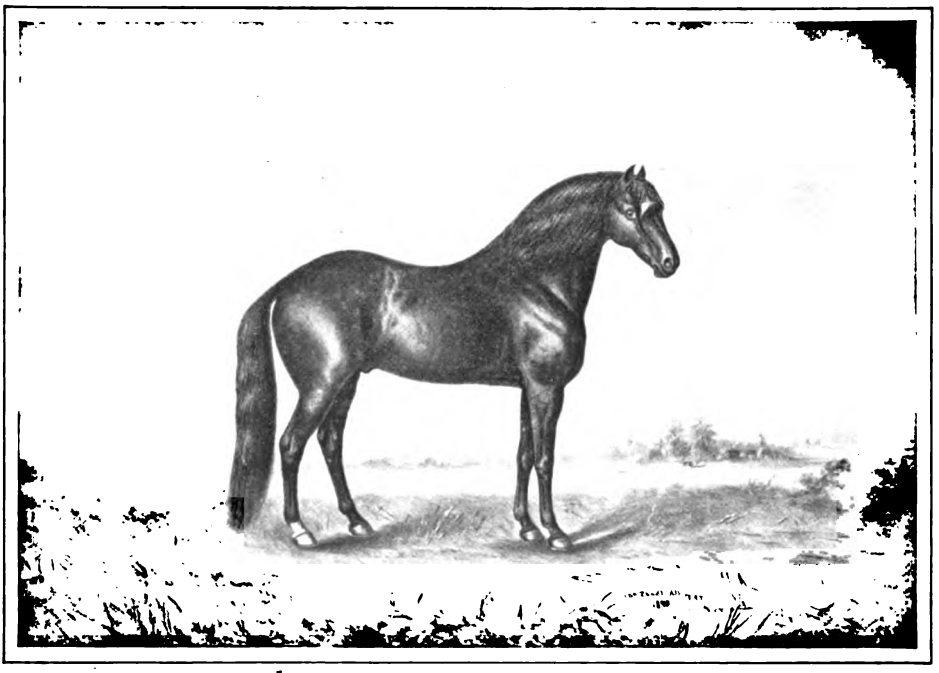
From a painting by Kirby van Zandt, copyright, 1880, by Randolph Huntington

ANDREW JACKSON

the capacity to trot was due to Sampson's dam being a pacing mare. As a matter of fact, the progeny of Barbs are apt to pace, and the Godolphin progenitor of Messenger was a Barb. During the nineteen years of Messenger's life in this country he was



From a painting by Kirby van Zandt, copyright, 1880, by Randolph Huntington

HENRY CLAY (SIRE, ANDREW JACKSON; DAM, LADY SURREY)

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in the stud near Philadelphia, on Long Island, in Orange County, New York, and in New Jersey, and the influence of his blood has been great and lasting. To this day the neighborhoods in which he served are noted for the superiority of their horses.

The next distinct type after the Morgan that we had in America and of our own making was known as the Clays, and they flourished greatly, especially in the western

From a photograph, copyright, 1873, by Schreiber & Sons

RYSDYK'S HAMBLETONIAN (AGE 23)

part of New York State, up to the time of the Civil War. These horses not only traced back to Messenger with Arab and Barb blood, but, subsequent to the Messenger crosses, in Andrew Jackson, the sire of Henry Clay, there were other infusions of Arab blood. These Clays were very similar to the Morgans, but were a trifle larger and also faster. Their size and speed were, no doubt, due to the closeness of their in-

breeding. Though they were not large horses, they were of immense muscular power, and could trot all day. A story is told of Henry Clay, the horse from which this family of horses derived its name, that Mr. William Wadsworth of Geneseo needed for his sister a doctor from Rochester, thirty-eight miles away. Henry Clay was harnessed to a two-seated wagon, and did the journey both ways in less than five hours. Then again, when Mr. Wadsworth had a match at mile heats, best three in five, he drove his horse ninety-eight miles the day before the race, rather than pay forfeit, and then won the race, one heat being trotted in 2:35.[1] This was in 1847. Consider the clumsy shoes, the heavy sulkies, and other impedimenta of that time, in comparison with the wire-like plates, ball-bearing, pneumatic-tired sulkies, and cob-

[1] Neither Henry Clay nor his sire Andrew Jackson was ever beaten. Henry Clay was bred in New York, but was sold when a colt to George M. Patchen of New Jersey. Mr. Wadsworth coveted the horse, and went to Mr. Patchen to buy him. Patchen, not anxious to sell, finally put on a price which he thought prohibitive. "We will give the horse all the water he can drink," he said to Mr. Wadsworth, "and then weigh him, and you may give me one dollar a pound for him." Mr. Wadsworth promptly accepted, and the horse weighing 1050 pounds, that fixed the price, which was paid immediately, and the horse was sent at once to Livingston County, New York.

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LEXINGTON

web-like harness of to-day, and decide whether even the most phenomenal of our trotters is better than that. At any rate, Henry Clay or his sire Andrew Jackson, it makes no difference which, established a reproducing horse type symmetrical in conformation, speedy and graceful in action, hardy in constitution, kindly in dis-

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FLORA TEMPLE

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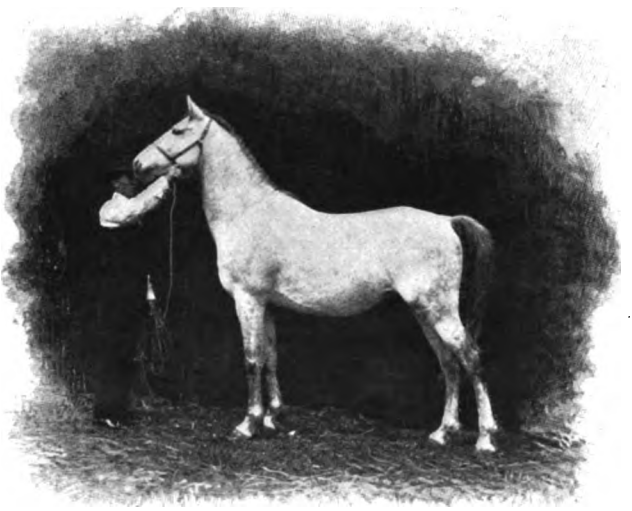
position, and as courageous as possible. This type, fortunately, has not entirely perished, but so little of the blood has been preserved that the type is all but gone. Here was another victim of the Hambletonian craze and of the mistaken idea that "like begets like" without regard to the important blood influences which are all-controlling. Would a forester plant an acorn in a grove of maples and expect to get a combination of oak and maple because the ground had nurtured maples before and was peculiarly adapted to that kind of tree? If he did, we should think him a proper subject for an insane asylum. That, or like to that, is what the American horse-breeders have been doing for half a century. Among all of Messenger's progeny none has done him greater honor than the Clays, and it may be that in the final American type of horse Messenger's fame will be preserved through this family, which the obloquy of horse-breeding partizanship has not yet sufficed to kill.



From a photograph

NIMROD, OWNED BY W. G. HUGHES & CO.

The next definite type in America was the Golddust family in Kentucky, bred by Mr. L. L. Dorsey near Louisville. The sire of this family was by Vermont Morgan out of a dam half Arab and half thoroughbred. Golddust was born in 1854, and when he was at his best the Civil War was raging and the opportunity was poor indeed for breeding purposes. This was particularly so in the neighborhood of Golddust's home, which was in a region in which residents were kept in constant fear of guerrilla raids. These horses were very rich in Arab and Barb blood, as it came from both branches. The sire of Golddust's dam was by imported Zilcaadi, brought direct to this country from Syria. The granddam was by imported Barefoot, an English Anglo-Arab, in whose immediate ancestry there were many infusions of the Darley Arabian and the Godolphin Barb.

These Golddust horses were peculiarly handsome. They had size and substance and a notably clean and graceful action, besides speed and staying qualities. They were particularly adapted for light carriage work, and I know of no other family or type we have ever had which could have been so readily developed into splendid coach or heavy harness horses. When the Civil War was over, the *nouveaux riches*, who were controlling everything in the sporting world and had also invaded the most exclusive social circles, made for a time even the trotting tracks popular and fashionable. This was a poor time for a man who, being compelled by necessity to sell the produce of his stock-farm, was endeavoring also to develop a certain type of horses not peculiarly adapted to use on the trotting tracks. The Golddusts did win as trotters in the best company, but it is pretty certain that their highest merits were not in this direction. They, too, fell under the ban of those who cared nothing for scientific breeding, but looked only to time tests of speed and held to the fallacious idea that "like begets like" without reference to the immutable laws which are recognized and understood by pretty nearly all horse-breeders in the civilized world, save only those who have been trying to establish the fast-trotting type in America.

Then we had the Hambletonian horse. We have him still, and, because we have him, we have not in the standard-bred trot-

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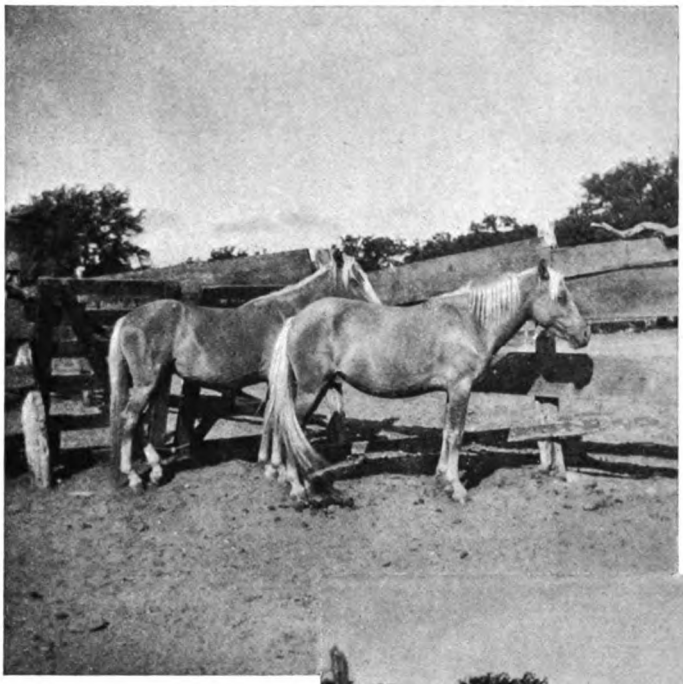
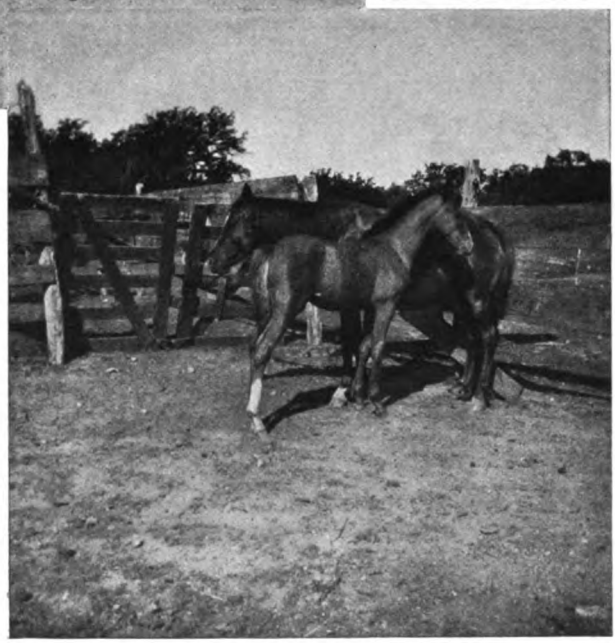
ter a fixed and reproducing type. Here is the fiction about Hambletonian, written by me some years ago, when I believed it to



MUSTANG MARES, OWNED BY W. G. HUGHES & CO.

be true: "Messenger begat Mambrino, and Mambrino begat Abdallah, and Abdallah begat Hambletonian. Now the race may be said to have fairly begun, for there is scarcely a trotting horse in America which has not in its blood one, two, or three strains of this Hambletonian blood, for Hambletonian was the great-sire of trotters. He was a Messenger on both sides, great-grandson in the male line and grandson and great-grandson in the female line, from which also came a new English cross, for his dam was by the imported hackney Bellfounder.[1] In him the Messenger blood was strong, and, himself a trotter of much speed, though never trained, he had the capacity of transmitting the trotting gait in a greater degree than any horse in history."

There are a good many misstatements in that paragraph; but when I wrote it I was deceived by the false pedigrees which have been manufactured and recorded in the trotting-horse registers and stud-books. The truth is that Hambletonian was a bull-like horse that was trained by Hiram Woodruff, but could never develop a speed equal to a mile in three minutes—



From photographs

MUSTANG MARE AND COLT (SIRE, NIMROD), OWNED BY W. G. HUGHES & CO.

3:18, to be exact, being the best mile he ever did. As to his pedigree. Mambrino, the

[1] No human being in the world knows anything whatever about the breeding of the Charles Kent mare, Hambletonian's dam.

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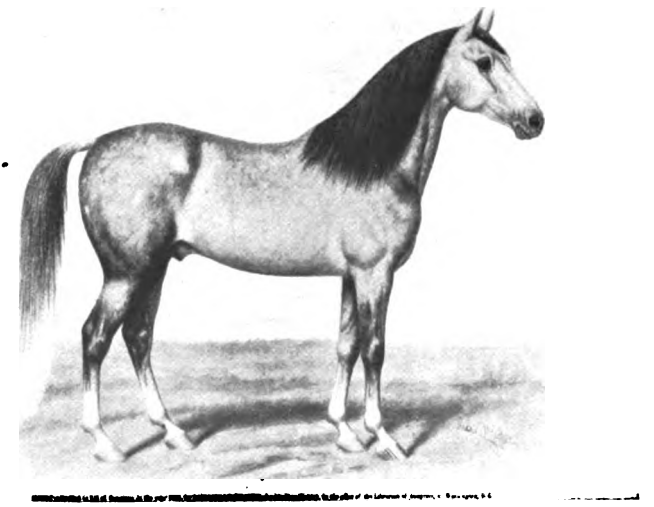
LEOPARD (ARAB)

Presented to General U. S. Grant by the Sultan of Turkey in 1879

grandsire, was by Messenger; but he was worthless and also vicious. He could neither run nor trot. He was bred by Louis Morris of Westchester County, New York, and sold to Major William Jones of Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. As he was worthless and a serious disappointment, Major Jones virtually gave him away, and he was used as a traveling stallion at a small fee. John Treadwell, a Quaker farmer near Jamaica, Long Island, had two Conestoga, or Pennsylvania-



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LINDEN TREE (BARB)

Presented to General U. S. Grant by the Sultan of Turkey in 1879

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Dutch, draft-mares. Out of one of these mares, by Mambrino, was born Abdallah. This horse was so bad-tempered that he could never be broken to harness, but was ridden under the saddle. He had no speed either as a runner or trotter, not being able to do a mile in four minutes at any gait. He had a mule-like head and ears, a badly ewed neck, and a rat tail. But he was a

From a photograph

NAOMI (BORN 1875, DIED 1900) AND FOAL KHALED. OWNED BY RANDOLPH HUNTINGTON

Messenger, despite the Conestoga crossing, and he was sold to Kentuckians for $4500. In less than six months the Kentuckians repented of their bargain, and sold him back to New-Yorkers for $500—Messrs. Simmons & Smith, Bull's Head dealers, buying him as a speculation. This was in 1849. No purchaser could the speculators find at any price, and the stallion was virtually given away to stop expenses of keeping. About this time Charles Kent wanted a new horse for his butcher wagon, and traded, through Alexander Campbell of Bull's Head, his worn-out mare to Edmund Seeley, a farmer in Orange County, New York, for a steer for butchering. This butcher's mare had originally been sold to him by Campbell, who had obtained her in a drove of Western horses, paying $40 for her. Her pedigree was quite unknown. This mare is known in American horse history as the Charles Kent mare,[1] and is said to be by imported Bellfounder. She was in foal to Abdallah when Seeley got her, and the colt became the property of Bill Rysdyk, a hired man on Seeley's farm. Rysdyk looked around for a name for his colt—a name which should indicate the Messenger blood in him. There had been in the early years of the century a famous son of Messenger named after Alexander Hamilton. This horse finally became known as Bishop's Hamiltonian. In his effort to borrow the name, Rysdyk, being weak in his orthography, called his horse Rysdyk's Hambletonian. And so he lives in history—false in his pedigree as in his name. The public of that day believed this horse to be a son

[1] When Rysdyk's Hambletonian's pedigree became a matter of importance to those who relied on it for the royal breeding of their trotting stock, Alexander Campbell of Bull's Head was offered $1000 to certify to a manufactured pedigree of the Kent mare. Campbell declined, and ordered the swindlers from his office.

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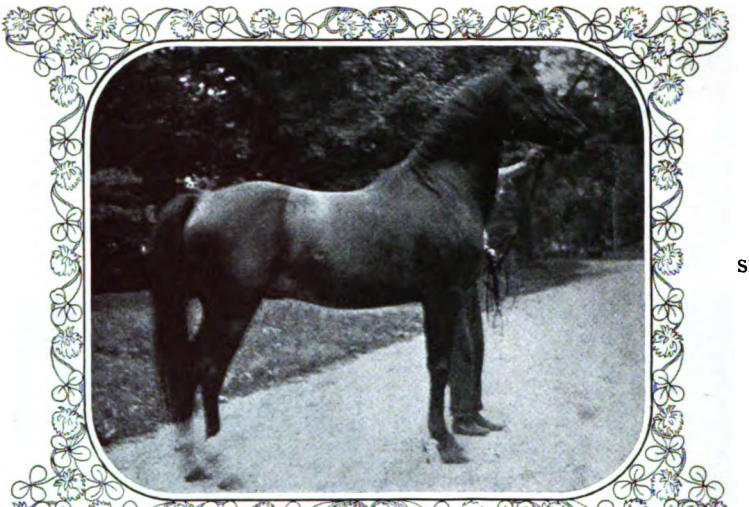
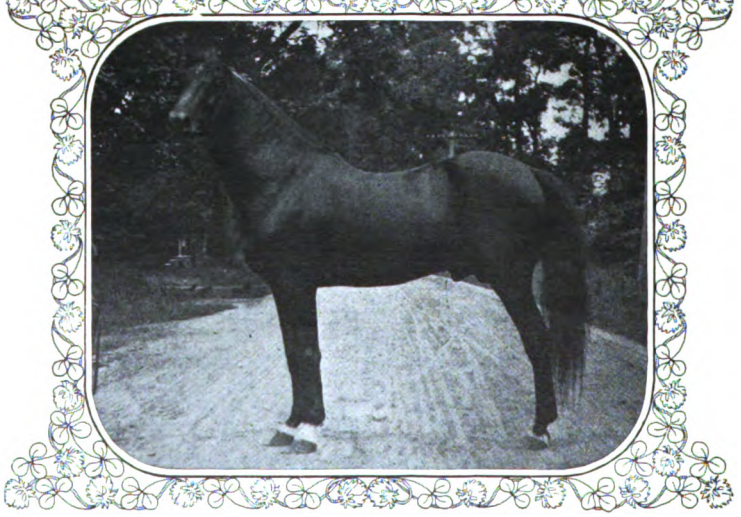


AENIZAH

SIRE, LEOPARD; DAM, NAOMI

ABDUL HAMID II

SIRE, LEOPARD; DAM, MARY SHEPPARD



HEGIRA

SIRE, LINDEN TREE; DAM, TICHISTA

From photographs of the horses bred by Randolph Huntington

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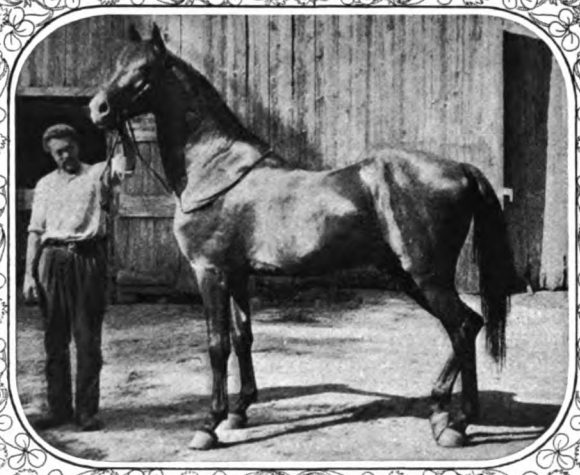
KHALED

SIRE, NIMR; DAM, NAOMI

CLAY KISMET

SIRE, NIMR; DAM, CLAY GIPSY



CLAY ECLIPSE

SIRE, CLAY KISMET; DAM, LADY WASHINGTON

From photographs of the horses bred by Randolph Huntington

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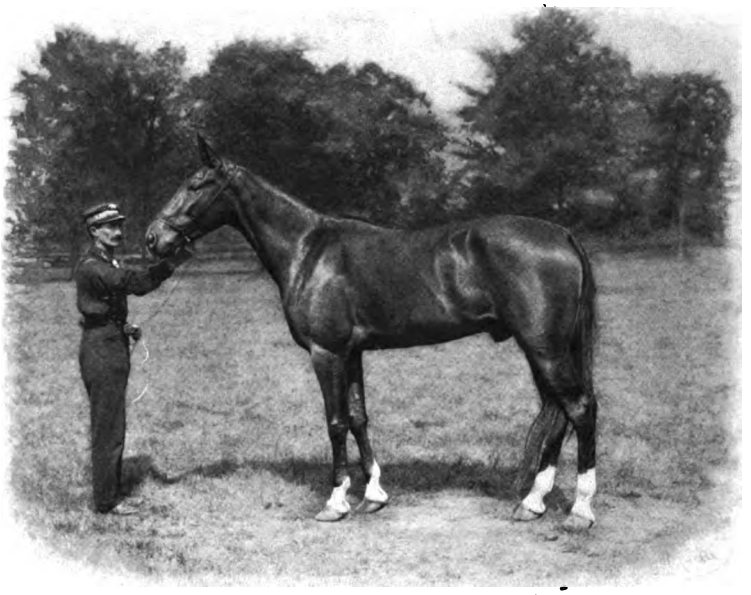

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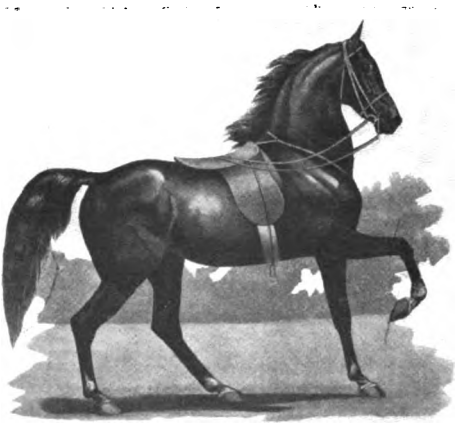
BORALMA, OWNED BY THOMAS W. LAWSON

of Bishop's Hamiltonian, and for the sake of the Messenger blood he was served to the best mares in Orange County, and Orange County was rich in the Arab and Barb blood of the daughters and granddaughters of that great and unbeatable trotting horse, Andrew Jackson. No stallion ever had a better chance, and it was almost impossible that there should not have been good horses among his get. And there were. But the bad blood of his ancestry, sire and grandsire being worthless degenerates, together with the utterly unmixable Conestoga blood in his granddam, have been continually cropping out in his progeny,—for faults more readily reappear than perfections,—until now, when it must be acknowledged that the boasted horse type of which he is said to be the founder is no type at all [1] (see next page).

During the last twenty-five years there have been many and persistent efforts to improve the standard-bred trotters by fresh infusions of thoroughbred blood, the gen-



After a lithograph

DOROTHY, A DENMARK SADDLE-HORSE, OWNED BY GENERAL JOHN B. CASTLEMAN

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eral plan being to use a thoroughbred mare for the granddam of the perfected trotter, the dam, of course, being half-bred. This has, without any question whatever, resulted in quickening the speed of some individual horses. But it has not resulted in a reproducing type, while the process has been most wasteful and expensive by reason of its extravagant uncertainty. If the horses so bred were good for other than track purposes when they failed to trot or pace very fast, then there would be no room for complaint. But the ninety-eight per cent. of failures are almost worthless for other purpose than that for which they have failed. They have not the substance for carriage horses, they are coupled too long to carry weight under the saddle, they are not heavy enough for draft-animals, and they are too high-strung for the plow. They are merely costly failures, a reproach to their breeders and a complete refutation of the unsound principles the following of which has led to their being what they are.

Practical men of experience are so well acquainted with the facts that I have mentioned that it has come to be the case now that when a man goes in for trotting horses he is soon looked upon with suspicion as to his solvency and not infrequently visited with social exclusion—another way of saying that he is not visited at all. These may seem curious results to lead from mistaken principles as to breeding[2] and bad taste as to horses, and I shall not attempt to account for them. Let each reader glance around within his own neighborhood and see if what I say is not true.

In this long and interesting effort to produce the very best trotters Americans have become the most skilful developers of the speed of harness horses the world has known, and as drivers they are unequaled. This skill has been assisted by the ingenious inventors who have contrived wagons so light and frictionless that the weight a trotter now carries is not more than sufficient to keep him steady, and is virtually no handicap at all. Take two horses of equal speed and harness, and shoe and harness one as the horses of 1850 were harnessed and shod, and the other as those of this year are turned out, and the horse in the older rigging would be distanced, while the winner would scarcely have to extend himself. The fast time in the present records owes much to mechanical improvements, and much more to more skilful development and driving than to better breeding, though I do not pretend to deny that certain individual horses have recently gone faster than any of the old-timers would have gone, let the conditions have been what they might. But the Morgans, the Clays, and the Golddusts were reproducing types, which the standard-bred trotters are not. That they were types was because they were rich in that primitive Eastern blood without which no great type has ever been created or maintained.

The English thoroughbred, as has been explained, is of Arab origin; so also are the French Percheron and the Russian Orloff. Indeed, there can be little doubt that our own hardy little mustangs of the West and Southwest are of this blood, for of such were the Spanish horses during the time

[1] See General Benjamin F. Tracy's letter in the "Turf, Field, and Farm," February 15, 1901, in which he declares that among "standard-bred trotters" that go fast the greater proportion of them are pacers. Pacing is a gait which no gentleman could care for. It suits barkeepers, butchers, and other flash and vulgar persons. I recently heard of a little girl of eight who had been in the habit of being driven behind proper horses. Once, while on a visit, she went driving with an aunt who was using a pacer. The child was mortified at the ungainly gait and begged her aunt to go very slowly through the village. When they reached a secluded woodland road later, the child said: "Now let her go, aunty; no one can see us here." That little girl had good taste, and deserves to be the mistress of good horses as long as she lives.

[2] The principle "like begets like" is that the produce of the fastest horse and the fastest mare will probably be a colt faster than either parent. It has not worked out that way by any means, and this failure emphasizes a curious inconsistency of those who hold to it. Hambletonian, they say, was the founder of their type. He could not trot fast; his sire, Abdallah, could not trot at all; and his grandsire, Mambrino, could not trot and would not run. It seems to me that the Hambletonians which have been fast trotters have had their speed not on account of the Hambletonian blood, but in spite of it. It is likely that the false notions that have prevailed for forty years in this country in regard to the virtue of Hambletonian blood have cost American horse-breeders more than a billion dollars in property values. The false pedigree of Hambletonian's dam that has been recorded has caused English hackney-breeders to say that American trotters owe their speed to the hackney blood in the Charles Kent mare. In the first place, Bellfounder was not a hackney, but a Norfolk; in the second place, Bellfounder was not the sire of the Charles Kent mare.

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when the Spaniards were the great explorers of this country. That the mustangs are a type, though an inferior type, no one acquainted with them will deny, and it is not impossible that by a fresh infusion of good Arab blood an animal greatly improved in size and conformation might result, while those hardy qualities which are now so admirable might be preserved. Indeed, a gentleman in Texas, with a half-bred grandson of General Grant's Arab stallion Leopard, is now trying such an experiment with every confidence in its success.

The gift by the Sultan of Turkey to General Grant of two stallions—Leopard, Arab, and Linden Tree, Barb—will probably prove to be a very important event in the history of the horse in this country. Among the breeders of horses and students of animal life in this country, Mr. Randolph Huntington has been well known for more than forty years. He has always held that blood influence was all-important in breeding, and that kindred blood, when pure, could not be too closely mingled. Moreover, he has refused to be imposed upon by the forged pedigrees that were manufactured to make this and that family popular. In addition, being a man acquainted with the history of the horse in the world as well as in America, he has known that the potent blood in every European type, as well as American type, was of Eastern origin. He hailed the coming of the Grant stallions, and prepared to use them by securing some half-dozen virgin Clay mares, themselves rich in Arab blood. With General Grant's consent, he bred these mares to Leopard and Linden Tree, and in a little while had a small collection of the greatest possible interest. He persevered in this for fifteen years, and had developed what he called an American Arab or a Clay Arabian. They were splendid animals, large, shapely, strong, fast, and kindly. For the purpose of developing the type, the collection needed to be kept together, as Count Orloff kept his stud together until it was transferred to the Russian government. Unfortunately, Mr. Huntington had associated with him in the ownership of the horses a New York lawyer who proved, in 1893, to be one of the most noted defaulters this country has known. Mr. Huntington was among the victims, and this valuable and interesting collection had to be sold and dispersed. Mr. Huntington, however, was able to retain a few of the best; and, though then an old man, he began his work over again, sustained by the strength of a great purpose, and encouraged by the belief that he was doing a good work for his country.

By this time Mr. Huntington was recognized in England, France, and Russia as a very enlightened breeder and among the elect of those who attribute to Eastern blood its rightful virtue. His small collection was added to from England by Nazli, a pure-bred Muneghi-Hadruji Arabian mare, in foal to the Arab Kismet, a race-horse who in his class was unbeaten, though he had a long career in India and afterward in England. With this and other accessions he has pursued a course similar to that previous to the dispersal of his first collection, until now he has some forty head of horses, pure and half-bred Arabs. It takes time to develop a type—more time and money than any one person is generally able or willing to give. But in the short space of twenty-two years Mr. Huntington has twice proved that by the close breeding of pure Arabs and Clays he can secure horses of great similarity in appearance and action, of much speed, of kindly dispositions and sturdy constitutions. Here, it seems to me, is the most promising chance we have had in forty years to establish an American type of that high character which the present conditions demand.

Even in breeding for a new type the present stock of the country must be taken into consideration. That cannot be exterminated after the arbitrary manner of Henry VIII's decree. Fortunately, there is no need that it should. America abounds in fine equine blood. It has not been combined skilfully in many instances, but still it is here. Much of it is quite fit to be used in the combinations of blood which shall result in the American horse of the future. Meantime we can, for immediate use and before the desired type is common, very greatly improve the general average of our horses by abandoning false principles which lead to Disaster by the road called Disappointment. This is so important a subject and affects in such a vital way a great industry, besides having an influence on the efficiency of the army, that it has been suggested that the Federal government should take it up and have a stud connected with the Agricultural Department.

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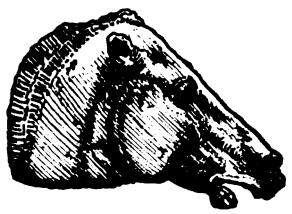
All of the great European governments, save Great Britain, keep such studs, and a very strong argument might be made in favor of the United States doing something of the same kind; but it is not my present purpose to take up that phase of the subject.

Saddle-horses, excellent in quality and action, are numerous in America at present, and probably always have been. Any active horse with a short back can be converted by a skilful horseman into a tolerable mount. I used to think that there was in Kentucky a distinct saddle-horse type known as the Denmarks, and maybe I was right. As I knew them twenty years ago they were admirable in conformation, action, and manners, and about three-quarter bred—not thoroughbred, as some mistaken writers have recently asserted. Denmark, the founder of the family, though a race-horse of some distinction, winning at New Orleans in 1845, was not himself a thoroughbred. Denmark was by imported Hedgford out of Betsy Harrison by Aratus. Betsy Harrison's dam was Jenny Cockracy by Old Potomac, a celebrated race-horse in the first decade of the nineteenth century, and a son of imported Diomed, the first winner of the English Derby. But Old Potomac was so weak on his dam's side, tracing quickly to plow-horses, that he was sent out of Virginia as a menace to the racing blood of the State. So Denmark was not a thoroughbred, but his progeny from thoroughbred mares, or mares nearly so, were frequently very admirable as individuals, being particularly excellent as all-round horses for both riding and driving. They were—and are, for that matter—very blood-like in their appearance, and nearly all readily acquired that now unfashionable gait known as the single-foot or rack. This gait and the running walk were highly esteemed by the men, planters and others, who attended to their business affairs on horseback and did not care to get over-heated by exercise. At the horse shows in the country these horses get a good proportion of the blue ribbons, and no doubt they well deserve them. This blood has been so generally diffused throughout Kentucky that it is a fact well known to army officers that if two troops in the same regiment, mounted one on Kentucky horses and the other on horses, say, from Illinois, be sent on a campaign requiring hard riding, the horses of the Kentucky troop will still be in fine condition when the other horses are completely broken down. Denmark inherited Arab blood both from sire and dam, while the blood of the ordinary stock in Kentucky for forty years previous to the Civil War was quickened by frequent infusions of that potent equine yeast which comes alone from the desert.

The heavy draft-horses in America are all of foreign types, and the breeders are constantly importing new stallions and mares for breeding purposes. The thoroughbred is also of foreign origin. Here, too, we need, or think we need, to bring from England many new sires. Before it was so common to do this we thought we had developed an American race-horse of surpassing speed and gameness. It is certainly the fact that some of the American race-horses did admirably on the English turf. But there is a question whether better training and riding did not have as much to do with these successes as the superiority of the horses. Now the thoroughbreds in America very closely approach their English cousins in every way, and are bred and trained to respond to the demand "to sprint"—that is, to go short distances quickly. This seems to me not a good change, except for the gambling game into which racing has degenerated, as the thoroughbreds of to-day are further removed from the desirable horse type that we need, and are, therefore, much less useful than they might be as factors in its creation and maintenance.



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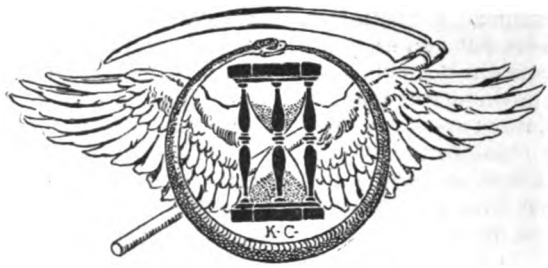

THE BERLIN BOURSE

BY WILLIAM C. DREHER

WITH PICTURES BY WERNER ZEHME

IF any member of the New York Stock Exchange who is entirely unacquainted with German speculation should visit the Berlin Bourse, he would find at every point the most striking divergences from his home experience. He would be surprised to see the Bourse attended by quite two thousand persons, including clerks of banks, newspaper men, and even visitors like himself. Also, he would be interested in the immense size of the hall—three hundred feet long, divided by colonnades into three sections, one of which is assigned to the Produce Exchange. On one side of the hall several doors open into a grassy court, shaded by trees and surrounded by a pillared lobby, where brokers sit in dull summer days and float their latest stock of anecdotes.

That shaded court is suggestive of deeper differences between the New York Stock Exchange and the Berlin institution. In New York the number of members is fixed and is small in proportion to the immense volume of business done; in Berlin there is a great horde of small dealers, and the amount of trading is much less than in New York. Owing to the easy terms of admission, the Bourse becomes a mere place where traders meet to effect their transactions. There is no sale of seats. In fact, no membership fee exists, but only a small yearly tax is collected, which varies from time to time as the expenses of the organization require. Contrary to New York practice, membership is largely held by companies and firms. Nearly all the banks of the city, for example, are members, and the more important ones keep above a score of their employees on the floor. Thus the individual New York broker, as a rule, counts for vastly more than a member of the Bourse. New York is concentrated, is intense; Berlin disperses its energy, and is comparatively dull. It knows nothing of those great days of triumph or disaster that render the annals of Wall street picturesque; and it lacks our large daring operators who startle the country with their bold schemes.

If our Wall-street man should study the Berlin quotation list, other reasons would suggest themselves for the quiet and rather monotonous course of trading. The list is made up of a vast number of securities that do not lend themselves readily to the operations which give Wall street its distinctive character. There are hundreds of government, provincial, and municipal bonds, and a vast number of obligations of mortgage-banks, railways, and industrial companies. These all bear low, fixed rates of interest, and cannot be "bulled" or "beared" beyond very narrow limits; as a rule, they seldom fluctuate more than one per cent. in the course of a month. Then, take the stock section of the list: about thirty domestic railways, all pygmy affairs, and only about six of these cutting even a slight figure in the market; some forty foreign railways, many of them inactive, and the remainder wholly dominated

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by foreign bourses; about one hundred and thirty bank stocks; over six hundred industrials. Some of the banks have larger capitals than anything known in New York, and, owing to their intimate relations with industrial ventures, there is far more speculation in their stocks than in these of American banks, yet there are never any sensational movements, such as attempts to corner the market or secure control. The industrial list is composed chiefly of small counters, averaging somewhat above one million dollars each. Huge consolidations of entire branches of industry are unknown in Germany; few industrials on the list represent a capital above ten million dollars. Owing, too, to the peculiar character of German law, as well as to the disinclination of capitalists to "pull together," some of the most striking features of Wall-street life are wholly unknown in Berlin. Expressions like "securing control of the majority of the stock," "ousting the old directors, and electing your own men," "merger," "trust," are rank Americanisms with German speculators. Bourse men here content themselves with buying when they think there will be a rise in values, and selling when a drop is probable; the larger prizes that fire the American fancy never enter into their calculations.

Drawn by Werner Zehme

A LITTLE BUSINESS ON 'CHANGE

A hunchback peddler enjoying the privileges of the floor

Further study of the list, together with an examination of the method of fixing quotations and circulating them in the city, would reveal other variations from New York practice. The great bulk of the official list—that is to say, all the cash business, covering over two thousand securities—contains but one quotation for each security. There is no indication of the rise and fall during Bourse hours—no "highest," no "lowest," no "closing." After some quotations, however, an abbreviation is placed to show that there were still buyers or sellers who could not get their orders filled at the figure named. With those securities that are subject to time-bargains—numbering now only fifty-five—a different system prevails. With these the opening, the closing, and the principal variations are quoted; but there is no tape service, and it is quite impossible for the Berlin outsider to get such a quick and accurate record of his transaction as is read from hundreds of "tickers" in New York.

Indeed, the system of reporting the business of the Bourse strikes the American eye as surprisingly defective. What would Wall-street operators think of a report that omits to give the volume of transactions in each security? Yet that is the kind of report that the German public has to put up with. Even a partial record of the volume of transactions exists only in the annual report of the Berlin Bank of the Kassen-Verein, which serves as a clearing-house for the Bourse: but nobody knows what proportion of the transactions on the floor of the Bourse goes through it, and this publication does not appear till some months after the end of each year; hence its figures interest only the economic student, not the business man. Another important departure from Wall-street methods is found in the German practice of "matching orders." When a Berlin broker opens his mail and finds orders from his customers to buy, for example, one hundred shares of Canadian Pacific, and other orders to sell seventy-five, he goes to the Bourse and buys twenty-five; the rest of the orders are filled by transferring seventy-five shares from his sellers to his buyers. This is inadmissible in New York; but in Berlin not the slightest odium attaches to the practice. It is particularly in vogue with the great banks, which—

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again contrary to American traditions—do an immense stock-brokerage business. All this, of course, makes it wholly impossible to form even an approximate idea of the volume of transactions in a given security, much less of the total turnover of the day.

Now as to fixing the quotations. Our American stranger, in his wanderings on the floor of the Bourse, has observed several square spaces railed off from the general rabble of brokers. Between half-past one and two o'clock every day there are scenes of unusual bustle about these, for it is here that the cash quotations are fixed. Much care on the part of the Bourse management, and much legislating and decreeing on the part of the state, have been devoted to securing honest quotations. For this purpose some eighty brokers, selected by the Bourse committee and sworn in by government authority, are specially set apart. These form a distinct class by themselves, called the "quotation brokers," and have their own organization, known as the "Chamber of Brokers." In order to facilitate the work of fixing quotations, the Bourse management divides these brokers into groups of two or three, and assigns to each group a distinct section of the list. At the hour named above they take their places inside the squares, open their books before the bystanders, and begin, aloud, to determine the prices of the day. They have written in their books all the orders committed to them, including the transactions of other brokers which may have been reported to them. From these a single uniform price is fixed, which in all cases will be the lowest figure at which all unlimited buying orders, or the highest at which all unlimited selling orders, can be filled; many transactions, of course, may have been at a different figure, according as buyers or sellers have given limits to their agents. During this preliminary make-up of quotations the brokers outside the rail can change their orders or give new ones, and thus influence the quotations at the last moment. After the list is thus provisionally made up, it goes to the Bourse committee, which authenticates it, having the right, however, to investigate on the floor any suspicious quotation and alter it accordingly.

Besides the transactions effected by the quotation brokers, there is, of course, a vast deal of trading on the floor by the independent element, what in Paris is called the *coulisse*. The prices at which these unofficial agents make their trades have no effect on the quotation, unless one party has an interest in announcing them to the quotation brokers. This latter case will usually arise, for example, when the employees of a bank are selling securities issued by it. Bargains of the coulisse may also occasionally be taken into account in determining the quotation, when, as intimated above, the Bourse committee finds it necessary to verify a doubtful figure submitted by the official brokers.

Now, how does the expense of speculation in Berlin compare with New York? So far as brokers' commissions are concerned, it is much cheaper. The brokerage on a ten-thousand-dollar transaction in New York is twelve dollars and a half; in Berlin it would be five dollars. Other expenses, however, are very onerous at Berlin, as will appear later.

The Wall-street visitor will be curious to learn about the listing of securities at Berlin. He has heard at home that it is very difficult to get foreign securities, in particular, admitted to dealings, and that there is a disposition to prevent German investments in these, in order to keep the national capital in home funds and enterprises. It must be admitted that these views have, on the surface, a certain justification; but beyond the fact that the Bourse taxes bear somewhat more heavily upon foreign than domestic securities, there is no foundation for such opinions. I know from personal conversations with members of the listing office that they are men of liberal economic principles; I have heard them argue that Germany's international financial position would be immensely strengthened by having many foreign securities in German hands. They point out that a policy of liberality in admitting such paper to German bourses must result in valuable advantages to the country in times of crop failure, since importations of foreign grain can be paid for by returning securities instead of sending gold. They find a striking illustration here in the extensive return of American railway securities in 1901 and 1902, in payment for the unprecedented shipments of American wheat.

Such are the sentiments of the listing office, and its practice has not been dif-

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ferent. Indeed, one of the stereotyped charges that frenetic, Bourse-hating Agrarians bring against the office is that it deals far too generously with foreign securities seeking admission. On the other hand, the financial people of Germany, as has been repeatedly proved through the huge subscriptions offered for first-class foreign loans, are distinctly favorable to foreign investments. As for the listing office, it has in more than one instance shown itself ready to make concessions in favor of such securities, particularly in waiving some of the more formal requirements of the law. For example, the law requires that foreign securities must be made out in German currency, in addition to the currency of their home country; but I recall the fact that a certain American railway bond which was admitted several years ago was not in the denomination of German marks. This provision of the law was waived by the Prussian Minister of Commerce, upon the recommendation of the listing office; which proves further that the executive branch of the government, at least, shows no narrow hostility to foreign paper. Another point frequently waived in favor of foreign securities is the provision in the joint-stock law prohibiting stocks of lower denomination than one thousand marks.

When the attitude of the law-making power is examined, however, a somewhat different spirit is discovered. When the Reichstag raised the Bourse taxes in June, 1900, the issue, or listing duty on foreign bonds, was fixed at one per cent. (till then six tenths of one per cent.), while domestic bonds were let off with six tenths of one per cent. (formerly four tenths). At the same time the admission tax on foreign stocks was advanced from one and one half to two and one half per cent., par value, and that on domestic stocks from one to two per cent. of the issue price. Such taxes are, of course, a serious obstacle to the admission of securities to the German market, and their effect has been to reduce foreign listings enormously. The average yearly admissions from abroad on all German exchanges for the three years immediately preceding the increase of the tax were one thousand three hundred and seventy-six million marks, although German capital was drawn upon by home issues to an enormous extent through the unparalleled boom of those years. In 1900, although the increased duties went into effect only on July 1, foreign listings sank to four hundred and forty-eight millions; in 1901 they rose to seven hundred and seventy-eight millions. (All these figures include conversions.) For the first half of 1902 there was a heavy increase in the listing of foreign government funds. It may be remarked in passing that the gain here shown since 1900 is due to the pressure of German money to find outside investments, now that domestic industrial issues have almost wholly ceased.

Another difficulty in the way of listing is found in the strict requirements in regard to prospectuses adopted by the Federal Council as supplementary to the Bourse law. These requirements are far too intricate to be detailed here; suffice it to say that they involve a complete statement of facts necessary to give the public the means of judging the financial status of the community or company in question. In the case of railway or other private enterprises, however, the information which must go into the prospectus is the same for domestic and foreign companies, though it will naturally be more difficult for a foreign company to supply this information, with the necessary authentications, than for a home company. Some idea of the amount of information demanded may be obtained from the following case: when some bonds of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company were listed at Berlin five years ago, the prospectus extended to more than one thousand square inches of close print. The printing of a prospectus in the "Imperial Gazette" and at least two other Berlin papers is required; hence the mere advertising bill of the issuing house is no beggar's item. The Bourse authorities asked permission several years ago to shorten prospectuses; but the government conceded this only in cases involving later issues of a stock or bond already listed.

The conditions for listing government funds are generally easier for German than foreign issues. Indeed, the empire and the various German states never hand in a prospectus. This preference, however, is not so great in practice as it appears on the surface, since, as a matter of fact, the loans of foreign countries whose financial condition is well known are also usually

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admitted without a prospectus, by consent of the Prussian Minister of Commerce.

After securities are once listed they are still taxed for every transaction which they undergo. This tax was two tenths of one per cent. till three years ago, when it was raised to three tenths. Not only does it apply to every sale, but to every prolongation, in the case of securities admitted to time-bargains. The effect of the taxes will be pointed out later in discussing the general results of Bourse legislation.

The Bourse law of June, 1896, is certainly the most remarkable attempt in the memory of the present generation to repress speculation by legislative enactment. It boldly undertakes tasks which had been found impossible and had long been discarded in other countries as chimerical. The law is quite in line with the paternal theory of government extensively applied in Germany. It sets for itself the praiseworthy task of helping the weak and foolish. It will protect the "outsider" from dabbling in stocks. It aims to hedge off the professionals by themselves and to let them work out their own perdition. It will save the toiling farmers from "paper wheat." All these millennial things by a vote of Parliament!

The chief provisions of the law for attaining these ends are the following: first, a so-called "Bourse Register"; secondly, the prohibition of time-bargains in industrial stocks; thirdly, the abolition of "futures" in agricultural produce.

The "Bourse Register" was designed to be the strongest possible fence that could be erected against the outsider, to keep him off the evil preserves of the stock-jobbers. The law does not compel any broker to enter his name in the "Register" (a book kept at one of the local law courts), but provides that debts arising from time-bargains can be collected only by process of law when both contracting parties are thus registered. The Bourse commission, which thoroughly investigated the whole subject of speculation in Germany to prepare the way for the law, had refused to recommend the "Register," pointing out that the great bulk of speculation by outsiders was not in time-bargains, but in the cash market. The government, however, had an argument for its pet idea which is peculiarly German. It argued that no private person would jeopardize his social position by having his name inscribed in the "Register" as a speculator in securities. An odium would be attached to registration, as the government intimated; and, naturally enough, this gave offense to the professional element, and made the "Register" unpopular from the very start. Thus it was tabooed, and operators carried on business by trusting to the corporate morale of their organization and abandoning all claims to legal protection.

The "Register" has become the greatest bone of contention during the whole agitation growing out of the Bourse law, and it has had evil moral effects of a very serious character. Soon after the law went into operation it became evident that the "Register" would cause the greatest confusion and uncertainty in trading, since members of the exchanges became divided into two parties, the registered and the unregistered firms. Notwithstanding the moral stigma cast upon the "Register" by the government itself, the great Berlin banks inscribed their names and tried to induce bankers and operators generally to do likewise; but registering became the rule only at one or two exchanges in the empire. Especially was it tabooed by the outsiders; and thus the government had the satisfaction of seeing its expectations realized by the law in one respect, at least. The registration fee—one hundred and fifty marks for the first registration, and twenty-five marks for each subsequent year—made the great book unpopular with them, aside from the social considerations as indicated above. In Berlin nearly all professional brokers abstained from registering.

While Germany was still on the upward wave of prosperity and everybody was making money, the bad effects of the "Register" were not manifest; but later, when the tide of business activity was ebbing and speculative ventures were turning out badly, unregistered operators awakened to the fact that they could escape the payment of their Bourse debts. About three years ago, accordingly, the public began to hear more and more about traders raising the so-called "difference plea"; in other words, resisting suits at law for the recovery of the differences on time-bargains, by alleging that the transaction in question was illegal, since either the plaintiff or the defendant was not

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Drawn by Werner Zehme. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

FIXING THE QUOTATIONS

The "quotation brokers" sit behind the barrier on the left, and a Bourse official writes the quotations on a blackboard

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registered, hence that the transaction was never meant to be settled by the delivery of the securities, but by the payment of a difference. This plea is recognized by the courts as valid, and all such cases are thrown out. The difference plea, indeed, was not unknown before the Bourse law, since the courts even then refused to order payment in some cases where the gambling intent was evident. At that time it was difficult to prove such intent, and the practice of the courts was far from uniform; now, however, the "Register" offers easy proof for the recalcitrant debtor, and silently invites him to "plead the baby act."

Cases of escaping from Bourse debts in this way have become very common. Two years ago an inquiry was instituted, at the instance of the government, among the eight hundred and six firms doing business on the Berlin exchange, and of the two hundred and twenty houses answering the inquiry one hundred reported three hundred such cases in their business. It was the inexperienced outsider that the "Register" was designed to protect; but the Berlin "Eldest of the Merchants"—the body exercising control over the Bourse—comment on these cases as follows: "These were by no means persons who must be classified among the inexperienced, but were generally rich, retired capitalists, well-situated business men, who have for years been operating in futures and were acquainted with Bourse technic."

Drawn by Werner Zehme. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

TYPES ON THE BERLIN BOURSE

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It would be impossible to describe the consternation which took possession of the German bourses as this dishonest way of resisting settlement increased, and it would require much space to show how it has paralyzed business in the great international securities. As the confusion and uncertainty grew, the great banks of Berlin determined to make a united effort to remedy it. Early in September, 1901, they announced that they would have no more dealings with unregistered firms and individuals after October 15, hoping thus to compel bankers and brokers throughout the empire to register. Provincial houses, however, resisted this demand, pointing out the impossibility of inducing their customers to register; thus the latter could at any time raise the difference plea against them, while they could not do so against the Berlin banks which executed their orders; consequently the provincial houses would be ground between the upper and the nether millstone. However, the vigorous action of the organized banks of Berlin greatly increased the number of firms on the "Register," particularly Berlin firms. On October 15, then, the great banks ceased all dealings with unregistered houses. It needed only a few weeks, however, to demonstrate that the plan could not be carried out, since it was found to be almost equivalent to the complete retirement from a brokerage business in the standard international securities on the part of the banks. Hence, on November 10 they abandoned their effort, and resumed transactions with unregistered firms.

The prohibition of time-bargains in industrial shares was not in the government's program of Bourse reform; it was put into the bill by the Reichstag at the instance of the coal and iron companies whose stocks were listed for transactions in futures. The argument put forward by the companies was that such trading subjected their shares to undue rises and falls, besides exerting a deleterious influence upon the even course of their business. This view flatly contradicts the opinion prevailing in Bourse circles, which is that dealings in futures tend strongly toward steadying values; and proof of this is frequently found by German financial authorities in the violent fluctuations of Wall-street quotations. As the prohibition in question affected only seven industrials, it may appear to the foreigner that undue prominence has been given to it by German writers when stating the evil effects of the law. It should therefore be mentioned that the shares affected were those of the largest coal and iron companies, whose variations had set the pace for this department of the market.

The abolition of time-dealings in grain and other agricultural product was also against the will of the government, which clearly recognized the economic advantages of such transactions. It will interest the American reader to learn that the arguments made in our Congress against grain futures were extensively cited in the Reichstag by the Agrarians for suppressing them in Germany. Notwithstanding the resistance of the government, the amendment embodying the prohibition was voted by an enormous majority (204 against 39); and so the German farmer got what American farmers formerly demanded as the greatest possible boon that Congress could bestow upon them. It is therefore important for our farmers to note the sequel.

When it became necessary to reorganize the produce section of the Berlin Bourse a conflict arose between the brokers and the Prussian Minister of Commerce in regard to giving seats in the governing committee of this section to five prominent Agrarians who were not even members of the exchange. The minister had the legal right to do this; but as his selections fell chiefly upon agriculturists who had made themselves particularly obnoxious to the Bourse by their wild denunciations, the brokers saw in his action the evident intention not only to place watchmen over them, but also to humiliate them in doing so. The brokers were already much embittered over the prohibition of futures and the anticipated derangement of the trade; so they broke into open revolt, dissolved their organization, and set up a sort of irregular trading in another place.

Here they resumed time-dealings, omitting all features which the law laid down in its definition of "Bourse transactions for future delivery," like fixed quantities and fixed periods of delivery. These details were left to be settled by the dealers themselves. Such trading went on for a time unmolested, but later the Berlin police nailed up the building in which the dealers met, declaring it to be a bourse in the

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sense of the law; and the courts sustained them. The dealers then rented an old abandoned hospital, erected stalls in it, and effected their transactions by circulating from stall to stall with their samples. The necessary close personal contact was thus preserved in a way; but the grain trade of Berlin had lost its efficiency, being disorganized and without authoritative quotations.

From the moment that the produce section of the Bourse quit their old quarters there was an interregnum in the grain trade of the country; the modern method of produce dealing was virtually abolished. What was the result? The "Eldest of the Merchants" say in their report for 1900: "At nearly every one of our meetings, at the beginning of the Bourse interregnum, we had to answer inquiries from the commissary departments of army and navy, from railway managements, municipal administrations, statistical offices, etc., for trustworthy grain prices; but we were only able to answer that we did not know." The report goes on to show that the only persons getting any advantage from the extinction of the Produce Bourse were the provincial dealers, who charged higher premiums for their increased risks growing out of the lack of Berlin quotations. In other words, they paid less to the farmers and asked higher prices from the millers.

Drawn by Werner Zehme. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

A TELEPHONE CALL

The government at once recognized the disadvantages arising for all business interests through the lack of a produce exchange with universally accepted quotations for grain. Hence the Minister of Commerce opened negotiations with the seceded brokers several months after the dissolution of their organization, looking toward reëstablishing it. These negotiations were continued for nearly three years before all parties were ready to bury the hatchet, which was done in January, 1900; and the brokers returned with more than half a victory to their old hall. Even the Agrarians had come to recognize the necessity of a produce exchange, for they had bitterly felt the lack of authoritative quotations. True, they still had the liberty to sell their crops in advance of delivery; but they found that they were unable to do this advantageously without quotations recognized by all interests, and without some board of appeal for settling disagreements as to grading. It is a highly significant fact that one of the chief reasons influencing the government to reopen the Produce Bourse was supplied by the Minister of War, who pointed out that, owing to the ruin of the grain trade, there would be no large dealers in times of war who could undertake the immense contracts that the ministry would then have to place; the commissary department would have to buy from hand to mouth at high prices.

The Produce Bourse was accordingly reopened on April 2, 1900. The government conceded to the dealers the right to

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OFFERING BUSINESS IN THE SO-CALLED OPEN MARKET

The names of the brokers are affixed to the benches. Almost all brokers have such a seat somewhere on the floor.

resume dealings for future delivery and to publish time-quotations. The brokers, on their part, agreed to accept five Agrarians on their governing committee, who, however, were to be selected by the "Eldest of the Merchants" from a list of ten submitted to them; but, in practice, this turns out a barren victory for the Agrarians, and they rarely appear at the sittings of the committee. Equally barren is another point conceded to the Agrarians. They demanded that the words, "For actual grain," should be printed upon the sales-notes of the reorganized exchange, as a safeguard against "paper wheat." Thus the great Agrarian storm was laid with a phrase. For what is to prevent two dealers from settling the difference between the contract price of their transactions and the spot price at the time of delivery? As a matter of fact, grain speculation between professional operators goes on now in Berlin about as freely as ever; the only marked difference is that the outsider element is wholly shut out.

Such are the main features of Germany's

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recent Bourse legislation. What has been the result? In the security market there has been a shifting of business from time-bargains to cash transactions, and the monthly settlement has steadily diminished in importance. Before the stamp on sales was raised, operators were accustomed to buy large blocks of standard government bonds and other international securities on time-bargains, and could prolong them from month to month with little expense, till a favorable opportunity for profit-taking presented itself. Owing to the present high cost of prolongation, however, this carry-over business has vastly shrunk in volume, and these securities are traded more and more for cash. This naturally makes heavier demands for money; and as few purely brokerage firms operate with a large capital, such business is rapidly passing into the hands of the strongest Berlin banks. The high stamp gives these institutions another marked advantage, since buyers prefer to send their orders where they can hope to get them filled by "matching," and thus save the tax.

The heavy stamp duties have diminished Berlin's importance as an international market. The increased expense of listing has reduced the volume of new foreign securities admitted; and the increased cost of prolongation sends many large speculative operations to foreign exchanges. The whole tendency of the Bourse law, indeed, has been to drive German speculation to foreign markets. It is often remarked in the financial press that London agents located in Germany get good orders even in times when business on German bourses is utterly stagnant.

The prohibition of time-bargains in industrials has put all the business in this department upon a cash basis, and has thus further swollen the brokerage operations of the huge joint-stock banks. Has the prohibition given greater steadiness to quotations? The general opinion among brokers is that values have fluctuated more abruptly under the Bourse law than ever, and figures have been printed which seem to confirm this view. At least, it is certain that the years 1897–1900 brought the most

Drawn by Werner Zehme. Half-tone plate engraved by J. Tinkey

ARRANGEMENT OF THE "KÜNDIGUNGSZIMMER," OR NOTICE-ROOM, NOW ABOLISHED

The "Kündigungszimmer" was formerly attached to the produce section of the Bourse, but ceased to exist with the prohibition of futures and the closing of this department in 1897. Here official notice was given of the expiration of contracts. The placards suspended in three circles above the writing-tables contained the names of the interested firms.

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enormous speculation in industrials that had ever been known in Germany, and quotations shot up and down with unusual violence.

One of the capital aims of the Bourse law was to restrict speculation, but at no point has it more thoroughly disappointed its authors. The volume of transactions cleared by the Kassen-Verein reached, in 1899, the record total of eighteen thousand two hundred and ten million marks; for 1896, the year just before the law took effect, this figure was only eleven thousand six hundred and fifty-three millions. It is also certain that a still more marked increase of speculation occurred on the books of the banks through the matching of orders. Nothing can be clearer than the complete failure of the law to diminish speculative ventures, and never was the outsider so active and so fully in control of the Berlin market as in the years immediately following its enactment.

The moral effects of the law have been extremely bad. Through the "Bourse Register" a purely artificial distinction between legal and illegal transactions was introduced; unfortunate operators were tempted to break their plighted word; the restraints of Bourse morality and public opinion were weakened; and distrust has supplanted confidence.

The abolition of grain futures has been equally disappointing. The position of Berlin as a grain market has been seriously shaken. During the last few years the papers have frequently printed comparative quotations in the leading central markets which prove that German prices have become sluggish in responding to upward movements abroad, and that therefore German farmers are failing to get as quick an advantage from rising prices as those of other lands.

Owing to the above causes, a strong agitation in favor of revising the law has arisen. Many chambers of commerce and other commercial bodies have declared for revision; and, as a direct result of the Bourse law, the bankers of all Germany have organized themselves for the protection of their interests in matters of legislation and administration. The first annual meeting of the new organization, the Bankers' Congress, was held in Frankfort, with an attendance of nearly eight hundred delegates—certainly the most imposing demonstration ever made in Germany by bankers. The congress unanimously voted in favor of a revision which should include the abolition of the "Bourse Register," the legalizing of time-bargains in industrial securities, and the repeal or reduction of the taxes on Bourse transactions and listings. The government, indeed, would now be willing to meet all these wishes of the bankers if a majority in the Reichstag could be secured for such a reform. The present Prussian Minister of Commerce is fully convinced that the law needs revision; and in September, 1901, he called a conference of bankers and parliamentarians to discuss revision, out of which a bill for removing some of the more obvious evils of the law has grown; but this measure is still in the hands of the Bundesrath, and it is generally understood that it will not be presented in the Reichstag till the present tariff bill has been disposed of. Even then it is quite uncertain whether any reform of the Bourse law could be carried. The majority parties are strongly Agrarian, and still regard the Bourse, with a former Prussian minister, as a "upas-tree"; and if they do not secure the high duties on grain and meats which they are now demanding, it is quite certain that they will resist any legislation for the alleviation of the Bourse's troubles.

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Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"SHE COULD HEAR THE SHARP WHIZ OF WHIP-LASHES THROUGH THE AIR"

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WHEN THE EMPEROR PRAYS FOR RAIN

BY ABIGAIL HETZEL FITCH

SHE was a missionary's bride, just out from the States. Her husband was a Yale man; he had been a halfback on the university football team. After graduation he offered his brains and muscles to the Methodist Missionary Society for the benefit of benighted heathen. The society sent him to Peking, and there, after three years, his sweetheart came out to marry him. Her Christian name was Shirley; his was George. It is not of the slightest consequence what their last name was.

Shirley had not yet learned a word of Chinese. If she had, this story would never have been written.

The young couple were in the habit of taking daily rides in and about Peking. These rides were the nearest approach to a wedding trip they could have. But once when George was more than usually busy, Shirley rode accompanied only by a servant, a converted native and very worthy man, whose acquaintance with the English language was confined to one word, "Missy."

Anxious to reach the great plain beyond the city gates, Shirley rode rapidly through the ill-paved streets; but in the Tatar city she was suddenly stopped at the entrance to a wide avenue by an imperial guard.

The avenue had been carefully repaired, and strewed with a fine yellow sand.

Whenever the emperor leaves his palace in the Prohibited City, to worship at the "Tient tan" (altar to heaven) or at the "Sien Nung tan" (altar to earth) the streets he traverses are closed to the public. This day his Celestial Majesty had issued from his seclusion to offer up prayers for rain. His time was wisely chosen, for dark, threatening clouds floated low in the skies. The guard seized the bridle of Shirley's pony, and with angry ejaculations turned the animal around.

"What does he say?" asked Shirley, helplessly appealing to Sing, the servant. But Sing could only shake his head and motion her not to attempt the avenue again. A crowd had gathered, attracted by the shrill outcries of the guard.

A Peking street rabble is always unpleasant, and this one was particularly so, thought the missionary's bride. Frightened by the infuriated looks of the guard and the unkempt-appearing men about her, Shirley tried to hurry from the street in the direction Sing was pointing out. A noxious beggar, evil-looking and evil-smelling, placed himself squarely in front of the pony and refused to move. Twice Sing attempted to force him to one side. The rabble met these impotent efforts with shrill jeers. Then the bride came to her own assistance. She turned her pony sharply and suddenly to one side, struck him across the flanks, and dashed past.

With a yell the beggar pursued her. To escape the flying missiles sent after her,—one had already struck her arm,—she entered a long, narrow alley at the right. The clatter of hoofs behind made her aware that Sing was following, as well as the sound of his voice calling beseechingly, "Missy! Missy!" The bride's only answer was to urge on her pony, determined first to place the whole length of the alley between her and the vindictive pursuers. Another pleading cry of "Missy! Missy!" reached her, and her fleet-footed pony bounded into a wide street. One glance showed her that it was covered with yellow sand, and a second that the imperial procession was not a square distant. She had a confused consciousness of men on horseback, of ele-

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phants in trappings of gold, of triple umbrellas, and banners on high poles. Yells of horror and savage anger made her realize the enormity of her intrusion. The advance guard stood still, as though stupefied by the insult of her presence. What prying Western eyes were these that dared to violate the sacred seclusion of the great Hwangti! Then with a howl of rage they rushed toward the girl.

Facing them, immovable, like an equestrian statue, Shirley remained in the middle of the road. Her terror had momentarily deprived her of the power of thought or action. The banner-men, bearing down upon her with raised whips and fierce faces, restored her to her senses. She turned and fled down the alley she had just left. She could hear the sharp whiz of whip-lashes through the air; the banner-men were gaining on her. A convulsive shiver swept her frame; she already seemed to feel the stinging blows upon her back and neck. The race was a hopeless one, she knew; they would overtake her soon. Would they beat her to death, she wondered, or throw her into one of those awful prisons, where filth and torture would await her? The breathing of her tired pony grew louder, his pace slackened perceptibly. She urged him on with whip and voice. Gallantly he tried to answer her appeal, but his strength was spent; he stumbled and pitched forward heavily on his knees. The sudden fall threw Shirley from her saddle. With an ugly shout of triumph the banner-men were almost upon her. She sprang to her feet, and, throwing a despairing glance around, detected, in the long line of apparently unbroken wall lining each side of the alley, a wooden door not three feet from where she stood.

She had no hope of escape, yet anything was preferable to inaction; she ran and flung herself against the door. It was not fastened, and yielded readily to the pressure. She had barely time to close it after her and securely bolt it when a shower of blows sounded on the wooden panels. She drew a deep breath, charged with keen relief. She knew the door would soon give way under the furious onslaught, but in the meantime she might yet make good her escape. The court in which she found herself was small and inexpressibly filthy. Near another wall, at the farther end of the place, were two or three dilapidated houses with ragged mats swinging from the lintels. There was no sign of life about. Shirley lost no time, but ran across the court and into one of the low, narrow hovels to seek a hiding-place. The room was windowless, but a glint of light filtered through the matting in the doorway. Two things became plain to her, that a fat black pig, the only occupant, and a couple of stools and a table, on which were strewn pots and plates, would not give her concealment. The blows of the banner-men on the door increased in violence; a moment more and they would be in the court. Shirley crouched down, her whole frame limp with terror. Something on the floor attracted her attention; it was a bamboo ladder, its rounds tied with string. The sight gave her new courage. She dragged the ladder outside, set it against the house, and was on the flat thatched roof when the loud cracking of split wood informed her that the door was broken in. Then she drew the ladder up after her.

Close behind the house was a brick wall, and beyond it lay a private park. Without stopping to cast a backward glance at the rush of banner-men into the court, she swung herself down to the wall, then dropped twelve feet to the ground. She did not hear the men, after a short parley and fruitless search, leave the court again; she lay white and motionless on the ground.

WHEN Shirley regained consciousness, she was lying on a couch in a spacious apartment. The black-raftered ceiling, the partitions of dark, trellised woodwork, the rows of carved ebony chairs with teapoys between each two, and the floor of black tile, though handsome, lent a somber aspect to the room, relieved only by gaily tinted scrolls hanging on the walls. As she sat up, staring confusedly about, soft titters greeted her. Leaning on the arms of two amahs was a little lady barely numbering fifteen summers. Shirley struggled to her feet and with raised folded hands gave the Chinese salutation to the magnificently clad small figure. Then the two girls stared freely at each other; Shirley thought the other the most comical little person she had ever seen, yet not without a certain charm.

She was dressed in a blue silk tunic with borders richly embroidered in variegated hues; her tiny feet, compressed to the ut-

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most possibility, as befitted her high rank, were just visible under wide silk trousers. On her delicate wrists were bracelets of jade, and rings of the same weighed heavily from her ears, while on the first and second fingers of her hands she wore long, pointed gold shields, to protect the grotesque length of nails beneath. Her youthfully rounded cheeks were glaringly painted; even the eyelids were touched with red; and placed below the peevish little mouth was another daub of vermilion.

Now began a series of pantomimes on the part of the little lady and her amahs which it was impossible to misapprehend. The mistress, with closed eyes, stretched herself full length on the couch, the maids strolled carelessly about; suddenly spying her, they cautiously drew near, expressing great surprise, then pity, as they bent over her. They beckoned to imaginary servants, and illustrated with remarkable fidelity the carrying of the prostrate figure to the room in which they now were.

At the conclusion of this realistic dumb-show they signed to Shirley to tell her story in the same manner. This, however, was beyond her power. She could not turn herself into a street procession or a troop of enraged banner-men, even had she possessed the best of pantomimic talent. After one or two futile attempts, she desisted. They did not urge her; the sound of an imperious voice, which Shirley rightly judged to belong to the master of the house, and footsteps on the paved court, were heard approaching.

After a hurried consultation, the women motioned Shirley to follow, and hastily left the room, passing through a covered corridor where a side door brought them into the women's court.

This was a large garden bright with the bloom of flowers; juniper shrubs, trained into curious representations of birds and animals, showed here and there between tall willows; small moss-grown grottoes were scattered artfully about, adding apparently to the size of the garden.

On the winding foot-paths were pebble mosaics of figures and flowers, meant to beguile the stroller.

A summer-house, erected on piles over the blue gleam of a pond in the center of the garden, was reached by a slender bridge of wood. The front and sides of this house had sliding windows of oiled paper, and could be opened or closed as desired. It was to this picturesque retreat that the women led Shirley.

They were scarcely in the room when two eunuchs appeared with trays of food and diminutive wine-cups containing warm *sam-shin*, a strong spirituous drink that the American girl made but a feint of tasting. Her hostess was fed by the eunuchs, who plied the chopsticks with wonderful dexterity. Shirley was embarrassed by the same attention from the amahs.

When the repast was over, the *pi-pa* and the *san-hein* (three- and four-stringed guitars) were brought forth, upon which the amahs played with skill while the little hostess sang a plaintive song.

All this, no doubt, was pleasant; but the pond had taken on a ruddy light, showing that the sun was low in the horizon, and every nerve in Shirley quivered with a longing to reach the mission before night should come.

Unable to control her impatience further, she rose, and tried to convey by gestures her desire to be taken home. But now the exquisite politeness of her hostess gave way to pouting and angry looks, while the amahs made her understand that for that night, at least, she must remain with them. It was a childish whim of the little Chinese lady to keep Shirley for yet a longer time; chance had favored her in sending this foreign maiden to break the dull monotony of her daily life, and she was disposed to make the most of it.

Again and again Shirley renewed her petition; it was always met with violent disapprobation, manifested by gestures and torrents of shrill words. Thus repulsed, she gave herself up to the most desponding reflections, nor were their efforts to divert her again in the least successful. She began to fear the caprice of her hostess might keep her captive for days. Once the little Chinese lady succeeded unconsciously in rousing her interest again. She had attempted to walk unassisted across the room; the effort caused her to totter uncertainly; the eunuchs seized her hastily, and lifting the helpless little creature, carried her back to her seat. Shirley watched in silence. What did the world hold for that small figure, gay in paints and silks and jewels?

Married, though but a child, her life was as unnatural as her poor little feet. A

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swift, sudden resentment for her swept over Shirley. She took the slim, delicate hand in hers and gently stroked it. There was pity in the touch. The child raised her eyes in a wondering way and smiled. That smile had the effect of quite disconcerting the American girl; there was an unconscious assumption of superiority in it. It suddenly occurred to her that this small specimen of pitiful Chinese womanhood bore the unmistakable stamp of race. She had once seen Prince Kung, and had readily agreed with her husband when he claimed that the Chinese prince would impress by his air of high birth and breeding even the select circles of Vienna, the most aristocratic city in the world. The Viennese dames, Shirley thought, would find their match in this child-wife of a Chinese aristocrat.

When the twilight deepened, the little lady was carried from the summer-house across the flowering court and into the women's apartments. Shirley followed, ardently hoping that now she would be allowed to return to her home and George.

That night the emperor's prayer was answered. The drought was broken. The rain fell softly at first, playing on the tiled roofs a mimic bass, and the wet willow leaves whispered an aërial soprano—a duet of natural harmonies. Then came the cloud-burst, with a roar as of a cataract, and the earth was deluged with water. The pond swelled; it overspread the garden with foaming waves, uprooted the grotesque juniper shrubs, so that they floated helplessly about, tore down the moss-grown grottoes, and lashed the pebble mosaics in the paths into wild confusion.

The piles under the summer-house gave way, and the frail structure crashed into the water. Later a howling wind swept the earthen ornaments off the roofs into the compound, and threw the rain like hailstones against the paper windows of the houses.

But the streets of Peking that night received a celestial scouring the like of which they had not known for twenty years.

In spite of her weariness, Shirley could not sleep. The increasing noise of the elements and her own uneasy thoughts kept her awake. She had not seen the master of the house until late that evening. He had thrown her a glance of cold dislike, and turning his back on her, spoke angrily to his wife. His words produced a strange effect upon the little lady and her amahs; they displayed the utmost astonishment, mingled with something of admiration and yet pity, as they gazed on Shirley.

A eunuch was then summoned, who conducted her through long, winding corridors to her present room, which looked out on a stone-paved court. After padlocking the door from without, he left her. That this treatment was directly due to her encounter with the imperial procession that afternoon, Shirley had every reason to fear.

She had thrown herself on the hard kang without undressing. She had no means of guessing how late it was when a violent rush of wind and rain tore the water-soaked paper in the window by her bed and drenched her.

She started up, but was arrested by a sound outside the window. The storm had lulled again, and, except for the distant barking of a dog and the stealthy splash of rain on the stones, all was still. No; there it was again!

Obeying an uncontrollable impulse, she crept to the window, thrust her head through the torn, pulpy paper, and with straining eyes peered out into the black night.

"Shirley!" came a sharp, eager whisper, and a figure crouching close to the wall by her window sprang erect. It was her husband.

Her heart throbbed so loudly that she thought he must hear it. She was seized with such a sense of relief and happiness, it was as the intoxication of strong wine. She reeled, and clutched the window-frame with her trembling hands. Then an immense fear swept over her that it might be a waking dream, and she leaned far out of the window to feel his nearness.

"Oh, George, is it really you?" Her voice was almost a sob.

"Yes, dear heart, it is I. Quick! Step on the window-sill and jump down."

Fortunately for Shirley, the dwelling-houses in Peking are always low. From the room to the ground was an easy leap, and soon the missionary held her in his outstretched arms. He pressed his wet face to hers, and while the storm raged with renewed fury and the rain fell in black sheets upon them, he sped silently through the court, carrying his bride strained against his breast.

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In the outer court he paused to listen cautiously. The girl in his arms scarcely breathed; she fancied she could discern shadowy forms lurking near, ready to spring on them. She clung closer to her husband. They were not far from the gatekeeper's lodge; a lantern under the projecting eaves threw a dim light on the massive gate in the wall. Not a sound was heard but the steadily falling rain. Noiselessly the missionary pushed past into the adjoining park. He now for the first time released his hold on Shirley; she slipped from his arms and stood beside him. Whistling softly, he was answered by the flash of a lantern near them, revealing Sing's pale, anxious face. When he saw his mistress standing straight, unharmed, and happy, he drew a long sigh of relief, and hiding the lantern again beneath his tunic, led the way to a small door in the wall. A cart was waiting in the street. The missionary lifted his bride in, placed himself beside her dripping figure, Sing grasped the reins, and they drove rapidly away.

"George," said the bride, as she nestled contentedly in her husband's protecting arms, "how did you find me?"

"It was Sing who found you, love," he answered. "When he saw the soldiers pursuing you, he was almost beside himself with fear. He knew his head would n't be worth a copper cash if he tried to interfere in your behalf. A short distance down the alley lives one of his acquaintances, night watchman to a wealthy nobleman in the neighborhood. There he gained admittance, and bribed a small boy to climb a tree in the court and tell him what was going on outside. In this way he learned of your escape from the banner-men and your refuge in the park. He knew that the park was part of the grounds belonging to the nobleman for whom his friend works. This watchman expressed his conviction that his master would hand you over to the authorities. Sing now hastened home with the news. There was no time to lose."

The missionary paused a moment to control the emotion in his voice, then again took up the thread of his narrative. "I sought out the watchman, and with bribes won him to my service. I sent him to interrogate the servants and discover what attitude the nobleman had assumed toward you. His inquiries were successful; I learned that you were to be handed over to the Yamen in the morning. I knew your release could be demanded and in time granted through the proper official channels, but in the meanwhile you would be exposed to the horrors and filth of a Chinese prison. I could n't rest with the awful thought of it, and determined to release you this very night. With the connivance of the watchman, who admitted me privately into the grounds, and under cover of the darkness led me to your window, I succeeded."

"George," said the bride, presently, "I wish you were not a missionary—"

"And so do I, for the space of half an hour, during which I would pound that Chinese nobleman into a very close resemblance to a jellyfish," remarked the missionary, grimly.

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THE REDEMPTION

A "PA GLADDEN" STORY

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

"These were redeemed from among men."

"MA GLADDEN," said the farmer to his wife, as he brought in a brimming bucket of cold water from the well, "it air borne in upon me thet money air suttinly the fifth wheel in the wagon o' progress. It keeps folks up late, an' rises 'em airly. I hain't out o' bed afore the agents air hailin' me from the pike."

"I seen Kirk Buckberry ridin' up ter the fence," smiled Ma Gladden, "an' calkilated he war tryin' ter induce ye ter part with yer spendin'-money. Whut air his business afore breakfast? Did ye ast him in?"

"He hed et airlier a place er two," replied Pa Gladden, setting up chairs to the table; "an' he hed ile sheers ter-day—ile sheers whar thar air actoolly no more ile than in thet empty lamp on the shelf. He war likewise soundin' me on Persephone a leetle. Warnted ter know ef I hed sot her down in my will. Hain't thet a leadin' question, ma?"

"Kirk air turnin' over in his mind whut other young fellers air studyin' on," said Ma Gladden, with a wise air. "Sence she got better, her vally hev riz. She don't look so like the last o' pea-time, either; an' ef she would only roach up her hair a leetle an' keer more fer frills, she 'd shorely hev every young feller an' widower up an' down trailin' here."

Pa Gladden looked sober.

"Saints an' sinners, ma! I s'posed she 'd hed her time an' war over it—like the measles."

"Law, Asahel!" laughed his wife, in actual merriment, "air ye still thet green ez ter effections o' thet sort? Them feelin's hain't often killed out by one trial at merryin'. I would n't undertake ter measure thet widder's feelin's. She is shyer than any gal I ever hev seen; but law! she air human. Thet 's why I been listenin' ter yer talk o' takin' a boy ter raise. Persephone air most likely ter go, an' we needs some one. I air only afeard I wull not be sympathizin' enough with young boys. Ye hev ter raise 'em real keerful ter make good men o' them. Persephone hev got leetle gentle, soft ways with men-folks, an' she would hev helped a powerful ermount."

"She hain't got merried yet," said Pa Gladden, humbly, "but I hain't goin' ter sot down on any projec' ter make women-folks happier. The Lord shorely made one good thing on airth, an' thet air merried love—like ourn. I would n't grudge it ter my wust enemy, fer it air the true manna in the desert. I tell ye I uster think myself erway erbove ye, hones'; but the Lord hez took thet clean out o' me. Ye air the lead hoss."

"Sho, now!" cried Ma Gladden, shoving her pan of biscuits into the oven, "ter hear ye talk! Whut ercount air I without ye? I war plumb made ter fill up yer needs with good food an' ter look arter yer clothes."

JUNE came in that year with dawn-skies of mother-of-pearl over emerald fields and pastures; with noons of translucent glitter reflected from a high-hung sun-lamp above a brilliant world. Field hedges showed long, perfumed rows of white, pink, and amber. The air was heavy with mingled

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scents. In the house-plots of the farms the greensward was covered day by day with the rose-petals from scrambling bushes.

The delicacy of the atmosphere, the exceptional verdancy and flowering of the fields, wooed forth the world. The rural folk went joyously and hopefully to heavy tasks. The old were young again, and care fled away in the promise of the year.

In this floral festival there walked a tall young woman who, from afar, might have been taken for the daughter of Ceres, who lightly trod the flowery plain. But, if she were a Proserpine, it was after her return from the dark prison-house of sorrow and care. A lovely face was that, but too calm, and hers a bright eye that had often been washed with tears. Silent were her footfalls in the grassy pathway along the hedge-row, but still softer ones followed. The farm collie, Sheila, had long ago sworn allegiance to Persephone's vagrant moods.

The robins flew unscared; the splendor of the cardinal's feathered garb flashed red between green tangles of brier and grape, ivy and woodbine, lovingly drawn together in close embraces. Along the low stone walls the wanderer stepped again and again over full-flowered branches of the wild scrambler rose or honeysuckle, and from her path she pushed aside tall and valiant daisy-stalks. Her soul responded to the splendid luxuriance of nature, and all black shadows were lifted.

The farmer's adopted daughter went on her way over the eastern field, through the farm woodland, to carry him an afternoon luncheon and cool drink. The old grove was a pitiful remnant of the once magnificent forest that had covered the valley and hill-slopes in the eighteenth century. It was of some fifteen or twenty acres, rolling ground, and so remote from lanes and roads that it was rarely disturbed by the foot of man. Persephone loved it well, and of late sought it often. She now lingered under the splendid iron beeches, oaks, and poplars, going reflectively over last year's upcurled and decaying leaves. She walked bareheaded in the shade, her ruffled bonnet carried in a split basket. She climbed up and over tree-covered ridges. Suddenly Sheila bristled and growled ominously. As if waking from a happy dream, Persephone looked about, to see a human being, with his face hidden, lying prone in the leaves and fern of the beech-wood slope.

Her woman's impulse was to slip quietly away as lightly as she had come. Then a wandering sun-ray, straight from the splendid lamp of heaven, pierced through the green gloom, and reflected a dazzling, answering spark from a thing that lay near the man's right hand. The sharp intuitions of past anguish sent a blighting truth home to the woman's heart. A man was dead or to die.

"Oh, Pa Gladden," cried her soul, "help him! help him!"

Into her mind came one of the farmer's quaint bits of advice: "In times of sudden trouble, jes hold yerself level."

Level? What would "level" mean in this case? Pa Gladden was not far away, but she might not be able to reach him and return in time to save the man if a critical moment were at hand. She soon saw that he was not dead, for his fingers moved and groped restlessly in the dead leaves. She hesitated a moment only, and during it he raised a dreadful face. She knew then that he was young, and that he had once been handsome, but now his face was disfigured with pain and desperation. He looked for his revolver, and even touched it with a seeking hand.

Then Persephone hushed Sheila's whinings with a stern gesture. A great, a stupendous courage rose in her—a daring to do a deed of salvation. Poising herself lightly, first upon one foot and then upon the other, she stepped forward as stealthily and as subtly as an Indian. Her breath was repressed, her fingers trembled. When she stood above the still figure with the grace of a descending angel, she hovered but an instant. With marvelous deftness she picked up the pistol and ran over the slope toward Pa Gladden's corn-field. The dog, in doubt, remained with the lunch-basket, but set up a furious barking.

At the foot of the slope Pa Gladden saw her running, and came toward her.

She, white and shaking, met him with the pistol held aloft.

"Run to the wood!" she cried. "A man—" then gasping breath and a dramatic gesture.

Pa Gladden's face grew dark.

"Skeered ye? Who war it? Speak right up!"

"I don't know. I think he is going to kill himself. Run! Save him, dear Pa Gladden!"

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Pa Gladden pointed at the revolver.

"Is thet weepon hisn?"

"Yes. I picked it up and ran as fast as I could."

"Waal,"—with a deep and relieved breath,—"onless he air carryin' a hull gun-shop, he shorely won't be dead till I arrive thar. How in Sam Hill did you git thet weepon?"

She told him in a few words. Pa Gladden regarded her with admiration.

"By the etarnal, honey! ye hev got a brave speerit! Hones', I did n't think it of ye. I 'm goin' right up thar ter console him. Ye run on down an' tie up Prunelly afore she gits the hull corn-field inter thet onfoldin' stomick o' hern."

"Oh, do hurry! hurry! I 'll see to the mare."

"Don't ye worry, now. Hide thet ongodly thing in the fence-corner, an' jump eroun' home t' other way. I 'll see ter the man, darter."

Persephone's voice trembled to tears.

"Leave you, Pa Gladden? No; I can't do it."

"A nice, obedient darter ye shorely air," retorted Pa Gladden—"boun' ter have yer own woman's way. Don't ye come out of thet field ontil I see how he 's takin' it—an' do ye mind me thar?"

Guided by the dog's persistent barking, Pa Gladden climbed the slope. Sheila stood in front of the basket, but her eye never left the distracted creature who was searching here and there in the leaves and muttering inarticulate and dreadful things. He did not see the shirt-sleeved figure behind him, and Pa Gladden observed him silently.

"Whut air yer trouble, my son?" he inquired mildly.

The stranger faced about with a smothered cry.

"Ye do seem ailin' powerful," continued Pa Gladden. "Whut kin I do fer ye?"

Again came a soundless effort at speech.

"Laws-a-massy! Air ye deef an' dumb? Here, set right down an' pull yerself tergether. Ye hev gone plumb ter pieces."

He went over to the basket and brought it to the side of the trembling man. Sheila followed, sniffing cautiously.

"Thar, ye drink thet! Ma Gladden's root-beer air most comfortin' on a hot day. Take another glass. Now eat this sandwidge. I plumb do believe ye been neglectin' yer meals."

The man drank slowly, but he refused the food.

"Please leave me," he said faintly.

Pa Gladden shook his head.

"Not wishin' to be ugly-like," he observed, "I can't do it noways at all. I 'm goin' ter set right down here with ye till the big black shadder passes. Ye see, I hev got a reg'lar soft spot in my make-up fer all young folks an' their troubles. They 're likely ter be hevin' the bother of the univarse. They can't be reconciled ter the way the Lord runs the world, but air allers plannin' a play-actin' world o' thar own. Yes, it air mighty hard. I 've been through the hull business myself, an' I 'd like to help ye pull yerself up out o' the ditch."

Guided by her master's tender tone, the collie had been creeping closer and closer to the stranger, and now slipped her nose into his palm in a friendly way. In an instant his whole frame was shaking.

Pa Gladden waited.

"Some folks air plumb down on dogs," he thought, as he sat on a convenient log. "Suttinly Sheiler knew ernough ter break the ice. Thet man air in a bad shape, an' yer Pa Gladden hez jes got ter land him on the shore."

After a little time he discreetly began:

"Now, son, I wanter tell ye thet ye must n't turn erway from sech friends as the Lord air sendin' ye in a dark hour. I ast ye, as man ter man, ter meet yer troubles an' go on endurin' of yer life. Ye must n't ever tamper with yer Master's doin's. He made us, an' not we ourselves."

Still the nervous fingers searched unavailingly among the dry leaves.

"Ye might ez well quit thet," went on Pa Gladden, solemnly. "The Lord God Almighty actoolly sent an angel to seal the tomb ag'in' ye. Don't ye know thet leetle weepon war taken from under yer very hand a spell back?"

The young man sprang up, pallid and frightened.

"What?"

"Thet air the solemn truth. There moved a great directin' finger through this wood, markin' the way of a timid woman thet snatched up thet weepon ter save ye."

Handsome even in defiance, the young stranger faced the farmer.

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"I am a dead man," he said.

"Ye don't look at all dead," retorted Pa Gladden. "Ef it war the time fer jokes, I would state thet ye air at present a powerful lively corpse. Fur be it from me ter be excitin' yer feelin's, but why do ye say thet so suttinly?"

He might as well have addressed a deaf man. The stranger continued muttering wildly and clutching the grass about him.

"It 'pears ter me thet ye air erbout the sickes' man I hev seen fer many a day," said Pa Gladden, reflectively, "an' ye shorely must be dealt with accordin'. It air a case fer Ma Gladden, ez thar air suthin' in her constitution thet air soothin' ter the sick. I calkilate ye wull bear watchin' till we git ye ter a place whar ye kin be nussed up a spell."

The man turned his eyes on him suspiciously.

"I 'm nothing or nobody," he said, "and I am going to die."

"I calkilate not," returned Pa Gladden; "not ef ye kin be pervented by mortal endeavorin'. Now ye rest easy till I git back."

He hurried to the field fence like a boy.

"Persephone, thet man air ailin'. He air got a fever, most likely. I 'll ride Prunelly up ter the house an' hitch 'er ter the wagon. Ye must watch over thet stranger. Now don't ye scrunch yerself together thet way. Shorely, arter grabbin' thet weepon so boldlike, ye hain't lost yer grit. Jes go up thar an' be easy-like an' woman-kind till yer ma an' me gits back."

With a sinking heart the young widow climbed the slope. Sheila fawned upon her joyfully. When the stranger saw her, he tried to rise, to brush his disordered clothing, to acknowledge her presence. Persephone flushed, but went steadily to the basket and took the cup from it. This she filled in the hollow and brought to him.

"Try to drink some water."

He did drink it eagerly, and then scanned her features.

"You must have taken my revolver."

She colored anew.

"Please do not talk about it. You are sick."

"Sick—sick!" he muttered in disgust. "Deathly sick of the whole world. That is what I am."

When the roll of wagon wheels came, he had been quiet for a long time. Persephone dared not disturb him. There came voices, and Sheila darted away joyously.

"Who is coming?" asked the man, raising his head.

"Pa and Ma Gladden," replied Persephone—how gladly he could not know; "and we will get you home at once."

Along the ridge above hurried the picturesque figures of the farmer and his wife. When they reached the shade Ma Gladden removed her pink bonnet and revealed the fine, placid face, about which waved the yet brown hair.

Pa Gladden was the first to reach the young man's side.

"Ye wull shorely be all right, young friend," he announced, "fer here air yer Ma Gladden, an ye kin lean on her. Air ye feelin' some better?"

There were trembling and gasps for reply.

Ma Gladden fairly flew to her new charge.

"Don't ye bother him now, Asahel. He air plumb onstrung. Let him do his talkin' to-morrer, when he air rested up."

She helped up the man, he not resisting. She led him to the red wagon without a backward look. Pa Gladden whistled a long note.

"Do not thet performance beat all, Persephone? Whut do ye think o' Drusilly now? We finds a young man, an' she walks him off. Bring erlong thet leetle weepon. We wull bury it in mem'ry o' the old Adam. I can't help rejoicin', my gal. Thet boy air appealin' ter me, soul an' body—an', Persephone, ye can't an' ye won't deny thet he air the handsomest feller thet ever sot foot in the Crossroads Settlement."

II

THE coming of the sick stranger to the Gladden homestead was accompanied by great anxiety and many sorrowful hours. There was no thought in the minds of the people in the brown house save that of caring for him. The second midnight after he was found, Pa Gladden waited in the porch outside of Dr. Briskett's house at the Crossroads Settlement for that good friend to array himself and come forth. Sad thoughts had held Pa Gladden during his hasty ride on Cephy after his old friend.

"The boy air suttinly mortal bad, Drusilly," he said to Ma Gladden, at the door; "it wull take both nussin' an' prayin'. We

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can't hev no strangers in. He might not like it when he war well."

The things he heard in the man's ravings repeated themselves through the darkness.

"Thet man hev shorely been down inter Satan's regions," he affirmed to himself.

Doc Briskett speedily appeared.

"Is it the cow or Cephy this time, Pa Gladden? I saw Ma Gladden and Persephone in the yard this evening as I passed."

Pa Gladden rose up from the porch bench.

"Neither one ner t' other," he said; "but I 'll try ter tell ye ez we jump erlong."

The doctor listened with a snort of disapproval now and again.

"Doc, thar air a sick stranger ter our house. He hev been thar two days, an' he air wrastlin' with Satan hisself. Doc, wull ye save him? My hull heart hev got sort o' holt on him a'ready."

"Because you have got the softest, silliest old heart that ever was. And taking care of sick folks costs money. Who is going to pay you, Pa Gladden?"

Pa Gladden waited for a moment, then said humbly:

"Doc, ye know I got enough fer thet any time."

Doc Briskett looked up in the starlight at the small man's face. It seemed white and wan to him.

"Well, I 'll do all I can. I usually do. Lord! but you do deserve to get something from the Almighty besides tramps and beggars. Pity you did n't have a dozen children—you—you essence of all fatherhood."

"Thet air a big contrac' ter fill," said Pa Gladden, "but I often do feel thet way."

"Your visitor is a sick man; I 'd never remember that shooting business against him. But who is he? Where did he come from? We don't see many strangers in the Valley."

Pa Gladden drew a deep breath.

"Doc, ye 're runnin' me clost down ter ground. But I don't erlow ter put my mind on whut air past. I 'm jes extry sot on thet young man a'ready. I been waitin' nigh on ter thirty year fer a son, an' I 'm old, like Eli—an' I wish ye could see his eyes a-follerin' me now; thet 's all."

"Not all," thought the doctor, as he sat by the bedside of his patient and watched the untiring ministrations of the three dwellers in the brown house. There were many things shrieked out in delirium and mumbled in stupor that were as if spoken in a tongue unknown to these simple folk. Names crossed the parched lips, curses, pleadings, and despairing farewells; but no one remembered them. It was the white mist of dawn, a week later, before the ravings ceased and the young stranger fell into a sleep. The women were rattling at the kitchen stove when Doc Briskett, who had hurried in after a night call out Sinai way for this turn that he feared, lifted one thin hand and laid it down most gently.

"There! The worst is probably over, Pa Gladden. I guess he 'll pull through, if you keep him quiet and Ma Gladden feeds him up. Don't you worry him with a thing."

Pa Gladden, care-worn, coatless and shoeless, had passed the night in the parlor rocker by the bedside. Now his face was transfigured with ineffable joy.

"I jes could n't let go my holt on him, doc. It hain't but a week sence I fust met him, but I hev lived with him from babyhood cl'ar up ter manhood. I tuk him in the speerit when fust I seen him in them woods—an' thet means a most deep-rootin' feelin'. S-sh! He air shorely sleepin' like a baby child. Let 's jes step out ter a bite o' breakfas', doc. We both needs it bad."

At the table the good doctor looked with concern at the worn farmer, his wife, and the young woman, all of whom had given their strength and help to aid a fellow-mortal to return to life.

"There is such a thing as the Christian religion, is n't there?" he observed to Ma Gladden.

"My great soul!" she cried, "air there any one in sober senses thet denies it?"

"Many," returned the doctor, "specially outside the Long Valley. Religion is really fashionable here, and some people do practise what they preach."

"Go 'long, ef ye 're hintin' at us!" cried Ma Gladden. "I calkilate thet boy thar 'll appreciate our work some day er rother."

"If he don't," remarked the doctor, "it will be good returned to yourselves, if it was hard work. You all look exactly like holy angels to me—honest."

A month later a hollow-eyed and feeble creature strayed aimlessly down the garden path to the front stile. The rose-petals had fallen, and the buds of the tiger-lilies were

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tawny. Since his convalescence had set in, the invalid had been reserved and reticent. Perhaps the quick-witted Persephone best guessed his mental suffering, but her sympathy never went further than quiet care and unobtrusive attentions.

The halting footsteps reached Pa Gladden's side. The farmer was perched on the fence in his favorite attitude, whittling reflectively, and lost to the world. His face was lighted by a gorgeous sunset glow. He did not know of any approach until a thin hand lay lightly upon his arm. Then, as he turned quickly, the joy of a great thankfulness illumined his features.

"Son, I war considerin' erbout ye. Here, set down."

He put forth a protecting hand and guided the weak one to the steps of the stile.

"Thar, rest yerself. Ye shorely air gettin' a leetle stronger every day."

The invalid shook himself impatiently.

"I used to be very strong—row and lift and jump, you know."

"It wull all come eroun' in time," said Pa Gladden, tenderly, "an' when ye git ter plowin', ye 'll be stronger 'n ever. It hez been borne in on me many a time thet thar hain't no strength on airth like plowin' strength. It takes yer bone an' marrer, yer muscle an' yer mind. It opens up the hull world, thet keepin' o' a straight furrer. It lays down the right lines o' life, jes ez feedin' animals makes a man real keerful-like an' tender o' human bein's."

"I 'm wondering about my life."

"Prubably. It air powerful hard on ye, bein' sick an' all this. But jes ye hold right by yer old Pa Gladden. I war settin' here a-plannin' fer ye. Ye did n't know thet, did ye?"

"I know that you are always good."

"Thet 's a comfortin' feelin' fer ye ter hev. It air wuth a sight ter me. Jes lean on me."

"I will have to."

"Suttinly. Now whut air it layin' on yer mind ter-night? I seen thet ye did n't keer fer any o' yer Ma Gladden's supper-fixin's."

"Well," began the invalid, shyly, "I did not mean to show it. But—it is all different. I am grateful. Can't you understand? It seems that I cannot bear it—either the past, or the goodness, or this peace. It was sudden."

"I kin shorely understand," asserted Pa Gladden; "yes, son, I kin. I kin see thet ye air uster action an' ter a busy life, an' ter papers an' books, an' yer mind full o' the hull world. I hain't fergot thet; only doc said ye must n't see a book ner a paper yet. Thar air a boxful in the shed thet Persephone writ ter Elder Torrence ter send down. Ma an' me air calkilatin' ter enjoy everything from hearin' ye expound an' onfold it, supplyin' our shortcomin's in edication. When ye air stronger, an' ye kin stretch yer legs over a hoss, Doc Briskett hez his eye on one o' Noey Hyde's sorrels fer ye. I 'm aimin' ter set ye up in the hawg business next fall. Hawgs air money."

A gleam of amusement kindled in the young man's eyes.

"Hogs and salvation! Oh, Pa Gladden, that 's not a bad idea. I know something of it. But there. I think I could make you some money. You see, doing nothing frets me. Let me go into the fields and ride about with you to-morrow."

"Ye must be ontyin' yer Ma Gladden's apurn-strings, must ye?" said the farmer. "Mebbe next ye 'll get tired an' want ter leave us. It 'd be a hard blow ter yer Ma Gladden an' ter me."

The young man laid a shaking hand on Pa Gladden's arm.

"I believe I would like to stay here. I believe it would make a man of me. I may be able to be of some help to you after a while."

"Now glory be ter glory!" cried Pa Gladden, "ye hev blown erway the larst worry 'bout ye on my soul. We 're Pa Gladden an' son, hain't we? We air pardners ter do right an' ter help on the hull world. Yer past air nothin', fer redeemin' love hez got ye now. Come, the dew air fallin', an' ye hain't real strong yet, son. We wull go inside, an' to-morrer ye 'll be a powerful sight better in yer body an' yer speerit. Le' 's go inside."

III

"BUT you are taking me wholly on trust," said the young man, when they were sitting by the window in Persephone's "off room," which had been made a temporary hospital.

"I calkilate thet we hev ter take a heap o' things on trust," said Pa Gladden, in reply, "er allers be mis'rable."

"I want to tell you about it. I must—

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only the names. I am actually a homeless and nameless tramp, Pa Gladden. I sold my inheritance for folly. You can guess that it was about money, and that money straightened it up. But it had somehow leaked out, and they said—my people—I must go away—forever; it would be better for me to be dead than for people to remember it against the name and disgrace it. So—they gave out that I had killed myself—away from home."

"Plumb onbelievable!" exclaimed Pa Gladden, his eyes very wide open.

"I was a wanderer without a name. My money gave out. You know the rest. I was a dead man when I fell down in your woodland."

"The soul cannot die," said Pa Gladden, solemnly. "Did any one s'pose ye could put thet on an' off like an old pair o' shoes?"

There was a silence.

"Where I came from there was not so much account of souls," said the young man, finally.

"Waal," said Pa Gladden, "ye air suttinly in a most oncommon sort o' tribblelation. It don't stand ter reason thet any man would like ter be in yer boots. It strikes me thet them folks thet war so awful hard on ye war a-pitchin' ye straight inter the open arms o' Satan. Do ye mean ter say thet there air no human ties ter bind upon ye now?"

"I have said farewell to everything in this life," answered the stranger, stoutly. "I have given up my former name, family, everything. I have no idea what to do, if I live, unless I can labor here."

"'Pears ter me thet depends entirely on yer own state o' mind," replied Pa Gladden. "If ye hain't got any hanker arter yerself in the past, it strikes me thet ye air jes erbout in the state o' thet thief thet war hangin' on the cross next ter God's Son. Don't ye remember them solemn words: 'Ter-night thou shalt be with me in Paradise'? God has p'intedly saved ye by redeemin' love fer a good life. Ye 've been hung on your cross of affliction an' sufferin' ontil the old Adam orter be plumb dead in ye this minute."

A look of incredulity crossed the pallid face.

"Is there any life left for me?"

"A life o' right-doin'," spoke Pa Gladden, strongly. "It air plain ter see thet ye 've had oncommon chances, an' ye hain't done one thing with them. Now thet ye hain't got any chance at all, mebbe yer speerit wull rise an' climb out o' its encumberin' shell."

There was another long silence, and one evidently grateful to Pa Gladden. Finally the stranger lifted up his head and said:

"Then you really think there is a chance for me?"

"Waal, now, son, ye don't know yer Pa Gladden. Do I believe thet the wicked can return? I should say thet I do. It hev allers been made cl'ar to me thet the best saints air made out o' the wust sinners. It 's wuth sufferin' to know sin when it 's hangin' around."

The man raised to Pa Gladden eyes that had once been beautiful.

"I don't know how," he said quietly. "I only know one way to live. It has not been your way, that 's plain."

"Lay yer old way right down," cried Pa Gladden; "be a mere nothin' in the Lord's palm. Purty soon ye 'll see cl'arly the lines o' every man's life. They air jes the same thet 's writ out in the Scripters, the life o' thet Young Man thet once lived among men, who worked and loved and was tempted and died, all on the lines o' common men. All men go the old Christ-way onknowin'. They 're born ter suffer, ter die, ter be born ag'in on earth. Son, ye got the signs the plainest I ever seen. 'Arise and come forth,' they 're all a-sayin'; 'be ye a new man!'"

The stranger gazed at him earnestly.

"Yer hain't so much ter blame fer whut yer were erbout ter do some time ago ez ye might be. Ye war clean daft, an' ye 've been saved by a mericle," went on Pa Gladden.

"So you believe in miracles?"

"Do I believe in mericles? I seen too many o' God's plain movin's o' things ter disbelieve 'em."

Suddenly the stranger asked:

"Pa Gladden, is there any way for me to live again?"

"Shorely."

"Will you help me to see it?"

"Shorely, shorely."

"But I have n't even a name. I gave a solemn promise never to use my own again."

Pa's brow darkened.

"I allers hev felt," he observed more

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mildly than ever, "thet, ef I 'd hed any special childern o' my own, I 'd 'a' follered 'em clean down ter hell's back door an' drug 'em back ef they went wrong. But folks in the world air warped mighty various, mighty various. Human ties binds folks the strongest ter the love o' God, but sometimes they air plumb outraged. I can't see why ye hed ter be pushed cl'ar ter the jumpin'-off place, but it war the evident intention."

His hearer trembled anew.

"But God's ways air myster'us. One man's loss air ginerally another's gain. Ye war speakin' o' stayin' here. Yer Ma Gladden an' me hev lately been talkin' erbout takin' a waif er stray an' givin' him a chance ter grow ter be a useful man. The Lord war markin' out another pusson fer us ter adopt, an' thet air ye, my son. Ef ye wull take yer chance on these fields an' on this farm ter lead a hard-workin' life with us, we wull try ter be lovin' parents ter ye, an' ter uphold ye, an' ter lead ye ter right-doin'."

"I don't deserve it."

"Oh, yes, ye do," said Pa Gladden. "God thinks ye do—an' we air suttinly willin' ter leave it ter his jedgment."

"But I cannot tell you my name."

"Ez ter thet," went on Pa Gladden, "it would prubably encumber ye. I hain't but one thet I hev a right ter give ye, an' thet air my own. It allers hez been a poor an' hones' one. I shell allers be Pa Gladden till the day o' my death, so I wull pass the Asahel Gladden on ter ye. Asy Gladden? Law, now! How it do bring up young days! Now, Asy, this wull be good news fer the women-folks, specially yer Ma Gladden. Let 's adjourn ter the kitchen an' celebrate with the best we got, an' ef it hain't the fatted calf, it orter be, fer ye air well wuth it."

A STATUE

TO A. ST. G.

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

YEA, I have lived. Pass on,
And trouble me with questions nevermore.
I suffered. I have won
A solemn peace—my peace forevermore.
Leave me in silence here.
I have no hope, no care;
I know no fear:
For I have borne, but now no longer bear.

Deep-hid Sorrow calls me kin,
But my calm she cannot break.
I know not good, I know not sin;
Nor love nor hate can me awake.

Though I have sought, I care not now to find.
If I have asked, I wait for no reply.
My eyes, from too much seeing, are grown blind.
I am not dead, yet do not need to die.
Pass on. Ye cannot reach me any more.
Pass on, for all is past!
Hush! Silence settles ever more and more—
Silence and night at last.

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POOR YORICK

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

THERE is extant in the city of New York an odd piece of bric-à-brac which I am sometimes tempted to wish were in my own possession. On a bracket in Edwin Booth's bedroom at The Players—the apartment remains as he left it that solemn April day ten years ago—stands a sadly dilapidated skull which the elder Booth, and afterward his son Edwin, used to soliloquize over in the graveyard at Elsinore in the fifth act of "Hamlet."

A skull is an object that always invokes interest more or less poignant; it always has its pathetic story, whether told or untold; but this skull is especially a skull "with a past."

In the early forties, while playing an engagement somewhere in the wild West, Junius Brutus Booth did a series of kindnesses to a particularly undeserving fellow, the name of him unknown to us. The man, as it seemed, was a combination of gambler, horse-stealer, and highwayman —in brief, a miscellaneous desperado, and precisely the melodramatic sort of person likely to touch the sympathies of the half-mad player. In the course of nature or the law, presumably the law, the adventurer bodily disappeared one day, and in time ceased to exist even as a reminiscence in the florid mind of his sometime benefactor.

As the elder Booth was seated at breakfast one morning in a hotel in Louisville, Kentucky, a negro boy entered the room bearing a small osier basket neatly covered with a snowy napkin. It had the general aspect of a basket of fruit or flowers sent by some admirer, and as such it figured for a moment in Mr. Booth's conjecture. On lifting the cloth the actor started from the chair with a genuine expression on his features of that terror which he was used so marvelously to simulate in "Richard III" in the midnight tent-scene or as *Macbeth* when the ghost of *Banquo* usurped his seat at table.

In the pretty willow-woven basket lay the head of Booth's old pensioner, which head the old pensioner had bequeathed in due legal form to the tragedian, begging him henceforth to adopt it as one of the necessary stage properties in the fifth act of Mr. Shakspere's tragedy of "Hamlet." "Take it away, you black imp!" thundered the actor to the equally aghast negro boy, whose curiosity had happily not prompted him to investigate the dark nature of his burden.

Shortly afterward, however, the horse-stealer's residuary legatee, recovering from the first shock of his surprise, fell into the grim humor of the situation, and proceeded to carry out to the letter the testator's whimsical request. Thus it was that the skull came to secure an engagement to play the rôle of poor *Yorick* in J. B. Booth's company of strolling players, and to con-

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tinue awhile longer to glimmer behind the footlights in the hands of his famous son.

Observing that the grave-digger in his too eager realism was damaging the thing, —the marks of his pick and spade are visible on the cranium,— Edwin Booth presently replaced it with a papier-mâché counterfeit manufactured in the property-room of the theater. During his subsequent wanderings in Australia and California, he carefully preserved the relic, which finally found repose on the bracket in question.

How often have I sat, of an afternoon, in that front room on the fourth floor of the club-house in Gramercy Park, watching the winter or summer twilight gradually softening and blurring the sharp outline of the skull until it vanished uncannily into the gloom! Edwin Booth had forgotten, if ever he knew, the name of the man; but I had no need of it in order to establish acquaintance with poor *Yorick*. In this association I was conscious of a deep tinge of sentiment on my own part, a circumstance not without its queerness, considering how very distant the acquaintance really was.

Possibly he was a fellow of infinite jest in his day; he was sober enough now, and in no way disposed to indulge in those flashes of merriment "that were wont to set the table on a roar." But I did not regret his evaporated hilarity; I liked his more befitting genial silence, and had learned to look upon his rather open countenance with the same friendliness as that with which I regarded the faces of less phantasmal members of the club. He had become to me a dramatic personality as distinct as that of any of the Thespians I met in the grill-room or the library.

Yorick's feeling in regard to me was a subject upon which I frequently speculated. There was at intervals an alert gleam of intelligence in those cavernous eye-sockets, as if the sudden remembrance of some old experience had illumined them. He had been a great traveler, and had known strange vicissitudes in life; his stage career had brought him into contact with a variegated assortment of men and women, and extended his horizon. His more peaceful profession of holding up mail-coaches on lonely roads had surely not been without incident. It was inconceivable that all this had left no impressions. He must have had at least a faint recollection of the tempestuous Junius Brutus Booth. That *Yorick* had formed his estimate, and probably not a flattering one, of me is something of which I am strongly convinced.

At the death of Edwin Booth, poor *Yorick* passed out of my personal cognizance, and now lingers an incongruous shadow amid the memories of the precious things I lost then.

The suite of apartments formerly occupied by Edwin Booth at The Players has been, as I have said, kept unchanged —a shrine to which now and then some loving heart makes silent pilgrimage. On a table in the center of his bedroom lies the book just where he laid it down, an ivory paper-cutter marking the page his eyes last rested upon; and in this chamber, with its familiar pictures, pipes, and ornaments, the skull finds its proper sanctuary. If at odd moments I wish that by chance poor *Yorick* had fallen to my care, the wish is only half-hearted, though had that happened, I would have given him welcome to the choicest corner in my study and tenderly cherished him for the sake of one who comes no more.

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NOTEWORTHY RESULTS OF THE TWELFTH CENSUS

RAPID GROWTH OF POPULATION—INTERSTATE MIGRATIONS—CITY AND COUNTRY—NEGRO AND WHITE—ILLITERACY—THE STATUS OF AGRICULTURE—MANUFACTURES IN THE LEAD—THE GROWTH OF TRUSTS—EXPANSION IN THE EXPORT TRADE

BY THE HON. W. R. MERRIAM

Director of the Last Census

THE results of the twelfth census—in ten thousand pages, comprised in ten quarto volumes, two relating to population, two to agriculture, four to manufactures, and two to vital statistics—are now before the public. To be sure, certain special reports corresponding to the subsidiary ones included in the eleventh census are yet to be prepared, but, notwithstanding that fact, the twelfth census is virtually completed.

Most of these ten thousand pages are covered with figures for the States, counties, and towns of this vast country; and so great is the mass of detail presented that it is difficult to determine which are the most important facts, the most noteworthy results. The point of view varies, and no two men would select for mention the same topics. I have been particularly impressed with the results and inferences that follow; but probably no one of the former subordinates in the Census Office or of the outside students of statistics would make precisely the same selection.

It is likely, however, that in any consideration of the returns of the twelfth census the growth of population would be one of the first subjects to attract attention. In this article the subject is discussed with special reference to the changes that are taking place in the territorial distribution of population, and in its constituent elements. The tendency toward aggregation in large cities, which is so characteristic of the present period, has an important bearing on social and economic conditions. The presence in our population of the negro and foreign elements involves serious problems, the solution of which requires the highest statesmanship. As we have among us more than ten million foreigners and nearly nine million negroes, census data bearing on these topics can hardly fail to be of interest.

It is unfortunate that the quality of immigration is changing for the worse. The present industrial prosperity is attracting crowds of foreigners, many of them unfit for assimilation with our people and not in sympathy with our plan of government. This danger is serious enough to attract public attention, so that proper safeguards should be instituted for the protection of the standard of American citizenship. "Americans, on guard!" was the shibboleth of a political party forty or fifty years ago, and although no sensible man is now afraid that any foreign influence will obtain a strong foothold in our system of politics, the education and assimilation of the foreign element still continues of far-reaching importance.

The color-line is an ever-pressing subject in the South—a difficult problem that time alone will solve. The evolution of a race to higher conditions has ever been slow, and it will be in this instance. The man of the South must be trusted to work this

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out in his own good time. He is charged with the burden, and must bear it. The colored man is gaining in literacy, but his gain is slow, and slowly, therefore, must he expect to acquire the right to full citizenship.

The advance of intelligence and education is measured by the statistics of illiteracy. This subject, which is of great importance, has been treated with considerable detail in the report on population. Some interesting results are brought out by comparisons between the different parts of the country, between urban and rural districts, and between the different elements of the population.

In this age material progress and industrial development are given great, perhaps undue, importance. But this progress is the basis of all higher activity, and the country is to be congratulated on the fact that the last decade is shown by census figures to have been one of remarkable and healthy growth in the two great branches of production, agriculture and manufactures. Many of our statesmen and economists have maintained that the tilling of the soil is the foundation on which the hope of the country rests, while others have insisted that a system of protection will develop our natural resources in the form of coal, iron, and other metals, thus building up national industries, and incidentally giving the workingman higher wages. Jefferson and Hamilton represented the extremes of these two theories.

Between 1880 and 1890 the reported value of the products of manufactures passed the reported value of agricultural products. The statistics of the last census show that the gap between these two great lines of national activity is growing steadily wider, which suggests that the theories of Hamilton have triumphed. Generalizations of this kind, however, are at best unsatisfactory. In a country such as ours, where the investment in both agriculture and manufactures is vast, accurate comparisons are difficult; and there are doubtless many persons who would insist that the United States is still predominantly an agricultural nation.

POPULATION

THE total population enumerated by the twelfth census was 76,303,387; but while the area of enumeration covered Alaska and Hawaii, it did not include Porto Rico, the Philippines, Guam, or Samoa. The population of these newly acquired islands has, however, been ascertained, partly by estimates and partly by special censuses. Including these estimates, the total population of the United States and its outlying possessions in 1900 was as follows:

Area of enumeration	76,303,387
Philippine Islands	6,961,339
Porto Rico	953,243
Guam	9,000
Samoa	6,100
Total	84,233,069

The only countries surpassing the United States in number of inhabitants are the Chinese Empire, the British Empire, the Russian Empire, and probably France, with the inclusion of its African possessions.

In 1890 the United States had a population of 62,979,766. In 1900 the population comprised within what might be termed the greater United States exceeded that number by 21,253,303, or thirty-four per cent. Of this increase 8,083,683 was added by the annexation of new territory; the remainder, 13,169,620, represents the growth within the former territorial limits of the country, resulting from immigration and natural increase.

In 1900 the population of continental United States was 75,994,575, having increased 13,046,861, or twenty-one per cent., since 1890. To this increase in population New York State alone contributed over a million and a quarter, Pennsylvania a little over a million, and Illinois about a million. The increase in these three States forms one fourth of the total increase. The only other States showing an increase of over half a million were Texas and Massachusetts.

Notwithstanding the steady migration westward which has been in progress since the country was first settled, the great mass of the population is still located in the East. In 1900 the States along the Atlantic coast, which comprise less than fifteen per cent. of the total area of the mainland of the United States, contained over forty per cent. of the total population; and the States east of the Mississippi, comprising less than thirty per cent. of the total

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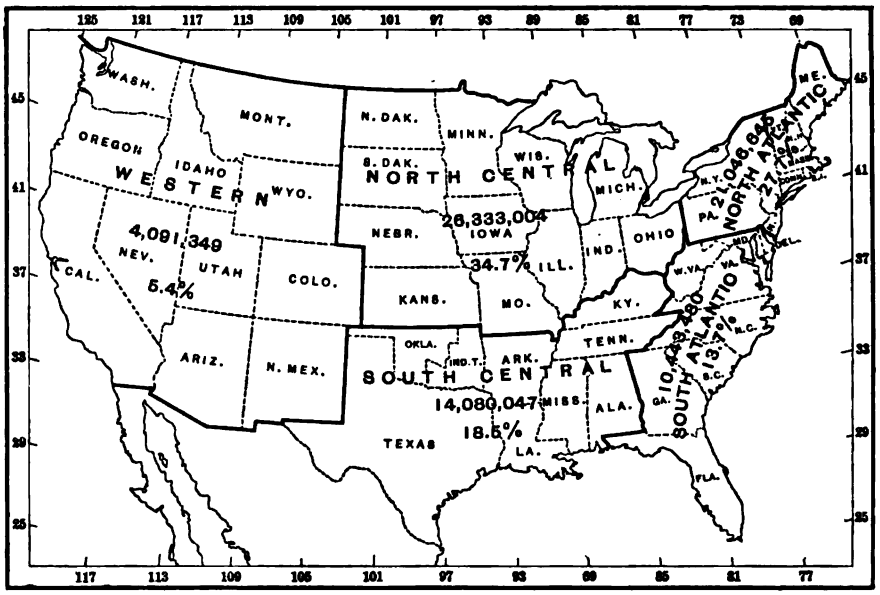

DIAGRAM OF THE POPULATION BY MAIN GEOGRAPHIC DIVISIONS

area, contained over seventy per cent. of the total population. Dividing the mainland of the United States into two equal parts, east and west, it is found that over ninety per cent. of the total population is located in the eastern half.

The changes in the distribution of population between the East and the West have been less marked in the last decade than in the one preceding. In the decade from 1880 to 1890 the percentage of population west of the Mississippi increased from twenty-two and five tenths to twenty-six and seven tenths; in the last decade it increased only from twenty-six and seven tenths to twenty-seven and six tenths. Apparently the westward movement of population has been in some degree checked or diverted. The West is still gaining on the East, but less rapidly than it was.

INTERSTATE MIGRATIONS OF NATIVE POPULATION

Of the 65,767,451 native Americans residing in the United States in 1900, 51,979,651, or seventy-nine per cent., were residents of the State or Territory in which they were born. The percentage was slightly larger than it was in 1890, and has, in fact, shown an increase at every census since 1860. It is evident that the native American is slowly but steadily becoming less migratory. This may indicate a growing contentment of national disposition. At the same time it is probable that the inducements to migrate are less strong than they once were; as the country becomes more thickly settled, its population more evenly distributed, and its natural resources more fully utilized, the economic advantages of one region over another naturally become less marked. The native population appears to be tending toward a state of equilibrium, and it is probable that the percentage of interstate migration within the limits of the mainland of the United States will continue to diminish slowly from decade to decade. The effect which the recent acquisition of territory may have upon the movement of native population is, of course, another story, to be told by the censuses of the future.

If we take the Mississippi as the dividing-line between the East and the West, we find that 4,512,097 native Easterners have taken up their abode in the West, while the number of native Westerners living in the East is only 518,543. The difference, 3,993,554, represents the debt which the West owes the East in the interchange of native population.

URBAN POPULATION

The proportion of the population living in cities has shown a marked increase at each

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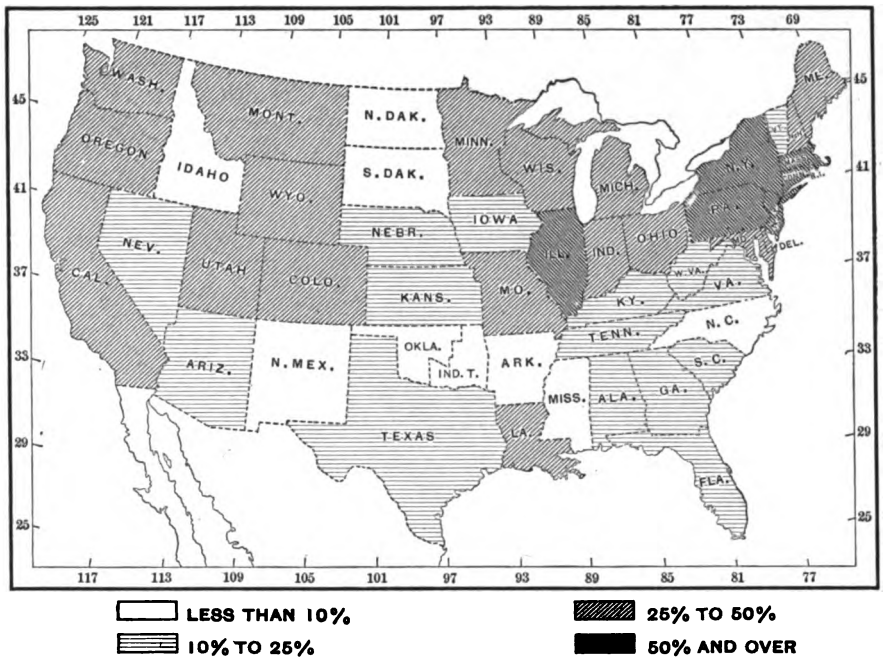

URBAN POPULATION: PERCENTAGE OF THE TOTAL POPULATION LIVING IN TOWNS OF OVER 4000 INHABITANTS

successive census. In 1790 the total population of the six cities having a population of over 8000 each was only 131,472, or less than four per cent. of the total for the United States. In 1900 there were 545 places above that limit in size, and they comprised a population of 24,992,199, or thirty-three and one tenth per cent. of the total population. It is noticeable, however, that the increase in the percentage of urban population was not nearly so great in the last decade as it was in the preceding one. Between 1880 and 1890 the percentage advanced from twenty-three to twenty-nine; in 1900 it had advanced only to thirty-three, as already noted. Apparently the movement toward cities is decreasing. It is somewhat difficult, however, to draw a line between urban and rural population, and any line must be in some degree arbitrary. On lowering the limit so as to include all places having a population of 4000 or more, the present urban population rises to a total of 28,372,392, which is thirty-seven per cent. of the total population of the mainland of the United States. But there are 9553 incorporated places having less than 4000 inhabitants each, and comprising in the aggregate a population of 8,208,480, which may be regarded as partly urban and partly rural. This population, which constitutes nearly eleven per cent. of the total, is therefore classified as semi-urban. There then remains a population of 39,413,703, which is distinctly rural in character, and is equivalent to nearly fifty-two per cent., or more than one half, of the total population of continental United States.

The social and economic characteristics of urban communities vary greatly according to the number of inhabitants. The contrast between great cities like New York and Chicago, and towns of 5000 or 10,000 inhabitants, is more marked than that between the latter class of places and the distinctly rural districts. It has been said that urban growth is essentially a great-city growth, and that as a general rule the attractive power which cities exert over the population increases with their size. At any rate, a special interest attaches to the statistics of the large communities as distinguished from the small ones. Of the total population of the United States, twenty-six per cent. live in cities of over 25,000, nineteen per cent. in cities of over 100,000, and sixteen per cent. in cities of over 200,000. In 1890 the corresponding percentages were twenty-two, sixteen, and thirteen, respectively; and in 1880 seventeen, thirteen, and ten. On the whole, this compari-

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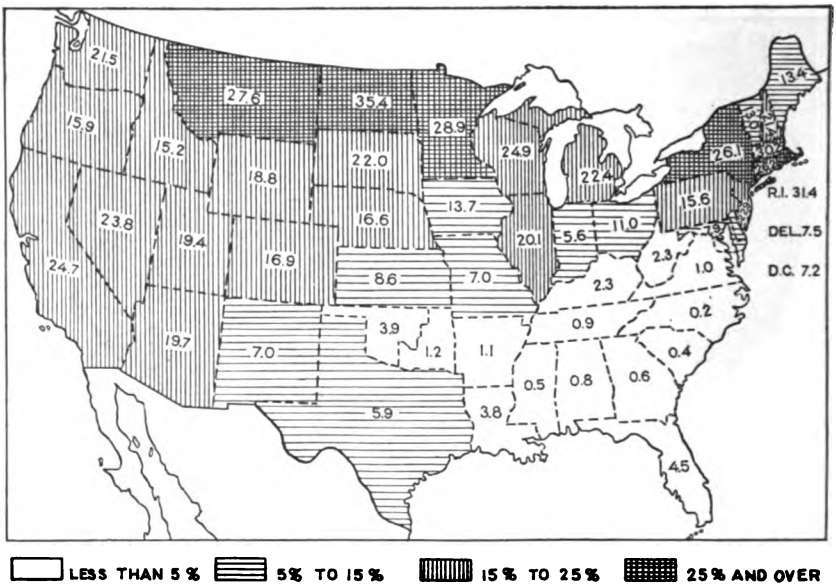

PERCENTAGE OF THE FOREIGN-BORN TO THE TOTAL POPULATION OF THE STATES AND TERRITORIES

son, like that for cities of over 8000, justifies the statement that the proportion of the total population living in cities has not advanced as much in the last decade as it did in the decade from 1880 to 1890; however, the difference is not so marked as when the smaller cities are included.

It may be that this retardation in the movement of population toward cities is only temporary; if, however, it is permanent, the great improvements that have recently been made in the means of communication in rural districts offer the clearest explanation. Country life is no longer the isolated, lonely existence that it once was. The telephone has made next-door neighbors of families living miles apart; improvements in mail service, especially the introduction of rural free delivery, bring the morning newspaper to the farmer's door within a few hours after its publication; and the extension of the trolley system has greatly increased the area from which the local urban center can be reached readily for purposes of business or pleasure.

COMPOSITION OF THE POPULATION

In 1900 the population of the United States comprised 56,740,739 white persons of native birth, 10,250,049 whites of foreign birth, and 9,312,599 colored persons, mostly negroes. While the composition of the population, as revealed by these figures, is not materially different from what it was in 1890, a comparison is interesting and significant as indicating the direction of the changes that have taken place. It will be found that the foreign white and colored elements each formed a somewhat smaller proportion of the total population in 1900 than in 1890, the proportion of native whites being correspondingly larger.

Some noteworthy changes took place in the composition of our foreign-born population. The Germans and the Irish remained the strongest elements, but their numbers decreased four per cent. and fourteen per cent. respectively, the additions by immigration not being sufficient to make good the losses by emigration and by death. In the meantime the numbers of Austrians, Hungarians, Italians, Poles, and Russians more than doubled; and these five nationalities, taken together, constituted seventeen per cent. of the foreign-born in this country in 1900, compared with only eight per cent. in 1890. On the other hand, the percentage of Germans decreased from thirty in 1890 to twenty-six in 1900, and that of Irish from twenty to sixteen.

The negroes in the United States in 1900 numbered 8,840,789, constituting over one tenth of the total population. Their rate of increase during the decade, eighteen

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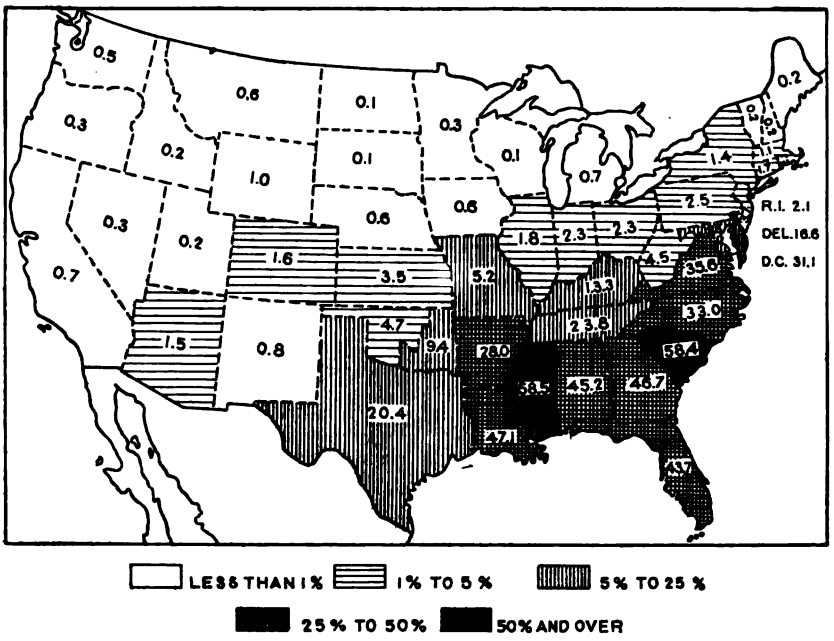

PERCENTAGE OF THE TOTAL NEGRO POPULATION OF THE STATES AND TERRITORIES

and one tenth per cent., did not quite keep pace with that of the other elements of the population, so that the percentage which the negroes formed of the total population decreased from eleven and nine tenths in 1890 to eleven and six tenths in 1900. The white population increased twenty-one and four tenths per cent., but it is noticeable that the rate of increase for native whites of native parentage, eighteen and nine tenths per cent., was but little in excess of the rate for negroes.

The increase of the negro race is almost exclusively a natural increase—resulting, that is, from the excess of births over deaths. The white population, on the other hand, is constantly being recruited by immigration from foreign countries. By excluding from the native white population in 1900 those children born in this country since 1890 both of whose parents are foreign, the increase in the native white population of continental United States is reduced from 10,615,988 to 7,379,192, and the percentage of increase from twenty-three to sixteen. The latter percentage, which represents approximately the rate of natural increase, is, it will be observed, considerably lower than the rate of increase in the negro population. It appears probable, then, that without this stream of immigration the white population would not be able to maintain its present numerical superiority over the negro race.

Of the total negro population in 1900, eighty-nine and nine tenths per cent. was found in the States in which slavery formerly prevailed; in 1890 the corresponding percentage was ninety-one, and in 1880 it was ninety-one and eight tenths. Evidently the dispersion of the negroes is a very gradual process, for after forty years of freedom nine tenths of the race remain in the land of their former bondage.

While the South, as a whole, contains a somewhat smaller proportion of the negro race than it did in 1860, this is not true of all Southern regions. There is a noticeable contrast, in this respect, between the upper and lower Southern States, as is shown by the following statement:

PERCENTAGE OF TOTAL NEGRO POPULATION

	1860	1870	1880	1890	1900
United States . . .	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0
Southern States . . .	94.6	92.1	91.8	91.0	89.9
Upper	48.5	45.1	43.3	40.2	37.4
Lower	46.1	47.0	48.5	50.8	52.5
Other States	5.4	7.9	8.2	9.0	10.1

Thus it is evident that the proportion of negroes is increasing in the lower Southern

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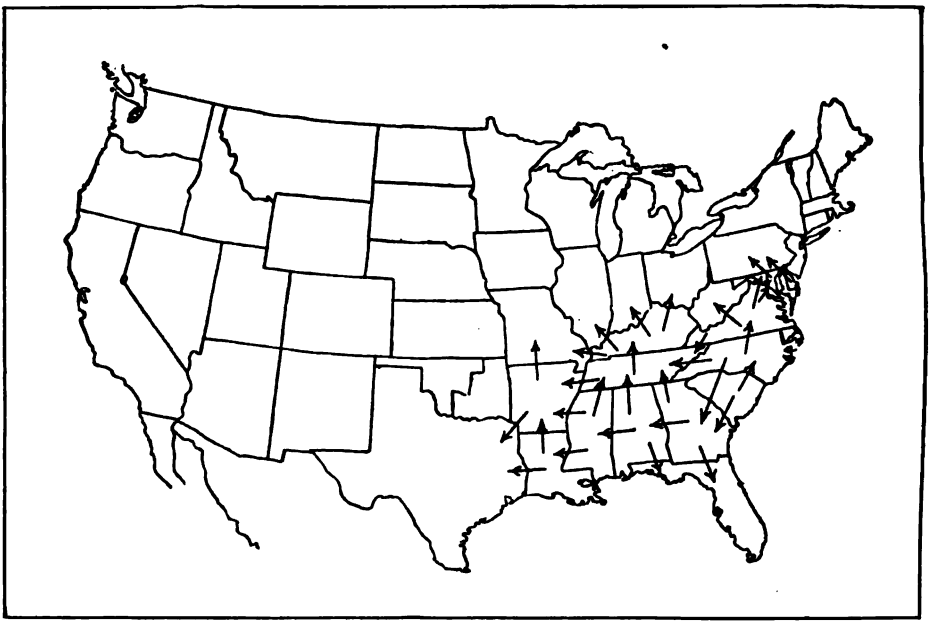

DIRECTION OF THE NET NEGRO MIGRATION

States, but decreasing in the upper; and while this may be in some degree the result of a difference between the two regions in the natural rate of increase of the negro, census statistics show that there is a distinct migratory movement from the upper region into the lower. Of the negroes residing in the lower Southern States in 1900, 269,162 were born in the upper Southern States, while, on the other hand, only 69,960 of those living in the upper group of States were born in the lower; accordingly, the lower group has gained 199,202 more negroes than it has lost by the interchange of population between the two regions.

The Southern States in which the negroes formed a larger percentage of the total population in 1900 than they did in 1890 are Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Arkansas, Oklahoma, and West Virginia. In Georgia the percentage underwent no change. In all the other Southern States the white population gained on the negro.

STATISTICS OF ILLITERACY

THE number of illiterates reported has not varied materially in the last three censuses. It was 6,239,958 in 1880, 6,324,702 in 1890, and 6,246,857 in 1900. Since, however, the total population has greatly increased from census to census, this nearly constant number represents a marked decrease in the percentages. At the tenth census the illiterates constituted seventeen per cent. of the total population over ten years of age. The percentage fell to thirteen in 1890, and to eleven in 1900. Nearly all classes of society and all parts of the country have participated in this improvement. Each of the principal elements of the population—native white of native parentage, native white of foreign parentage, foreign white, and colored—shows a decreasing percentage of illiteracy, and so does each of the main geographic divisions of the country. There are only six States which fail to show progress in this direction; and if the comparison be confined to the native white population, there is no State which shows retrogression.

The negro race is, of course, much more illiterate than the white, and this accounts in part for the high percentage of illiteracy reported for the Southern States. Again, the foreign-born white population contains a larger proportion of illiterates than the native white; hence the percentage of illiteracy is relatively high in regions where there are large numbers of foreigners.

The percentage of illiteracy, by race and color, for the main geographic divisions of the country, is shown in the following table:

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PERCENTAGE OF ILLITERACY BY CLASSES OF POPULATION

GEOGRAPHIC DIVISIONS	ALL CLASSES	NATIVE WHITE OF NATIVE PARENTAGE	NATIVE WHITE OF FOREIGN PARENTAGE	FOREIGN WHITE	NEGRO
United States	10.7	5.7	1.6	12.9	44.5
North Atlantic division	5.9	1.7	1.5	15.9	13.8
South Atlantic division	23.9	12.0	2.1	12.9	47.1
North Central division	4.2	2.8	1.3	9.4	21.7
South Central division.	22.9	11.6	6.8	22.8	48.8
Western division	6.3	3.4	1.3	8.5	13.1

A further analysis of census figures brings out the interesting fact that, notwithstanding the presence of a relatively large foreign element in cities, the urban population in all parts of the country is less illiterate than the rural. The percentage of illiteracy in cities of over 25,000 is five and seven tenths; outside of these cities it is twelve and six tenths. If the comparison be confined to native whites of native parentage, the contrast is still more marked, the percentages being eight tenths for cities and six and seven tenths for rural districts.

The following table gives a comparison of the illiteracy of the urban and rural white population in the main geographic divisions of the United States:

PERCENTAGE OF ILLITERACY AMONG THE WHITE POPULATION

GEOGRAPHIC DIVISION	IN CITIES OF OVER 25,000	OUTSIDE CITIES OF OVER 25,000
United States	4.4	7.0
North Atlantic division . .	5.6	5.7
South Atlantic division . .	3.0	13.0
North Central division . .	3.2	3.9
South Central division . .	3.6	12.7
Western division	1.8	4.9

It is noticeable that the contrast between city and country brought out by this table is much more marked in the Southern States than in the Northern and Western, probably on account of the great illiteracy among the poor mountain whites of the South. In a comparison of the illiteracy of the urban white population of the different divisions of the country the Southern States, on the whole, make a better showing than the Northern, evidently because the foreign-born whites are much more numerous in the Northern cities than in the Southern. If we confine the comparison to the native whites of native parentage, we get the percentages shown in the following table:

PERCENTAGE OF ILLITERACY AMONG NATIVE WHITES OF NATIVE PARENTAGE

GEOGRAPHIC DIVISION	IN CITIES OF OVER 25,000	OUTSIDE CITIES OF OVER 25,000
United States	0.8	6.7
North Atlantic division . .	0.6	2.2
South Atlantic division . .	1.6	13.3
North Central division . .	0.7	3.2
South Central division . .	2.3	12.2
Western division	0.3	4.2

AGRICULTURE

In 1890 the area devoted to agriculture was 623,218,619 acres; in 1900 it was 841,201,546 acres, showing an increase of 217,982,927 acres, or thirty-five per cent. This remarkable addition to farm acreage, far exceeding that shown in any previous decade, was mostly confined to the Central and Western States. A considerable part of it was due to the sale or leasing of State lands in Texas, and to the opening up for settlement of agricultural lands in Oklahoma and Indian Territory. Most of the grazing-land in Texas is still owned by the State, but, being leased to cattle- and sheep-raisers, was very properly reported in 1900 as agricultural land. In this State alone the addition to the acreage of farm-land exceeded 74,000,000 acres, accounting for one third of the total increase shown for the country. In Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, and California, increases ranging from 7,000,000 to 14,000,000 acres each made up another third. All the States west of the Mississippi, except Arizona and Montana, added more than a million acres each to their agricultural areas. East of the Mississippi, the

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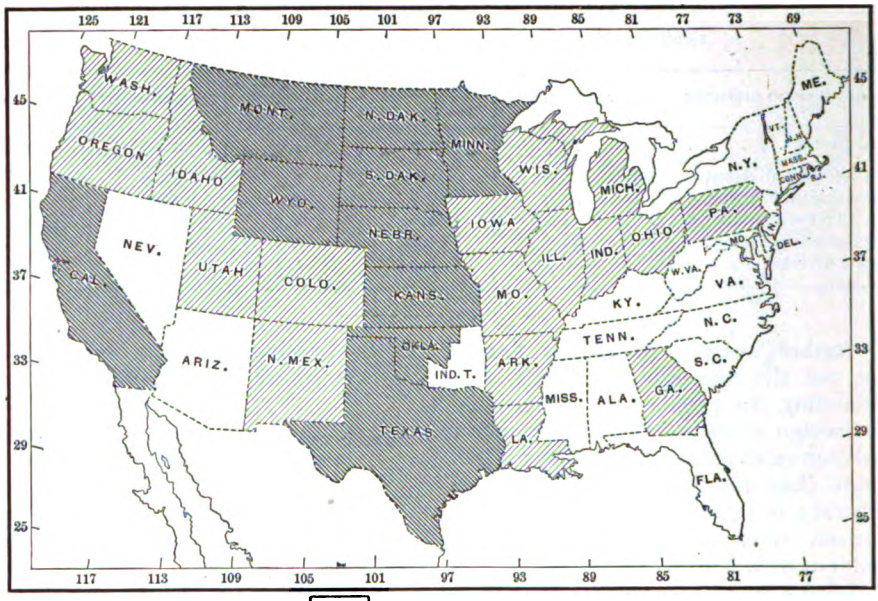

AGRICULTURE: INCREASE IN FARM ACREAGE

group of States north of the Ohio showed increases ranging from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000 acres each; but of the remaining States the only ones in which the increase exceeded 1,000,000 acres were Pennsylvania and Georgia.

The great increase in farm area would of itself involve the creation of many new farms. In 1890 the number of farms was 4,564,641, while in 1900 it was 5,739,657, showing an increase of 1,175,016, or twenty-six per cent.

The average size of farms for the country as a whole was greater in 1900 than in 1890. This is, of course, a mathematical corollary of the fact that the farm acreage increased faster than the number of farms. It has already been pointed out, however, that the additions to the farm acreage included large tracts of unimproved land in the Western States, used as grazing-farms. While this has materially affected the average size of farms for the country as a whole, in the older portions of the country there are no indications of any general movement toward a consolidation of farms, or of any tendency on the part of farmers toward the cultivation of larger farms. In the Northern States east of the Mississippi there was no very marked change in the size of farms: Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois showed a slight diminution in the average farm area, while the other States in this region showed a slight increase. In the Southern States east of the Mississippi, on the other hand, the increase in the number of farms far exceeded the increase in farm area, and consequently the average size of farms was materially diminished.

Only one half of the total farm acreage in 1900 was reported as improved, but this represents a gain over 1890 of 57,176,436 acres. Most of this increase in the crop-producing area of the country was contributed by the States of the Middle West, the greatest extension being shown in Minnesota, where the increase during the decade exceeded 7,000,000 acres. Increases of between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 acres were reported for Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Oklahoma. On the other hand, in many States the area of improved farm-land was smaller in 1900 than in 1890. A decrease is shown in all the North Atlantic States, especially in New England. This is due principally to a change in the kind of farming carried on in those States; the raising of corn and wheat for the market, having become comparatively unprofitable under the influence

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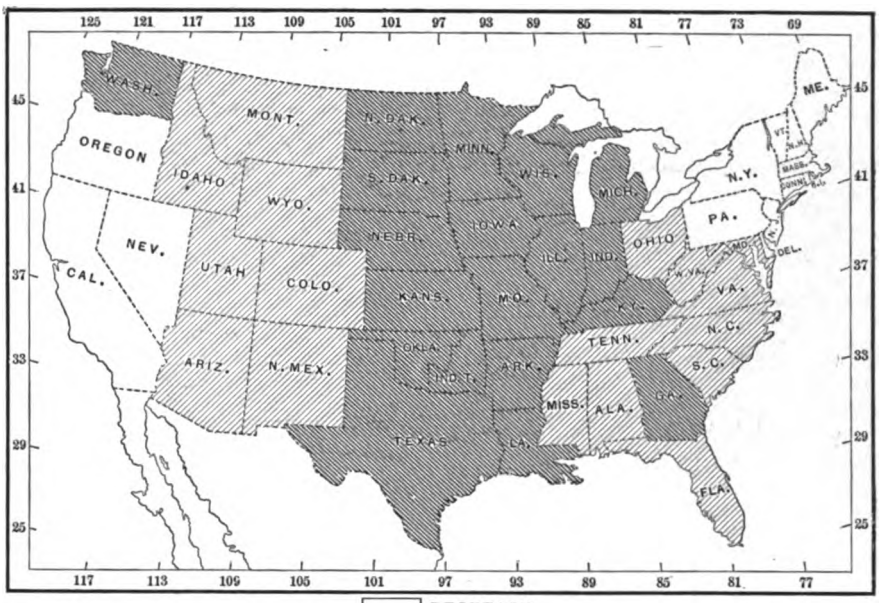

AGRICULTURE: INCREASE IN IMPROVED ACREAGE

of Western competition, has been largely superseded by dairy-farming and market-gardening. In these pursuits, which are, of course, stimulated by the proximity of a large urban population, the Eastern farmer apparently finds it to his advantage to cultivate less land than he once did, but to cultivate it more intensively. Accordingly, the less fertile lands, and the meadow-lands that cannot be mown with machines, have in many cases been converted into permanent pastures. The increased average fertility of the land retained under cultivation, the use of the silo, and the growing tendency to cultivate corn and forage crops, instead of hay, for winter feed, are all factors which contribute to the same end—enabling the farmer to raise on a smaller area the winter feed for the animals that can be kept, during the summer, on the enlarged area of pasture-land.

MANUFACTURES

PERHAPS the most interesting feature of the statistics of manufactures is the magnitude of the figures. The number of manufacturing establishments covered by the enumeration was 512,734. These establishments employed during the year, on the average, 5,321,389 wage-earners, paid out in wages $2,330,578,010, and produced goods having an aggregate value of $13,039,279,566. The value of products here given is, however, the gross value, involving numerous duplications. In order to eliminate these, the census inquiry called for a separate statement of the cost of materials purchased in a partly manufactured form; the net value of products was then obtained by deducting this cost from the gross value. The result, $8,399,733,036, represents the value of the raw materials plus the value added by the manufacturing processes to which they have been subjected—in other words, the final value of the year's output of all the manufacturing establishments in the United States, after duplications have been eliminated. This net value of products may be differentiated into $2,398,681,968, the sum paid for raw materials; $322,764,920, the charges for fuel and freight; and $5,678,286,148, the value added to the raw materials by the various manufacturing processes.

The gross value of products reported in 1900 was greater by $3,666,842,283, or thirty-nine per cent., than in 1890. This is not so large a percentage of increase, how-

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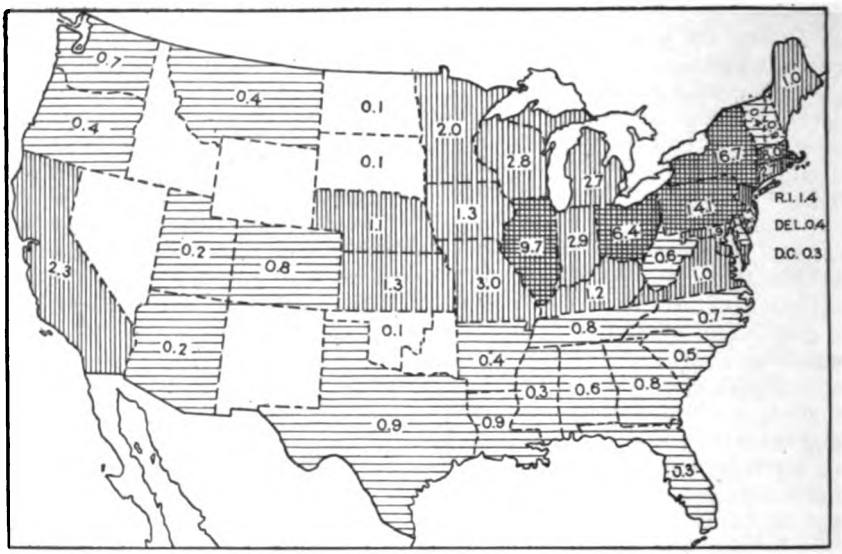

PERCENTAGE OF THE TOTAL VALUE OF MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS

ever, as that shown for the decade from 1880 to 1890.

THE GROWTH OF TRUSTS

PROBABLY the decade just completed will be notable in our industrial history chiefly for two things: first, the reorganization of industry on broader lines through industrial combination, which has placed many branches of manufacture on a new basis in relation to competition; and second, the entrance of the United States into international trade in manufactures, in systematic competition with the chief exporting nations of the world.

The tendency toward concentration in large establishments has long been observable in certain lines of industry, notably in the iron and steel and the textile manufactures; but the organization of enormous consolidations of capital, often virtually controlling the entire production of a given industry, is a very recent phenomenon. In the United States the industrial combination popularly known as the trust is almost entirely a development since 1890. There is, however, some misconception and uncertainty as to what constitutes an industrial combination. In the census report no aggregation of mills is so treated unless it consists of a number of formerly independent mills which have been brought together into one company under a charter obtained for that purpose. This rule excludes many large establishments which have grown up, not by consolidation, but by the erection of new plants or the purchase of old ones.

The number of these industrial combinations reported at the census of 1900 was 185. They controlled 2040 active plants, and their actual investment in land, buildings, machinery, cash, etc., was about $1,500,000,000, against which were outstanding bonds and stock amounting to $3,093,095,868. The average number of wage-earners employed by these 185 corporations was 400,046, or eight per cent. of all wage-earners in the country, exclusive of those employed in the hand trades, which are not susceptible of this form of organization; these wage-earners received $195,122,980 in wages, and from materials costing $1,089,666,334 they made products valued at $1,667,350,949, or fourteen per cent. of the value of the products of all manufacturing enterprises in the United States, exclusive of the hand trades.

EXPANSION IN EXPORT TRADE

THE other distinguishing feature of the industrial development of the United States during the last decade is, as has already been pointed out, the growth of our export

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trade. During the year 1900 the exports of articles which are classed as manufactures by the census amounted in value to $798,999,482; this, it will be observed, is almost one tenth of the net value of the total output of our manufacturing establishments. The exports of the manufactures of iron and steel alone were valued at $121,913,548—nearly five times as much as in 1890. By far the greater part of this class of exports consisted of special articles in the production of which our manufacturers have exhibited peculiar skill. Among the more important items are builders' hardware, tools, electrical machinery, metal-working machinery, locomotives, bicycles, sewing-machines, and type-writers. The exportation of locomotives for the equipment of the railroads which are being constructed by the governments of Russia, China, and Japan is a notable testimonial to the superiority of the American product.

AGRICULTURE AND MANUFACTURES

It is a remarkable fact, brought out by census statistics, that the development of manufacturing industries in this country has now reached the point where the products of the factory and shop exceed in value those of the farm. If we take, for the purpose of comparison, not the final net value of manufactured products, but simply the value added to the raw materials by the manufacturing processes, the amount—$5,678,286,148—still exceeds by almost $2,000,000,000 the reported net value of agricultural products, $3,764,177,706. Prior to 1890, manufactures, as measured by the value of products reported at each census, were secondary in importance to agriculture. The developments of recent years have changed the relative position of these two great branches of economic activity.

In all comparisons between agriculture and manufactures, however, many qualifications would have to be made and many points of view considered before we should be justified in drawing any conclusions as to their relative importance. But, after all, there is no opposition of interests between the two; each contributes to the growth of the other, and both contribute to the prosperity of the people.

Our preëminence as an agricultural nation is secure. The vast areas of fertile land comprised within our territory, and the increasing demand for food-stuffs consequent upon the growth of the world's population, preclude the possibility of any decline in the importance of this branch of industry. In the meantime, the progress of recent years, as measured by census statistics, indicates that we are attaining an equal and perhaps even a greater preëminence as a manufacturing nation.

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HEROES IN BLACK SKINS

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

JOHN MATTHEWS

SOME years ago, when visiting a little town in western Ohio, I found a colored man who made an impression upon me which I shall never forget. This man's name was Matthews. When I saw him he was about sixty years of age. In early life he had been a slave in Virginia.

As a slave Matthews had learned the trade of a carpenter, and his master, seeing that his slave could earn more money for him by taking contracts in various parts of the county in which he lived, permitted him to go about to do so. Matthews, however, soon began to reason, and naturally reached the conclusion that if he could earn money for his master, he could earn it for himself.

So, in 1858, or about that time, he proposed to his master that he would pay fifteen hundred dollars for himself, a certain amount to be paid in cash, and the remainder in yearly instalments. Such a bargain as this was not uncommon in Virginia then. The master, having implicit confidence in the slave, permitted him, after this contract was made, to seek work wherever he could secure the most pay. The result was that Matthews secured a contract for the erection of a building in the State of Ohio.

While the colored man was at work in Ohio the Union armies were declared victorious, the Civil War ended, and freedom came to him, as it did to four million other slaves.

When he was declared a free man by Abraham Lincoln's proclamation, Matthews still owed his former master, according to his ante-bellum contract, three hundred dollars. As Mr. Matthews told the story to me, he said that he was perfectly well aware that by Lincoln's proclamation he was released from all legal obligations, and that in the eyes of nine tenths of the world he was released from all moral obligations to pay his former master a single cent of the unpaid balance. But he said that he wanted to begin his life of freedom with a clean conscience. In order to do this, he walked from his home in Ohio, a distance of three hundred miles, much of the way over the mountains, and placed in his former master's hand every cent of the money that he had promised years before to pay him for his freedom.

Who will be brave enough to say that such a man is not fit to use the ballot, is not fit for citizenship?

SERGEANT WILLIAM H. CARNEY

DURING the Civil War, in the course of the operations before the city of Charleston, South Carolina, it was decided to concentrate all the available forces of the Federal army on Fort Wagner on Morris Island, in order to bombard the fort, and then to charge it.

After an exhausting march, and without the troops having had time for food, the bombardment began. The line of battle was formed with the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts assigned to the post of honor and danger, in front of the attacking column.

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Suddenly such a terrific fire was opened on the regiment when ascending the wall of the fort with full ranks that, using the words of Sergeant Carney, "they melted away almost instantly" before the enemy's fire.

During the attack, Colonel Robert G. Shaw, commanding the brigade, was killed. So disastrous was the fire that the brigade was compelled to retire; but Sergeant Carney, who was with the battalion in the lead of the storming column, and who, with the regimental colors, had pressed forward near the colonel leading the men over the ditch, planted the flag upon the parapet, and, lying down in order to get as much shelter as possible, for half an hour, until the second brigade came up, kept the colors up all the time. He received a severe wound in the head. When this brigade retired, he, creeping on his knees, having by this time received a wound in the thigh also, followed them, but still holding up the flag. Thus he held the flag over the wall of Fort Wagner during the conflict of two brigades, and received two wounds.

When he entered the field hospital where his wounded comrades were, they cheered him and the colors. Nearly exhausted from the loss of blood, he exclaimed: "Boys, the old flag never touched the ground!"

"RUFUS"

RECENTLY a colored man who lives not many miles from the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, in Alabama, found that when he had harvested his cotton and paid all his debts he had about one hundred dollars remaining. This negro is now about sixty-five years of age, and of course spent a large portion of his early life in slavery. So far as book-learning is concerned, he is ignorant. Notwithstanding this, I have met few persons in all my acquaintance with whom I always feel that I can spend half an hour more profitably than with this seemingly uneducated member of my race. In his own community this man is known simply by the name of "Rufus."

On many occasions Rufus has talked with me about the need of education for young people. This subject seems to be continually in his thoughts.

After Rufus had harvested his crop, as I have said, and evidently had thought the matter over carefully, he appeared at my office one afternoon. As he entered I saw at a glance that he had something unusually weighty upon his mind, and I feared that there had been some misfortune in his family. He wore his usual rough garb of a farmer, and there were no frills in evidence about him. On that day he was simply himself—just plain Rufus, as he always is.

After considerable hesitation he came to the matter about which he wished to consult me. He asked if I would be willing to accept a small gift from him, to be used toward the education of one of our boys or girls. I told him that I should be delighted to accept the gift, if he felt that he could part with any of his hard-earned dollars. After searching in his rough garments for a little time, he finally produced from some hidden part of his clothes a rag around which a white cotton string was carefully tied. Unfastening the string slowly and with trembling fingers, he produced a ten-dollar bill, which he begged me to accept as his gift toward the education of some black boy or girl.

I have had the privilege of receiving many gifts for the Tuskegee Institute, but rarely one that has touched my heart and surprised me as this one did.

In a few minutes after having made his offering, Rufus left me and went to his home. The next day he sought out the principal of a white school in his own town, and after going through much the same performance as with me, placed a second ten-dollar bill in the hands of this white teacher, and begged him to use it toward the education of a white boy or girl.

ROBERT SMALLS

IN 1835 there was born a slave-child in Beaufort, South Carolina, who was named Robert, and who, later in life, was known as Robert Smalls.

In 1851 the owner of this young man moved to Charleston, and took Robert with him. In Charleston the slave was put to work as a "rigger," and soon became acquainted with all matters pertaining to ships. In 1861 Smalls was put to work at some menial service on a Confederate steamboat named the *Planter*. This steamer was used as a despatch-boat by General

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Ripley, the Confederate commander at Charleston.

After Smalls had been upon the *Planter* long enough to become thoroughly acquainted with her, he planned and decided to undertake a bold and dangerous venture. Notwithstanding the fact that he was employed upon a vessel which was in the service of the Confederates, his sympathies were with the Union forces. In some way he had learned that these forces would be greatly strengthened if they could obtain possession of the *Planter*. Difficult as it would be to do this, he determined to try to put the boat into their hands.

After considering the matter carefully, —he was afraid to advise with any one,— Smalls decided upon a very bold plan. In the middle of the night he seized the vessel, took command, compelled all those on board to obey his orders, and then piloted the boat, still in the hands of the Confederates, to where he could turn it over to one of the Federal gunboats then blockading the port of Charleston.

It was estimated that the cargo of the *Planter*, including guns, ammunition, and other material, was worth between sixty and seventy thousand dollars. Of course this feat of Smalls created a sensation at the time. He was given a position of honor and trust on board the *Planter*, and also was rewarded with money. In many ways Smalls proved himself to be of great value to the Union forces. He knew where the Confederate torpedoes were sunk in the harbor, for he had helped to sink many of them; hence he was able to assist the Federal forces to avoid these dangers.

In 1863, while the *Planter* was sailing through Folly Island Creek under command of Captain Nickerson, the Confederate batteries at Secessionville opened such a hot fire on her that the captain deserted his post and took shelter in the coal-bunker. Smalls, seeing this, entered the pilot-house, took command of the boat, and carried her safely out of reach of the enemy's guns. For this bravery General Gillmore promoted Smalls to be captain of the *Planter*, where he served till the end of the struggle between North and South caused his boat to be put out of commission and sold.

After the war Smalls was elected to membership in Congress at least three times, and also served in many places of trust in South Carolina. General Smalls, as he is now known, still lives in Beaufort, South Carolina, where he enjoys the confidence and respect of the people of both races.

THE GENERAL'S LAST DOLLAR

VERY soon after the close of the Civil War some Union generals were given a dinner by a famous Confederate general in Petersburg, Virginia. The guests were waited upon by a colored man, one of the old type of servants, who was passionately devoted to the Confederate general, who had been his owner for many years.

None of the Union officers realized the fact that General G——, their host, had been stripped of all his property by the war. Indeed, there was little in his fine, courtly bearing, or in the dinner, to apprise them of this fact.

The meal was served by Uncle Zeke, the old colored servant, with all the neatness and formality that had characterized such functions in the more prosperous days of the late slave's owner. When the meal was over, for some unexplained reason the Northern guests forgot, or neglected to remember, Uncle Zeke.

Not so with General G——. He took the only piece of money in his possession, a one-dollar bill, and with great politeness handed it to Uncle Zeke, who bowed and thanked him for it in the most approved manner.

But as soon as the guests were gone, and the old colored servant could speak with General G—— alone and unobserved, he came to him and said: "Massa, I was powerful glad to see you make dat front before dem Yanks, an' teach dem a lesson; but, massa, I knows dat is de las' dollar you 's got, an' I can't keep it. I want you to take it an' git Miss Genie a new dress, 'cause she ain't had no new dress dis year."

MOSES TURNER

DURING the closing days of the Civil War a great many of the slaves in Virginia followed the Northern army as it went through the State from time to time, and thus made themselves free before the Eman-

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cipation Proclamation was issued. It was comparatively easy at this time for almost any slave to find his way from northern Virginia into a free State.

At the opening of the war there was a white family named Turner that was very prominent in that part of Virginia. In this family there were four sons, four daughters, and their mother. In the first battles of the war two of the sons were killed, and, later on, the third son was slain. Not long before the close of the war the fourth son came home on a furlough. He found his mother and sisters in destitute circumstances. They had no sugar and coffee, and the clothes that they had been able to secure were few. The war had reduced the family to a point where it had none of the comforts and few of the necessities of life.

But for the faithful labor of the dozen or more slaves on the place, there would have been great suffering.

Among the slaves there was one man, just past middle age, called Moses, who was looked up to by the others as a leader. To him had been intrusted the management of the farm.

Before the young master left home at the end of his last furlough, he had a long and earnest talk with Moses, in which he told him that he was going to trust not only the management of the farm to him, but was going to place in his care the safety of the young man's mother and sisters and the valuables in the house and about the place. Moses promised that he would not betray the trust.

A few weeks after the return of the young master to the army, a division of the Northern army came through that region. Some days before the arrival of this force, Moses had word of its possible coming through the agency of that rather mysterious means of communication known among the slaves as the "grape-vine telegraph."

Fearing that there might be those among the Yankees who would be bent upon mischief, Moses decided, after consulting with his mistress, to take all the old silver and other valuable household articles to a near-by swamp and bury them. This he did in the night, and no one knew the hiding-place of these articles but himself.

In the early morning, a few days later, several companies from a Northern regiment passed the house. Some of the men got into conversation with Moses, and it did not take them long to discover that he was an exceptional man. After questioning him and getting some idea of his history, of their own accord they proposed that they release him from slavery and take him with them or send him North. Moses had no family or relatives, and nothing to bind him to the Virginia plantation.

There was no slave in all the South who had more earnestly longed for freedom than he had, and now the moment had come when he could obtain that for which he had so long wished. I have said that he had nothing to bind him to the Virginia plantation and to slavery. Yes, there was one thing: Moses had given his word to his master that he would protect and support the white people on the plantation during his master's absence, and no promise of freedom could make him break his word.

In the afternoon of the same day another group of straggling Northern soldiers came past the house. Before they reached it they had heard interesting stories of the wealth of the owners of Moses, especially their wealth in old silver plate and similar articles. Some of the more villainous of the soldiers resolved to possess themselves of as much of this silver as possible. When they approached the house they were met by Moses, who informed them politely that the male members of the family were away, and that he was in charge. Without any great amount of hesitation the soldiers told him what they wanted. The slave civilly but firmly gave his hearers to understand that although he knew where the valuables of the family were, it was a secret which he would share with no one. The soldiers at first tried to bribe him with money, and then, when that had no effect, with the offer of freedom, but with the same result. Then they tried to frighten him by threats of bodily harm, but he was not moved.

As a last resort, a rope was procured and he was strung up by his thumbs, but to no purpose. This terrible torture was repeated twice, and then half a dozen times. The slave was finally in such a condition of collapse by reason of this torture that he could scarcely stand

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or speak, but still he had strength of manhood enough to repeat over and over again, "No, no." Finally, seeing that their efforts were in vain, the soldiers departed, with curses upon their lips, but with greater respect in their hearts for the manhood of the negro race.

WILL PHILIP LINING

"How He Saved St. Michael's" is an old, old poem, and the church which the negro slave saved from destruction is said to have been St. Philip's instead of St. Michael's, but the deed was such a brave one that the story of it has lived for a century, and will continue to live.

Something like a hundred years ago a great fire was raging furiously in the city of Charleston, South Carolina. Building after building had been destroyed, and a gale of wind carried sparks far and wide to spread the conflagration. The lofty spire of St. Philip's Episcopal Church caught fire almost two hundred feet above the ground, and in an apparently inaccessible place, and the people in the streets below saw with dismay that one of their city's dearest possessions seemed about to be lost to them. Some stanzas from the old poem tell the rest of the story best:

Who is it leans from the belfry, with face upturned to the sky,
Clings to a column and measures the dizzy spire with his eye?
Will he dare it, the hero undaunted, that terrible sickening height?
Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his veins at the sight?

But see! he has stepped to the railing; he climbs with his feet and his hands,
And firm on a narrow projection, with the belfry beneath him, he stands;
Now once, and once only, they cheer him—a single tempestuous breath—
And there falls on the multitude gazing a hush like the stillness of death.

Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the goal of the fire,
Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of the spire.
He stops! Will he fall? Lo! for answer, a gleam like a meteor's track,
And, hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red brand lies shattered and black.

Once more the shouts of the people have rent the quivering air;
At the church door, vestry and people wait with their feet on the stair;
And the eager throng behind them press for a touch of his hand—
The unknown saviour, whose daring could compass a deed so grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them while they gaze?
And what means that stifled murmur of wonder and amaze?
He stands in the gate of the temple he had periled his life to save;
And the face of the hero before them is the sable face of a slave.

History tells that the slave was promptly given his freedom as a reward for what he had done, and that in after life this man was known by the name of Will Philip Lining.

"RUBE" LEE

AT the Alabama Constitutional Convention held recently in Montgomery, a member made an attack on the negro race as a whole, charging that it was unreliable, untruthful, insolent, indolent, and entirely wanting in the elements of manhood and womanhood.

An old Montgomery negro named Reuben Lee heard the wholesale charges, and, as the recollections of his slave days came back to him, talked feelingly of the past.

In a trembling voice Mr. Lee told several members of the Constitutional Convention incidents of the dark days during the Civil War. "I cannot believe," said he, "that the younger white men, like the speaker, really understand and know my people, else they would not make such statements about them. I wish he could know something of the relations that existed between master and slave. I remember one night, soon after the war began, my old master had some fresh mutton that had been killed that day, and old mistress wanted their daughter, who lived about three miles away, to have some of it.

"Master said it would be a good thing for her to have some of the mutton if there was any one by whom they could send it. 'Why not send Rube?' said the mistress, and the old man agreed that I should go. When they told me what they wanted, I objected, telling them I was too tired from work in the field that day. They told me

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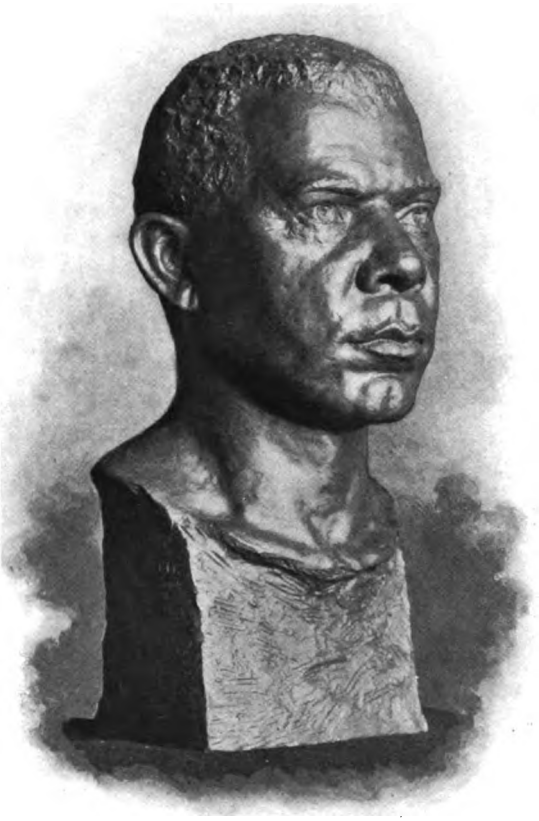
I might ride the old horse, and so I took a leg of mutton and rode over to my young mistress's house.

"When I reached the house and the young woman found out who I was, she rushed to the door to meet me, exclaiming: 'Oh, Rube, I am so glad to see you! I have n't slept any for several nights. My husband and brothers have all gone to the war, and I have been so scared, back here by myself with my two little children, that I could not sleep. You must stay all night, so I can get a little sleep.' I told her that her father and mother were expecting me back that night, but she pleaded so earnestly with me to stay that I could not refuse. Wrapping myself up in some quilts which she gave me, and with my head resting on an old washboard, I remained all night under a hickory-tree at the gate of my young mistress's house. Next morning, with tears in her eyes, she thanked me for staying there and protecting her and her two little children, and said that although there was no house or any other living soul within a distance of two miles, she felt safe while I was there, and that she had not slept so well for more than a week. So, for many months after that, I watched first at her house, sleeping under the hickory-tree, and then at my old master's. Perhaps if those who attack my race knew of such incidents as these, which were constantly happening then, and which happen even now, they would not seek to incite such intense feelings of race hatred."



From a portrait bust made by Leila Usher in 1902

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

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BAP SLOAN'S PISGAH

BY ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE B. WALDO

THROUGH the twilight that filled the valley a winding white pike was all that could be seen distinctly. The brown-furrowed corn-fields were blotted out in the dusk. Farm-houses had merged their outlines into the dark mass of the surrounding trees. Only the apple-orchards preserved their identity, and that because it was blossom-time, and the dewy night air was heavy with their sweetness.

Somewhat back from the pike, yet near enough for the rattle of passing wheels to give a sense of companionship, a man sat rocking back and forth in a narrow vine-inclosed porch. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and collarless, and the slow creak of the old wooden chair seemed to voice his physical comfort like a purr; but it by no means expressed the state of his mind. That was attuned to something wholly melancholic, like the croaking of frogs in the pond below his house, or the far-away baying of a dismal-minded hound, which, tied behind some cabin across the clearing, was making the peaceful Sabbath evening vibrant with its misery.

"I can't help havin' a sort of fellow-feelin' for that dawg," muttered the man, raising his head to listen, and passing his hand slowly over the bald spot on his crown. "Must be considerable of a relief to let out and howl like that when you feel bad. There 's been times when I would n't 'a' minded tryin' it myself for a spell."

Then he settled back into his chair with a long-drawn sigh. He was awaiting the second ringing of the church bell. The first one had tolled its summons through the valley nearly an hour before, and vehicles were beginning to rattle along the pike toward evening service. The little frame meeting-house, known as the Upper Beargrass Church, stood in a grove of cedars just beyond Baptist Sloan's potato-field. It was near enough for any one sitting on his porch to hear the preacher's voice all through the sermon, and sometimes when he waxed eloquent at the close, in a series of shouted exhortations, even the words were distinctly audible.

But never in all the years of his remembrance had Baptist Sloan listened to the services of the sanctuary from his door-step. On the few occasions that illness had kept him at home, pain and multitudinous bedclothes had shut out all sound of song or sermon; and at other times he was the

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most punctual attendant of all the congregation, not excepting even the sexton. People wondered why this was so, for he was pointed out as the black sheep of the flock, a man little better than an infidel, and belonging to that stiff-necked and proud generation which merits the anathemas of all right-minded people.

That he was a riddle which Upper Beargrass Church had been trying vainly to read for thirty years was a fact well known to the reprobate himself; for he had been openly preached at from the pulpit, labored with in private, and many a time made the subject of special prayer. So, as he sat on the porch in the dark, with only the croaking of the frogs and the distant baying of the hound to break the stillness, it was with no surprise whatever that he heard his own name spoken by some one driving up the pike.

He could not see the horse that plodded along at a tortoise-like gait, or the old carryall that sagged and creaked with the weight of two big men on the front seat and a woman and three children on the back; but he recognized the voice as that of Mrs. Jane Bowles. Thin and strident, it stabbed the stillness like the rasping shrill of a katydid. She was leaning forward to speak to the visiting minister on the front seat.

"We 're coming to Bap Sloan's house now, Brother Hubbs," she called in high staccato. "I want you should rub it into him good to-night in your sermon. He 's a regular wolf in sheep's clothing, if ever there was one. Twice on a Sunday, for fifty-two weeks in the year, he 's sitting in that third pew from the front, as pious as any pillar in the congregation. You can count up for yourself how many sermons he must have heard, for he 's fifty, if he 's a day. But in spite of all that anybody can say or *do*, he won't be immersed and join. He 's held out against everything and everybody till he 's gospel-hardened. I ain't saying he does n't put into the collection-box regular, or that he ain't a moral man outwardly; but that outward show of goodness only makes his example worse for the young folks. I never can look at him without saying to myself, 'But inwardly ye are ravening wolves.'"

The old horse had crawled along almost to the gate by this time, but Sister Bowles, not being able to see any one on the porch, went on, serenely unaware of being overheard.

"And there 's Luella Clark that he 's courted off and on for twenty years. It makes me real mad when I think of the good offers she 's had and let slip account of him. She *could n't* marry him, being close communion, and not tolerating the idea of being 'unequally yoked together with unbelievers.' 'T would n't 'a' been right; and yet, somehow, she did n't seem to be quite able to give him up, when that was the only thing lacking. He 'd make a good husband, for there never was a better brother lived than he was to his sister Sarah. She kept house for him till the day of her death. They say that last winter, when she lay there a-dying, she told him she could n't go easy till she saw him immersed; but all he 'd say was, 'Oh, don't ask me! I can't *now*, Sarah. Some day I will, but not *now*.'"

Here the preacher's voice broke in like the deep roll of a bass drum. "Has this —ah—young woman any idea of what—ah—produces such a state of—ah—obstinacy in the brother's mind?"

"Not an i-*dee!*" was the reply, jolted out shrilly as the carryall struck a stone. "Not one good reason could he give Luella for putting off attending to his soul's salvation and trifling away his day of grace. Not one good reason, even to get her to marry him. But I think Luella is getting tired of dangling along. The other day I heard her joking about that little bald spot that 's beginning to show on his head, and I noticed that Mr. Sam Carter's buggy has been hitched at their gate several times when I 've happened to be passing. He 's a widower, and you know, Brother Hubbs, that when widowers—"

The loud clanging of the church bell struck Sister Bowles's sentence in the middle, and the end of it was lost to the eager ears on the porch. Although this sound of the church bell was what Baptist Sloan had been waiting to hear for the last hour, he did not rise until the final echo of its ringing had died away in the farthermost part of the valley. Then he went slowly into the house and lighted a lamp.

The open door into the kitchen revealed the table where he had eaten his dinner and supper without removing the soiled dishes. In every corner was the cheerless look that betrays the lack of a woman's

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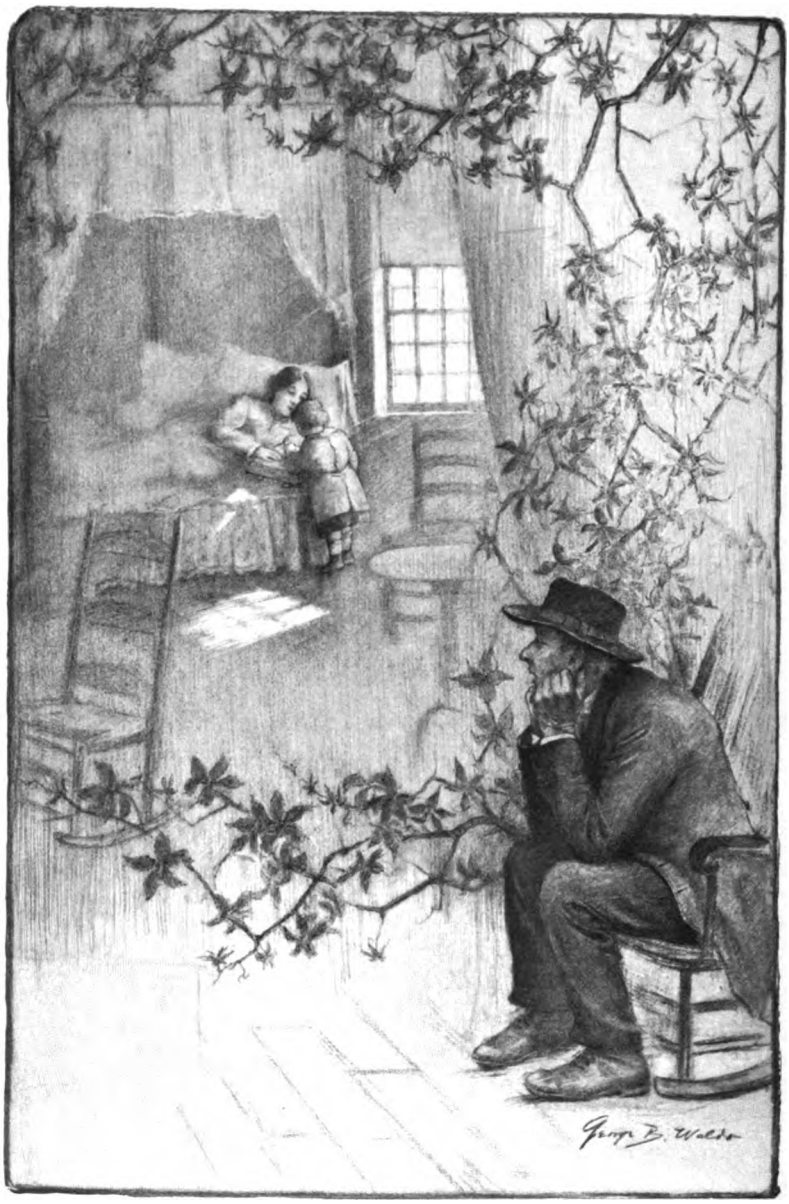

Drawn by George B. Waldo. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"FOR THIS IS THE SCENE IT BROUGHT BACK TO HIM"

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presence. He had done his own housekeeping since his sister's death in the early winter. As he passed the table he gathered up a plateful of scraps which he had intended to give to the cat, but had forgotten, and carried it out to the back door-step. He tried to be mindful of the old creature's comfort for his sister's sake; but he was an absent-minded man, irresolute in nearly every action, and undecided in all things except the one for which the neighborhood condemned him.

Just before he entered the house he had almost made up his mind that he would not go to church that night. Sister Bowles's conversation had startled him with a new idea, and jogged him out of his well-worn rut. He would sit out on the porch till church was over, and then follow Luella home, and take up the thread of his protracted courtship where she had snapped it five years before.

But the habit of decades asserted itself. He bolted the back door, carried the lamp into the little bedroom adjoining the kitchen, and proceeded to brush his hair according to the usual Sunday-night program of preparation. Sarah had always tied his cravat for him, and his stiff fingers fumbled awkwardly at the knot. That was one ceremony to which he could not grow accustomed, and he had serious thoughts of turning out a beard that would hide all sins both of omission and commission in the way of neckties.

At last he was ready, but even with his hand on the knob and his hat on his head, he wavered again and turned back. Cautiously tiptoeing across the floor to see that the blue paper shade was drawn tightly over the one tiny window of the little bedroom, he opened the door into the closet, and felt around until his hand struck a nail that marked some secret hiding-place in the wall. From somewhere within its depths he drew out a little japanned canister, branded, in gilt letters, "Young Hyson"; but it was not tea that he emptied on the bed and poured through his rough hands, horny with long contact with hoe and plow. It was a stream of dollars and dimes and nickels, with an occasional gold piece filtering through like a disk of sunshine. A wad of paper money stuck in the canister until he shook it. He counted that last, smoothing out the ragged bills one at a time, and then folding them inside a crisp new one so that its flaunting V was displayed on top.

One might have thought him a miser gloating over his gold, so carefully he counted it again and again, sitting there on the edge of his bed. But there was no miserly greed in the wistful glance that followed the last coin into the little canister, and it was with a discouraged sigh that he replaced the cover and sat looking at it, the slavish hoarding of years.

"It will take twenty dollars more," he finally whispered to himself; "and I can't depend on any ready cash until after wheat harvest." He counted slowly on his fingers May, June, July—it might be three months before he could get his threshing done, and three months, now that he was so near the goal of his life's ambition, seemed longer than the years already passed in waiting.

They were singing in the church when he went out on the porch again, and as he did not want to go in late, that decided the question that had been see-sawing in his mind. He sat down in the rocking-chair, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. Sister Bowles's conversation still rankled.

"O Lord," he groaned presently, "you know I 'm not a wolf in sheep's clothing. More like I 'm a sheep in a wolf's. Nobody understands it. Not even Luella. I want to tell her, and yet it seems like I had n't ought to yet awhile. One minute I think one way and the next minute another. O Lord, I *vow* I don't know what to do!"

Then he caught the words of the song. It was not one of the usual hymns that floated out to him across the scent of the apple-boughs, but an old tune that he had heard years ago at a camp-meeting:

"John went down to the river Jordan!
John went down to the river Jordan!
John went down to the river Jordan
To wash his sins away!"

Little did the congregation think, as they lifted their lusty voices, that with the thread of that old tune lay the unraveling of Bap Sloan's riddle. For this is the scene it brought back to him, out of one of the earliest years of his childhood. There was a white face lying back among the pillows of a great bed, with carved posts and a valance of flowered chintz that smelled

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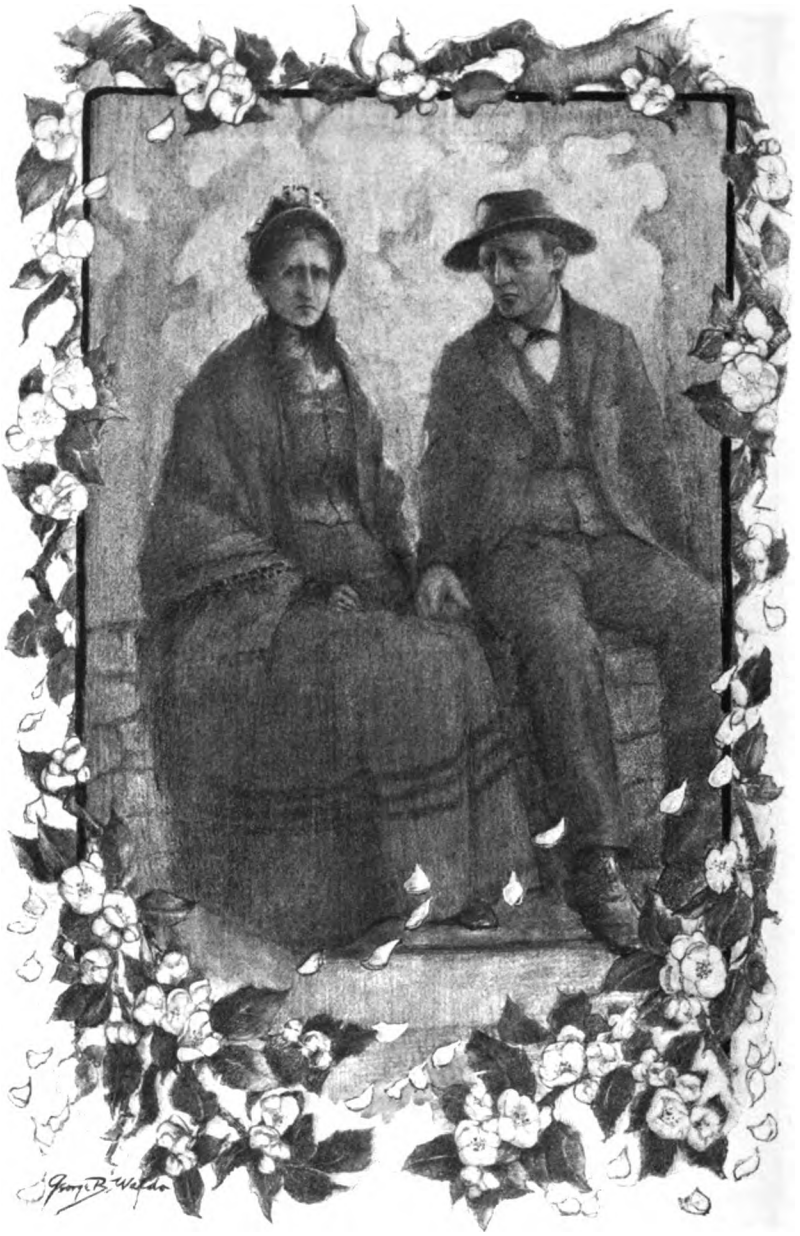

Drawn by George B. Waldo. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"SHE SLIPPED HER HAND INTO HIS"

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faintly of lavender. Somebody had lifted the big family Bible and laid it open on the edge of the bed, and he saw himself, a sober-faced little fellow in brown dress and apron, standing on tiptoe to look at the pictures. That white face on the pillows was his mother's, and this was the only recollection he had of her. Pointing to a queer old engraving, she had told him the story of John the Baptist, adding, with her thin hand on his curls: "And your name is John, too. Little John Baptist, though we don't call you by all of it. I named you that a purpose. Give you a good name, so 't you 'd be a good man. Mebbe it 's just a whim of mine, but I 've thought a good deal about it while I 've been lying here sick. Mebbe some day *you 'll* be able to go to the Holy Land, 'way over the mountains and over the seas, and be baptized in that same river Jordan, where the dove descended. See the pretty dove?"

Even though the baby brain understood but dimly what she said to him, the light in her uplifted eyes filled him with solemn awe, and from that moment the mantle of her ambition rested henceforth on his young shoulders. It was a vague, intangible thing at first, when he used to go back to the old Bible and study the picture in secret. He never understood when it began to fold itself about his life, or how it grew with his years till it completely enveloped him.

He was a man little given to introspection, and with a mind so slow to arrive at a conclusion that it always seemed doubtful if he would ever reach it. Still, when he once settled down on an opinion, his sister Sarah used to say it was with the determination of a snapping-turtle. "He would n't let go then till it thundered." His sister Sarah took charge of him, mind and body, when their mother died, and so thoroughly did she manage him that her will was always his, except in that one matter. He would not join the church of his fathers until he got ready, and he would give no reason for his delay.

He was twenty when he made his first stubborn stand against her, and for thirty years Sarah wept over him both in public and private, and for thirty years Luella Clark's heart battled with her conscience, which would not let her be "unequally yoked together with an unbeliever." And through all that time Baptist Sloan had kept his own counsel, hoarding every penny he could save, to the refrain of his mother's remembered words: "Over the mountains and over the seas, and be baptized in that same river Jordan, where the dove descended."

He had so firmly made up his mind that after that pilgrimage to his Mecca he would marry Luella that he had never viewed his conduct from her standpoint until Sister Bowles opened his eyes. Her speech about the widower aroused him to an undefined sense of danger. All that next hour his inclination shifted like a weather-vane, first to take Luella into his confidence, then not to. By the time the congregation rose for the last hymn he had made up his mind.

The moon was coming up now, a faint, misty light struggling through the clouds. He waited until most of the congregation had passed his gate, and then striking out across the potato-field, waited at the turn of the road on the other side of the cedar-grove. It was here that Luella always parted company with the Robinson girls, and went the remaining way alone. It was only a few steps farther to her mother's little brown cottage, and he hurried to overtake her before she should reach the gate.

"Land o' Goshen! Bap Sloan!" she exclaimed, with a startled little cry, as he came puffing along by her side. "Who 'd 'a' dreamed of seeing *you* here? Why wa'n't you at church to-night? Everybody was asking if you were sick, it 's been so long since you 've missed."

"Stop a minute, Luella," he exclaimed, blocking her way by planting himself directly in her path. "I want to talk to you. I 've made up my mind at last to tell you, and I want you to come back and sit down on the stile where nobody else can't hear it."

Led by curiosity as much as by the new masterfulness in his tone, Luella turned back a step and seated herself on the stile that led into the apple-orchard. The blossom-laden bough of a gnarly old tree bent over her head and sent a gust of fragrance past her that made her close her eyes an instant and draw a long breath, it was so heavenly sweet. The night was warm, but she drew her shawl around her erect, angular figure with a forbidding air that made it hard for him to begin. "Well?" she said stiffly.

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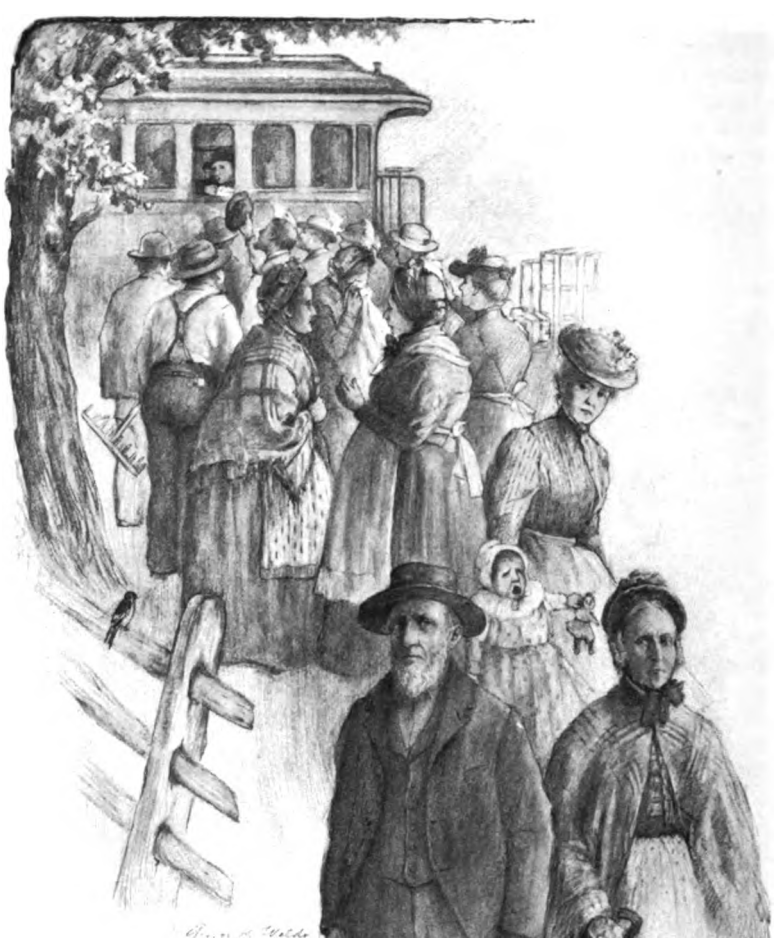

Drawn by George B. Waldo. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"AND HIS FACE WAS SET TOWARD HIS PROMISED LAND"

"I don't know just how it 's goin' to strike you," he began, hesitating painfully. "That is—well, I don't know—maybe you won't take any interest in it, after all; but I kinder thought—something might happen in the meantime—maybe I 'd better—"

He gave a nervous little cough, unable to find the words.

"What air you aiming at, anyhow, Baptist Sloan?" she demanded. "What 's got your tongue? Mother 'll wonder what 's keeping me, so I wish you 'd speak up and say what 's on your mind, if there 's anything a-troubling you."

Then he blurted out his confession in a few short sentences, and waited. She sat staring at him through such a long silence that he forced an uneasy laugh.

"I was afraid maybe you 'd think it was foolish," he said dejectedly. "That 's why I never could bring myself to speak of it all these years. I thought nobody 'd understand—that they 'd laugh at me for spendin' a fortune that way. But honest, Luella, it is sort o' sacred to me, and mother's words come to me so often that it 's grown to be like one of the commandments to me." His voice sank almost to a whisper: "'Over the mountains and over the seas, and be bap-

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tized in that same river Jordan, where the dove descended.' It's been no small matter to live up to, either. Sometimes it seems to me as if I 'd been sent out like the children of Israel, and it was goin' to take the whole forty years of wanderin' to reach my promised land. I 've spent thirty of 'em in the wilderness of wantin' *you*, but I begin to see my way clearin' up now toward the end. Only twenty dollars more! I can go after wheat harvest and the threshin'. Good Lord, Luella, why don't you *say* somethin'! But it 's no use; I know you think I 'm such an awful fool."

She turned toward him in the dim moonlight, her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Bap," she cried, "to think how everybody has misjudged you all this time! It 's perfectly *grand* of you, and I feel like a dawg when I remember all I 've said about your not being a believer, when all the time you were better than any of us can ever hope to be. It 's like being the martyrs and crusaders all at once, to stick to such an ambition through thick and thin. But oh, Bap, why *did n't* you tell me long ago!"

"Don't cry, Luella," he urged, awkwardly patting the shawl drawn around her thin shoulders. He was amazed and overwhelmed at this unprecedented revelation of tenderness in what had always been to him the most stony-hearted of natures.

"Then maybe, Luella, after wheat harvest," he ventured, floundering out of an awkward pause, "after I 've been and got back, then—will you have me?"

She slipped her hand into his. She would have had him then and there had he asked her, and counted it joy to be allowed to help toil for the funds still needed to carry her saint across the seas. Already she had fitted a halo about the bald spot she had lately ridiculed, and she burned to begin her expiation for that sacrilege.

But in the molding of his plans Baptist Sloan had arranged that marriage was to come after the Mecca, and in the hardening process of the years that idea had become so firmly set in his mind that nothing short of supernatural force could have produced a change. It never occurred to him that it was possible to marry before he went on his pilgrimage.

He held the hand she had given him awkwardly. This was the hour he had dreamed of, but now that it had come, he was ill at ease, uncertain how to proceed. Suddenly a little breeze, swinging through the orchard, stirred the apple-bough above them, and sent a shower of pink-and-white blossoms across their faces. Velvety soft were the petals, cool with the night dew, and unspeakably sweet. She looked up at him, her face grown wonderfully young and fresh again in the moonlight. He stooped and kissed her. The apple-bough swayed again above them, with another fragrant shower of pink and white. It, too, was gnarly and old, but standing glorified, like them, for a little while in the sweetness of belated blossom-time.

It was the talk of the valley—this pilgrimage of Baptist Sloan's. Nobody within its borders had ever been out of sight of land, and the congregation divided itself into two factions regarding him. One division called it sinful pride that sent him chasing away to parts unknown on such an errand. Beargrass Creek was good enough for Bap Sloan's immersion, if it had been good enough for his father's and grandfather's before him. The other side agreed with Luella, according him the halo, and she, in the reflected light of such greatness, beamed proudly and importantly on all her little world.

Several weeks after this disclosure he stopped at the cottage one morning in great excitement. He held a letter in his hand, some railroad time-tables, and the itinerary of a "personally conducted" party to Palestine. "I say, Luella," he cried, "look at this! It 's clear providence that the Paris Exposition happened to start up just now. Here 's a chance to go to the Jordan on excursion rates, with three days at the Exposition thrown in. I need n't wait till after wheat harvest now, it 's so much cheaper than what I had figured on. And the beauty of it is, I can not only kill two birds with one stone,—take in Paris and Palestine both,—but have a guide to look after everything. It 's been a mystery to me all along how I was to find my way around in those furrin parts by myself. But this settles everything. I can start to New York next Wednesday, and get there before the ship sails. *Lord*, Luella! To think it 's really comin' to pass after all these years!"

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Luella was in a quiver of excitement, but she rose to the occasion with almost motherly solicitude for his well-being. "I'll put up your lunch, Bap," she said. "You need n't worry about a thing; only tell me what you 'd like to have cooked. And if you 've any clothes that need mending, just you bring 'em right down, and I 'll see to 'em. I 'll go over to your house after you 've gone, too, and fix things ready to be left shut up for the time you 're away."

Her prompt decision was so much like his sister Sarah's that he never thought of protesting. It seemed good to be managed once more, and he meekly acquiesced to all she proposed.

Luella had a sharp tongue, but it had lost its sting for him since she had put him on the pedestal of hero and saint. But it had not lost its cutting qualities when turned on other people.

"What 's this big empty sarsaparilla bottle doing in your carpet-bag?" she demanded suddenly on the day of his departure.

"Old Mis' Bates wants that I should take it along and fill it at the Jordan. She 's countin' on havin' all the family baptized out of it when I get back."

"Out of one quart bottle!" sniffed Luella, scornfully. "Humph! Just like the Bateses. Much good any one of 'em will get out of such a stingy sprinkling. Why did n't you tell her you could n't be bothered with it? You always was the kind to be imposed on, Bap Sloan. If I was n't so afraid of water that horses could n't pull me on to a ship, I 'd go along to look after you. *Do* take care of yourself!"

And that was the chorus shouted after him as he swung himself up the car-steps, stumbling over his carpet-bag and big cotton umbrella. Fully two thirds of the congregation were down at the station to bid him good-by. In the midst of the general hand-shaking some one started a hymn, and the last words that Bap Sloan heard, as he hung out of the train window to wave his hat, were:

"By the grace of God we 'll meet you
On Jordan's happy shore!"

There was one last look at Luella, wildly waving a limp wet handkerchief. The sight so affected him that he had to draw out his bandana and violently blow his nose; but he smiled as the train went leaping down the track. All the weary waiting was over at last, and his face was set toward his Promised Land.

SEVERAL days later, in one of the southbound trains pulling out of New York, the conductor noticed a man sitting with his head bowed in his hands. His soft slouch-hat was pulled over his eyes, and an antiquated carpet-bag and big cotton umbrella were piled on the seat beside him. Except when he showed his ticket, there was no change in his attitude. Mile after mile he rode, never lifting his head, the hopeless droop of his bowed shoulders seeming to suggest that some burden had been laid upon them too great for a mortal to bear.

Night came, and he slept at intervals. Then his head fell back against the cushion of the seat, and one could see how haggard and worn was the face heretofore hidden. In the gray light of the early morning the conductor passed again and turned to give a second glance at the furrowed face with its unshaven chin, unconsciously dropped, and the gray, uncombed hair straggling over the forehead. Even in sleep it wore an expression of abject hopelessness, and looked ten years older than when, only three days before, it smiled good-by to the singing crowd at Beargrass Valley station. Baptist Sloan was homeward bound, and yet he had not so much as even seen the ship which was to have carried him to his Jordan.

It was only the repetition of an old story—old as the road going down from Jerusalem to Jericho. He had fallen among thieves. In the bewilderment and daze which fell upon him when he found himself alone in a great city, he had been easy prey for confidence men. There had been a pretended arrest. He had been taken into custody by a man who showed his badge and assumed to be a private detective. Sure that he could prove his innocence, and smiling grimly as he compared himself once more to a harmless sheep in wolf's clothing, he allowed himself, without an outcry, to be bundled into a carriage that was to take him to the police station. When he came to himself it was morning, and he was on the steps of a cellar, with every pocket empty. He had been robbed of his little fortune, stripped bare of his lifelong hope.

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How he was at last started homeward with a ticket in his hand could have been explained by a young newspaper reporter who interviewed him exhaustively at the police station, whither he finally found his way. The reporter made a good story of it, touching up its homely romance with effective sketches; and then because he had come from the same State as Baptist Sloan, because he had once lived on a farm and knew an honest man when he saw one, he loaned him the money that was to take this disabled knight errant home with his mortal wound.

It was on the afternoon of the second day that Baptist Sloan opened his old carpet-bag for the remnants of the lunch that Luella had packed inside. His hand struck against Mrs. Bates's sarsaparilla bottle, and he shut his eyes with a sudden sickening sensation of inward sinking.

"And I 've got to take that there thing back to her *empty*," he said, gritting his teeth. "Where am I ever goin' to get the spunk to face 'em all? They 'll say it was a judgment on me, for a good many of 'em seemed to think that I was too proud to be baptized in Beargrass. They 'll say that maybe it 's to save me from fallin' short of heaven that I failed to reach the Jordan."

As he slowly munched the dry remains of his lunch, the cogs of the car-wheels started anew the question that had tormented him all the way. "What *will*-Lu-*el*-la *say?* What *will*-Lu-*el*-la *say?*" they shrieked over and over.

"She 'll say that I 'm an awful fool," he told himself. "She never could abide to be laughed at, and if people poke fun at me, she 'll never have me in the world." The alternate hope and despair that seized him were like the deadly burning and chill of fever and ague. "If I only knew how *she 'd* take it!" was his inward cry. When he thought of her proverbial sharp tongue he quailed at the ordeal of meeting her. But through every interval of doubt came the fragrance of the moon-lighted apple-orchard, the old stile, that one kiss—a remembrance as sweet as the blossom-time itself. Surely Luella must think of that.

Presently he noticed that the brakeman was calling out the names of familiar stations, and he realized that he was almost home. Only a few minutes more to summon his courage and brace himself for his trial. The train rumbled over a trestle, and peering out through the gathering dusk he saw the shallow waters of Beargrass Creek, black with the reflection of the evening shadows. "The only Jordan Bap Sloan will ever see now," he said, with a shiver that sent a tremor through his bowed shoulders.

"Beargrass Valley!" he heard the brakeman call. Nervously he clutched his carpet-bag and umbrella, and lurched down the aisle. But when the train stopped and he was half-way down the steps, he paused and clung an instant to the railing. "O Lord!" he groaned once more, involuntarily shrinking back. "If women wa'n't so awfully oncertain! If I just *knew* what Luella 's goin' to say!"

As Baptist Sloan clicked the latch of his front gate behind him, and stood a moment in the path, the familiar outlines of his old home rising up in the dim light smote him with fresh pain. The thirty years of hope and struggle were there to meet him with accusing faces and to turn his home-coming into bitterness unspeakable—such bitterness as only those can know who have cringed under the slow heartbreak of utter failure. He did not even unlock the door, but dropping his carpet-bag and umbrella on the porch floor, sank down into the old wooden rocker, covering his face with his hands.

It was in this attitude that Luella found him an hour later, when she came hurrying down the path with quick, fluttering steps. The moonlight, struggling through the vines on the porch, showed her the object of her search.

"I just now heard you was home!" she cried, with a nervous little laugh. "It was in the evening paper, all about it. The doctor stopped by and showed it to me."

She paused on the top step, out of breath, and awed by the rigid despair showing in every line of the silent figure. She had divined that he might need comfort, but she was not prepared for such desolation as this. Silently she took another step toward him, then another, and laid her hand timidly on his shoulder. His only response was a long, shivering sigh.

"Oh, Bap, *don't!*" she cried. "Don't take it like *that!*"

"I 've give' up," he said dully. "Seems as if it wa'n't worth while to go on living any longer, when I 've made such an awful

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failure. It 's the hope of a lifetime blasted, and I can't help feelin' that some way or 'nother mother knows it, too, and is disappointed in me."

She gathered the bowed head in her arms, and pressing it toward her, began stroking it with soothing touches, as tenderly as if she had been that disappointed mother.

"There, there!" she sobbed, with a choking voice. "You sha'n't say that again. The world might count it a failure, same as they would a race-horse that did n't get under the wire first. But what if you did n't get there, Bap, *think how you ran!* You went just as far as the Lord let you, and nobody can count it a failure when he stepped in and stopped you. Look at Moses! He did n't get to his Promised Land either. Maybe it ain't right for me to make Bible comparisons, but you went just as far as he did, where you could stand and look over, and I 'm proud of you *for* it. It 's a sight farther than most people get."

There was tender silence for a little space, then she descended from the Pisgah on which she had placed him and came down to the concerns of every-day life. When she spoke again it was with her usual bustling air of authority.

"Here, I 've brought the key," she said. "Stick your carpet-bag inside the door, and come home with me. Jordan or no Jordan, you 've got to have a cup of tea and a good hot supper."

THE DRUMMER

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

THE drum of the drummer must not be dumb—
Rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub.
"O mother, my mother, the time has come
When a drummer must beat on his little brown drum;
A voice there is, and it calls to some—
Rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub."

With a little drumstick in each brown hand,
Rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub,
The drummer he drummed at the head of the band;
He drummed them to sea and he drummed them to land,
And he drummed the colors over the sand—
Rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub.

The little gray bullets they came to slay,
Rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub.
And the poor little drummer he feared to stay,
But what he feared more was to run away;
So he stayed and he drummed and he cried, "Hooray!"
Rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub.

He was shot. And they buried him under the sand,
Rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub,
With a little drumstick in each brown hand,
And the little brown drum, that he might stand
At the head of the hosts of God's command
With a *rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub!*

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"YOU"

THE MATCH GAME

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

Author of "Chums" and "A Boy's Loves"

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

"OUR" NINE	"THEIR" NINE
Billy Lunt, c	Spunk Carey, c
Fat Day, p	Doc Kennedy, p
Hen Schmidt, 1b	Screw Major, 1b
Bob Leslie, 2b	Ted Watson, 2b
Hod O'Shea, 3b	Red Conroy, 3b
Chub Thornbury, ss	Slim Harding, ss
Nixie Kemp, lf	Pete Jones, lf
Tom Kemp, rf	Tug McCormack, rf
"You," cf	Ollie Hansen, cf

We:	5	9	9	8	—31
They:	11	14	9	16	—50

FAT DAY was captain and pitcher. He was captain because, if he was *not*, he would n't play, and inasmuch as he owned the ball, this would have been disastrous; and he was pitcher because he was captain.

In the North Stars were other pitchers —seven of them! The only member who did not aspire to pitch was Billy Lunt, and as catcher he occupied a place, in "takin' 'em off the bat," too delightfully hazardous for him to surrender, and too painful for anybody else to covet.

The organization of the North Stars was effected through verbal contracts somewhat as follows:

"Say, we want you to be in our nine."

"All right. Will you lemme pitch?"

"Naw; Fat 's pitcher, 'cause he 's captain; but you can play first."

"Pooh! *Fat* can't pitch—"

"I can, too. I can pitch lots better 'n *you* can, anyhow." (This from Fat himself.)

"W-well, I 'll play first, then. I don't care."

Thus an adjustment was reached.

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A proud moment for you was it when *your* merits as a ball-player were recognized, and you were engaged for center-field. Of course, secretly you nourished the strong conviction that you were cut out for a pitcher. Next to pitcher, you preferred short-stop, and next to short-stop, first base. But these positions, and pretty much everything, in fact, had been preëmpted; so, after the necessary haggling, you accepted center-field.

FAT DAY

Speedily the North Star make-up was complete, and disappointed applicants—those too little, too big, too late, or not good enough—were busy sneering about it.

The equipment of the North Star Base-Ball Club consisted of Fat's "regular league" ball, six bats (owned by various members, and in some cases exercising no small influence in determining fitness of the same for enlistment as recruits), and four uniforms.

Mother made your uniform. To-day you wonder how, amidst darning your stockings and patching your trousers and mending your waists, she ever found time in which to supply you with the additional regalia which, according to your pursuits of the hour, day after day you insistently demanded. But she always did.

BILLY LUNT

The uniform in question was composed of a pair of your linen knickerbockers with a red tape tacked along the outside seam, and a huge six-pointed blue flannel star, each point having a buttonhole whereby it was attached to a button, corresponding, on the breast of your waist. And was there a cap, or did you wear the faithful old straw? Fat Day, you recollect, had a cap upon the front of which was lettered his rank—"Captain." It seems as though mother made you a cap, as well as the striped trousers and breastplate. The cap was furnished with a tremendously deep vizor of pasteboard, and was formed of four segments, two white and two blue, meeting in the center of the crown.

All in all, the uniform was perfectly satisfactory; it was distinctive, and was surpassed by none of the other three.

Evidently the mothers of five of the North Stars did not attend to business, for their sons played in ordinary citizen's attire of hats, and of waists and trousers unadorned save by the stains incidental to daily life.

The North Stars must have been employed for a time chiefly in parading about and seeking whom they, as an aggregation, might devour, but as a rule failing, owing to interfering house-and-yard duties, all to report upon any one occasion. The contests had been with "picked nines," "just for fun" (meaning that there was no sting in defeat), when on a sudden it was breathlessly announced from mouth to mouth that "the Second-street kids want to play us."

"Come on!" responded, with a single valiant voice, the North Stars.

"We 're going to play a match game next Tuesday," you gave out, as a bit of important news, at the supper-table.

"That so?" hazarded father,

SPUNK CAREY

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who had been flatteringly interested in your blue star. "Who 's the other nine?"

"The Second-street fellows. Spunk Carey's captain and—"

"Who is *Spunk* Carey? Oh, Johnny, what outlandish names you boys do rake up!" exclaimed mother.

"Why, he 's Frank Carey the hardware man's boy," explained father, indulgently. "What 's his first name, John?"

"I dunno," you hurriedly owned; "Spunk" had been quite sufficient for all purposes. "But we 're going to play in the vacant lot next to Carey's house. There 's a dandy diamond."

HEN SCHMIDT

So there was. The Carey side fence supplied a fine back-stop, and thence the grounds extended in a superb level of dusty green, broken by burdock clumps and interspersed with tin cans. The lot was bounded on the east by the Carey fence, on the south and west by a high walk, and on the north by the alley. It was a corner lot, which made it the more spacious.

The diamond itself had been laid out, in the beginning, with proportions accommodated to a pair of rocks that would answer for first and second base; a slab dropped where third ought to be, and another dropped for the home plate, finished the preliminary work, and thereafter scores of running feet, shod and unshod, had worn bare the lines, and the spots where stood pitcher, catcher, and batter.

A landscape architect might have passed criticism on the ensemble of the plat, and a surveyor might have taken exceptions to the configuration of the diamond, but who cared?

"We" had promised that "we" would be there, ready to play, at two o'clock, and "they" had solemnly vowed that "they" would be as prompt. Tuesday's dinner you gulped and gobbled; in those days your stomach was patient and charitable almost beyond belief in this degenerate present. It was imperative that you be at Carey's lot immediately, and despite the imploring objections of the family to your reckless haste, you bolted out; and as you went you drew upon your left hand an old fingerless kid glove, which was of some peculiar service in your center-field duties.

Your uniform had been put on upon arising that morning. You always wore it nowadays except when in bed or on Sundays. It was your toga of the purple border, and the bat that you carried from early to late, in your peregrinations, was your scepter mace.

At your unearthly yodel, from next door rushed out your crony, Hen Schmidt, and joined you; and upon your way to the vacant lot you picked up Billy Lunt and Chub Thornbury.

The four of you succeeded in all talking at once: the Second-streets were great big fellows; their pitcher was Doc Kennedy, and it was n't fair, because he threw as hard as he could, and he was nearly sixteen; Hop Hopkins said he 'd be "empire"; Red Conroy was going to play, and he always was wanting to fight; darn it—if Fat only would n't pitch, but let somebody else do it! Bob Leslie could throw an awful big "in," etc.

CHUB THORNBURY

The fateful lot dawned upon the right, around the corner of an alley fence. Hurrah, there they are! You see Nixie and Tom Kemp, and Hod O'Shea, and Bob Leslie, and Spunk, and Screw Major, and Ted Watson, and Slim Harding, and the redoubtable Red Conroy (engaged in bullying a smaller boy), and others who must be the remainder of the Second-streets.

"Hello, kids," you say, and likewise say your three companions; and with bat trailing you stalk with free and easy dignity into the crowd.

"Where 's Fat? Who 's

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seen Fat?" asked everybody of everybody; for Captain Fat was the sole essential personage lacking. However, even without him, pending his arrival the scene was one of stirring animation.

DOC KENNEDY

Thick and fast flew here and there the several balls on the grounds, each nine keeping to itself, and each boy throwing "curves"—or, at least, thus essaying.

You yourself, brave in your splendor of blue star and red stripe, endeavored, by now and then negligently catching with one hand, to make it plain that you were virtually a professional.

The Second-streets were as yet ununiformed, even in sections. But they were a rugged, rough-and-ready set, and two of them had base-ball shoes on, proving that they were experts.

"Here 's Fat! Here comes Fat!" suddenly arose the welcoming cry; and appareled in his regimentals, his cap announcing to all beholders his high rank, panting, hot, perspiring, up hustled the leader of the North Stars.

It was time to begin.

"Who 's got a ball?" demanded Umpire Hopkins, sometimes called Harry, but more generally known as Hop or Hop-toad.

The query disclosed a serious condition. Balls there were, but not suitable for a championship match game. They were ten- and fifteen-centers, as hard as grape-shot or already knocked flabby.

"Where 's your ball, Fat?" you asked incautiously.

"In my pocket," admitted Fat—a bulging fact that he could not well deny.

"What is it? Le' 's see, Fat," demanded Captain Spunk.

"It 's a regular dollar league," you informed glibly; and Fat, with mingled pride and reluctance, extracted it from the pocket of his knickerbockers,—peeled it, so to speak, into the open,—and handed it out for inspection.

"Gee!" commented Spunk, thumbing it, and chucking it up and catching it. "It 's a dandy! Come on, kids; here 's a ball!"

"But if you use my ball, you 've got to give us our outs," bargained Fat, dismayed.

"G' wan!" growled Red Conroy. "Don't you do it, Spunk. 'T ain't goin' to hurt his old ball any."

Awed by the ever-belligerent Red, Fat submitted to the customary lot by bat. Spunk tossed a bat at him, and he caught it, with an elaborate show of method, about the middle; then with alternate hands they proceeded to cover it upward to the end.

The last hand for which there was space was Fat's; by no manner of means could Spunk squeeze his grimy fist into the two inches left.

"We 'll take our outs," majestically asserted Captain Fat; whereat whooped shrilly all the North Stars, and quite regardless of their affiliations whooped shrilly the spectators also, composed of small brothers and a few friends about equally divided between the contestant nines.

Some preliminaries were yet to be gone through with. Doc Kennedy was protested because he pitched so swift.

"Aw, *I* won't throw hard," he assured bluffly.

"Of course not! *He 's* easy to hit," chorused his companions.

Then, in view of the fact that Billy Lunt had a sore finger, as evidenced by a cylinder of whitish rag (which he slipped off, obligingly, whenever solicited), it was agreed that he be allowed to catch the third strike on the first bounce.

RED CONROY

A foul over

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the back-stop fence was out; a like penalty was attached to flies over the boundary walks.

And now, turning handsprings and otherwise gamboling exultantly, the North Stars scattered to their respective positions.

OLLIE HANSEN

Away out in center-field you prepared to guard your territory. You bent over, with your hands upon your knees, and ever and anon you spat fiercely, sometimes upon the ground and sometimes into your kid glove. This was the performance of the players upon the town's nine, the Red Stockings, and evidently greatly added to their efficiency.

Besides, on the edge of the walk just back of you were sitting and swinging their slim legs two little girls, whom it was pleasant to impress.

Overhead the sun was blazing hot, but not to you; underfoot the dust from a long dry spell lay choking thick, but not to you; a "darning-needle" whizzed past, and you scarcely ducked, although he might be bent upon sewing up your ears.

Your work was too stern to admit of your noticing sun, or dust, or mischievous dragon-fly.

So you spat into your glove, replaced your hands on your knees, and waited.

"Hello, Johnny!" piped one of the little girls; but you deigned not to make answer.

To right and to left were the Kemp boys, with their hands upon *their* knees; and before were the infielders, with their hands likewise upon *their* knees; that is, all except the pitcher.

"Play ball!" gruffly bade the umpire.

Captain Spunk advanced to the slab.

"Gimme a low ball," he ordered, sticking out his bat to indicate the proper height that would meet his wishes.

Captain Fat rolled the ball rapidly between his palms, and thus having imparted to it what he fondly believed was a mysterious twist, hurled it.

"One ball!" cried the umpire.

Captain Spunk banged the slab with his bat.

"Aw, gimme a low ball over the plate!" he urged.

Again the pitcher rubbed twist into the sphere, and out in center-field you hung upon his motions.

"One strike!" declared the umpire, and a great shout of derision arose from the North Stars and their adherents.

Captain Fat smiled wickedly: the unfortunate batter was being fooled by those deceptive curves.

"What did you strike at that fer—'way up over yer head!" censured Red Conroy, angrily.

"Darn it! gimme a good low ball! You 're 'fraid to!" challenged Captain Spunk.

Whack! He had hit it. Right between Short-stop Chub's legs it darted, and you and left-field together stopped it, but too late to prevent the runner's reaching first.

Chub came in for a tongue-lashing from all sides; and then Spunk stole second, and Billy threw over Bob's head there (at the same time throwing the rag cylinder, also, half-way to the pitcher's box), and you desperately fielded the ball in, and Fat got it, and threw over Hod's head at third, and to the wild cries of "Home! Home! Sock her home!" Nixie got it and threw it at Billy; but nevertheless Spunk, spurred on by the frantic exhortations of his fellows, panting "Tally one!" crossed the slab.

BOB LESLIE

Triumphantly cheered the Sec-

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ond-streets, and busily flashed the jack-knife of each spectator as he cut a tally-notch in a stick.

Billy ran forward and reclaimed his precious rag.

TOM KEMP

Ten more tallies were recorded before the half-inning closed. The whole North Star nine was red from running after the ball and disputing with the umpire—disputes into which everybody on the ground had earnestly entered. Red Conroy had threatened to "smash" several North Stars, you among them; Catcher Billy had long since witnessed his cylinder trampled into the diamond and ruined; Captain Fat had tried all the most deadly twists in his repertoire; when, finally, hot and irritated, you and yours had come in.

And now, reminding Pitcher Doc that he had promised not to throw hard, Billy stepped to the plate, to hit, to reach first, daringly to steal second, foolishly to be caught between bases, successfully to dash past Red, who endeavored to trip him, and out of the confusion safely to attain third, whence soon he galloped home, and tallied.

"'Leven to five!" declared the sprawling spectators, every one a score-keeper, to each other, as at last in scampered the Second-streets and out lagged the North Stars.

You had not batted, and you were relieved, because batting was a great responsibility, with your critical fellows advising you, and castigating you whenever you missed.

In this their next inning the Second-streets made fourteen! Notwithstanding Fat's utmost art, as signified by his various occult motions, they batted him only too easily, and kept infield and outfield chasing all over the lot. Yet he angrily refused to "let somebody else pitch." Bob Leslie even attempted to take the ball away from him and forcibly trade places—a mutiny which called forth an "Aw, g' wan an' play ball, you kids!" from the waiting batter, Screw Major.

"Why don't you fellows stop some of them grounders, then?" retorted Fat to derogatory accusations. "Gee whiz! You don't stop nothin'!"

NIXIE KEMP

Thus it resolved into a question of whether 't was not stopping, or having o'ermuch to stop, that brought disaster.

It was your turn. You faced the mighty Doc. He threw, and the ball came like a cannon-shot, you thought.

"You 're throwin' swift!" you remonstrated.

"Shut up!" sneered Red, from third. "Who 's a-throwin' swift? Give him one in the head, Doc!"

Blindly you struck, and the condemnations of your mentors squatting anear raked you fore and aft.

Quite unexpectedly you hit it. You did not know where it went, but you scudded for first.

"Second! Second!" gesticulating frantically, bawled all your companions, coaching you onward.

HOD O'SHEA

"Second! Second!" bawled with equal fervor your opponents, coaching the fielder.

You grabbed off your cap,—it is strange how much faster a boy can run when thus assisted,—and madly dug for second. Praise be! There you were, beating the ball, which appeared from a mysterious somewhere, by a hair's-breadth.

You stuck to second, meanwhile dancing and prancing to tantalize the pitcher, until another hit forwarded you to third, for which you slid, not because it was absolutely necessary to slide, but because

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SCREW MAJOR

to slide was a part of the game.

Here, at third, while you were dreaming of the home slab, and the honor of admonishing, hoarsely, for the information of the world, "Tally me!" Red, the ruthless, abruptly gave you a shove, hurling you from position.

"Quick, Doc!" he cried.

Doc responded with the ball.

"Out!" decreed the umpire.

"But he shoved me! He shoved me off the base!" you shrieked.

"*Who* shoved yer? I did n't, neither! G' wan! Yer out; don't you hear the empire?" snarled back Red.

"You did, too!" you asserted.

"He did, too! No fair! He shoved him like everything!" vociferated all the North Stars and their supporters.

"You're out! You're out!" gibed the Second-streets, from catcher to farthest fielder.

"Out!" majestically pronounced the umpire, again.

Slowly obedient to the higher authority represented in the freckled-faced Hoptoad, you walked down the baseline. In some way, apparently, you had disgraced your blue star, begrimed from your manful slide, for "Why did you let him touch you?" accused your comrades.

The idea! How could you help it, you 'd like to know.

IT was the first half of the fifth inning. The score, according to the notches on the sticks, was fifty to thirty-one, in favor of the Second-streets. Those spectators who had exercised the forethought to start with long sticks were in clover, while those with short sticks were having hard work to find space for all the runs.

The sun was not so high as when the game began, neither were your spirits. Much excited chasing, and much strenuous yelling, had told upon you. Your face was streaked; your hair was in dank disorder; your blue star flapped, and your waistband sagged behind, mourning for departed buttons. You were what mothers style "a perfect sight."

TED WATSON

The air had been rent by incessant wranglings. Tom Kemp and Screw Major had indulged in a brief rough-and-tumble, because Screw had thought that Tom had purposely trodden upon his sore toe, Screw injudiciously being barefoot.

PETE JONES

Every member of the North Stars had committed egregious errors, and had been tartly excoriated by all hands. You yourself had muffed, and had thrown the ball seven ways for Sunday.

Fat was still doggedly clinging to pitch, and Doc was throwing swift. The two little girls, once your admirers, had gone away in disgust. And the score, as remarked above, was fifty to thirty-one.

Tug McCormack it was who picked out one of Fat's wonderful twisters and batted it over your head. After it you raced, deliriously discarding, of course, your sadly abused cap, that you might gain in speed. Behind you bellowed friends and enemies, and around the bases was pelting Tug.

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Where was the ball—oh, where *was* it! It must have struck a can or stick, and bounded crooked.

"Hurry! Hurry!" exhorted the Second-streets to Tug.

"Home! Home! Home with it!" exhorted the North Stars to you.

"Pick it up now and look for it afterward!" yelled second base.

"What 's the matter with you? It's right there!" yelled Captain Fat.

"Darn it! Ain't you got eyes?" yelled left-field, and "You darned fool!" yelled right-field, converging from each side.

"Lost ball!" you screamed, tramping hither and thither to show that you spoke truth.

"Lost ball!" screamed the Kemp brothers.

SLIM HARDING

"Lost ball! Lo-o-ost ba-a-all!" chimed in the North Stars generally.

But Tug had scored.

"No fair!" objected Billy Lunt. "He 's got to go back to second. Lost ball! Don't you hear? Lost ball!"

"I don't care. 'T ain't my fault," confuted Tug.

"Course not!" said Captain Spunk, scornfully.

"But you can't come in on a lost ball; can he, Hop?" appealed Billy to the umpire.

"Shut up! What yer talkin' about? Course he can," affirmed Red.

"Shut up yourself!" hotly bade Billy. "*You* are n't runnin' the game. Can he, Hop?"

"I dunno!" confessed Umpire Hop, digging with his toe at a mound of dirt.

"Ya-a-a-a-ah!" sneered Red at the discomfited Billy.

"Well, he can't just the samee!" resolved Captain Fat. "It 's my ball."

"Just the samee, he can!" contradicted Captain Spunk. "It 's my father's lot."

"Lost ball! Lo-o-ost ba-a-all!" you and Nixie and Tom had been calling as unceasingly as the tolling of a bell; and continuing the discussion, which abated never, the members of both nines, and the spectators, who also were the score-keepers, scattered over the ground to assist in the search.

It seemed that no effort or artifice, even to lying down and rolling where the weeds were thick, could bring to light that ball, until suddenly piped little Jamie Watson:

"Red Conroy 's runnin' off!"

"He 's got it, I bet you! Hey! Stop, thief!" hailed Tom, quickly.

"Drop that ball! Stop, thief!" swelled the chorus.

But down the alley legged Red, and disappeared over a fence. Evidently he had "got it."

"Wait till I catch him!" promised Fat, in deep, wrathful tones.

TUG McCORMACK

You ought to have been very tired that evening at the supper-table, but you were not, for in those days you never were tired, save momentarily. However, you still were green and brown in spots that your hurried washing had not touched, and dusty in other sections that your equally hurried brushing had omitted. Your face was as red as a setting sun, and you were full of experiences—a fullness that did not in the slightest impair your appetite.

"Who beat?" had inquired mother, as you had come trudging in.

"We only played four innings, and they were fifty and we were thirty-one, and then Red Conroy stole the ball," you explained.

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"Well, who beat?" asked father, at the table.

"Nobody did," you stated, this solution having occurred to you. "We did n't finish, 'cause Red Conroy he ran off with the ball."

"But what was the score when this happened?" pursued father.

"Fifty to thirty-one—but it was only four innings," you answered, with a wriggle.

"And who made the fifty?" persisted father, ignoring mother's warning frown.

"They—they did," you blurted; and then you hastened to add: "But they 're lots bigger 'n us."

LOITERLAND

BY CLARENCE URMY

TAKE the road that sharply turns
To the right at Point of Ferns,
Then straight on until you see
On a bough of laurel-tree:
Linger Lane, foot-path, no freight;
Traveler, please close the gate.
Ope the portal; lo, you stand
On the edge of Loiterland!

Oh, the song and shade and scent
In one benediction blent,
Here where earth and air are rife
With alluring Eden-life!
Vision vouchsafed but to those
Walking where the sunset rose
Strews its leaves of gold and red
O'er a land with dreams bespread!

Let us first all grief assuage
At the Halcyon Hermitage,
Drinking luscious hydromel
From a sylvan, moss-grown well;
Nothing now our course deters—
Bird and wind for couriers,
Milestones writ in fairy script,
Vocal guide-posts, elfin-lipped!

Shall we wander down this road
To the Vale of Calm Abode,
Or to Fancy's Cottage, caught
In a net of roses wrought?
Where those purple hillocks rise
Honeysuckle Hollow lies,
Close where Sleep her scepter wields
Over Day-dream Poppy-fields.

If you cross this vineyard crest
You will come to Roamer's Rest;
Then 't is but a step or so
To the Drowsy Bungalow;
Clover Croft is just behind
Oaken boughs with moss entwined,
And the inn called Heart's-ease stands
Where the grove and brook clasp hands.

Listen! Was that music? Hark!
Fountains talking in the dark,
In the dark of spruce and fir,
Dreams for their interpreter;
Rills along the roadside run
Seemingly of silver spun,
Spun of silver in whose net
Emerald and sard are set.

Here a cañon, lily-lit,
Stately redwoods arching it,
Woos with stream-sung serenade
On to dimmer, deeper shade;
Winds that down this valley veer
Whisper, "Lotusland is near!"
Is that ocean, sea, or lake
Gleaming through yon bank of brake?

Lo, on Dreamland's coast we stand!
White-sailed ports on every hand;
See, a shallop trimmed with flowers
Waits that we may call it ours!
Let us quickly step aboard,
Sailing softly twilightward,
Seeking o'er celestial seas
Gardens of Hesperides!

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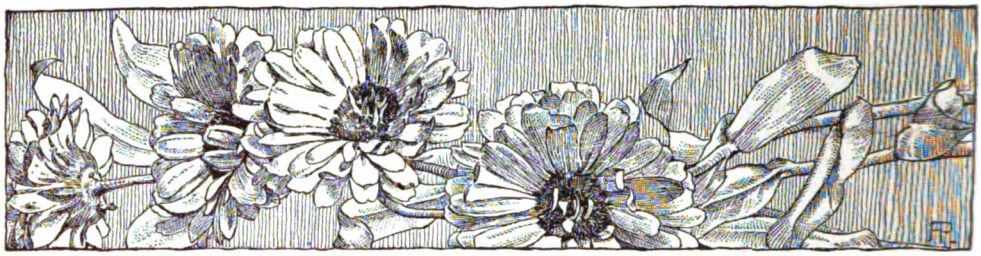

PREMONITIONS

BY EDWIN ASA DIX

Author of "Deacon Bradbury," etc.

"WHERE 'S Martha Hackett? Ain't she comin'?" demanded Mrs. Finlay, as she stood at the side-porch door of her little house and greeted Mrs. Betts, who was coming up the steps.

"Yes, she 's comin'. She jest turned back to change her shoulder-shawl. She had her red one on when I stopped at her house for her, and we was part way here when she had a premonition that she 'd ought n't to wear it; so she went back to change it for her black Injy-silk one."

"Land! Another premonition!" sniffed Mrs. Finlay, scornfully, as she led her visitor into the little sitting-room. "It doos put me out of all patience with Martha to have her take sech notions. There ain't nothin' she can't git up a premonition about, seems to me."

"I dunno as she gits 'em up exac'ly," said mild Mrs. Betts, who avoided controversies. "They jest come to her, she says. An' y' know it doos seem sometimes as ef—"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Finlay, getting out the sewing-table and drawing up chairs. "I s'pose you 're thinkin' of last Sunday, when she had a premonition not to set in her own pew, an' a stranger was put there instead, an' the seat broke down. But he was a sight heavier than Martha Hackett."

"Well, there was the time she had a warnin' not to buy that pork she was jest havin' cut an' weighed for her at the butcher's, an' Elder Jones bought that identical piece, an' he was took sick the very next week."

"Nothin' but biliousness. Lawson Jones is a hearty eater, an' he has an attack jest about so often. That pork did n't do it. I s'pose you 've cut out that waist-pattern, have n't ye? I 've got mine ready to sew. We might as well git to work on 'em. Those charity girls need 'em bad enough, that 's sart'in. Bess!"

A fresh-faced young girl entered at the call.

"How do you do, Mrs. Betts?" she said pleasantly.

"Bess, you bring in your piece, too, an' we 'll start in. Mrs. Hackett she 'll be here before long. She was kep' back by a premonition."

"Another, mama?" said the girl, with a little laugh. "How inconvenient they must be to her!"

"As bad as her asthmy turns," commented Mrs. Finlay. "Never can tell when they 're comin' on."

"They must be pretty troublesome for Mr. Hackett, too, I should think," added Bess, as she drew up her chair to the table, and the three fell to work on the charity sewing.

Mrs. Finlay made a grimace.

"I guess he don't say much. Jim Hackett did his fightin' when they was fust married. He got the wust of it, an' now he has the sense to know it an' stay quiet."

"Is there always a fight like that, mama,

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when people get married?" queried Bess, demurely.

"Oh, not allers, child. Your pa an' I 've never had a word; you know that. It 's because I know how to manage him, I s'pose."

Mrs. Finlay spoke with complacency. Her daughter's eyes were bent upon her work, but one might have seen a little naughty laughter in them. Zenas Finlay was quite the equal of any other Connecticut Yankee in shrewdness, and his wife was perhaps much oftener managed than she suspected. Mischievous Bess and her father had an excellent understanding.

The girl left the room to find her scissors. Mrs. Betts looked up from her work.

"Hollis Heywood still callin'?" she asked.

"Yes," said her hostess. "Every other Sunday. Queerest thing I ever knew."

"'T is, ain't it?" the other responded. "Ef 't was every week, now—"

"Of course that 'u'd make plain sailin'. Hollis is a fine, likely feller, an' I don't know any one I 'd like better. But between times he seems to go round to other places, jest as ef he had n't any idee of keepin' comp'ny."

"Bess likes him, don't she?"

"You never can tell 'bout Bess. Sometimes I think she doos, an' then ag'in I dunno. But I 'd resk that part ef I could tell what to make of *him*."

Bess reëntered, and the subject was changed. Presently Mrs. Hackett came up the path, and entered by the open side door.

"Well," she said, in some excitement, "I tell ye what, Abby Betts, it 's a mighty good thing I had a premonition an' went back an' changed that shawl! I was comin' along jest now with this black one on, an' Sam Haines came down the road with two young bulls he 'd jest been buyin'. They looked fractious, I can tell you! Ef I 'd 'a' had on that red shawl there 's no knowin' what 'd 've happened."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Finlay. "Ef you 'd 'a' kep' your red shawl on an' come along with Abby when you fust started, you 'd 've got here before you met any bulls. So it 's as broad as it is long. Premonition! Don't believe a word on 't."

"Well, ef you 'd had as many warnin's as I 've had, Ann Finlay," said Mrs. Hackett, defiantly, as she got out her work and sat down, "you 'd believe on 't." Mrs. Hackett was a nervous, active little woman, always equal to an argument, and particularly quick to defend her pet theory.

"I 've had lots of 'em," declared her hostess, basting in a sleeve with energetic stitches, "an' I never heeded one. Allers gone right in the face of 'em. An' here I be."

"Of course, sometimes, I s'pose, things come true," remarked pacific Mrs. Betts.

"Sometimes? Pretty nearly always," Mrs. Hackett said. "There was that time I had a premonition not to let Johnny ride the mare down to the blacksmith's for shoein', an' I made Mike lead her; an' she got the staggers on the way, an' there 's no tellin' where she 'd 've shook Johnny to."

"Was n't that the day that Johnny stayed home, and fell off the shed roof and broke his leg?" inquired Bess, innocently.

"He did n't break it," Mrs. Hackett retorted triumphantly. "Had to hop round with a stick for a week or two, till it got straightened out, that 's all."

"Well, as I said before," remarked Mrs. Finlay, "I don't see but what it 's as broad as it is long."

"Then I had the premonition 'bout not goin' to preparatory lecture, that time last October," went on Mrs. Hackett, "an' the plasterin' fell right down on the spot where I allers sit, an' hurt Elder Jones's head, he happenin' to be settin' there."

"How 'bout the elder's not havin' a premonition, too?" demanded Mrs. Finlay. "Don't ye s'pose Providence cal'lates to take keer of him jest as much as it doos of you?"

"He had one, too," said Mrs. Hackett, solemnly. "He told me so afterward. He had one, an' did n't heed it."

"Land!" ejaculated Mrs. Betts, and even Mrs. Finlay was a little startled at this.

"I never heared tell of it," she said doubtfully.

"I never told it before," confessed Martha Hackett. "It slipped out. He told me kind o' secret. I should n't want ye to repeat it."

"Well, it 's all foolishness, 'cordin' to my view," asseverated Mrs. Finlay, stoutly. "Ef any—"

"How shall we finish these wrist-bands, Annie," interrupted Mrs. Betts—"round or square-cornered?" And the talk oppor-

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tunely drifted away to the discussion of the work before them.

Nevertheless, an impression had been made on Mrs. Finlay's mind. The most determined skeptics are often the readiest to be attracted by a mystery. Martha Hackett had at last aroused in Ann Finlay's mind a certain curiosity and a secret desire to experiment a little. She breathed nothing to her husband or to Bess, but during the next few days she caught herself attentively studying her impulses, on the lookout for a "premonition." She was rewarded by two or three such, and obeyed them at considerable inconvenience. One was to take an umbrella when going out, already laden with a basket and several parcels, on a particularly fine morning; and the coming up of a sudden shower made no little impression on her mind as she walked homeward, dry and comfortable, under the umbrella. Soon after, she found herself unmistakably impelled not to do her usual Saturday baking; and Zenas and Bess and she had very thin meals on Sunday in consequence. In the week following she was dissuaded by an inward monitor from venturing on the street for two entire days, and gave up a ladies' aid meeting and a free minstrel parade in consequence. Nothing happened that augured danger during the period, nor did any results disclose themselves regarding the baking; but Mrs. Finlay remembered the umbrella episode and felt that she had no means of divining what might have happened had she disobeyed her warnings.

She continued, however, to keep her own counsel on the subject, alleging other reasons for any unusual acts of hers, and believing her real motives to be securely concealed. Her husband was not a little puzzled, for a time, at his wife's apparent whims; but seeing her in one or two absorbed conversations with Martha Hackett, he began to reach certain astute conclusions. Still, he, too, kept his own counsel.

Mrs. Finlay's talks with Mrs. Hackett were adroitly steered to the subject of premonitions, on which her friend was nothing loath to hold forth; and she unlocked a surprising store of marvelous anecdotes relating to Martha's Socratic "daimon." She became more and more a convert; her premonitions began to be much more numerous and imperative now, and often trenched most inconveniently on household duties.

"Bessie, I dunno 'bout your doin' any sewin' this evenin'," she said one Saturday night after supper, as her daughter took up work on a pretty new dimity she was making for herself.

The girl looked up, rather surprised, and her father put down his weekly paper for a moment.

"Got a premonition, ma?" he inquired humorously.

"Never you mind 'bout premonitions, Zenas," his wife said, with a touch of sharpness. "I don't want Bessie to sew to-night, that 's all. There 's a good deal of blood-poisonin' round from pricked fingers an' sech."

"Any more catchin' on Saturday nights than other times?" quizzed the farmer.

"I dunno but what it is. Those things happen very strange sometimes. Anyway, I 'd ruther she would n't."

"Well, that 's reason enough, mama, I 'm sure." Bess laughed a little, but put down her work with willing compliance. "Come, pa, let 's go on with that chapter in Plutarch's 'Lives.'"

"No, Bessie," said her father, gravely; "I guess not to-night."

"Why not?"

"Well," said Zenas, slowly, "I 've had a kind o' presentiment that that chapter 'll have to be postponed."

Bessie looked at him swiftly, and Mrs. Finlay was startled.

"A what, Zenas?" the latter asked. "What 's that you say?"

"I said I had a presentiment, ma," he explained. "Not a premonition, y' know. A presentiment."

"I dunno 's I see the difference," said his wife, dubiously. "An' I did n't know that you—"

"I don't. Not premonitions. But presentiments are diff'rent, of course. No, Bess; you give us some music, an' I 'll read ye that chapter another time."

So the girl betook herself to the piano, where she played for a long time, while her mother knitted and her father read his paper. She had a soft, agreeable touch, and her fingers gave expression to varying fancies as they wandered capriciously over the keys.

On the following morning Zenas had a presentiment that it would be safer not to

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shave that day. Mrs. Finlay was considerably perturbed. She was not precisely in a position to dispute the veraciousness of his inward warning; yet it was the first time up the church aisle to their seat near the front.

Before supper, that afternoon, Mrs. Finlay said carelessly:

Drawn by Maude Cowles. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'I TELL YE WHAT, ABBY BETTS'"

that he had ever gone unshaven to church, and there seemed to be not merely an impropriety, but almost an impiety, in his doing so. He persisted, however, and Mrs. Finlay blushed deeply and apologetically for his unkempt chin as the three marched

"What 're you goin' to put on to-night, Bessie?"

"Put on? Why, I had n't thought much about it. My blue shalli, I suppose."

"That old shalli? 'T ain't a bit becomin'. I want you should wear your new dress."

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"Why, mama," said the girl, "you know you would n't let me sew on it last evening; so it is n't finished."

Mrs. Finlay bit her lip.

"So I did," she said, much vexed. "I forgot all about to-day 's bein' Sunday."

"D' ye mean y' would n't 've had a—" began Zenas, but his wife cut him short.

"Now, Zenas, you hush! Well, put on the blue, Bessie, an' pin some roses on the front. Put one in your hair, too. I like to see the Sabbath respected,"—with a meaning look at her husband's stubbly beard,—"day an' evenin', too."

"Partic'larly every other Sabbath evenin', eh?" whispered Zenas to his daughter, with a jocular nudge. Bessie flushed for a moment, then met his glance saucily.

In the evening Mrs. Finlay began to betray a certain air of expectancy. Finally a distant bell struck. Mr. Finlay got up from the lounge on which he had stretched himself.

"Half-past seven," he said. "I 'most dozed off." He rubbed his bristly cheek cheerfully. "Now, Bess, we might go on with that Plutarch."

"What!" ejaculated Mrs. Finlay, aghast. "What on airth d' ye mean, Zenas?"

"I have a presentiment, ma," he said with determination, "that that book 's got to be gone on with this evenin'."

"I don't believe in—" began his wife, helplessly.

"Don't believe in what? Presentiments? They 're jest as sure as premonitions, Annie. Surer, mebbe. I 've got one strong to-night. Bess, we 'll go off into the parlor together, where we won't disturb your mother readin' her Bible."

"Parlor!" cried Mrs. Finlay, in distress.

"Yes, parlor. We won't bother you the least mite."

"You won't bother me in here."

"Oh, yes, we should. Come along, Bess."

Bess was a good deal surprised, and struggled a minute between laugh and protest. Then the laugh won, and the two disappeared into the best room, where the large lamp had been lighted fully half an hour before by Mrs. Finlay.

When Hollis Heywood arrived, ten minutes later, Zenas himself opened the

Drawn by Genevieve Cowles. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

BESSIE

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front door, and showed him into the parlor with much cordiality.

"You 're jest in time," he explained, after greetings were interchanged. "We were jest commencin' to read a new chapter on Epaminondas. You have n't happened to read it, Hollis?"

"No, I have n't," said the young man. He laughed. "I don't know that I read my Bible as much as I ought to."

Bessie broke into open merriment.

"Hollis Heywood!" she said. "Well, I don't believe you do!"

He looked puzzled. "What 's the joke?" he asked.

Drawn by Genevieve Cowles. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"HE READ STEADILY FORWARD"

"No joke," hastily interpolated Mr. Finlay. "Epaminondas ain't as much read, I know, as some o' the other prophets. But you 'll enj'y him"; and resuming his chair by the light, he found his place and proceeded to read.

When Mrs. Finlay, in the other room, heard the droning of his voice begin again, she was filled with helpless consternation. How could Zenas be such a marplot? What would Hollis think? What would Bessie do? Could not she herself do something? She feebly called "Zenas!" once or twice, but the sound of the reading continued, and finally Mrs. Finlay resigned herself to despair.

After the first few sentences Hollis discovered his own sad error, and meeting Bessie's eyes, laughed his confession. Her eyes met his in mischievous raillery and amusement, and instantly a new understanding seemed to spring up between them—a subtle sense of acquaintanceship and comprehension, which all of Hollis's previous semimonthly calls had failed to bring about.

Whether Zenas perceived what was taking place, it would be difficult to say. His face was grave, and he read steadily forward, emphasizing occasional facts with a shake of his unoccupied forefinger, and evidently deriving great enjoyment from Plutarch's clear and lengthy account of the great Theban general and Pelopidas, his colleague. Hollis and Bessie were likewise deriving enjoyment, if not from Plutarch, at least from the situation itself. Considerably to his own surprise, the young man, sitting back in a comfortable arm-chair, listening to the droning voice and gazing at Bessie with that new sense of intimacy, found himself entirely content to have the reading continue indefinitely.

When Epaminondas was finished, Mr. Finlay began on Pericles, and then went on to Alcibiades. Mrs. Finlay, in the other room, felt desperation slowly turning to profound resignation. At the end of an hour and a half, or more, she heard the voices in the hall.

Drawn by Genevieve Cowles

"THE YOUNG MAN, . . . LISTENING TO THE DRONING VOICE AND GAZING AT BESSIE"

"Well, good night, Hollis," Zenas was saying genially. "I 'm real glad you 've enj'yed it, as you say. Plutarch 's mighty interestin' readin'. We 'll have some more chapters next time."

"Pa!" Mrs. Finlay almost screamed; but the heavy closing of the

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front door prevented her cry from being heard. Zenas came back into the living-room, followed by Bessie.

"Well," he said cheerfully, rubbing his hands, "we 've had a real good evenin' in there, ma. I 'd 've got ye to come in, ef 't was n't that I knew ye wanted to finish Lamentations."

"I did n't read a word!" declared Mrs. Finlay, wrathfully. "I want to know, Zenas, what you—"

"Yes, we had a splendid time, mama," cut in Bessie, blithely. "I think Hollis enjoyed every word; and I did, too. Pa, you do read so interestingly!"

"Well," said Zenas, blandly, "I believe in readin' with the proper emphasis, when ye read at all, an' doin' the thing right, y' know."

"And you did," the girl declared admiringly. "I did n't realize that Plutarch was so entertaining." She vanished into the parlor again, and sitting down at the piano, played a merry little tune, quite forgetful of the day in a feeling of light-heartedness which she could not herself have analyzed.

Mrs. Finlay found her weapons suddenly dulled when Bessie gave her father this unexpected support. She looked from Zenas toward the parlor helplessly.

"Ef you want to know what *I* think," she said severely, "I think you 're a pair of geese."

"I 'm glad I had that presentiment," went on Zenas, heartily. "Premonitions I don't know much about; but presentiments I allers believe in follerin'. It was borne in on me turrible strong that that book had to be gone on with this evenin'."

"Humph!" snorted his wife. She felt an uncomfortable uncertainty as to whether her own recent warning voices were being made light of in any way. But her husband's manner seemed quite above suspicion, and she concluded it wisest not to pursue the subject further for the time.

Mrs. Finlay ventured on only one premonition during the week following, and that concerned some matter of no importance. Zenas, however, had several presentiments, one of which led him to wear his best black suit and hat one hot day in the hay-field; and another caused him, on a trip to a neighboring larger town, to bring back to his wife some blue piqué rather than the white she had carefully ordered; "because white is Chinese mournin'," he explained, "an' it came over me that it 'd be unlucky for a dress." Mrs. Finlay groaned inwardly, but could say nothing. She had come to dread inexpressibly his announcements of "presentiments."

On the following Sunday, as the three walked home from church, Mrs. Finlay asked:

"Bessie, what was Hollis Heywood sayin' to you back there on the steps?"

The girl flushed a little.

"He was asking if I was going to be home this evening," she answered.

"This evenin'! Why, it 's only a week, instead o' two. You don't say!"

"Law!" chimed in Zenas. "Now, ain't that funny? This very mornin'—"

"You can wear that new dimity, now it 's done," went on the mother, eagerly.

"This very mornin'," persisted Zenas, "while I was shavin', I had a pre—"

"Zenas!" said his wife, sharply, turning upon him, "I dunno what you had, whether it was a presentiment or what, an' I don't keer. I dunno 's I believe in sech things much, anyhow. All I know is that you sha'n't go in there an' read Plutarch this evenin'—not ef I never have another premonition in my life!"

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A WONDERFUL CHANGE IN PELÉE

BY EDMUND OTIS HOVEY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WITHOUT doubt the most striking change in the active volcanoes of St. Vincent and Martinique is the production of the new cone and its culminating spine within the ancient crater of Pelée. Within a few months the sky-line of the mountain has been altered completely. News of the rising of this remarkable feature of the volcano, substantiated by a rather poor photograph, came to my attention early in January of the present year and added a fresh incentive to the expedition then already planned to visit the volcanoes of the Caribbean Islands a second time for the American Museum of Natural History, the first visit having been made at the behest of the same institution in May, 1902, directly after the eruptions began. As I was approaching Martinique, therefore, February 17, 1903, on the steamer *Caribbee* of the Quebec line, I was on the alert for the first glimpse of the new cone. All the morning the summit of Pelée was covered with clouds, but toward noon the mists began to clear away, and when the ship was off the northern part of St. Pierre the outline of the strange feature came boldly into view.

When I stood upon the eastern part of the crater-rim of the volcano in June, 1902, the cone which had been built upon the site of the lake basin known as L'Étang Sec, within the great ancient crater, was a little above my level. At that time it presented a jagged edge surrounding a crater-like depression in the top; but as far as could be seen through the shifting mists, no spine or tooth rose particularly above its fellows. In July a spine stood like a shark's fin some scores of feet above the southeastern portion of the top of the cone, but in August this feature had disappeared, or at any rate was less pronounced, judging from the photographs preserved.[1] Now, however, I saw a pinnacled top on the great new cone, with a single point rising far above the others, a gigantic cathedral not formed by human hands. The extreme tip of this vast pile seemed to be not less than five thousand feet above the sea, or about one thousand feet above the general level of the crater-rim. The highest point of that rim, Morne Lacroix, is stated to have been forty-four hundred and twenty-eight feet above the sea before the eruption which destroyed St. Pierre took place.

Early in the morning of February 20, with two negro boys to act as porters, I started for the crater. Heavy rain came on, however, and I contented myself with going to the top of Morne St. Martin, sixteen hundred feet above the sea, overlooking the gorge of the Rivière Blanche, and directly in front of the great gash in the crater-walls out of which had issued the tremendous blast that wrecked St. Pierre. The rain ceased, and for a few minutes the great spine emerged from the clouds. I was not more than a mile from the base of the new cone, but I could not yet examine the spine closely enough to determine its nature. Not satisfied with this inspection, I attempted the mountain again the following day, virtually by the same route as before, which was along the plateau between the Sèche and Blanche rivers to the foot of the old outer cone. When we reached an altitude of two thou-

[1] See Professor Heilprin's book "Mont Pelée and the Tragedy of Martinique," p. 288. But Professor Heilprin mentions distinguishing with a glass two rocky "horns" on the southeastern border of the crest of the new cone.

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1

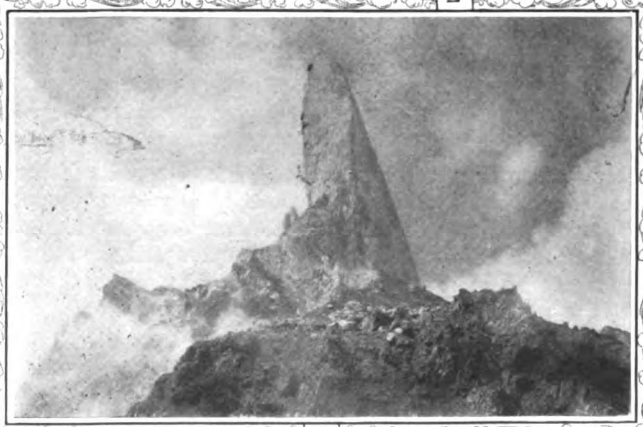
1. PELÉE'S NEW SPINE FROM THE CRATER-RIM, LOOKING NORTH-NORTHWEST. THE PORTION EXPOSED IS ABOUT 600 FEET HIGH

AS PHOTOGRAPHED, MARCH 26, 1903, BY THE WRITER

2. PELÉE FROM MORNE DES CADETS, THE FRENCH OBSERVATION STATION, ALMOST DUE SOUTH OF THE CONE. THE APEX IS 5143 FEET ABOVE THE SEA

AS PHOTOGRAPHED, APRIL 2, 1903, BY THE WRITER

2



3

3. PELÉE'S NEW SPINE FROM THE CRATER-RIM AT THE SIDE OF THE GREAT CLEFT LEADING INTO BLANCHE GORGE, LOOKING NORTH-NORTHEAST AND SHOWING ABOUT 1200 FEET OF THE CONE

AS PHOTOGRAPHED, MARCH 26, 1903, BY THE WRITER

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sand feet, the inevitable rain poured down upon us, and after crouching for an hour over my instruments to keep them dry, we gave up the ascent and returned to St. Pierre and Carbet without so much as a glimpse of the spine that day. The morrow was just as bad in regard to weather on the mountain, and I determined to return to Fort-de-France and go to the east side of the volcano for further attempts at its summit.

Making Vivé, the hospitable home of Fernand Clerc and his superintendent E. Beuzelin, my headquarters, I started for the top of Pelée early in the morning of February 27, with a guide, taking a boy along to care for my mule during my absence on the mountain. Clouds had covered the summit continuously for a week, but the island weather-prophets predicted good weather for the afternoon, and I pushed on in spite of present rain. My route lay through flourishing cane-fields, and across picturesque gorges with wonderful foliage, until we reached Morne Balai, one of the villages swept by the blast of the eruption of August 30. It was the route followed by Professor Heilprin on that memorable day.

After entering the devastated zone here, we went straight up the ridge down which that blast had come, leveling everything before it, and at ten o'clock we stood on the edge of the great crater. We were near the spot where I first stood, June 18, 1902, with George Carroll Curtis,[1] and strained every faculty to penetrate the clouds of steam hiding everything before us and learn the secret of the terrible crashing noises that assaulted our ears. Now, as then, clouds and steam concealed from view everything more than a hundred yards distant. The wind drove over the mountain with terrible force, and the frequent torrential showers soon drenched us to the skin. The cold was severe for my thinly clad guide, and, after spending a few minutes on the edge of the crater, I gave the word to turn back to seek some place of shelter from the storm. We wandered off from the summit in the search, and after half an hour's tramping across the almost interminable gullies that cut into the sides of the upper part of the old cone, a momentary rift in the clouds revealed to me the route to Morne Rouge on the farther side of a great gorge.

We were far out of our course, and the only thing to do was to ascend again to the Lac des Palmistes basin, near the crater, and find our trail of the morning. This we did, but the rain had nearly obliterated even the marks left by my heavy boots, and soon we were again floundering across the dreadful gullies, my "guide" completely bewildered, and I with insufficient command of patois to talk to him in the manner necessary to bring him to his senses. The second rift in the clouds for the day came at five o'clock, and showed us that we were just above one of the great rock precipices at the head of the Falaise River, a long distance from the trail. There was then nothing to do but to make up our minds to a night on the mountain without food or water, though the dampness of the enveloping clouds kept us from suffering much from thirst.

It was my first night on the top of an active volcano. We crouched down together under my old rain-coat in an angle of a gully, where we were protected somewhat from the keen wind. The long hours of the dreary night passed with a few interruptions from showers which threatened to drive us from our shelter by the streams sent down our ravine. Morning came at last without serious incident, and we found our way off the top of the mountain, met a searching party halfway up the trail with food and drink, and by one o'clock were joyously welcomed by my friends at Vivé, who had spent an anxious night on account of my absence.

The next day I went to St. Vincent, and three weeks later returned to Vivé, determined to see the inner cone from the edge of the crater if I had to stay in Martinique all summer. The weather was more propitious now, and in three ascents, March 21, 25, and 26, I saw the whole of the new cone with its spine, the encircling wall of the old crater, and the valley between the two. The new cone with the great spine is not central within the old crater. The most important of the openings concerned in the present series of eruptions were on the west side of the old crater-lake, L'Étang Sec, and the axis of the new cone is northwest of the center of the old crater.

[1] See article by Mr. Curtis in this magazine for January, 1903. For accounts of the eruptions, by eye-witnesses and others, see the numbers for August and September, 1902.—EDITOR.

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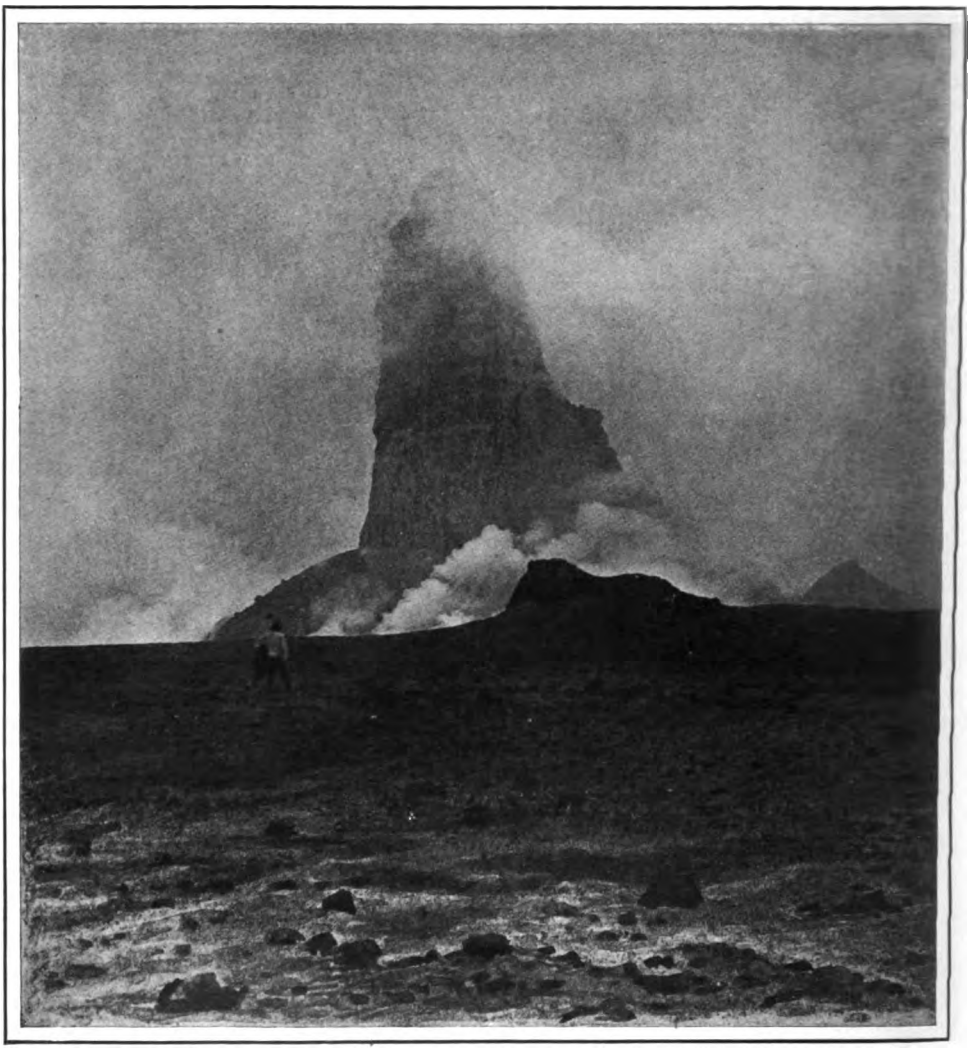

PELÉE'S NEW SPINE

AS PHOTOGRAPHED, MARCH 25, 1903, BY THE WRITER, FROM THE BASIN OF THE LAC DES PALMISTES, ON THE OLD SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN

The edge of the crater shows in the foreground, the new cone and spine being on the farther side of a valley about 200 feet deep. The spine itself rises about 1150 feet above the edge of the crater, which here is about 4000 feet above the sea. The vertical grooving which shows on the spine is one of the strong arguments for believing that the rock was pushed up in a solid or almost solid condition. The remains of Morne Lacroix, the former culminating point of Pelée, show on the edge of the crater at the right.

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This has resulted in the complete filling of the northwestern quarter of the crater, making the slope of the new cone continuous or nearly continuous with the exterior of the old crater-rim on that side. On the northern, eastern, and southern sides, between the new cone and the crater-rim, there is a shallow spiral valley which debouches into the gorge of the Rivière Blanche on the southwest. The deepest part of this valley is beneath the ruins of Morne Lacroix, and is estimated to be about two hundred feet deep. On the southwest the new cone slopes continuously into the debris filling the gorge of the Blanche. Great ribs of solid rock project from several parts of the new inner cone, which is a composite affair made up of fragmental ejecta from the vents, lava which has welled up or been pushed up from below, and masses which have fallen or been blown off from the latter. These ribs radiate more or less roughly from the center of the cone, and above them towers the spine or tooth which is so remarkable. The spine, like the ribs, evidently is composed of "solid" rock, that is, it is not made of fragments which have been thrown up into the air by the volcano and have fallen back into a pile. The existence of these rock dikes in the early history of the present series of eruptions is indicated in a sketch by George Varian.[1]

Although rifted and profoundly fissured, the spine is not a chimney, there being no conduit through it. The place from which have come the heaviest outbursts since August 30 is on the southwest side of the new cone, but another very active spot is on the northwest side; both are near the base of the spine. The spine itself is more than one thousand feet high. Separate fragments could not be piled up to such a height and rest at the angles shown by the sides of the spine. The side toward the east is smooth and vertically fluted, as if it had been rubbed against something hard, and this suggests the explanation of the phenomenon. The rock mass of the cone, and particularly that of the spine, has been pushed up bodily from below in solid or nearly solid condition by the enormous expansive forces working underneath, and is maintained there, somewhat like a stopper in a bottle, partly by friction against the sides of the neck and by the expansive forces underneath, an idea virtually new to the science of vulcanology. The French Government Commission, of which Professor A. Lacroix is the head, was the first to put forward this theory and to include Pelée among the "cumulo-volcanoes." The shape of the spine, with its sides forming angles of 75°, 87°, and even 90° with the horizontal, is an argument against the theory that it has been formed by ejected blocks or bombs which were sufficiently pasty to stick together on falling, and in favor of the "stopper" theory. The great and sudden changes in altitude of the spine with reference to the rest of the cone, without great changes in its shape, point in the same direction. Frequently the cone and spine show red incandescent lines at night, together with a luminous spot near the top of the spine—an additional proof of the "solid," as distinguished from fragmental, character of the mass.

The tooth showing in a photograph taken July 6 seems to have been destroyed in the eruption of July 9, for it does not show in Professor Heilprin's photograph already referred to, which was taken from about the same spot August 24. During a large part of September and October, 1902, the summit of Pelée was covered with clouds. About the middle of October a view of the crater was obtained by Professor Lacroix, who then saw the present spine just rising above the general crest of the active cone. A fortnight later a momentary lifting of the clouds showed the pointed peak still higher, and it became visible from the French observatory at Assier.

After another week a clear hour revealed the spine rising a hundred meters above the cone. Then ensued a period of rapid growth in the clouds; for during the last week of November the mists lifted so that the strange new feature was seen in its entirety, and the top was at the altitude of 5032 feet (as determined by triangulation by Major W. M. Hodder of St. Lucia). Since that time it has varied in height some hundreds of feet, being reduced in January, by explosion or subsidence, to 4600 feet. After oscillations it again reached the previous maximum early in March, and during the latter part of that month was 1568 meters (5143

[1] "McClure's Magazine," August, 1902.

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feet) above tide, according to the determinations of the French commission. The great spine seems to rise from a different part of the cone from that occupied by the "shark's fin" observed in July.

Every time that I was on the crater-rim small explosions were taking place in the cone, and masses were dropping from the spine; but the heaviest eruption during my visit took place at 6:12 P.M., March 26, two and a half hours after M. Louis des Grottes, of Habitation Leryts, on the lower slopes of the mountain, and I had left the summit. The cauliflower-like column of the eruption cloud rose to the altitude of 11,150 feet (3400 meters) above the sea; the dust-laden steam rolled with violence and great rapidity down the gorge of the Blanche and reached the sea; the dust and steam even rushed across the Lac des Palmistes basin and a short distance down the eastern side of the outer cone. M. des Grottes and I were thankful that the outburst had not occurred until after we had reached a place of safety.

My recent studies of the Grande Soufrière of Guadeloupe and the Peak of Saba lead me to the conclusion that they have passed through the phases through which Pelée is now passing, and that they belong to the same class of volcanoes. This is especially clear in the case of the Guadeloupe Soufrière, the cone of which rises above an old crater-rim which it has buried in the same way that Pelée is now striving to bury its surrounding crater-walls.

THE FOREST GREETING

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

GOOD hunting!—aye, good hunting,
Wherever the forests call;
But ever a heart beats hot with fear,
And what of the birds that fall?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,
Wherever the north winds blow;
But what of the stag that calls for his mate?
And what of the wounded doe?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,
And ah! we are bold and strong;
But our triumph call through the forest hall
Is a brother's funeral song.

For we are brothers ever,
Panther and bird and bear;
Man and the weakest that fear his face,
Born to the nest or lair.

Yes, brothers, and who shall judge us?
Hunters and game are we;
But who gave the right for me to smite?
Who boasts when he smiteth me?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,
And dim is the forest track;
But the sportsman Death comes striding on:
Brothers, the way is black.

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"PETTY LARCENY"

BY RUTH McENERY STUART

WITH PICTURES BY A. B. FROST

PERHAPS it is rather startling—Petty Larceny—as a name for a girl. And yet, taken as we usually take names, with no idea of any special meaning, it is not half bad. Indeed, it is even good, which is to say, primarily, that it has phonetic quality, is euphonious to a pleasant degree, and its first part, Petty, makes an attractive diminutive, rather suggestive of affection. On the plantation, where alone the name was known, Petty stood wholly as a term of endearment.

Petty was a fascinating maid of twenty or thereabouts,—"sort o' molasses-candy color an' sweeter yit," so one of her numerous admirers once described her,—and it would n't have mattered much if her name had been Dolores Vobiscum, like that of one of her friends who lost her mind: she would instantly have become Dolly the adorable, and been just as captivating as now.

Her father, a stolid old negro known as King David, had served as janitor at the court-house in a remote county for several years in his early manhood; and during that time, as he went about his duties with no thought beyond the manual responsibilities of his office, certain bits of court vernacular fell from time to time unheeded into his ignoring mind, and simply lay there, like leaves in a dovecote, which either lie and rot or perchance sometime serve in the forming of a nest, for simple availability and fitness.

Old King David had always been a man of few words, and the unusualness of his slender vocabulary, enriched in so exceptional a way, gave him an enviable reputation for wisdom in a community the highest tribute of which was paid to the inunderstandable.

For instance, when once in a quarrel with a neighbor whom he had accused of some offense, no matter what, he clenched his argument and won the lasting respect of a number of witnesses by exclaiming:

"What 's dat you say, nigger? Ef you talk like dat, I 'll prove a' alibi on you in de face o' jestice."

No one knows certainly by what association the old man had connected the term "petit larceny" with his child, or that there was any special connection. It may have been only like the leaf blown into the dovecote, taken to serve. However, the writer is inclined to believe—from slight circumstantial evidence, which is often worse than no evidence at all—that in some mystical way he had associated the name with the woman whose statue, done in plaster, stood over the court-house door—her whom we all know, who stands ever blindfolded and bearing a pair of scales in her hand.

This may be an idle fancy, and yet, what else could he have meant when, one day, seeing Petty playing blind-man's-buff with the other children when she was about twelve, he exclaimed, laughing:

"Now, ef somebody 'd loaned Petty a pair o' weighin'-scales, she 'd look perzac'ly like her own statute."

Be this as it may, he was more than satisfied with the name, as was every one else on the place. The mother, born and reared in the shadows of even sub-suburban life, on a plantation remote from the world of thought or suggestion, took it with artless delight not unmixed with pride, recognizing it as one of a noble family, the acquaintance of which her lord had made in a broader life than hers.

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Stealing was stealing on Sugar Bend plantation, and vigilance committees did n't trouble themselves much with terms. Of course, there had been occasional cases where culprits, taken in some offense, had been carried for trial to court, thirty miles away; but these were rare, and were generally for simple "American crimes," such as horse-stealing or fighting.

As she had merged into handsome womanhood, Petty's father made an effort to have her called Larceny, and for a time it seemed as if the more dignified name, shortened to Larcene, would carry the day; and so it would have done but for the girl's unfailing winsomeness, which made Petty peculiarly fitting.

Petty wore gowns of yellow and red and pink, and she sewed ruffles of one color upon another with long and careless stitches wherever about her flounce-loving person there seemed a place, and she was as pretty and straight as a yellow flag.

Going to the field, she always had a man with her, with gangs of malcontents within easy range, keeping her in sight; and until her twentieth year, when she finally made her choice, scarcely twice in succession was she seen with the same man.

She would have been surrounded, of course, but for plantation etiquette, which requires that one at a time shall have his chance with a maid, and while this opportunity lasts the rest must stand off.

Everybody knew that little yellow Phil, the fiddler, had loved her to despair all his life, and yet—perhaps because he had loved her humbly without hope for so long, and, too, partly because every able-bodied buck on the place was his confident rival—every one was surprised at her choice. Still, many were glad, just out of kindly sympathy with the lesser man. For love of Petty, Phil had worn black-and-blue eyes at frequent intervals for years; had even carried his arm in a sling for her sake, a serious matter for a fiddler.

Phil always got whipped in every encounter in love's cause, and yet he never seemed to have any sense of fear, at least where Petty was concerned. At the ghost of an insinuation reflecting upon her, he would light into a six-footer with the fire and recklessness of a bantam rooster challenged by a cock of the walk.

It is probable that the little man was as much surprised as any one else when Petty accepted him. Certainly he acted quite as a man out of his mind, and when he was fiddling at a dance a few days after his engagement, he actually grew so nervous while he watched her take the "Cincinnati" step and then "mosey" down the center of the field that he lost his time, and finally "broke down in a regular giggle," and had to begin all over again, to the hilarious delight of the older men and the mocking derision of his recent rivals.

"De princip'lest trouble wid a' ingaged fiddler," Phil chuckled as he played, "is dat he don't nuver git a chance sca'cely to dance wid 'is gal hisself; but he can worry her pardner an' make him come to any time he chooses." Saying which, he played so fast that Petty's fat partner tumbled all over himself and fell sprawling.

Phil had as little money as any young man in the county, and as slight financial prospects. A fiddler need never starve on a Southern plantation,—that is, if he fiddles well enough,—but neither may he grow rich.

True, he easily earns his three dollars a night, with an occasional five, while the laborer in the field is glad to get his dollar a day; but the fiddler, as a rule, is in requisition only on Saturday nights at best, and so, unless he has some sub-trade, living comes hard.

Phil had no sub-trade. He was, as he was fond of boasting, "jes a nachel fiddlin' fiddler, f'om de ground up." Indeed, he so loved his art—there are arts the practice of which in certain conditions reduces them to trades—that he often said he knew that, to borrow his words:

"Ef de Lord 'll on'y gimme a stiddy job at fiddlin' when I git to heaven, 'stid o' tacklin' a clumsy ole harp, I know I 'll soon be able to play for de angels to fly by." Indeed, with this thought in mind, he had even evolved out of his imaginative genius several racy compositions which, with onomatopoetic instinct, he called "flipflap wing-pieces," which were so suggestive that one, listening, might close his eyes and fancy himself floating away as in a dream of flying.

It is hard on a fellow to be engaged to be married and to have no money. It is hard even on a Southern plantation, where money counts for so little and most available things are virtually free—most, but not all.

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Even while he enters the vestibule of Hymen's temple, no matter how remote and primitive the edifice, a man finds himself feeling for his pocket-book.

Engagement periods at the Bend were trinket-times and treating-times, and while the last was simply a matter of ginger-pop and persimmon beer, with a merry-go-round on a holiday, the trinket business was more serious. As to the ring, Phil was fortunate enough to have one on hand, an heirloom in which he took no little pride. First,—a fact which greatly distinguished it,—it was of pure gold, and it had been given by his father to his mother as a pledge of good faith and affection in lieu of the ceremony which a strained situation forbade.

Phil had often told the story as he showed the ring. It seems that, in their courting days, his parents had quarreled, and during a brief estrangement a clever rival had "married his daddy offhand," as Phil expressed it; whereupon she who was afterward his mother instantly, and for all time, relented. It was too late then for a wedding, of course; but the mother was apparently not one to worry over trifles, as she is quoted as boasting that all her rival got was a "paper citi*fic*ate," and that so long as she had the man and the ring she was satisfied.

As to the marriage certificate, she had remarked:

"She 's welcome to de paper one. Hit 's dead stock. I got mine, an' it 's *live prop'ty* —de spittin' image of its daddy; an' dat 's all de citi*fic*ate I wants."

This bit of character discovers to us a somewhat romantic vein in both parents which it is well for us to remember if we would follow Phil's life with leniency and affection.

His father died while he was still a little chap, and after a few months of rank weeds and of wailing in the wilds of widowhood—a prerogative freely accorded her by popular sympathy, which declared her to be "de on'iest widder dat had a right to tote a weed"—his mother suddenly darted into another romance with an ardor worthy of love's first kindling. The new "stepfather-man" was decided in his antipathy to reminiscent children, and so, after a brief conflict between conjugal duty and parental love, the woman decided not to hazard her boy's welfare by taking him among strangers. She preferred to "loan him out" to friends who had known his people. So she did, and he had stayed "loaned out" all his days. She had probably foreseen that this would be the case, as, in going, she had given him his father's ring,—and hers,—with the parting injunction to keep it all his life "to show dat he was honest-born." And so he had done.

Petty, of course, knew about the ring and that she would now become its proud owner by inheritance—and, indeed, it was the one thing in her marriage in which she felt confessed pride; and when at last she was able to pass her shapely hand around to let her friends see it,—put on with a wish, it could not be removed,—she would often declare:

"Oh, yas, it 's de real thing."

The design was the old favorite,—two hands clasped,—and Phil honestly regarded it as a mascot. He told Petty so, and that its motto was, "Whom I jine together let not man or woman put asunder." A woman had tried it once, he knew, but all she had got was "paper satisfaction."

Phil had lived about in various homes as he grew up, and once, for a brief period, even in the cabin where hung a certain hated document, deep in cotton plush and cheap gilding. On his mother's departure, "the other woman" had made what he called "stepmammy motions" toward him, and would have taken him for good. He refused to go near her for a long time; but finally realizing that, after all, there was a sort of relationship which might, perhaps, as well be happily interpreted,—or, possibly, only because he liked her picnic pies,—he tried it, for less than a week.

It was said that he was actually sitting at her board and with his mouth so full of apple-pie that he got more coppery in the face than the provocation would have warranted when she unwittingly referred to his father as her beloved husband, whereupon Phil retorted hotly:

"Husban'! Don't you say husban' to me! Ef you do, I 'll smash up dat ole paper citi*fic*ate, an' turn you back into a' ole maid, whar you b'longs."

Of course he could not remain after this. When he had related the incident to his friends, there were many who thought him very forbearing not to have destroyed the paper then and there, and he declared

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that he would have done so "ef she had n't 'a' been a lady and he in her house." And then he added: "Anyhow, I could n't 'a' had de heart to do it, bein' as it 's all she 's got."

Phil's peculiar orphanage and his exceptional aloneness had placed him on the welcome list in almost any home on the plantation. He was a fair kindling-splitter, a milker, and, in a dilettante way, a gardener, so that he could make good his "keep" without having often to draw upon an inadequate purse. Of course, too, the family with whom he lived always had free music, morn, noon, and night.

Once or twice he had had to change his quarters because of the conversion to religion of his host or hostess, who could not, of course, harbor the devil's instrument after having forsworn his majesty himself.

So he had changed his last home before going to live with old Aunt Cynthy Crow, with whom he was staying at the time of his engagement. Aunt Cynthy was a hopeless cripple from rheumatism, being unable so much as to rise from her chair; and when she heard that her friend Betty Bent, recently reclaimed from sin, had said that she had hated to send Phil away, but she could not seek God with her heart in the cabin where the devil kept tantalizing her feet, she chuckled in reply:

"I 'd be so tickled to git my ole daid foots into trouble, wid fiddle or devil or whatever, dat ef Phil 'll come an' wake 'em up for me, I 'll find 'im for his pains."

To "find him" was to board him, of course; and although Phil did not take this generous offer more literally than it was meant, he made a very economical arrangement with the old woman, who was a pensioner on the bounty of her former master and was only too glad of the chance service of Phil's willing hands, as well as of the diversion of his music.

Never was happier combination than that of the lonely old cripple and the lightweight fiddler, Phil Phillips. Mirth and melody ever follow the rosined bow, and merriment, if it does not mock, is, the world over, the best antidote for pain.

The cabin, which for years had been a favorite resort for condoling decrepitude, became, through the cheerful invitation of the strings, love's trysting-place and a constant scene of gaiety and fun. Most of the mothers on the place were pleased to have it so, too, knowing the value, through its antithesis, of the stationary chaperon. It was the anxious mother of several daughters who was heard to remark to God as she knelt in prayer beside her bed:

"Yas, Lord, Sis' Cynthy is fiddle-proof herself, an' she 'll keep a stiddy watch on de chillen, an' 'stribute Scripcher to 'em 'twix' de fiddle-strings—in po'tions."

Perhaps old Cynthy was the only person on the place who was grieved that Phil was to be married, and for natural, if selfish, reasons. It saddened her inexpressibly to contemplate a return to the somber, pain-filled days, with only the questionable solace of her contemporaries.

Phil and Petty, having loved these many years,—Petty, it seems, suddenly discovered this to have been true of herself as well as of Phil,—were of one mind as to an early marriage, though the maid was a trifle coy on the subject, as will appear from her answer to her romantic lover when he begged that she promise to walk to church with him at the first robin's call.

"No, I ain't gwine do it, Phil. I ain't gwine to walk up de aisle tell I kin wear a bunch o' sweet-pea blossoms."

Whereupon Phil howled that it was "allus a close race 'twix' de robins an' de peas," and they held hands in the narrow path, refusing Indian file while they made the Indian tracks, one after another, and life was all a dream of bird-song and flower for them.

They agreed, however, that either bird-call or blossom might sound the wedding-bell: and that very night Phil set a trap for robins and put it, baited with crumbs, up on Aunt Cynthy's roof; and the girl thought it would n't hurt to sow peas in a box, even if they did n't sprout until the ground thawed out in the garden.

This was while the fields seemed as hard as flint in the black lands; and although there was a good while to wait, Phil began to feel as care-impressed as a real family man when he realized the many demands that would come for money even in the fast-shortening interval. Yet, although he had scarce silver dimes enough to jingle in his pocket, he would have danced with joy any morning to discover a premature robin in his trap, and he always climbed up and peeped, quite prepared for the lesser miracle in his realization of life's greatest.

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And, too, if God noticed a sparrow, even for its own sake, why not make a robin to order for love's cause, if need be? As he thought of all the trials of the waiting season, he often longed for a hurried wedding, which would save a lot of trouble; and, once over—well, they could manage some way, money or no money, as others were doing daily.

But no pea sprouted and bloomed in a night, and the robin's song awaited its season, and, as the weather grew milder, dances were more sparse; and the little fiddler began to wish, for the first time in his life, for "some sort o' workin' trade," and he looked askance at his beloved fiddle and said disputatious and disloyal things that a fiddle could never answer in its legitimate vocabulary, which is made only of words of mirth and jollity.

So, pressed by present circumstances and a sense of future need, Phil bethought him of a few simple, odd ways of earning odd sums, and was able to put trifling amounts by against the demands of the wedding.

For one thing,—and an eccentric thing it seemed on the surface,—he began to sell his chickens. He had always raised chickens on shares with the family with whom he stayed. It would seem that the chickens would have been more useful to him in his housekeeping than the small sums they might bring, but "things are not what they seem." A great line, that!

It was said that when Phil started to sell his chickens he never got done selling, and that the same was true of his potato-patch. It may not have been a fact that he robbed the potato-hills of the fields through which he passed on his peddling rounds, but there was no one who doubted that he sold chickens of breeds unknown to his own yard and Cynthy's. This is a hard thing to say of a young man, and would even now be withheld by his partial chronicler but for the light of subsequent events. Circumstantial evidence, which is often of the devil and utterly misleading in itself, had yet some value in corroboration. Held in abeyance, it is apt to help the cause of truth.

PHIL was greatly excited when, one night, as he was on his way to see Petty, he met a man who had come all the way across Cockleburr Bayou to tell him that there was a letter in the post-office for him. He was so nervous over it, having never before received a letter in his life, that he thought it best not to tell Petty about it, lest she, too, might share his dread of impending news. Of course, he thought of his mother first, and from that a number of contingencies grew. There had been ample time for the growth of "a whole step-family" since his parent's departure under conditions most favorable. He even had a fear that his mother might be coming back, and somehow he wondered if possibly she might wish to take back the ring, the only thing she had ever given him.

It was noon next day when the little fellow got back and, with the letter in his pocket, hurried to his lady-love.

He was grinning so that he could not for the life of him get his lips together to call her name, and after several abortive efforts to say "Petty," which insistently became "Fetty," he was obliged to compromise.

"H-h-honey," he gasped, from away down his throat, "what you reckon I got?"

"A robin?" laughed Petty.

This, for some reason, helped his articulation, so that he was able quite clearly to reply:

"Better 'n dat, Petty; better 'n dat!"

And when she frowned and coquettishly turned away, he added, while he seized both her hands:

"Listen at dis: I got a fifty-dollar job! Dat what I got! I got a letter—here it is—a letter f'om de president o' Pompton College down heah at Yaller Briar Wells, an' dey wants me to come an' fiddle for 'em at dey anniversal hops, every night o' de beginnin'—de commencement, I b'lieve he say. What you got to say to dat? An' dey offer me fifty dollars cash down, in hand—good specious payment!"

The annual university commencement at the close of the spring term was the social event of several counties, and to play at one of their hops would have been big honor for a resident of Sugar Bend. It was no wonder the little fiddler was fairly beside himself.

The only trying feature in it was his having to leave Petty for a short time; but this was easily borne, in view of their common advantage. It was bad to go, but the going was a great affair. Twenty-odd miles by road in his own little wagon, in which

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he carried his trunk and fiddle, and which he hoped to bring back loaded with housekeeping goods, was a journey needing considerable preparation; and so intimately was it associated with his romance that it was commonly spoken of on the place as "Phil's weddin' trip." To this, however, he laughingly objected, saying: "Hit ain't to say a weddin' trip. Hit 's on'y jes a little journey in search o' my marriage po'tion."

Under the influence of her emotional appeal, Petty was easily induced to stay with old Cynthy during Phil's absence, and it was even arranged that they should make their home with her, or that she should stay with them, turning her pension into the general housekeeping fund, when they should be married, Phil and the fiddle and young company having, she declared, "clair sp'iled her for lonesome livin'."

THE poor little college town to which Phil went to make his fortune was to his rural vision a great metropolis. From the time his delighted eyes had rested upon the great globes of color in the apothecary's window, and had taken in the papier-mâché grotto which appeared to supply the soda-fountain, he had never experienced the least loss of ardor in his admiration of city ways and places.

Petty's special request as they parted had been for "a bureau wid a swingin' lookin'-glass in it, dat 'll gimme my hat one minute an' tip over an' scoop up my foots de next. Dat, an' a little hand-glass to glimpse my back hair, 'll make me b'lieve I 'm all but white." So she had said at the house and repeated at the stile to which she rode beside her lover as he went away.

He bought the bureau out of his first earnings, and had it moved to his room in the servants' quarters, and the little key, which fitted all the drawers alike, was soon swinging to his silver watch-chain, where it daily grew in importance, as gewgaws for the absent girl were constantly added to it.

Besides his regular fee, Phil made a few odd dollars. He was a real genius with his fiddle, and was constantly in requisition.

With such inspiration always at hand, a dance was never out of place, if only there were dancers and available space. In the mornings on the broad verandas, under the trees at afternoon tea,—any time when there were a half-dozen young people together,—the fiddler would be invited to earn the price of some bit of tinsel or a gay ribbon for his "lady." His fiddling had made a great hit. Everybody was talking about it, even the old professors. "Why—why, that little nig—nigger!" said one of the portliest of these as he mopped his purple face after a desperate race with death through the mazes of a Virginia reel. "Have n't d-d-done such a thing in f-f-f-forty years. Why, he 'd m-m-make a chair dance if it was n't dead wood."

It was inevitable that the familiar intercourse involved in such an engagement as Phil's should lead him into temptation; that is, assuming that temptation and opportunity are, for some, virtually synonymous, as seems pitifully true.

Sweet soap was one of Phil's failings, and he liked to think of it in connection with Petty. It was easy to slip a cake into his pocket now and then as he passed the wash-stands, and to deposit them in the bureau; it was easy to do this many times, and to add a pretty silk handkerchief or a bottle of smelling-stuff, and, after a time, occasionally, even a trifling bit of jewelry. He always left the handsome articles undisturbed—watch-chains, which sometimes seemed fairly to tug at his sleeves, and jeweled rings, though he did once get off with a fine coat belonging to a fellow of about his own size.

These peculations were slight, and always effected in the face of great opportunities with both valuables and money in sight. There were always rolls of bills lying about with the pipes and tobacco—not great bills, in a little Southern college, but good green dollars, with an occasional V for affluent expression.

Phil selected the times when these were most in evidence, for refutation, to take the little things he dared; and consequently, although articles were often missed, it was a long time before he was even suspected. At last, however, one of the fellows set a trap—a fellow who had himself a fad for fine soap, and had lost frequent cakes, as well as a locket.

The trap was successful, and the result was really sad. It spoiled a whole evening for the boys, who had all grown fond of the little fiddler and knew something of his story. They knew he was to be married,

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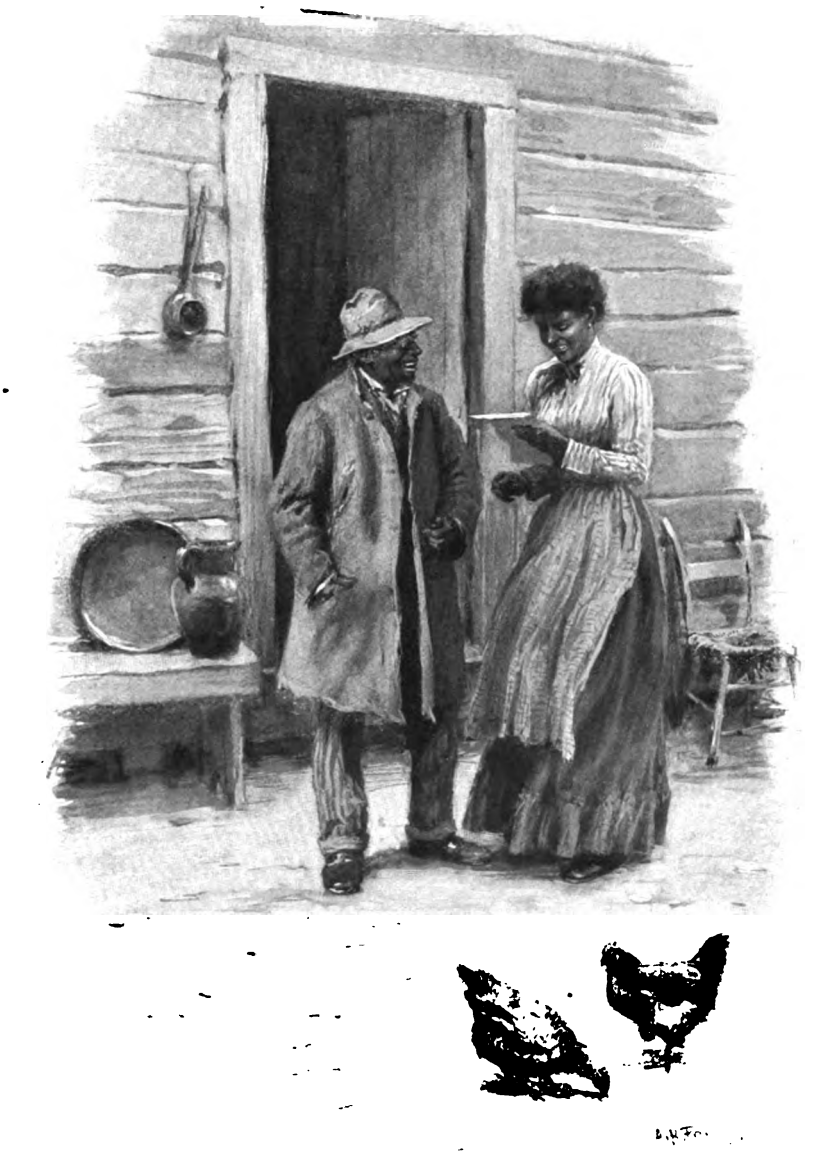
and had even proposed to chip in to buy a little something for his wedding.

They did n't say anything to him that night, although every fellow counted his boys—one who had lost a shoe-buttoner or something—had him arrested.

There was probably never in any sore strait a more surprised and frightened



Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"'AN' DEY OFFER ME FIFTY DOLLARS CASH DOWN'"

small belongings and put his money out of sight. Indeed, they did not speak of it at all, though they expressed an intention of doing so the next day. Unfortunately, however, the thing got out, and one of the young man than was poor Phil the day he was seized and taken to the court-house. He had never been in such a place before, and it was an awful experience.

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There were several cases ahead of his when he got in, and he had time to sit and think.

The very elevation of the judge's seat was imposing, and the impressive "your honor" with which he was addressed struck new terror through Phil's already cringing soul. It was a judgment-day experience.

with his recent pleasant relations. He had had a good time and had been well treated, and he was not a bad fellow at heart.

The black giant, the sheriff's deputy who had arrested him, and who even now stood beside him, had told him frankly that he had been "ketched stealin'," and so he realized dimly, or thought he did,

Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"SWEET SOAP WAS ONE OF PHIL'S FAILINGS"

When, at last, his case was called and he stepped forward, his knees knocked together so that he came near falling. He had been guilty of things long ago at home, and had had dim but frightful visions of exposure and arrest, all somewhat like the present, but falling short of the real thing, which was, indeed, aggravated by contrast

what was before him. He knew precisely where each stolen article lay hidden, and he realized that the little key hanging plainly on his fob, and which had been so satisfactory an accomplice, would easily turn State's evidence and go far to convict him if it were brought into the case; and he was glad to remember that none of

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what he called the "joolry pieces" were in the bureau. Fearing that it might be opened during his frequent absences, he had kept the small incriminating things taken especially for Petty prudently—or imprudently—about his person.

So, while he had awaited his turn, he had thought fast, and it had soon seemed best to deny everything and then to offer his key, trusting to explain away such trifles as would be found.

A man had a right to suppose that gentlemen would n't take account of trifles such as these, but if they really wanted them he would insist upon returning them. It is true, there was the coat; but it was not in the bureau. It hung behind a door in a closet, and, unless it had been missed, would not be found. Or, if it came to the worst, even the coat might be disposed of by a judicious game of bluff. How easy to gather up two coats instead of one in a hurry, and how possible unconsciously to take both home on one's arm, on a warm night when the overcoat was superfluous!

The situation had its weak points, certainly, but it might have been worse.

Indeed, there were many features in it which appeared providential, and the little man in his extremity even had the effrontery to thank God, as he stood there, that he had been given foresight to keep the jewelry out of the bureau.

He thought that he had the case fairly well in hand while he waited, and that in assuming the lofty height of injured innocence he might yet go out a free man.

But there was something in the atmosphere of the place that sickened him and made his head swim, and the longer he stood and waited the sicker he felt, so that when, out of the stillness following the peremptory gavel, he had heard his own name called—"Phil Phillips"—in a tone that seemed sepulchral and far away, he turned gray and then even green, where the blue fright showed through the yellow of his skin, around his mouth and nostrils, and about the edges of his hair.

Still, he had life enough to know that he must answer, and inexperience enough to reply, in a vibrant metallic voice:

"Yas, sir, yo' 'oner'ble 'onor, dat 's me."

The judge, a benignant old man, turned a smiling face upon the little fellow as, with a twinkle in his eye, he replied:

"Yes, I see you are there."

Then, turning to the officer beside the prisoner, he asked:

"Who has been getting this young man into trouble? He got me into trouble last night. So stiff this morning I can hardly walk. What is the charge?"

"Petit larceny." The reply, prompt and clear at Phil's side, rang through the court-room.

A bomb-shell exploding in his soul could hardly have transformed Phil as did this artless reply.

He was no longer a poor prisoner begging for mercy. Judge nor bench nor ceremonial had place in his consciousness now. He was instantly himself again—Petty's lover provoked to wrath, the fighting bantam. He did not hesitate. For a moment the great six-footer beside him did not know what had hit him. So sudden was the plunge that it seemed as if the whole little man, all in a tense tangle, had landed in his face; and then, tooth and nail, as a catamount grasps and tears, so he tore right and left. Before any one had time to realize what was doing, or to interfere, the two were rolling on the floor together, and there was blood in sight and fur flying.

When, after several minutes of this fierce tussle, the greater man was at last able to hold his antagonist at arm's-length and several others helped to get him away, it was necessary for the officer to carry his bruised and bleeding visage out for repairs.

All this took several minutes, and when the small man was next observed he was wiping the puffy mass which ought to have been a face and trying to button the fragment of a coat so that it would cover his shoulders.

Seeing that the big man had gone, and that the court was coming again into something like order, he turned up to the judge the single eye that seemed to remain,—the other being quite lost to sight in a fine protective swelling,—and, bowing respectfully, he said:

"'Scuse me, please, sir, yo' 'oner'ble 'onor, but I was 'bleeged to whup him." This brought down the house, of course. Even the judge shook with laughter at the pluck of him.

"Dey 's some things no gen'leman won't stand," he went on. "An' now, ef deze gen'lemen leggo my arms, dey 'll see I kin practise manners an' behavior—when I ain't insulted."

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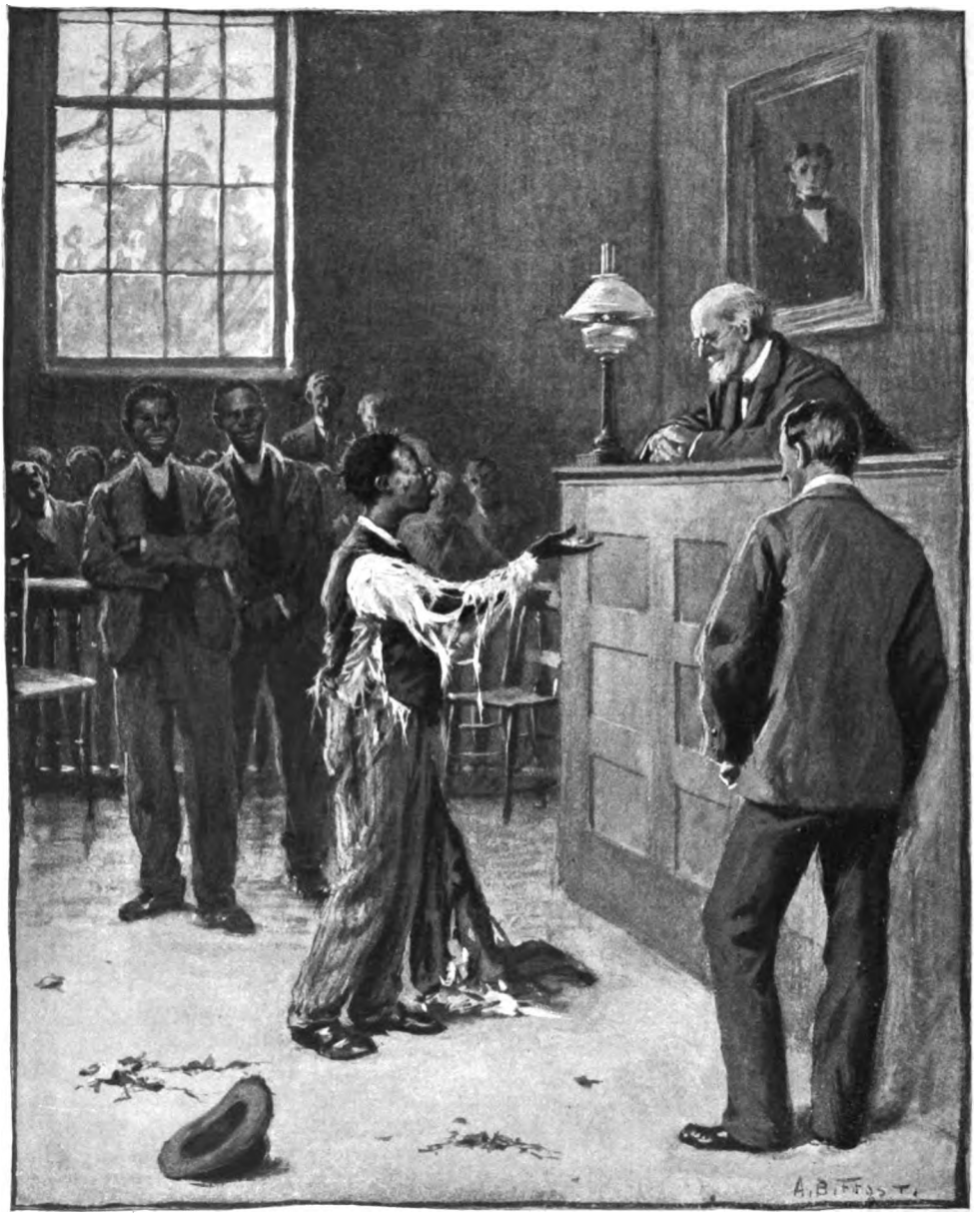

Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'HEAH 'S A FEW LITTLE TRINKERS I PICKED UP HEAH AN' DAR,
BUT I AIN'T GOT NO LOCKET, JEDGE'"

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"What do you mean by insult, you—you little game-cock, you?" The judge spoke with an effort at severity, but with a weakening of his voice. Still, the dignity of the court was at stake. "I wish you to know that the officer was only doing his duty, and you shall pay for this, sir."

"I 'll pay whatever you say, yo' 'oner'ble 'onor, ef I kin. I know de man done his juty when he fotched me heah, an' I walked beside him. But ef you don't know what he done to insult me, *I* knows it, an' *he* knows it—an' I don't think he 's likely to do it ag'in. I 'm heah to stan' for my own actions, an' I don't want nobody else mixed up wid it. Dey ain't no ladies mixed up in dis case, an' ef anybody fetches 'em in, dey 's *boun' to be blood!* Dis is been a fair man-to-man fight, an' ef you 'll please, sir, pass it over an' tek up de case de way it stood befo' my trouble, I 'll answer fair an' square. De man dat 's jes stepped out a minute he tol' me dat I was accused o' pickin' up some little odds an' ends, I b'lieve; an' ef dat 's so, I 'm heah to answer."

At this, amid the cheers of the crowd, always ready to espouse the cause of the plucky under dog, the judge cleared his throat and, calling for order, resumed the case in due form.

"I 'll be jiggered if I won't do it for you," he said, looking down at the prisoner while he called for the plaintiff.

In answer, a young man came forward smiling, and as he looked down into the one tiny peep-hole that answered for an eye, but which held all that was needed of inquiry and intelligence, and then at the benign visage of the judge, he said, with unfeigned apology:

"The fact is, your honor, a number of the fellows have been missing little things, —all trifles,— and finally some one took a shoe-buttoner off my bureau, and—well, a day or so ago I missed a locket with my girl's picture in it. I thought I would n't mention this, but, really, now that the thing 's out, I 'd like to say that if he 'll give me the picture, he can have the buttoner, and any old thing he has besides; that is, of course, *if* he has it—and there seems to be no one else, and we found out he was taking things. He bit on a bait, you see, and so we 've caught him."

Turning now to Phil, he added:

"You hear what I say. If you just give me back the locket with the picture in it, I 'll let you go—so far as I am concerned."

This was informal, but the law gangs an easy gait at such centers of justice as Yellow Briar Wells. Just exactly this innovation had not occurred before, probably, yet that there was nothing unusual in the spirit of it was evinced by the quiet way in which it was received.

When the young man had done, the judge looked at the prisoner with kindly inquiry over his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Well, you have heard the charge," he said evenly. "What do you say, prisoner?"

Phil hesitated. The truth was, he was in momentary terror lest the man who had gone out should return. He evidently knew something about Petty, but how much Phil could not even surmise.

The locket, with Phil's own tintype replacing the girl's picture (which had gone up in smoke and been forgotten), was by this time probably in Petty's possession, for it had been sent to her by mail on the same day it was missed. The man could scarcely know of this; and yet, what is more dangerous than the witness who "knows something"? Behold the interrogation-point, for therein lies the tragedy of doubt.

After about a half-minute's silence—it seemed much more—Phil turned his face up to the judge. He had made several peculiar motions with his arms, as if vainly struggling to gesticulate, or was perhaps threatened with a fit. And now he gasped:

"Would yo' please, sir, yo' 'oner'ble 'onor, let one o' de king's gyards come an' pull off my coat? I 'd tek it off myse'f, but I got a sort o' crick down de spine o' my back. I allus hates to whup a big man."

When two grinning black fellows had gotten the fragmentary garment off, with many an ejaculatory protest of pain from the wearer, Phil ran his finger along the armhole lining and presently brought out a small scarf-pin; then, from farther along, a collar-button and a pocket-comb.

As he held them up toward the judge, his shirt-sleeve, riddled to the elbow, fell away, leaving his thin arm bare.

"Heah 's a few little trinkers I picked up heah an' dar, but I ain't got no locket, jedge. I wush to Gord I did have it. Of co'se I don't reckon I ought to took deze, but ef you 'll look at 'em you 'll see dey ain't gold or diamonds. I did pick up a

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watch dat I seen layin' roun' loose beggin' to be stole one night, but I took it home, an' foun' out it was pyore gol',"—a lie, this,—"an' so I brung it back de nex' mornin'. I don't want nobody's riches. I 's jes a plain man. But de fact is, I was riz up right in de midst o' sech gran' gen'lemen,—jedges an' lawyers an' juries—an' *jedges*, you know, jedge,—an' I been used to jes helpin' myse'f to any little left-overs; an' ef I would n't pick 'em up, dey 'd give 'em to me. I knowed deze heah quality-college yo'ng men did n't keer nothin' about such little trinkers as deze, an' I was 'feard dey mought forgit to give 'em to me,—dey all so took up wid dey valedictrums—an'—an' de yo'ng ladies,—an' so I jes gethered 'em up an' hid 'em whar nobody could n't find 'em, tell I could git a chance to ax for 'em. But, of co'se, ef dey wants 'em heah dey is."

He turned and looked around the court-room and up along the galleries.

"That 's my scarf-pin. Pass it along," came from a voice in the back row.

"Yes, and my cuff-buttons," said another. And now, first a single voice and then two and three together cried:

"Where 's my soap?"

"My soap?"

"And *mine?*"

"And *my* soap?"

"And my shaving-brush?"

"And *my* soap?"

At this the bruised mass which did duty as a face took on a pitiful grin as its owner giggled:

"Lord have mussy! *Soap!* Who 'd 'a' thought it? An' quality gen'lemen at dat!" Then to the judge: "Maybe I is gethered a few cakes o' soap, yo' 'oner'ble 'onor, f'om night to night—an' I 'll 'splain out how I come to do it, an' ef dey wants 'em back, all right. You see, hit 's purty hot, fiddlin' in de rooms, an' my hand hit sweats, an' dat 's bad medicine for bofe bow an' strings, an' so I 'd slip out once-t in a while an' wash my hands; an', of co'se, arter I uses a gen'leman's soap, I got too much respec' for 'im to leave it for 'im to sile his hands wid. But, as I say, hit 's all whar dey kin git it. Is dey anything else de gen'lemen done missed?" He had turned and was facing the gallery again. It was a great bluff. Indeed, his knees were hardly strong enough for it, for they quaked pitifully while he bravely faced the audience. He was thinking of the coat and trusting to luck, which seemed to be with him, that it had not been missed.

"How about that locket?" The judge leaned over the railing and eyed him with telling scrutiny as he put the question.

"Dis heah 's a confession, jedge, yo' 'oner'ble 'onor. Hit ain't no denial. Nobody did n't ax me about dem little things I jes passed in. I say I ain't got no locket or no lady's picture. I nuver gits mixed up wid de ladies, nohow, an' ef I was to see a lady's po'trait settin' on a pianner, for ninstance, I would n't dare to no mo' 'n s'lute it as I passed by. But ef dat 's all, won't you please, sir, pass my sentence, please, sir, yo' 'oner'ble 'onor, an' for Gord's sake, mek it light, or tu'n me loose, one. S'posin' you take de vote, jedge, 'mongst deze gen'lemen, an' ef dey wants me seized an' sol' for debt—*or whatever*—let 'em sesso."

The judge assumed a look of mock solemnity as he glanced about the court.

"Let 'im go," laughed a voice in the gallery.

"Turn 'im loose, judge," said another.

"Keep my soap to wash your conscience with."

"And mine, too."

"No, you can bring back mine. It 's green, and smells like violets," cried a changing voice in the front row, at which there was laughter.

"Oh, but let 'im off, judge; he 's sick," the boy continued.

"I keep thinking about that locket," pursued the judge, this time addressing the owner of the missing article.

"Well," he replied, "if he has n't got it, he has n't, that 's all; and I don't believe he has. It 's possible that a fellow I know has it. Let him go, judge. I withdraw the complaint."

"Well," the old justice straightened himself until he seemed to Phil, standing below him, a mile high—"well, that 's all very well, so far as the charge is concerned, but I have a little business with the prisoner on my own account. My court is not exactly a place for free fights, and so I fine you, sir, twenty-five dollars, or imprisonment for ten days, whichever you say."

"Well, of co'se, I 'll take de twenty-five dollars, ef you please, sir."

"You don't take it—you pay it, you idiot!"

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"Pay what, for Gord's sake? Pay twenty-five dollars? Why, jedge, I ain't got but three comin' to me, an' I got to go home. I can't pay what I ain't got. But—but—" a light came into his manner—his face could show nothing—"I tell yer what I 'll do: I 'll *play* it out for yer. I 'll fiddle for yer tell I draps, howsomever, whensomever, wharsomever you say."

This brought down the house.

In the midst of the laughter, the judge took out his watch.

"It 's dinner-time, boys, and I 'm hungry," he said, rising. "I 'm going over to the hotel, and you fetch him along and give him his fiddle—"

He turned to Phil.

"And when I 've got enough music I 'll say go, and then you git; do you hear? Light out o' this town by the first train. Do you hear, I say?"

"Yas, sir; oh, thanky, sir, yo' 'oner'ble 'onor, thanky."

It was late at night when the little fiddler mounted the seat of his wagon and started on his homeward drive, the bureau, with its treasures untouched, lying face downward in the wagon-bed behind him, its glass resting upon a pile of hay.

He started in his rags, and drove pretty fast until he reached a barn a few miles out, where he found entertainment for himself and beast, and where he slept the sleep of the vanquished and the weary.

Taking the journey by easy stages, doing a little cautious peddling in the twilights en route,—robbing Peter to pay poor Paul,—he was three whole days on the way, and they were needed days of healing and recuperation, too.

His face had not been quite normal when he left home, so its somewhat battered state was less startling than it might have been. It was accepted as a matter of course. His friends were used to it.

Indeed, the days of hiding in which he slept whenever his way led across a clearing, and the nights of easy travel,

"HE WAS THREE WHOLE DAYS ON THE WAY"

interspersed with snatches of rest, all supplementing a fortnight of ease and high living, brought him out so wonderfully that when he drove into the plantation gate, late the third night, the jubilant song with which he announced his return was but a spontaneous expression of his own exuberance.

Petty met him at the stile where he had left her—where, indeed, she had waited for two nights.

"Well, heah I is, Sugar-pie, bureau an' all," he chuckled as, leaning down, he drew her up beside him.

"An' you sho looks fine—an' feels slick. Sto' clo'es shows out, even in de moonlight." She was passing her hand along his sleeve, her left hand over his left sleeve—on her left, his position making this come natural.

"Yas," he replied; "dis coat purty nigh broke me, dat 's a fac'. Hit takes fine feathers to mate wid a fine bird. But wait tell you see what I got for my sweetness in de bureau back in de wagon. I tell yer I

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got yo' trousseau, so dat when you turns out you 'll wake up de plantation."

"I bet you spent all you made. How much money is you brung home, anyhow?"

"Not much, to be sho; but you know hit takes money to live like a gen'leman, an' I knowed you would n't want me to—"

"Of co'se not. I wants you to stand wid de best. So you got de bureau, is you —wid a tip-over merror?"

"Yas, an' dat ain't all. What 's de matter wid me, forgittin' de princip'lest thing I brung you! Look heah, gal."

As he spoke, he leaned forward, lifted a small basket from under the seat, and laid it upon her lap.

"Heah 's yo' robin-bird, Sugar. Found 'im waitin' in de woods, huntin' for me. What you say to dat?"

In leaning over, his face had brushed a bunch of flowers upon her shoulder.

"Bless goodness! *Sweet peas!* Well, I 'll be doggoned!" he chuckled. "How long 'll it take to make de cakes?"

"Aunt Cynthy ain't done nothin' but whup up cake-batter on 'er lap ever sence de peas begin to bud, a week ago Sunday. Dey all ready. But you better turn dis robin loose. He 's all but smothered."

"Yas, I reckon he is—an' I 'spec' he 's got *his* pardner back yonder in de woods, too, an' I know how he feels. But he 'll know de way back."

As she lifted the lid, the bird rose and, with a great cry, darted backward into the night.

SAY NOT FAREWELL

BY ALICE ARCHER SEWALL JAMES

SAY not farewell!
The lovely hour goes;
Into the purple distance of the lake
The gleaming rower rows.
Yet see, the lovely hour
Lets drop its jeweled power;
The sacred instant, shook with sudden breeze,
Flies; and from all the magic morning trees
The dew slips silently.
So let thine own tears be—
Hid in the rainbow of a smiling sun;
For lo, not one
Of these, the Ever-going, take
Of the sweet Now farewell!

Say not farewell!
The word that seizes on the last of bliss
Holds treachery unseen.
E'en though it hide its dagger with a kiss,
It sets a gulf between.
Into the coming hour melt away,
Obedient as the melting rose;
Or, like the unregretting Day,
Who never will return,
Yet radiant goes,
Drop thou thy treasure in its golden urn,
And do not say farewell!

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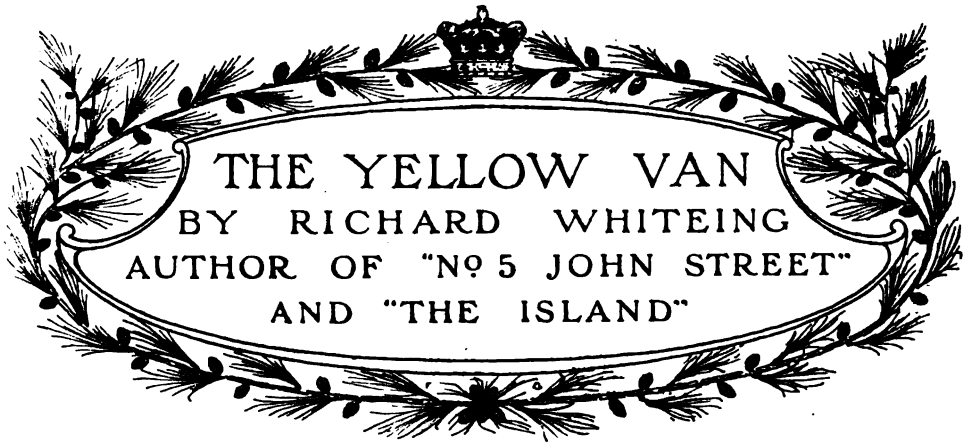

XXXIV

MARY'S distress, though not dangerous, was more serious than they at first supposed. Long after her recovery of consciousness there remained a state of partial collapse. The trials of the last day or two increased her tenderness for both her kin, and her remorse for her conduct to her father. Her escapade at the card-table had now adjusted itself to conscience as a wanton betrayal of the old man. She was going to bring down his gray hairs in sorrow by increasing his embarrassments. In this state, of course, she was ready to believe the worst against herself. She was the wicked child. Poor Tom could not help his extravagance: it was the Service. But what excuse had she? Alas for an ancient house that must find its doom in the follies of a girl!

So what fitter than that the worst should fall on her as a punishment? It was the hand of Providence: the very date of her brother's wound was the one on which she had first sat down to the detested game. On the night of her vigil he was perhaps groaning out his life on the veldt. For Tom was going to die, and to be buried, far from all of them, in a foreign grave. It was horrible to think that at this very moment he might be lying under the turf of a Boer farm, like a dead horse. Brought up as she had been, Mary naturally cherished the proprieties of consecrated ground, British soil, and the family sepulcher.

In all this she had taken Mr. Gooding into her confidence. He was her strong man and keeper, and she had gradually learned to look to him from the men of her house. The sense of her debt to him for deliverance from her late trouble had come upon her in a flash as the hidden meaning of Lady Felicia's parting sneer: "Lucky Mary, with a friend who threatens to tell—" What could it be but that he had forced them to give her another chance? And her fatuous offer of pardon if he would confess himself in the wrong—she could have humbled herself with stripes.

He knew all that was passing in her mind, and was as "innocent" as ever when her confidences were offered once more. He saw that she was on the brink of some desperate resolution—perhaps a journey to South Africa to find Tom and to bring him back, dead or alive. And when he forestalled it by quietly announcing that business might take him to that part of the world, and that, in fact, he was starting the next day, she could have knelt and kissed his hand. Not a single pledge was asked or offered as to his interest in the fate of the wounded man, but the words seemed to give her troubled spirit a foretaste of the great peace. She did not even thank him, while he resolutely talked gold-mines until he bade her and the squire good-by. She returned his pressure of the hand, but she said nothing.

Augusta was to have accompanied him to town on her own quest for the Herions, but she was still detained by the disarray of all the family plans. Everything ducal was done in this deliberate way. Augusta chafed in her bondage of letters to write,

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orders to countermand, all the endless detail of the life of rank. The family was like a great ship, hard to start in any new course, but just as hard to stop when once it had got under way. Custom and usage decreed three weeks longer in the country; and the mistress of Allonby could contrive to get only a week to the good by finally breaking her way out of a coil of red tape. One morning when her bonds had become intolerable, she brushed all her letters aside unopened, ordered her carriage for the next train, and by the afternoon was in town, with the duke to follow as soon as his own servants gave him leave.

Her first experience was disheartening. It was all failure, and it humbled her into a sort of charity for the lawyers and the detectives. The terrible obscurity of the outcasts was the stumbling-block. One can hardly conceive the anonymity of London poverty. It is mere nothingness—the absolute of the unconsidered trifle. Often it still labors toward the patronymic from the mere nickname, and knows a man only as "Squinteye," as one of his betters might have been known centuries ago as "Longshanks." Most of the persons whose addresses Mr. Gooding had carefully noted on his quest were now themselves on a lost trail—atoms floating in the void. One was in Hades.

But a single thing was unchanged—the slum owned by the Duke of Allonby. Augusta had at length heard of that grim incident of her brother's earlier journey. She went to see the place now, partly for her immediate purpose, partly to peep into the Bluebeard's chamber of the ducal estate. There it was, even to the blood in its dismal implications. Oh! And this was the hotbed of human remains wherefrom in part the vigor of a noble house derived its sap! It was not exactly the duke's fault; so much she had learned in answer to her eager inquiries. The houses were leased; they had been misused by the tenants; they were to be torn down and rebuilt as soon as opportunity served. Yet nothing could altogether remove the stain of their associations from the greatness of Allonby.

So passed weeks in idle and, at times, almost aimless activities without result. Sometimes Augusta turned from her search to her charities, in the endeavor to hearten herself up with the thought that she was still of some use in the world. One day she went down to the London Hospital, that vast lazar-house of the East End, and wandered from her ward there to the others through what seemed to be miles of pain—this time, thank Heaven, not unrelieved. It lay quiet, for the most part, gazing upward in mute resignation, perhaps in hope of what lay beyond to the farthest cry. Here, if anywhere, should there be painted ceilings, not in the halls of humanity on the perpendicular. Hardly a moan broke the stillness, but lack-luster eyes attested the weariness of the prospect and the longing for change.

One case was especially touching in its mute resignation. An emaciated man, as tight as a mummy in his bandages, gazed steadily upward with the others. The whole attitude had a sort of rigidity of death about it, even to the fixity of the stare. The fear that he might actually have passed away made her pause to look at him. And, as she looked, there came a great awe upon her, for she knew at once that what she saw was what she had so long sought. That certainty came in a way she could not define—by a something in the expression that we carry with us, almost from the cradle to the grave, perhaps from the cradle itself, to one beholder.

Yet still she lingered dubiously to disentangle the image from a sort of debris of youth and premature age. The old fire was ever in the upturned eyes, only less bright than those of the king of his order, the peasant Burns. But the hair was now gray, and it hung in wisps instead of the old swaths. The cheek had the yellow, unbleached whiteness of the bedclothes, and the whole face was modeled mainly in its lines of bone.

"George—George Herion—don't you know me?"

He gave a convulsive start, turned his head in a fierce, resentful stare, then tried to swing head and body right away from her, with the help of one disengaged arm.

The whole ward was now in movement with the sense of something coming to pass.

A nurse ran up as though to chide her patient for a fault, but forbore when she saw the great lady with his hand in hers. Still, she shook her head and placed a finger to her lips.

Augusta mastered herself with an effort, but a gleam of triumph blended with the

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pity of her eyes. "When may I come to talk to him?" she said.

"To-morrow, I hope, your Grace. At any rate, we 'll do the best we can. Accident, and a bad case. We 've had to move him like so much biscuit china for weeks and weeks."

Found at last! Yet still she dared not make sure of it without reading his bed-card—"George Herion." So the long, long search was at an end.

There was another surprise for her when she reached home—a telegram from Southampton:

Landed Tom Liddicot this morning. Take him home to-morrow. Voyage did wonders. Almost out of danger now.

Arthur.

A fruitful day at last.

XXXV

THEY took Tom down to Liddicot, and Mr. Gooding never left him till he had seen him safely over the moat. The invalid could walk with assistance, and he was evidently on the mend. The flesh-tones wanted freshening where the tan had yielded to the pale underlying tint that seems to be nature's first start with us all.

Father and daughter were both waiting, as on the day of Augusta's visit; but Mr. Gooding was for hurrying away on further "business" when he had delivered up his charge. The old man would not have it so until he had made some attempt to express his thanks. He was naturally able to say rather less than usual, and, in consequence, began to meditate an invitation to dinner as a sort of discharge in full of all demands. A word from Mary put an end to that.

As for her, feeling that she could say nothing, she wisely said it, and, with a downcast look that derived its sole significance from the wit of the interpreter, suffered the young fellow to take his leave.

For the story of how the hero was found they had to rely on his soldier-servant, who came home with him, and who had joined the Service as a lad from the estate. By the general consent of the servants' hall he was a smart fellow, much improved in speech and manners by travel, and particularly by garrison duties in town. The girls listened to his tale for the teller's sake; and Mary's maid brought it to the dressing-room, in due course, whence her mistress took it to the study fire.

The wounded man, though perfectly able to talk and rapidly recovering, had the same constitutional incapacity for narrative as his sire. It was not precisely modesty; it was rather a horror of the sequence of ideas, as a form of "bookiness" unworthy of a sportsman. Indeed, Tom himself referred Mary to his dependent, as to a person who had no uneasiness on this point. "Don't bother, Polly; there 's a dear. Tell Parker to make Sam turn on the tap."

And Sam did full justice to his subject; or, where he failed, the maid in reporting him supplied the finishing touches.

"What I can never get over," he said to his cronies, "is that these Boer chaps are just the same as you or me: farmin' fellows, most of 'em, livin' on the land, an' by it, too, though they get the pull on us with their blacks. Stock-raisin' most of the time: the cattle darkenin' the land in the great drives. An' you might n't think it, but all sorts of things in their houses—photygraphs, Bibles, an' what not, just as it might be 'ere.

"What a rummy sort o' thing war is! Travel thousands o' miles to find you 've got a quarrel with somebody that 's just such another as yourself. Great stretches o' salt sea, an' dark nights, an' winds howlin' all around; an' there you are push, push, pushin' on to get at the man you was fated to kill from your cradle. Goodness! it seems like havin' a row with the next world. But there you find the quarrel waitin' for you, manner o' speakin', when you land. The flags an' the mottos an' the music is all the news you get of it at first, an' it takes many a mile of footin', heel an' toe, before you see an enemy's face. An' not that all at once, mind you. At first all you have to put up with, for a long time, is little specks, nigh a mile off; but you know they want to kill you, an' you got to kill them. *Pop! pop!* an' p'r'aps no one much the worse for it, but it 's rummy all the same. You feel you could go over an' ask 'em what 's the trouble, an' settle it there an' then.

"Close quarters is the rummiest of all. Now you see the eyes o' your man, an' the

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color in his cheeks; an' you got to do him, or he 'll do you. Of course, if he 's comin' straight for you, you put off thinkin' about it till you 've laid him out. But if you 're dodgin' about, dismounted, p'r'aps, an' sparrin' for an openin', for the life o' you, you can hardly help singin' out, 'Hold on!'

"That sort o' thing came to me one day. I was scoutin', advance line, over rough country, great big stones (copies, they call 'em there), when from behind one of 'em up jumps a feller not ten yards off. It was such a surprise for both of us that we clean forgot to shoot. We just stared each other straight in the face—almost rude, as they used to call it when I was a kid. By ——, sir! we knew what was in each other's mind, without a word. We 'd got to kill at short notice, an' we could n't begin for shame.

"I dropped mine; his never stirred from the stone where it was restin'. 'It 's a fine day,' says he, in English, 'fur the time o' year.'

"After that, believe me, I could n't have let fly at him if he 'd asked me to. All I could manage was: 'Same to you, rebel; same to you. How are you gettin' on?'

"'Pretty fair,' he said, 'but I could do with a bit o' fresh meat. An' you don't happen to have such a thing as a pipe-light?'

"'Happy to oblige'; an' I tossed him a box o' blazers. 'Take half, an' kindly return balance, if you please.'

"'How d' you pick up a livin',' said the rebel, 'when you ain't at this work?'

"'Horses.'

"'Just my line. 'Scuse me, but you 're a trifle too far ahead of your lot; we 're workin' round your flank.'

"Just then the bugle sounded for us to fall back.

"'Don't hurry,' he said; 'only keep on your hands an' knees. Creep round this way, an' I 'll stand a drink.'

"Awful stuff it was; yet, takin' one thing with another, toothsome too.

"'I 'm a Burghersdorp man,' says my mate—for that 's what it had come to by this time. 'If you happen to be round that way when this is over, look me up, an' it 'll be your turn to stand treat. If I ain't in, don't bother. See you p'r'aps in the next world. Anyway, pass a drop o' water to one of our wounded, an' I 'll cry quits wherever I may be.'

"'Give us your fist.' An' we gripped behind the stone. Take my oath, it was just like sayin' prayers, kneelin' an' all.

"Then the bugle sung out again, an' we crept back; an' that was the last of him.

"Rummy-like, if you come to think of it. But that 's life, if it ain't exactly war. An' it was war again a moment after, for I passed one or two stiff uns on the way to camp.

"Less than a week after, Mr. Tom was bowled over. A good feller, but a babby at this sort o' game. Cavalry to cover advance, an' he trotted them right into a trap you might have seen a mile off. Trotted up to it, an' trotted into it, sir; an' when we got nicely in the middle they let fly from three sides an' downed him an' fifteen others. Lord! how our fellers swore at him till we got 'em into hospital—them as was able to return thanks. English gentry are all right: you could n't get killed in better company. That 's the use of old families, I fancy, in a country like ours—figureheads. The city people are sharp enough; an' see how they work 'em in—boards an' such like: others to do the schemin' work.

"'I 'm done, Sam,' he said to me. An', sure enough, it looked a case. Mauser bullet right through the stomach, front to back. Well, the moment he got it he begins to be a sportsman again, artful as they make 'em, workin' with his head-piece to save his men. The way he got that troop under cover was a caution, an' the hole in him all the time, mind. Stuck to it till he fainted; an' then the lot of us did a bunk to the rear, wounded an' all. They pulled him about a bit in the ambulance, an' he fainted again an' again. But as soon as he came to for good, he went on workin' with his head-piece, an' saved 'imself, spite o' the doctors.

"How did he do it? Livin' on his fat. You don't understand? How should you? Well, this way:

"'I 'm hit through the intestines,' thinks he—'a clean wound. If I don't give my inside any work to do for a week, the wound may heal of itself.'

"Lord! he can be downy when he takes the trouble. So he lies there, still 's a mouse, six mortal days an' nights without bite or sup. Hardly a word all the time, even to

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me, but gives his orders with his eyes. I wetted his lips now an' then with brandy an' water; that was all. He reckoned he 'd got fat enough to keep him without nourishment, an' he was right. In a manner o' speakin', his fat was his good works, an' he fell back on 'em. By the time he could n't hold out longer, the wound was healed. Then the young American gent comes with all the delicacies o' the season in a hand-bag, an' he begins to pick a bit. The sea-breezes do the rest an'—here we are. Come to think of it, that 's a sort of idea that might do for other things in life, if a chap could work it out. Save all the fat you can, an' live on it when the pinch comes." He was evidently struggling with the conception that goodness is only another kind of fat, but the expression of it was beyond his powers.

The squire's heart melted toward the man who had helped to save his son. He had hitherto had his suspicions of Arthur Gooding, and naturally, for the latter was still something "un-English," all said and done.

He was quite frank about it. "We 've only been acquaintance up to this time, sir," he said. "My fault. I wish we may be friends. You 're a man."

"We have to begin that as early as we can," said Mr. Gooding, "else we get left."

"I should like to know more of you, sir," added the squire, in a penitential tone.

"It 's soon told. We 're older acquaintances, Sir Henry, if not older friends, than you think. My grandfather hoed turnips on one of your father's farms."

"Gooding? Gooding?" said the old man. "Can't say I remember— What, Jack Gooding, big Jack, that used to—oh, Lord!"

"No doubt. It was news to all of us till the other day, when my uncle over yonder turned up a bundle of old letters."

"Big Jack Gooding!" repeated the squire. "Well, well! I don't remember his going away,—I was at Cambridge then,—but I perfectly well remember missing him."

"Yes, sir; it 's all down in the letters. There was no chance for him here, so he left to the tune of 'To the West'—the hymn, I should like to call it, that peopled America. He sought his chance of a larger life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and found all three. Here they keep the openings so much in the family, and he could n't wait. If he 'd stayed he might have been Skett at the best; at the worst—perhaps George Herion."

The squire looked argumentative, but he kept his thoughts to himself.

"He made a fresh start in a village on our side. But there are villages and villages; and that one was panting to make itself a town, and found nobody to say nay. Then it took a fancy to be a city, and still there was no denial; and a city it is to this day. My grandfather owned half of it. I don't say that 's exactly the highest ideal of humanity; but while it 's a mere scramble, why not he as well as the next man? There was none to bar him because of his birth or his breeding, or to set up the claim of a scutcheon against the claim of native wit. Besides, it all righted itself pretty soon. My father lost it in the virtuous attempt to corral the other half; and so we all had to begin again. It 's capital exercise; and I 'm going home by to-morrow's boat for my share. That 's what I came to say."

"Give me your hand, sir," said the squire. "We seem to have got it all wrong here somehow."

"Make it a leave-taking, sir, for the present, and give my respectful compliments to Miss Mary. I could not trust myself to thank either of you in set terms for all the hospitality and all the kindness I have found at Liddicot."

XXXVI

AUGUSTA went early to the hospital on the day after she had found George.

She had at first to sue for his story as for a favor. His sullen wrath against Allonby Castle and all its works and workers knew no distinction of persons. He had been hit from its towers; what mattered the hand or the loophole? Allonby had driven him out, if London had laid him low. The agent was but another name for the duke; the duke, for the duchess: and he hated them all. It was a last touch of pride and defiance that bound him to life.

For Augusta this was all so entirely natural that she had no thought of anger or rebuke. It was his cry for vengeance: he wanted her to feel that she had come too late to save the broken thing at her

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feet. And vengeance was sensation, and sensation was life.

"I 'm done, lady," he said sullenly. "We 'll get it over soon 's may be, if you doan' mind."

"How did it happen, Herion?"

"Gentlefolks—ask them."

"Poor fellow! Give me a better answer if you can—for the sake of others."

"Sake of others! If she was 'ere, she would n't want to see the color of your eyes. What 's done 's done; why make more 'eartbreak for 'er 'n' me?"

"But if only you had written!"

It seemed to rouse him to fury. "What was there to write? That a man turned out of a village at short notice comes to town to starve? Who give all of us to all of you? I only wanted to stand on my own feet an' be a man. Slocum 's mine much as yours. We been there long as anybody, I dare say, if we ain't got writin's to show for it—longer than some."

"How did it happen, Herion?"

"The nuss knows," he muttered. "I got no stomach for the tale."

"I want you to tell me."

"Fell down the 'old of a ship—so Allonby 's got the laugh, after all."

"Allonby won't get much of a laugh out of it, Herion. But never mind that; all your stubbornness and all your pride won't prevent me from doing something to help you."

"I won't 'ave your 'elp, duchess. As for 'er, I tell you, she would n't—ah, God forgive me! an' she 's wearin' her fingers to the bone to keep her babby alive." The hot tears coursed down his cheeks. "Now you 're the winner: my sperrit 's broke."

A sickening and, at the same time, an awful change! The thought of Rose had brought on him a full sense of the terror of the forces arrayed against the "likes of him"—Allonby, and beyond that Heaven's throne and Heaven's judgments—the Heaven of Mr. Raif! It was a reversion to the fears of infancy. He was the peasant child again, the peasant Sunday scholar, with submission at the very heart of him, and the sense of fate.

"Tell me all. And will you try to believe you are telling it to a friend?" She took the lean and clammy hand.

He was quite humble now. "Anything you like; only get it over soon 's you can, if you 're a merciful woman.

"I 'd ha' put by something," he added apologetically, "an' made a start, if the dock work had lasted. When it stopped all of a sudden, I was broke."

"And then?"

"Then the babby. Come to think of it, a laborin' man 's no bezness with anything o' that sort, if he ain't in full work. I 've heared Mester Raif say so many a time; an' it 's reet."

"Never mind Mr. Raif."

"It 's the sties some of 'em 'ave to get born in up in the big towns; an' 'unted from sty to sty at that. It breaks the 'eart of a man, aye, an' the 'eart of a woman, what 's stronger still.

"But I was n't done yet, mind. You must n't think, duchess, I was done so easy 's that. I tramped the county for seven weeks, an' I got a bit o' 'arvestin', an' kep' things goin', an' brought back three pound knotted in my 'ankecher to live on while I waited for another chance at the docks.

"Then the devil got the pull on me again. Three thick uns, all in gold, 'll go a long way, but they won't last forever. When they got low, I used to go an' 'ear the talkin' Sundays at Mile End Waste."

"The outdoor preaching?"

"Not much o' that," he said, with a bitter laugh. "Anarshists—that 's what they call theirselves. It make me feel I 'd rather die than go back to Allonby. Put yourself in my place: touch your 'at to the gentry, touch it to the parson. Always under somebody's eye: church, Sundays, under one overseer; 'oliday sports under another. Coals an' blankits if you behave yourself. Dyin' even under the eye o' your betters. I ain't got 's fur as that yet, an' doan' mean to, if the pieces 'll stick together. Still, duchess, if I 'ad come to it, 'ere you are." He laughed at his own conceit.

"'Ow a man sometimes do feel 'shamed of it—aye, an' a woman more! All the glory alleluia o' life for the gentry, an' the leavin's for us! We got our thoughts. You see, duchess, I got rebellious-like—all foolishness; I see it now."

"Oh, for God's sake, Herion, be rebellious still!" she flashed.

His resignation was much harder for her to bear than his defiance. In her soul she was ready to honor him for his refusal to yield. She, too, was reverting to her

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earlier self, the American girl, whose part as duchess had shrunk to the insignificance of a scene of comedy. Her innermost sympathy was for the rebel against the castle, and against all the assumptions of her own fantastic ideal at Allonby. The relation between village and castle was radically false. Nothing could be done in actual life either for or with these figures of Arcady, as unreal as their prototypes of an Elizabethan mask. But her anger was less against him than against herself. She had tried to accept a convention that she knew to be a fable before experience had shown it to be a lie. Here was the miserable proof in this poor maimed thing—maimed even more seriously in spirit than in body for the battle of life. The system of feudal dependence did not rear men, and was not meant to rear them. It was perhaps no part of her duty to change it, since she was without the power; but she might have let it alone.

"Try it on our chances," was all he said.

"When the dock work began again, lady, I was too greedy at it. Went at it like a famishin' man at 'is victuals, for victuals it was. The very fust day I was trippin' over a plank stretched across a' 'old,—trippin' for joy, like,—an' we both put too much spring in it, me an' the plank, an' it chucked me clean up in the air. I could n't ha' been long gettin' down, but I 'd time to think of Slocum, an' my old mother, an' Rose, an' the child, before I touched bottom with the flat o' my back. Aye, an' more, too. Funny as it seem, I fancied, along with all that, as I was a penny on the toss, an' that it was boun' to finish me, whether I come down 'ead or tail. Then a thud, with not a bit o' pain in it, that put me to sleep for four days, till I woke up 'ere."

He stopped as though he expected some defense of the providential order; but the duchess said never a word.

"They rivited me together — never mind that. But they can't move me, an' 'ere I 've laid ever sence. When I come to, she was at the bedside. 'Doan' you worry, boy,' she whispers, bendin' over me. 'I got work—lots of it—washin'; an' 'ired a mangle: can't go at it fast enough. But I got time for babby, all the same, so there 's more washin' to do, when the other 's done, an' it 's 'im that comes last of all. Then I kiss 'is little pink body all over, an' put him to bed, an' say my prayers over him. It 's only a short prayer, boy, but it 's a good un, for it 's got to last me all the twenty-four hours. An' he send 'is love to father, an'—an'—' Oh!"

He hid his face with the disengaged arm, that moved in one piece like a semaphore, and Augusta hid hers.

"That went on for weeks an' weeks, an' me layin' 'ere all the while. Then one day she come, just same as usual, but she would n't give me 'er 'and when I feel for it; an' when she gave it, it was the left. Then I stuck out for the other, an' found it done up like a dolly under 'er shawl. Crushed in the mangle! Too eager about it, I s'pose—my fault over again. It drawed 'er finger in, like, when she 'appened to turn 'er 'ead to chirrup to the kid in the cot.

"'No pain, boy,' she says, 'till I put it under the tap to stop the bleedin', an' nearly well again now.'

"No pain! Ten times wuss than anything as had 'appened to me, if you measure it by the square inch.

"'Rose,' I said, 'we got to give in, my dear. Write a letter to Allonby. God A'mighty 's lookin' the other way.'

"'Not yet, boy. I can do beautiful by leanin' my wrist ag'in' the side o' the tub. Got all the washin' 'ome Monday, jest the same 's before.'

"But 'ow could I 'elp seeing it? Faster 'n I got better, she was gettin' worse."

"Where is she?" cried Augusta, impatiently, and reverting even to the peculiarities of idiom. "I 've got to see that woman right away."

"It 's visitin' day," he said, "an' she may be here any moment. She might be here now."

"Go on, then."

"Weeks an' weeks more, an' me still 'ere. An' one day she come in all smilin', an' when I take 'er left 'and, same 's before, she laughs. 'Where 's your manners?' she says, an' draws it back an' lays her right hand in mine. 'Cured; an' God bless both my boys!'

"Cured! 'Ealed, if you like; but no more prizes for fine sewin' for my gal. She split her finger," he added childishly, while another tear rolled down his cheek, yet with a sluggish flow. "No cure for my Rose. She comes reg'lar every visitin' day; but the fight 's tellin' on her life: I can see that. Every time I miss somethin'—a

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bit o' the color from her cheek, a bit o' the roundness from her arm. An' the work done without break all this awful time. Oh, we ain't ekal to 'em, we ain't ekal to 'em! They 're nearer the next world nor we!"

Then he stopped, and a piteous trouble came on his face. "Where is she now?" he wailed. "'Alf an 'our late—never like that before! What are we chatterin' 'ere about, payin' compliments?"

Augusta could bear it no longer. "What, indeed? Tell me where she is this instant. Or, stay"—as she saw him sink back with exhaustion; "I 'll send the nurse to you, and get it from her."

A moment more and she was hurrying on her dismal errand through the dismal streets. The very cabman was at fault in the labyrinth of squalor. But at length he found his way to a cottage standing in its own garden—such as may sometimes be seen in the most densely populated quarters. This one was evidently a relic of an earlier state of settlement, when the place was a suburb, and the cockney seeking his pleasure in the green fields paused here for his draught of milk. It had once been whitewashed, its roof had once been tiled, and the slates with which it was now covered had once been whole. Still, even in its ruin it had the waywardness of the cottage style. There was a rudimentary gable, with a pleasant confusion of angles in the ground-plan. What had been the garden was now a network of clothes-lines, with things hanging to dry. A board bore the legend: "Star Laundry. R. Herion."

Augusta knocked, but there was no answer; and a second and a third summons had no better effect. Then a slatternly figure, thrust half-way out of a neighboring window, urged: "Try the back."

Augusta picked her way round to a narrow causeway that led to the back door. It stood wide open, and so did the first door in the narrow passage within the house. She passed through, without further ceremony, and found herself in a kind of best room, poorly furnished, but quite neat, and at present in the sole occupancy of a plump baby crowing in its cot. It was a momentary relief to what was otherwise the perfect stillness of the house. But the stillness more than held its own, until the child and a little clock, between them, seemed but ineffectual protests against a reign of silence that was charged with portent to the anxious visitor. Augusta left the room, hastily called out, "Mrs. Herion! Mrs. Herion!" without receiving any reply, and then followed the track of a pungent odor of soapsuds, which, in its promise of human labor, was also a promise of a sign of life.

It was at once a true promise and a false one. She was in the wash-house now, and a figure stood at the wash-tub, bent to the task, and with its back to the door. It was the house-mother, beyond doubt; and Augusta called to her again: "Rose, Rose! Don't you know me? Don't you hear?"

The figure never stirred, but kept rigid in the lines of its slight stoop over the tub. One arm was bent; the other clutched at the left breast.

Augusta screamed, with a sense of dread foreboding, and ran forward. It was Rose indeed, but with head bowed, eyes fixed in a glassy stare, and stone-dead at her post of duty and of sacrifice.

She was still beautiful even in this ruin. The glorious wealth of dark hair was there, though it was now streaked with gray. The face had lost the unbroken oval of its line, the cheeks the color from which she might have derived her name. The poor hand, still clutching at the heart, was no longer the hand of the dairymaid of Allonby. It was bleached and wrinkled with the hot water and the chemical compounds; and every wrinkle, stiffened in death, looked as though it had been carved in stone. Saddest of all marrings—beauty ravaged by toil and misery before its time.

So perished Rose Herion. "I relieve thee of the burden of existence," whispers the Buddha, as he bestows his boon of eternal sleep on the perfect man. The Merciful, the Compassionate, had looked her way at last.

(To be continued)

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CHAPTERS FROM MY DIPLOMATIC LIFE

FIRST MISSION TO GERMANY, 1879–1881: II

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPERORS WILLIAM I AND FREDERICK, AND OTHERS

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

MY acquaintance at Berlin extended into regions which few of my diplomatic colleagues explored; especially among members of the university faculty, and various others eminent in science, literature, and art.

Writing these lines, I look back with admiration and affection upon three generations of Berlin professors: the first during my student days at the Prussian capital in 1855–56; the second during my service as minister, 1879–81; and the third during my service as ambassador, 1897–1902.

The second of these generations seems to me the most remarkable of the three. It was a wonderful body of men. A few of them I had known during my stay in Berlin as a student, and of these, first in the order of time was Lepsius, the foremost Egyptologist of that period, whose lectures had greatly interested me, and whose kindly characteristics were the delight of all who knew him.

Ernst Curtius, the eminent Greek scholar, was also very friendly. He was then in the midst of his studies upon the famous Pergamon statues, which, by skilful diplomacy, the German government had obtained from the Turkish authorities in Asia Minor and brought to the Berlin Museum. He was also absorbed in the excavations at Olympia, and, above all, in the sculptures found there. One night at court he was very melancholy, and on my trying to cheer him he told me, in a heart-broken tone, that Bismarck had stopped the appropriations for the Olympia researches; but toward the end of the evening he again sought me, his face radiant, and in great glee told me that all was now right—that he had seen the Emperor, and that the noble old monarch had promised to provide for the excavations from his own purse.

Still another friend was Rudolph Gneist, the most eminent authority of his time upon Roman law and the English Constitution. He had acted in behalf of the Emperor William as umpire between the United States and Great Britain with reference to the northwestern boundary, and had decided in our favor. In recognition of his labor, the American government sent over a large collection of valuable books on American history, including various collections of published state papers, and the first duty I ever discharged as minister was to make a formal presentation of this mass of books to him. So began one of my most cherished connections.

Especially prized by me was a somewhat close acquaintance with the two most eminent historical professors then at the university, Von Sybel and Droysen. Each was a man of great ability. One day, after I had been reading Lanfrey's "Histoire de Napoléon," which I then thought and still think one of the most eloquent and instruc-

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tive books of the nineteenth century, Von Sybel happened to drop in, and I asked his opinion of it. He answered: "It does not deserve to be called a history; it is a rhapsody." Shortly after he had left, in came Droysen, and to him I put the same question, when he held up both hands and said: "Yes; there is a history indeed. That is a work of genius. It is one of the books which throw a bright light into a dark time. That book will live."

Professor Hermann Grimm was then at the climax of his fame, and the gods of his idolatry were Goethe and Emerson; but apparently he did not resemble them in soaring above the petty discomforts and vexations of life. Any one inviting him to dine was likely to receive an answer asking how the dining-room was lighted, whether by gas, oil, or wax; also how the lights were placed, whether high or low; and what the principal dishes were to be: and on the answer depended his acceptance or declination. Dining with him one night, I was fascinated by his wife. It seemed to me that I had never seen a woman of such wonderful and almost weird powers; there was something exquisitely beautiful in her manner and conversation. On my afterward speaking of this to another guest, he answered: "Why, of course; she is the daughter of Goethe's Bettina—to whom he wrote the 'Letters to a Child.'"

Another historian was Treitschke, eminent also as a member of Parliament, a man who exercised great power in various directions, and who would have been delightful but for his deafness. A pistol might have been fired beside him, and he would never have known it. Wherever he was, he had with him a block of paper leaves and a pencil, by means of which he carried on conversation; in Parliament he always had at his side a shorthand-writer who took down the debates for him.

Some of the most interesting information which I received regarding historical and current matters in Berlin was from the biologist Du-Bois-Raymond. He was of Huguenot descent, but was perhaps the most anti-Gallic man in Germany. Discussing the results of the expulsion of the Huguenots under Louis XIV, the details he gave me were most instructive. Showing me the vast strength which the Huguenots transferred from France to Germany, he mentioned such men as the eminent lawyer Savigny, the great merchant Ravené, and a multitude of other men of great distinction who, like himself, had retained their French names; and he added very many prominent people of Huguenot descent who had changed their French names into German. He then referred to a similar advantage given to various other countries, and made a most powerful indictment against the intolerance for which France has been paying such an enormous price during more than two hundred years.

Interesting in another way were two men eminent in physical science: Helmholtz and Hoffmann. Meeting them one evening at a court festivity, Hoffmann told us of an experience of his in Scotland. He had arrived in Glasgow late on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning went to call on Professor Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin. The door-bell was answered by a woman servant, of whom Hoffmann asked if Sir William was at home. To this the servant answered, "Sir, he most certainly is not." Hoffmann then asked, "Could you tell me where I could find him?" She answered, "Sir, you will find him at church, where *you* ought to be."

My acquaintance with university men was not confined to Berlin; at Leipsic, Halle, Giessen, Heidelberg, and elsewhere I also found delightful professorial circles. In my favorite field, I was especially struck with the historian Oncken. As a lecturer he was perfect, and I have often advised American historical students to pass a semester, if not more, at Giessen, in order to study his presentation of historical subjects. As to manner, he was the best lecturer on history I heard in Germany, and, with the exception of Laboulaye at the Collège de France, Seelye at Cambridge, England, and Goldwin Smith at Cornell, the best I ever heard anywhere.

Especially delightful were sundry men of letters. Of these I knew best Auerbach, whose charming "Schwarzwälder Dorfgeschichten" were then in full fame. He had been a warm personal friend of Bayard Taylor, and this friendship I inherited. Many were the walks and talks we took together in the Thiergarten, and he often lighted up my apartment with his sunny temper. But one day, as he came in, returning from his long vacation, I said to him, "So you have been having a great joy

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at the unveiling of the Spinoza statue at The Hague." "A great joy!" he said. "*Bewahre!* Far from it. It was wretched—miserable." I asked, "How could that be?" He answered: "Renan, Kuno Fischer, and I were invited to make addresses at the unveiling of the statue; but when we arrived at the spot we found that the Dutch Calvinist dominies and the Jewish rabbis had each been preaching to their flocks that the judgments of Heaven would be visited upon the city if the erection of a statue to such a monstrous atheist were permitted, and the authorities had to station troops to keep the mob from stoning us and pulling down the statue. Think of such a charge against the *Gott-betrunkener Mensch*—who gave new proofs of God's existence, who saw God in everything!"

Another literary man whom I enjoyed meeting was Julius Rodenberg; his "Reminiscences of Berlin," which I have since read, seem to me the best of their kind.

I also came to know various artists, one of them being especially genial. Our first meeting was shortly after my arrival, at a large dinner, and as the various guests were brought up to be introduced to the new American minister there was finally presented a little, gentle, modest man as Herr Knaus. I never dreamed of his being the foremost genre-painter in Europe, and as one must say something, I said, "You are perhaps a relative of the famous painter." At this he blushed deeply, seemed greatly embarrassed, and answered, "A painter I am; famous, I don't know." ("Maler bin ich; berühmt, dass weiss ich nicht.") So began a friendship which has lasted from that day to this. I saw the beginning, middle, and end of some of his most beautiful pictures, and, above all, of the "Hinter den Coulissen" ("Behind the Scenes"), which conveys a most remarkable philosophical and psychological lesson, showing how near mirth lies to tears. It is the most comic and the most pathetic of pictures. I had hoped that it would go to America; but, after being exhibited to the delight of all parts of Germany, it was bought for the Royal Gallery at Dresden.

Very friendly also was Carl Becker. His "Coronation of Ulrich von Hutten," now at Cologne, of which he allowed me to have a copy taken, has always seemed to me an admirable piece of historical painting. In it there is a portrait of a surly cardinal bishop, and once, during an evening at Becker's house, having noticed a study for this bishop's head, I referred to it, when he said: "Yes; that bishop is simply the sacristan in an old church in Venice, and certainly the most dignified ecclesiastic I have ever seen."

The musical soirées at Becker's beautiful apartments were among the delights of my stay both then and during my more recent embassy; there I met Paul Meyerheim, whose pictures always gave me special satisfaction.

Very delightfully dwell in my memory also some evenings at the palace, when, after the main ceremonies were over, Knaus, Becker, and Auerbach wandered with me through the more distant apartments and galleries, pointing out the beauties and characteristics of various old portraits and pictures. In one long gallery lined with the portraits of brides who, during the last three centuries, had been brought into the family of Hohenzollern, we lingered long.

Then began also my friendship with Anton von Werner. He had been present at the proclamation of the Emperor William I in the great "Hall of Mirrors" at Versailles, by express invitation, in order that he might prepare his famous painting of that historic scene. He told me that on arriving he was not allowed to enter the hall for want of an evening dress, but that he went out, hired one, and was then admitted. I asked him whether the inscription on the shield in the cornice of the Galerie des Glaces, "Passage du Rhin," which glorified one of the worst outrages committed by Louis XIV upon Germany, was really in the place where it is represented in his picture. He said it was. It seemed a divine prophecy of retribution.

The greatest genius in all modern German art, Adolf Menzel, I came to know under rather curious circumstances. He was a little man, not more than four feet high, with an enormous head, as may be seen by his bust in the Berlin Museum. On being presented to him during an evening at court, I said to him: "Herr Professor, in America I am a teacher of history, and of all works I have ever seen on the history of Frederick the Great, your illustrations to Kugler's history have taught me most." This was strictly true, for there are no more striking works of genius of

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their kind than those engravings, and they throw a flood of light into that wonderful period. He seemed pleased by this, and invited me to visit his studio, which a few days later I did, and then had a remarkable exhibition of some of his most curious characteristics.

Entering the room, I saw, just at the right, a large picture, finely painted, representing a group of Frederick's generals, and in the midst of them Frederick himself merely outlined in chalk. I said to Menzel, "There is a picture nearly finished." He answered, "No; it is not finished, and never will be." I asked, "Why not?" He said: "I don't deny that there is some good painting in it. But it is on the eve of the battle of Leuthen; it is the consultation of Frederick the Great with his generals just before that terrible battle: and men don't look like that just before a struggle in which they know that most of them must lay down their lives."

We then passed on to another. This represented the great Gens d'Armes Church at Berlin; at the side of it, piled on scaffoldings, a number of coffins, all decked with wreaths and flowers; and in the foreground a crowd of beholders, wonderfully painted. All was finished except one little corner, and I said, "Here is one which you will finish." He said: "No, never. That represents the funeral of the revolutionists killed here in the uprising of 1848. Up to this point"—and he put his finger on the unfinished corner—"I believed in it; but when I arrived at this point I said to myself, 'No; nothing good can come out of that sort of thing: Germany is not to be made by street fights.' I shall never finish it."

We passed on to another. That was finished. It represented the well-known scene of the great Frederick blundering in upon the Austrian bivouac at the Castle of Lissa, when he narrowly escaped capture. I said to him, "There, at least, is a picture which is finished." "Yes," he said; "but the man who ordered it will never get it." I saw that there was a story involved, and asked, "How is that?" He answered: "That picture was painted on the order of the Duke of Ratibor, who owns the castle. When it was finished he came to see it, but clearly thought it too quiet. What he wanted was evidently something in the big, melodramatic style. I said nothing; but meeting me a few days afterward, he said, 'Why don't you send me my picture?' 'No,' I said, 'Serene Highness, that picture is mine.' 'No,' said he; 'you painted it for me: it is mine.' 'No,' said I; 'I shall keep it.' His Highness shall never have it."

One of my habits in those days was to make excursions to historical places. Old studies of German history had stimulated this taste, and I delighted in leaving Berlin on Saturday and staying in some one of these towns over Sunday. Frequently my guide was Friedrich Kapp, one of the most charming of men.

A longer pilgrimage was made to the mystery-play at Oberammergau. There was an immense crowd, and, as usual, those in the open, in front of our box, were drenched with rain, as, indeed, were many of the players on the stage. I had "come to scoff, but remained to pray." There was one scene where I had expected a laugh, namely, where Jonah walks up out of the whale's belly. But when it arrived we all remained solemn. It was really impressive. We sat there from nine in the morning until half-past twelve, and then from half-past one until about half-past four, under a spell which banished fatigue. The great point was that it was real. The actors *believed* in what they represented; there was nothing in it of that vague, wearisome sham "religiosity" which, in spite of its wonderful overture, gave me, some years afterward, a most wretched disenchantment—the "Parsifal" at Bayreuth.

At the close of the passion-play, I sought out some of the principal actors, and found them kindly and interesting. To the *Christus* I gave a commission for a carved picture-frame, and this he afterward executed beautifully. With the *Judas*, who was by far the best actor in the whole performance, I became still better acquainted. Visiting his workshop, after ordering of him two carved statuettes, I said to him, "You certainly ought to have a double salary, as the *Judas* had in the miracle-plays of the middle ages; this was thought to be due him on account of the injury done to his character by his taking that part." At this the Oberammergau *Judas* smiled pleasantly and said, "No; I am content to share equally with the others: but the same feeling toward

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the *Judas* still exists"; and he then told me the following story: A few weeks before, while he was working at his carving-bench, the door of his workshop opened, and a peasant woman from the mountains came in, stood still, and gazed at him intently. On his asking her what she wanted, she replied: "I saw you in the play yesterday; I wish to look at you again. You look so like my husband! He is dead. *He, too, was a very bad man.*"

Occasionally, under leave of absence from the State Department, I was able to make more distant excursions, and first of all into France. The President during one of these visits was M. Grévy. Some years before, I had heard him argue a case in court with much ability; but now, on my presentation to him at the Palace of the Élysée, he dwelt on the relations of the United States with France, and soon fell upon the question of trade, saying in rather a reproachful way, "Vous nous inondez de vos produits." To this I could only answer that this inundation of American products would surely be of mutual benefit to both nations, and he rather slowly assented.

Much more interesting to me was his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Barthélemy-Saint-Hilaire, a scholar, a statesman, and a man of noble character. We talked first of my intended journey to the south of France, and on my telling him that I had sent my eldest son to travel there, for the reason that at Orange, Arles, Nîmes, and the like, a better idea of Roman power can be obtained than in Italy itself, he launched out on that theme most instructively.

The conversation having turned toward politics, he spoke much of Bismarck and Moltke, pronouncing the name of the latter in one syllable. He said that Bismarck was very kind personally to Thiers during the terrible negotiations—that if Bismarck could have had his way he would have asked a larger indemnity, say seven milliards, and would have left Alsace-Lorraine to France; that France would gladly have paid a much larger sum than five milliards if she could have retained Alsace-Lorraine; that Bismarck would have made concessions, but that "Molkt" would not. He added that Bismarck told "Molkt" that he (the latter), by insisting on territory, had made peace too difficult. Saint-Hilaire insisted much on the fearful legacy of standing armies left by the policy which Germany finally adopted, and evidently considered a great international war to be approaching.[1]

Dining afterward at the Foreign Office with my old friend Millet, who was second in command there, I met various interesting Frenchmen, but was most of all pleased with M. Ribot. Having distinguished himself by philosophical studies and made a high reputation in the French Parliament, he was naturally on his way to the very high post in the ministry which he afterward obtained. Like every French statesman, author, professor, or artist whom I met, he won my respect.

It is a thousand pities that a country possessing such men is so widely known to the world, not by them, but by novelists and dramatists largely retailing filth, journalists largely given to the invention of sensational lies, politicians largely obeying either atheistic demagogues or clerical intriguers, and all together acting like a swarm of obscene, tricky, mangy monkeys, chattering, squealing, and tweaking one another's tails in a cage. Some of these monkeys I saw performing their antics in the National Assembly, then sitting at Versailles, and it saddened me to see the nobler element in that assemblage neutralized by such feather-brained creatures.

Another man of note, next whom I found myself at a dinner-party, was M. de Lesseps. I still believe him a great and true man, despite the cloud of fraud which the misdeeds of others drew over his latter days. Among other things, he said to me that he had visited Salt Lake City, and thought a policy of force against the Mormons a mistake. In this I feel sure that he was right. Years ago I was convinced by Bishop Tuttle of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who had been stationed for some years at Salt Lake City, that a waiting policy, in which proper civilization can be brought to bear upon the Mormons, is the true course.

On the following Sunday I heard Père Hyacinthe preach, as at several visits before; but the only thing at all memorable was a rather happy application of Voltaire's remark on the Holy Roman Empire: "Ni saint, ni empire, ni romain."

At the salon of Mme. Edmond Adam,

[1] December, 1880.

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eminent as a writer of review articles and as a hater of everything Teutonic, I was presented to a crowd of literary men who, though at that moment striking the stars with their lofty heads, have since dropped into oblivion. Among these I especially remember Émile de Girardin, editor, spouter, intriguer—the "Grand Émile," who boasted that he invented and presented to the French people a new idea every day. This futile activity of his always seemed to me best expressed in the American simile: "Busy as a bee in a tar-barrel." There was, indeed, one thing to his credit: he had somehow inspired his former wife, the gifted Delphine Gay, with a belief in his greatness, and a pretty story was current illustrating this. During the Revolution of 1848 various men of note, calling on Mme. Girardin, expressed alarm at the progress of that most foolish of overturns, when she said, with an air of great solemnity and pointing upward, "Gentlemen, there is one above who watches over France." ("Il y a un là-haut qui veille sur la France.") All were greatly impressed by this evidence of sublime faith until they discovered by the context that it was not the Almighty in whom she put her trust, but the great Émile, whose study was just above her parlor.

This reminds me that during my student days at Paris I attended the funeral of this gifted lady, and in the mob of well-known persons present noticed especially Alexandre Dumas. He was very tall and large, with an African head, thick lips, and crisp, bushy hair. He evidently intended to be seen. His good-natured vanity was as undisguised as when his famous son said of him in his presence, "My father is so vain that he is capable of standing in livery behind his own carriage to make people think he sports a negro footman."

Among those whom I saw at this time was the eminent critic Sainte-Beuve. I got nothing out of him, but may here give two specimens of his talk which came to me at second hand. The first was given me by James Russell Lowell. Dining with Sainte-Beuve some years before, Lowell asked him which of the two great poets then in vogue —Lamartine and Victor Hugo—he considered the greater; at which Sainte-Beuve shrugged his shoulders and said, "Charlatan pour charlatan, je préfère Lamartine."

The other remark was given me by my old friend Professor Botta, who, having met Sainte-Beuve at dinner in the time of the Second Empire, and having forgotten that he was a salaried senator, asked him whether he thought the reign of Napoleon III would endure. At this Sainte-Beuve shrugged his shoulders and said, "Monsieur, je suis payé pour le croire."

Most interesting to me of all the persons in Nice at that time was a young American about fourteen years of age, who seemed to me one of the brightest and noblest and most promising youths I had ever seen; but, alas! how many hopes were disappointed in his death not long afterward! The boy was young Leland Stanford. The aspirations of his father and mother were bound up in him, and the great university at Palo Alto is perhaps the finest monument ever dedicated by parents to a child.

During another of these yearly absences, in Italy, I met various interesting men, and at Florence the syndic Ubaldino Peruzzi, a descendant of the great Peruzzis of the middle ages and one of the last surviving associates of Cavour. He was an admirable talker, but of all he said I was most pleased with the tribute which he paid to the American minister at Rome, Judge Stallo of Cincinnati. He declared that at a recent conference of statesmen and diplomatists Judge Stallo had carried off all the honors, speaking with ease, as might be necessary, in Italian, French, and English, and finally drawing up a protocol in Latin.

At Florence also I made an acquaintance which has ever since been a source of great pleasure to me—that of Professor Villari, senator of the kingdom, historian of Florence, and biographer of Savonarola. So began a friendship which has increased the delights of many Florentine visits since those days—a friendship not only with him, but with his gifted wife.

This reminds me that at Rome the name of the eminent professor once brought upon me a curious reproof.

I had met at various times, in the Eternal City and elsewhere, an eminent young professor and officer of Harvard University; and being one morning in Loescher's famous book-shop on the Corso, with a large number of purchases about me, this gentleman came in and, looking them over, was pleased to approve several of them. Presently, on showing him a volume just

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published, and saying, "There is the new volume of Villari's history," I pronounced the name of the author with the accent on the first syllable, as any one acquainted with him knows that it ought to be pronounced. At this the excellent professor took the book, but seemed to have something on his mind, and having glanced through it, he at last said rather solemnly, "Yes; Vil*la*ri"—accenting strongly the second syllable—"is an admirable writer."

I accepted his correction meekly, and made no reply, but wondered what he would think of it when, later, he should discover the truth.

A thing so trivial would not be worth remembering were it not one of those evidences, which professors from other institutions in our country have not infrequently experienced, of a "certain condescension" in sundry men who do honor to one or two of our oldest and greatest universities.

Of all people at Rome I was most impressed by Marco Minghetti. He had also been an associate of Cavour, and had held the highest position in the newly established kingdom. One day at his house we were discussing various Italian questions, when I happened to ask regarding the relation of the Vatican ecclesiastics to the existing government. There was present another eminent Italian, Sambuy, syndic of Turin, and his answer made an impression on me. He said: "No one can wonder at the bitterness and violence of the clerical party against the new kingdom of Italy. They are all the more exasperated because they know that, even if the kingdom of Italy were destroyed to-morrow, the papal government could never again rule Rome. They know to a certainty that Rome has become too large, too independent, too much infused with the modern spirit, ever again to submit itself to the rule of a small body of priests; and this knowledge makes them all the more bitter."

Everything I saw confirmed this simple statement, and when I recalled Rome as I knew it during the early days of Pius IX, —dirty, unkempt, wretched, every noble thought repressed, every legitimate aspiration stifled,—and now saw the city extended, beautified in outward appearance, strengthened in the character of its people, so superior in every respect to what it had been under the Pope-King, it was clear to me that Sambuy was right.

Reminiscences of that first official life of mine at Berlin center, first of all, in Bismarck, and then in the two great rulers who have since passed away: the old hero Emperor William I, and that embodiment of all qualities which any man could ask for in a ruler of a great nation, the crown prince, who afterward became the Emperor Frederick III.

Both were kindly, but the latter was especially winning. At different times I had the pleasure of meeting and talking with him on various subjects; but perhaps the most interesting of these interviews was one which took place when it became my duty to conduct him through the American exhibit in the International Fisheries Exhibition at Berlin.

He had taken great interest in developing the fisheries along the northern coast of Germany, and this exhibition was the result. One day he sent the Vice-Chancellor of the Empire to ask me whether it was not possible to secure an exhibit from the United States, and especially the loan of our wonderful collections from the Smithsonian Institution and from the Fisheries Institution of Woods Holl. To do this was difficult. Before my arrival an attempt had been made and failed. Word had come from persons high in authority at Washington that Congress could not be induced to make the large appropriations required, and that sending over the collections was out of the question. I promised to do what I could, and remembering that Fernando Wood of New York was chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means in the House, and that Governor Seymour, then living in retirement near Utica, was his old political associate and especially interested in re-stocking the waters of New York State with fish, I sent the ex-governor a statement of the whole case, and urged him to present it fully to Mr. Wood. Then I wrote in the same vein to Senator Conkling, and, to my great satisfaction, carried the day. The appropriation was made by Congress, and the collections were sent over under the control of Mr. Brown Goode of the Smithsonian, perhaps the most admirable man who could have been chosen out of the whole world for that purpose. The prince was greatly delighted with all he saw, showed remarkable intelligence in his questions, and, thanks to Mr. Goode's assis-

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tance, he received satisfactory answers. The result was that the American exhibit took the great prize,—the silver-gilt vase offered by the Emperor William,—which is now in the National Museum at Washington.

The prince showed a real interest in everything of importance in our country. I remember his once asking me, regarding the Brooklyn Bridge, how it could possibly be sustained without guy-ropes. Of course it was easy to show him that while in the first of our great suspension-bridges —that at Niagara—guy-ropes were admissible, at Brooklyn they were not, since ships of war, as well as merchant vessels of the largest size, must pass beneath it; and I could only add that Roebling, who built it, was a man of such skill and forethought that undoubtedly, with the weight he was putting into it and the system of trusses he was placing upon it, no guy-ropes would be needed to hold it in place.

On many occasions the prince showed thoughtful kindness to members of my family as well as to myself, and the news of his death gave me real sorrow: it was a vast loss to his country; no modern monarch has shown so striking a likeness to Marcus Aurelius.

Hardly less hearty and kindly was the Emperor then reigning—William I. Naturally enough, he remembered, above all who had preceded me, Mr. Bancroft; his first question at court generally was, "How goes it with your predecessor?" ("Wie geht es mit Ihrem Vorgänger?"); and I always knew that by my "predecessor" he meant Bancroft. When I once told him that Mr. Bancroft, who was not far from the old Kaiser's age, had bought a new horse and was riding assiduously every day, the old monarch laughed heartily and dwelt on his recollections of my predecessor, with his long white beard, riding through the Thiergarten.

Pleasant to me was the last interview, on the presentation of my letter of recall. It was at Babelsberg, the Emperor's country-seat at Potsdam, and he detained me long, talking over a multitude of subjects in a way which showed much kindly feeling. Among other things, he asked where my family had been staying through the summer. My answer was that we had been at a hotel near the park and palace of Wilhelmshöhe, above Kassel, and that we all agreed that he had been very magnanimous in assigning to the Emperor Napoleon III so splendid a prison and such beautiful surroundings. To this he answered quite earnestly, "Yes; and he was very grateful for it, and wrote me to say so. But, after all, that is by no means the finest palace in Germany." To this I answered, "Your Majesty is entirely right; that I saw on visiting the Palace of Würzburg." At this he laughed heartily and said, "Yes; I see that you understand it. Those old prince-bishops knew how to live." As a matter of fact, various prince-bishops in the eighteenth century impoverished their realms in building just such imitations of Versailles as that sumptuous Würzburg Palace.

He then asked me, "On what ship do you go to America?" and I answered, "On the finest ship in your Majesty's merchant navy, the *Elbe*." He then asked me something about the ship, and when I had told him how beautifully it was equipped, it being the first of the larger ships of the North German Lloyd, he answered: "Yes; what is now doing in the way of ship-building is wonderful. I received a letter from my son, the crown prince, this morning on this very subject. He is at Osborne, and has just visited a great English iron-clad man-of-war. It is wonderful; but it cost a million pounds sterling." At this he raised his voice, and throwing up both hands, said very earnestly, "We can't stand it—we can't stand it!"

After this and much other pleasant chat, he put out his hand and said, "Auf Wiedersehen"; and so we parted, each to take his own way into eternity.

The other farewells to me were also gratifying. The German press was very kindly in its reference to my departure; and just before I left Berlin a dinner was given me in the great hall of the Kaiserhof by leading men in parliamentary, professional, literary, and artistic circles. Kindly speeches were made by Gneist, Camphausen, Delbrück, George von Bunsen, and others—all forming a treasure in my memory which, as long as life lasts, I can never lose.

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THE CHARACTER OF LEO XIII

BY HIS EMINENCE JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS

LEO XIII will surely rank among the pontiffs who were great theologians and philosophers, like Innocent III and Benedict XIV. His encyclicals on the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas and on the study of church history will long remain excellent guides to all who engage in these profound and useful studies. More than once he dealt with the problems of ecclesiastical education, especially in his letter to the bishops of France. The Catholics of the United States have to thank him for the creation of the Catholic University at Washington. He had a many-sided mind, that astonished by its activity and by the number of its interests. Had it been given him to deal practically in the Holy City with great problems of a social or educational character, we may well believe that he would have created durable institutions to hand down to posterity his noble purposes transformed into realities.

As it is, there is scarcely any line of mental activity that he did not, directly or indirectly, illustrate. From his numerous writings could be constructed a manual of direction for ecclesiastical youth. They breathe throughout a spirit of charity; he seemed anxious to set forth the truth in words devoid of rancor or bitterness. The reunion of the churches was always his fondest dream, and in his letters to the Greeks and the Anglicans there is evident a paternal fondness for these great races and a deep melancholy that they should remain, to a great extent, cut off from the unity of Catholicism. In all his letters are visible certain peculiar qualities, notably freshness, clearness, and vigor of thought that seemed to increase with age. There is a solemn splendor in the diction of these great pontifical documents that nobly befits them and makes them suitable channels for the teachings of the most elevated among men. In the majesty of this pontifical language the ancient church finds the proper setting for her long and wonderful history, that never seems so well set forth as when it is couched in this grandiose style. We must remember, too, that the writer was a man of the rarest experience, whether we regard its variety and length, or the character of the offices he filled and the human interests that were confided to him. One thing was noteworthy in the accents of that venerable man, a certain deep affection for our common humanity, a healthy optimism as to the future of our race, despite its errors and its wanderings.

Leo XIII was always noted for his love of Latin letters. If he had lived in the time of the Renaissance, he would surely have been a great Mæcenas to the scholars that surrounded the papal throne. He was a Latin poet of high rank, and his effusions were read with admiration and delight. His lack of means did not permit of vast literary enterprises, but many excellent works were carried on at his expense or furthered by his subsidies. His generosity in opening the Vatican archives to the historians of the Old and the New World will never be forgotten; only lately he referred to this act with great satisfaction. We are, perhaps, too near this wonderful figure to appreciate what he accomplished, what he stood for. But posterity, usually a just judge, will register as its verdict that he left the Holy See enriched by the example of his private virtues and exalted in the esteem of all serious men by reason of his superior wisdom, his lofty teachings, his sure insight into the conditions and needs of the time, and his efforts to interpenetrate all public life with the saving spirit of genuine religion.

The memory of Leo XIII was strikingly retentive, as was evident from several incidents which occurred in my presence. On

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From a sketch from life by André Castaigne

LEO XIII

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one occasion I presented to his Holiness a young married couple from Quebec. As soon as I mentioned Quebec the Pope remarked: "Oh, you are under the jurisdiction of Archbishop Begin," adding, "Monsignor Begin is the successor of Cardinal Taschereau." Then turning to me, he said: "Cardinal Taschereau received the red hat with your Eminence." We may judge of the accuracy of his retentive faculty from the consideration that upward of fourteen years had expired since this incident occurred. On another occasion I accompanied his Holiness while he was giving an audience to about one hundred and fifty persons assembled in the Sala Clementina from various parts of the Christian world. The Pope having asked a lady surrounded by her children whence she came, she replied by giving the name of a Spanish city. He at once remarked: "You have recently lost your bishop." We cannot but admire this retentive memory when we consider that the Pope was in daily communication with upward of one thousand bishops scattered throughout the globe.

The interest of Leo XIII in the affairs of the United States was intelligent and constant. His memory was unfailing for all the little details that concerned the great republic of the West. This surprised me very much during my several visits to him, and I have reason to know that President Roosevelt's gift to him of the "Messages and Papers of the Presidents" was exceedingly agreeable to him.

For myself, as a citizen of the United States, and without closing my eyes to our shortcomings as a nation, I say with a deep sense of national pride and gratitude that I belong to a country where the civil government holds over us the ægis of its protection without interfering with us in the legitimate exercise of our mission as ministers of the gospel of Christ. Our country enjoys liberty regulated by law, and exercises authority without despotism. She rests secure in the consciousness of her strength and her good will toward all. Her harbors are open to welcome the honest immigrant who comes to advance his temporal interests and to find a peaceful home among us.

But while we are acknowledged to have a free government, perhaps we do not receive credit for possessing also a strong government, though since our war with Spain, Europe has been impressed with our military power. Our nation's strength lies, under the overruling guidance of Providence, in the majesty and supremacy of the law, in the loyalty of her citizens, and in the affection of her people for her free institutions. There are, indeed, grave social problems engaging the attention of the citizens of the United States, but I have no doubt that with God's blessing these problems will be solved by the calm judgment and sound sense of the American people, without violence or revolution or any injury to individual rights.

The creation of John Henry Newman as cardinal was one of the glories of the reign of Leo XIII. It was an augury of the policy which was to make his pontificate what it has been. It was an evidence of that singular nobility of mind and that sympathetic comprehension which impressed themselves on all the writings and actions of the Holy Father. He was above all considerations of petty criticism, and he knew the truth had nothing to fear; so, in spite of the scruples of those who misunderstood Newman, he made the author of "The Development of Christian Doctrine" a cardinal deacon in 1879. In the summer of 1880, on my way to Rome, I first met Cardinal Newman, and heard with pleasure his high appreciation of Leo XIII —an appreciation of the Holy Father's intellectual ability which time has confirmed.

Pius IX, whom I did not know so well as Leo XIII, was unfailingly amiable; his face was radiant with sweetness and kindliness. I well remember that his benevolence impressed me most, while in the case of his successor I was most impressed with his courage and what I might call, in the best sense, his exaltation. There was a noble light in his face which actually seemed to shine through and illuminate it. As often as I have gone to Rome I have delighted that each voyage brought me nearer to the pontiff, who every time seemed more fatherly and more friendly. Courage and strength and understanding marked him. In him it may be truly said that charity and faith had cast out fear. He seemed to be the very spirit of the Christian sage and soldier—the martyr, even. Indeed, nobility of character, which years of communion with God had raised to the highest point, seemed to me to be the principal trait of this wonderful Pope.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME

A WISE LEADER

THE paper by Booker T. Washington in this number of THE CENTURY was prepared some time ago, at our request—made before events had started up the recent controversy about the name of the author. It was designed simply to be one of the series which has been published from time to time in our pages on heroism—the heroism of others besides the combatants of war. Appearing now, this paper has peculiar interest, both on account of its subject and by reason of its authorship.

Never was the dark race under keener criticism, and for obvious reasons; and, also, never was there a time when greater efforts were being made by leading members of the white as well as of the dark race, North and South, to lift the black man to the level of his highest possibilities. As examples of this effort we may refer to the address in April in Richmond by Chancellor Hill of the University of Georgia, from which quotation was made in our July number; as well as to the discussions in Boston in July in connection with the meeting of the National Educational Association. Mr. Washington himself is a still more interesting personality than he was a few years ago, on account of the influence of his principles as affecting other communities and continents than our own, on account of the liberal gift toward the endowment of his labors by Andrew Carnegie, and especially on account of the tactful manner in which he has carried himself and supported his cause in circumstances of appalling difficulty.

It is not surprising that the calmness and wisdom of his courage should have subjected him to the suspicion and attack of some exasperated members of his own race. A recent instance of the manner in which he met such attack is still fresh in the public mind. He insisted upon keeping a calm front against injustice and upon an appeal to the better element in the community, rather than entering on a course of hysterical vituperation. It is not surprising that one of our prominent metropolitan newspapers should have expressed surprise the other day at the continuing evidences of Booker Washington's wise leadership.

His public career has indeed preserved a remarkable consistency, from the time his name sprang into national prominence by means of his Atlanta speech, down to the present moment. A few months ago he addressed the students at Hampton in words which seemed to sum up his gospel to the black race. We can testify to the enthusiastic reception given his words then by those to whom they were particularly addressed. They were, indeed, golden words. Would that they could be fixed in the understanding of every youth of color in America! His address was in line with all his public utterances to like audiences, and consisted of a fervid appeal to his people to disarm criticism of their alleged racial faults, not by mere argumentation, but by industry, thrift, and all the virtues of conscientious citizenship. Mr. Washington has never been tempted into bitterness and regrettable denunciation; he has appealed to the better sentiment among the white people; he has generously acknowledged their confidence and their assistance, and he has gone on to build deep the foundations of racial regeneration.

His statesmanlike attitude creates an obligation for his moral support on the part of all men and women of good will in every part of the country, but especially in the Southern States. Much of the best element of the South is already enlisted in this support, and in that of the industrial methods of education for which Hampton and Tuskegee stand so conspicuously, and which are gaining ground in all directions in the South. The attempt to uplift the negro would not be complete without the point of view so eloquently and pathetically set forth by a scholarly advocate like Professor W. E. B. Du Bois. But

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the work that Booker Washington is doing is so vitally and immediately applicable and important, and his personal influence is so wholesome, that it would seem that there is little exaggeration in his popular title of the Moses of his people.

THE KINDERGARTEN IDEA

A HIGHLY interesting feature of this year's great meeting in Boston of the National Educational Association was the place given to the kindergarten in the general scheme of education. On the first day of the session President Hyde of Bowdoin, in reviewing "The Educational Progress of the Year," declared that the kindergarten idea is improving teaching in all the primary grades. "The wiser kindergartners are learning that the spirit of Froebel enables them to dispense with a good deal of the letter of the law and to make their teaching a helpful preparation for the primary work."

One day was devoted, in the "Department of Kindergarten Education," to "The Extension of the Kindergarten Ideal into Other Fields of Education," and another day to the subject of "The Kindergarten and the Community." While commendation was the prevailing tone, there was also suggestive criticism. The essays and debates constituted a remarkable evidence of increase in the general acceptance of kindergarten methods and ideals.

A striking evidence of the actual increase in the number of kindergartens was furnished by a statement as to the kindergartens in New York. In 1877 a public kindergarten was established in connection with the Normal College, and in 1878 one in connection with the Society for Ethical Culture. But in 1888, in all the territory now occupied by Greater New York, there were probably not as many as half a dozen kindergartens, public and private put together. To-day there are over five hundred. This increase has been brought about, to a considerable extent, through the efforts of those connected with the New York Kindergarten Association, established, in 1889, partly with the object of inducing the authorities to introduce kindergartens into the public-school system of the metropolis.

Whatever may be the theoretic view of the kindergarten entertained by this or that educator or critic of educational methods, it is generally found that those best acquainted with the practical workings of the system are the ones most convinced of its immense utility. Evidence was brought before the convention not only that it was a good thing for the children of "the masses," but for the children of families of all grades of culture and wealth. An important feature of its work is the instruction and help given to mothers, ignorance of childhood and of child nurture and of the psychological and moral management of children being by no means confined to the dwellers in the crowded tenements.

Naturally, the most appreciable social uplift and the most picturesque results of the kindergarten are visible in the houses and districts where there is the greatest poverty with the greatest congestion of population. By no means are manners always brutal where the struggle of life is severest; nevertheless the story that was quoted at Boston from Jacob A. Riis as coming from Hull House in Chicago has typical value. There was a picture of a quiet harvest scene: the woman resting on the ground —perhaps just before getting out the lunch; the father standing by, mopping his brow. A boy looks at the picture contemplatively for a while, and then, turning to Miss Addams, says: "Well, he knocked her down, did n't he?"

The fortunately limited custom of sewing on the clothes of children for the winter in New York was also described; and the piling on of skirts in the hottest weather, the clean on top of the soiled.

Children of from three to six, going into the public-school kindergarten, bring the whole family, sometimes a whole neighborhood, into physically and spiritually helpful influences. Through the kindergarten children learn cleanliness, self-respect, mutual kindness, observation, an interest in nature and in handiwork, a sense of law and order, the possibility of wholesome and unscolded childish happiness. The parents learn something of sanitation and hygiene, a better way of training their children, and many other things taught by contact with teachers who do not offend by airs of patronage.

There are so many evil object-lessons and influences in America just now, there is such a frightening increase of the lynch-

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ing mania and of civic corruption, there is such violence in connection with labor troubles, that an institution like the kindergarten, which takes the child at the earliest possible age and trains him in the virtues which are inimical to these unsocial forces and influences, commands, and is certainly receiving, the deepest attention of our educational authorities, whether these authorities belong to our governmental or voluntary systems of education. As was said at the convention, in such a time as this, if there were no such thing as the kindergarten, it would be necessary to invent it.

OPEN LETTERS

The New Movement in Commercial Education

A NEW educational movement is in progress which promises to develop into enormous proportions and have a marked effect on the future prosperity of our country. I refer to the systematic study of commerce. Heretofore it has been urged, mainly by the practical merchant, that the best way to learn commercial methods was to engage in actual business; and the youth who expected to pursue a mercantile career has been advised to get into his line of work as early in life as possible. Even the time spent under the broadening influence of the high school has been begrudged by the more narrow-minded commercial enthusiasts.

The old idea that merely a long apprenticeship gave the best preparation for the successful prosecution of almost any calling has been discarded for the most part, and in all lines of work requiring skilled labor it has been found desirable, and in fact, under modern conditions, a necessity, to supplement the lessons of actual experience by instruction in professional and trade schools. The result is that hundreds of technical schools are now scattered over our land, and although the instruction is not everywhere on the same plane, yet it is always sufficiently thorough to enable the aspiring young apprentice to obtain some knowledge of the general principles which underlie his chosen calling.

That some kind of preliminary business training is desirable began to be recognized upward of a quarter of a century ago, when the so-called business or commercial college sprang into existence. The aim of these schools has been to devote a few months to the training of persons for the routine of business; to give them some knowledge of how to keep books, and of the methods employed in business exchange, and to fit them to perform with correctness and celerity some special duties which are necessary for carrying on commercial undertakings. The study of the broad conditions of commerce has been neglected, however, and it is the realization of this that has started the new movement in commercial education.

It is difficult to point to any one specific cause which has been more influential than any others in starting this new movement into activity. It may be that commercial men have felt that their youth ought to have the same facilities which the farmer enjoys in the agricultural colleges, or the mechanical worker in his trade schools. It may be that the fast-changing conditions of commerce, which have in prospect a vast foreign trade, are demanding a differently trained class of employees from those of other days, when local, or at least domestic, trade was all-important. It may be that through closer contact with foreign traders, and the wide-spread diffusion of the knowledge concerning foreign commercial methods which our consuls are reporting to our State Department, our business men are beginning to feel that they ought to take advantage of everything which points toward the more successful prosecution of trade.

Probably all of these causes have been effective in changing the old conditions; but, on the other hand, the present movement can be accounted for merely on the grounds of the recent rapid elevation of the standards of education throughout the country, and the awakening of an interest in economic studies in our colleges and universities.

Whatever the cause of its origin, the idea of commercial education has arrived; and it has come to stay. Moreover, it is of such importance and far-reaching influence that there can be predicted for it a magnificent future development.

We have witnessed the division of the high school of former years into high school, Latin (or college preparatory) school, and manual-training school. The next movement is to make still another subdivision and allow the commercial high school a place in the league.

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The commercial high school is not a visionary scheme; it is already a successful actuality: by this is not meant the course in bookkeeping which some high schools have taught for years. Philadelphia has already established such a school, and its instantaneous success has pointed out clearly the duty of school boards to establish similar schools, either independently or as branches of high schools, in all of our large cities; and even in the smaller cities thorough commercial courses can be established in connection with the existing high-school schedules. A number of high schools have recently arranged a good commercial curriculum paralleling the usual course, and in some cases a full third of the pupils who would ordinarily have taken the old course have chosen the new one.

The curriculum of a commercial high school must embrace the following topics:

English composition, especially the writing of themes in various forms. A little Latin, sufficient to enable the pupil to translate ordinary Latin quotations and to give some ground-work training in the study of foreign languages. French, German, and Spanish, sufficient to enable the pupil to carry on a correspondence in those languages.

History, ancient and modern, and the outlines of modern industrial and commercial history. The elements of political and economic science, including the following subjects: the resources of various countries (especially of the United States), statistics, transportation, banking and finance.

Political, physical, and commercial geography and climatology.

The elements of botany and zoölogy. Elementary physics and chemistry, especially industrial chemistry.

Commercial arithmetic, elementary algebra, and geometry. Bookkeeping, and the drill in business methods now given in the business and commercial schools.

Of course the high-school pupil can have presented to him only the barest elements of the broader subjects above mentioned, but he will have his eyes opened to their importance, and he can be taught how to apply much of the information which he acquires in after life.

That higher institutions of learning will supplement this commercial high-school course there can be no question, and pioneers have been at work in Wisconsin and elsewhere urging the importance of provision for systematic advanced instruction in commercial science. In fact, at some of our great universities, as for instance at Harvard, one can select courses of study from the present varied curriculum which will about parallel the scheme which would naturally be set down as desirable for a college course in commerce. Germany and Great Britain have anticipated us in recognizing the necessity for this new line of education, but there is no reason why we cannot ourselves obtain the lead.

Perhaps the most important subject mentioned in the list of studies for a commercial high school is that of geography. Taken in its wider sense, this includes the economic resources and needs of various countries, and their climates. A very great drawback to the pursuit of the study of these topics is the absence of proper text-books; but this lack will undoubtedly be remedied as the demand for such instruction increases. In fact, the latest tendencies in the development of general geographical instruction seem to be in the direct line of the needs of students of commercial geography. The progress of this new movement in education will be watched with the greatest concern by all persons interested in the welfare of our country; for our future position as a power among nations will largely depend on our commercial success.

Frank Waldo, Ph.D.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Expected

IT may be a girl that 's comin',
It may be a boy like me;
They oughter know,
But 't seems as though
They can't tell which 't will be.

There 's a lot o' night-gowns ready
That would n't fit the *cat;*
Such teeny clothes—
I would n't s'pose
'T would be as wee as that.

They say 't will be a young one,
But I guess I 'll wait an' *see;*
If they dunno yet
What kind they 'll get,
They dunno how old 't will be.

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Our Farver in heavim 'll send it—
It seems to be kinder late;
Would n't I laugh
If 't was six an' a half,
Or maybe goin' on eight!

Would n't I teach it hooky
An' mumbly-peg an' craps!
They seem to think
'T will do nothin' but drink
An' sit around in their laps.

If it really is a small one,
I 'll show it around first-rate,
An' scare it some.
I wish 't would come;
Seems 's if I could n't wait.

Ethel M. Kelley.

A Boy, an Aunt, and a Rooster

IN the days when a brown-stone front was regarded as the outer and visible sign of "gentility," and when life in New York was a simpler matter than it is to-day, there lived in one of the orthodox mansions a certain highly respectable maiden lady and two nephews, cousins, to whom she was guardian.

A classmate and chum of the elder boy had become the happy possessor of a rooster, which, the seller assured him, had a "big gamy streak to him." Inflamed by this eulogy, both boys were wild for a "match"; and not having the means wherewith to purchase an antagonist, they put their heads together to compass the borrowing of one, and with the following results:

The younger cousin, an unusually polite and gentle little boy, was despatched on the first holiday to the grocery where the family dealt, ostensibly to order a chicken for dinner. "But," he said, pointing to a coop of live fowls, "my aunt wants to see it before you kill it."

The grocer assented, and forthwith drew from the coop what he considered a desirable bird. But the boy would have none of it. He had set his heart on a rainbow-colored rooster with enormous comb and tail.

"Why," said the grocer, "that is the very toughest old customer in the bunch."

"My aunt likes them tough," said the gentle little boy.

In a couple of hours the rooster was borne back to the store—one eye shut, his comb torn and bloody, and but one feather of his beautiful tail left. But he was crowing so triumphantly that a small crowd followed him. He had suffered, but the bird with the "big gamy streak to him" was nowhere.

"My aunt is much obliged to you," said the polite and gentle little boy to the astonished grocer. "She can't decide to-day, but she would like to look at him again next Saturday."

Torquil MacDonald.

FAMILY RESEMBLANCES

CALLER: Is n't he sweet! — and he takes after you, too.
MOTHER: Yes; they say he has my eyes and his father's horns.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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FIELD SPORTS OF TO-DAY—THE NEW AND THE OLD TYPE OF SPORTSMAN

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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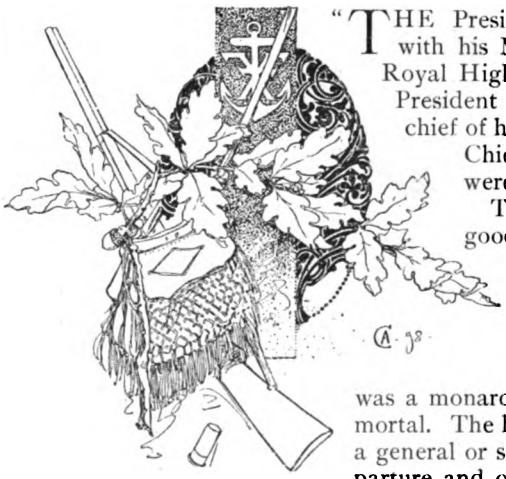
WHEN THE FRENCH PRESIDENT GOES HUNTING

BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

WITH PICTURES BY THE WRITER



"THE President of the republic hunted yesterday with his Majesty the King of Portugal and their Royal Highnesses the Grand Dukes of ——. The President was accompanied by General X——, chief of his military establishment, and M. X——, Chief of Protocol. The invited guests were," etc.

Thus the newspapers make known to the good people of France that the President of the republic has been on a little excursion into the country, and has shot rabbits in the Rambouillet thickets or over the grounds of Marly. The chief of state in a country which for centuries was a monarchy cannot go abroad like any ordinary mortal. The head of the cabinet, one or two ministers, a general or so, will be in attendance both on his departure and on his return, and it is a chance if the prefect of the department through which he must pass is not notified to be on hand to harangue him in periods of the style of Louis XIV.

The great official hunts given by the President of the republic to the ministers, senators, deputies, state councilors, magistrates, ambassadors, and now and again to some imperial or royal personage who may chance to be passing through Paris, usually begin about the middle of October.

They afford the Parisian journalists an opportunity, seldom neglected, to serve up

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Half-tone plate engraved by W. Miller

THE ISLE OF ROCKS, WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE CHÂTEAU OF RAMBOUILLET

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their articles of the preceding year, and to recount anew how these great official battues are organized by the guardians and under-guardians of the national preserves, and by other functionaries of the presidential household.

The ceremonial of these hunts varies somewhat with the different Presidents; under M. Loubet, for example, who, more than any other President, is a true "child of the people," there is nothing especially impressive about them.

Under M. Félix Faure, on the contrary, there was a greater display of monarchical state than is seen to-day, a circumstance, by the way, to which the enemies of M. Faure did not fail to call attention. From his time these hunts have become events of considerable importance. He was never happier than when presiding over the republic, gun in hand, and surrounded by distinguished guests, in the Rambouillet forest; and he caused a magnificent work to be prepared by the keeper of the national preserves, the art direction of which was confided to me. The edition was limited to a hundred and fifty copies, and it was printed by the national printing-office. Copies, with a preface written by President Faure, were sent to the various kings, princes, grand dukes, ambassadors, and others with whom he had hunted or had had diplomatic or personal relations, or to those to whom, for some reason or other, he wished to present a souvenir.

Félix Faure, good and large-hearted man, albeit a little intoxicated by his popularity, was said to be extremely particular on points of etiquette, and the almost royal state that he maintained demanded a rule of precedence at which the French people were inclined to laugh a little. All this, however, was for the most part mere newspaper talk, for at heart he was simplicity itself.

He dearly loved to hunt, just for his own pleasure, in that historic park where the kings, emperors, and presidents who had preceded him formed, as it were, a line of glorious ancestry. For the forest of Rambouillet is as old as the history of France itself, and doubtless on many a gray autumnal morning, as the President trampled the dead leaves beneath his feet, he evoked crowding memories of its majestic past.

Rambouillet, heart of the ancient forest of Yveline, country of the Druids, and famous hunting-ground of the Carnute and the proud Gaul—few districts indeed are richer in historic associations or memories of the chase.

Cæsar, in his "Commentaries," describes the hunting there of a wild bull as large as an elephant; and it was there that the last of the Druids found a final refuge from the pursuing Romans. Dolmens, druidical stones, Gaulish settlements, Roman camps—all are to be found in Rambouillet.

Clovis, finding himself ill one day, in order to appease God, presented the forest to the church of Rheims, while Pepin took it away from Rheims and gave it to St. Denis.

Charlemagne made a brave show on the occasions when he hunted there, accompanied by his empress, the beautiful Luitgard, and by those wonderful princesses with the names of fairies, Bertha, Gisela, Rhodaid, Theodrada, Hiltrud, each wearing a golden diadem and mounted upon a superb charger.

There Carloman was killed by a wild boar, Hugh Capet built a château, Robert the Pious and Henry I reveled, and Louis VI died. After Louis VII, from 1204 to 1491 it was still the custom, in the intervals of the crusades, to hunt in Rambouillet, while from the time of Charles VIII to our own day each successive King of France has there followed the royal hunt, as his forefathers did before him.

Francis I, whom the savants named the "father of letters," but who is known among sportsmen as the "father of hunting," died at the Rambouillet château, in a room at the top of the great tower. It was in the château, too, that Catharine de' Medici anxiously awaited news of the struggle between the Duke of Guise and the Protestants, and there Henry III took refuge when he fled from Paris. Henry IV squandered at Rambouillet, says Sully, a yearly sum of one million two hundred thousand écus.

But it was under Louis XIII, a finished sportsman, that the royal hunt attained its apogee of luxury. There were a grand huntsman, four lieutenants of the chase, four sublieutenants, forty gentlemen with quarterings, a lieutenant, and eight ordinary gentlemen, two pages carrying the royal colors, four almoners, four doctors, four surgeons, fifty whippers-in, four har-

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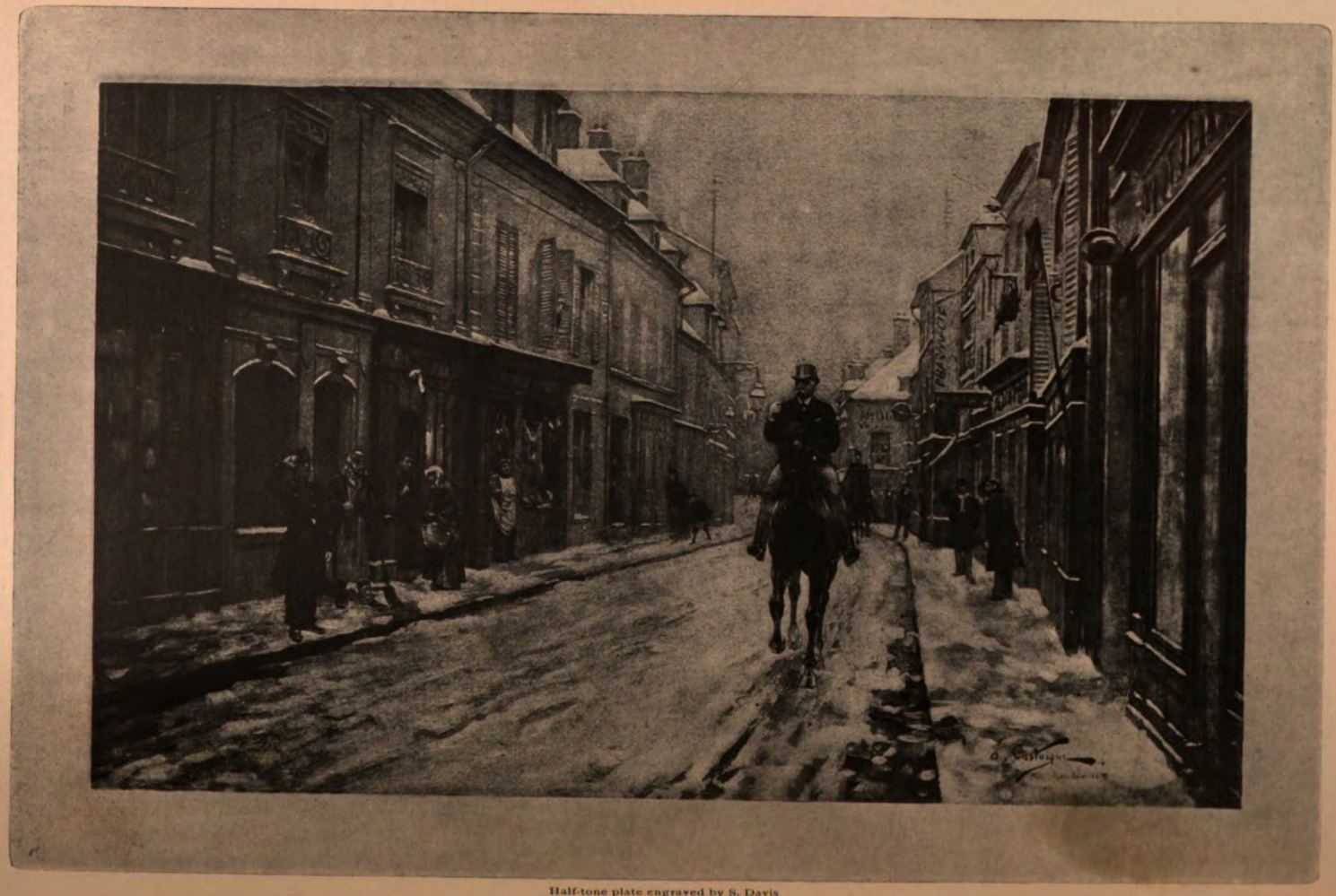

Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

THE SALÙTE—THE LATE PRESIDENT FÉLIX FAURE IN A STREET OF RAMBOUILLET

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bingers, bakers, cooks, etc. A hunting party of that day was as complicated as a coronation ceremony.

Louis XIV hunted but little, and came to Rambouillet only to bore himself in royal fashion. His historiographer kept a journal of how the "Grand Monarque" passed each day: there we find notes of coursing occasionally, interspersed with accounts of banquets, concerts, receptions of courtezans, and councils of state.

It was there that the Marquise de Rambouillet, the oracle of good taste, used to render her verdicts. She would pace back and forth, surrounded by the young ladies of her household, all arrayed like nymphs, discussing philosophy, literature, and "good taste."

Louis XV filled the château with gobelins, rare porcelain, masterpieces of every description; while Watteau embellished the walls, lined the stairways, and draped the windows of this truly royal abode. Louis XVI, when his throne began to tremble beneath the first shocks of the Revolution, abandoned himself more than ever to the pleasures of the chase; at this period there are almost daily entries like the following in his journal:

1789, Monday, 9 November. Nothing. My aunts came to dinner. There was a stag hunt.

1790, Tuesday, 4 February. Sitting of the National Assembly, and audience to a deputation from the Assembly. Stag hunt at Rambouillet.

It was from Rambouillet that Napoleon went forth, unescorted. The Hundred Days, Waterloo, the abdication, farewells —all were over! He left France, and Rambouillet was his final halting-place.

Then follows the Restoration, Louis XVIII, Charles X, the Revolution of 1830, Louis Philippe, the Second Republic, Napoleon III, the Third Republic—and not a single incident in the history of France that is not in some way connected with Rambouillet, while to-day, more majestic than ever, it is the hunting-ground reserved by the republic for her Presidents, where they may play at being kings, and, in an appropriate setting, address visitors of distinction by such titles as "your Royal Highness" or "your Most Serene Highness." Thus we see that from the legendary Druids down to our own "presidential guns," as the journalists say, Rambouillet has ever been a favorite resort of the chiefs of the state; and it was there that I had the honor to accompany the official hunts, scorning a gun, sketch-book in hand, in my quality of draftsman to President Félix Faure.

DAWN is just breaking in the east, pink and gray. A distant clock proclaims the hour, six strokes resounding deliberately through the intense stillness. Shrill cock-crowings answer the solemn notes of the angelus. It is the day of a presidential hunt, and some of the guests, in order to be in time, have passed the night at the château. Already up and dressed in hunting costume, they pace back and forth before the main vestibule, talking gaily with one another and inhaling deep draughts of the pure, sweet morning air. Spread out, in all its gorgeous setting, before their wondering gaze, is the ancient royal park. Seen thus, by the light of the rising sun, in its autumnal coloring of purple and gold, it is penetrated with a poetic and melancholy beauty. The wide avenues, lined with century-old trees the foliage of which has taken on tints of copper and vermilion at the first cold breath of autumn, are still plunged in a delicate cloud of blue-gray mist. Truly it is an enchanting hour, and the President's guests yield insensibly to its magic and penetrating influence.

The personages already assembled include the usual companions of the President on his hunting trips. All have the reputation of being excellent shots, and look very trim in their closely fitting hunting suits, with coats of fawn-colored calf-skin, and small felt hats cocked over one ear.

Suddenly a gay ringing voice is heard: "Good morning, gentlemen; and how are you all?"

It is President Faure; smiling, alert, and fresh, he shakes every one by the hand.

In response to his courteous invitation, the party enters a low room, where a hunt breakfast is served. An old keeper casts a rapid glance over the guns, and gives them a final polish.

"Well, Father Bernard," says the President to the worthy man, who, with heels close together, gives a military salute, "is

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everything ready? Good. And what do you think of my new gun?"

"It is a fine article, a beautiful article, M. le Président," respectfully answers the old man, who is a trained connoisseur.

Every one smiles and continues to eat, some seated, some standing, according to the individual fancy, but not a word is spoken.

Seven o'clock, and a dull rumble of approaching carriage-wheels is heard. The President listens.

"That must be his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia," he says presently. "Gentlemen, we will go out to receive him."

In a moment every one is outside, and almost immediately a pair of magnificent chestnuts appear, drawing a landau at a rapid trot up one of the avenues. It is indeed the Grand Duke Alexis, accompanied by Baron de Mohrenheim and Count Potocki.

The President and his guests courteously exchange greetings, there are some rapid presentations, followed by a little desultory conversation, and then the new arrivals swallow a cup of steaming coffee.

"Monseigneur," says the President, gaily, "have I your permission to smoke a pipe?"

"The very question I was about to put myself," says the grand duke, upon which both laugh.

President Faure draws a small brier-wood pipe from his pocket, fills and lights it, imitated in each particular by the grand duke, while the rest of the company light cigars or cigarettes. All now take their places in the carriages which stand waiting to receive them; the keepers, with the guns, climb into a break, and the procession moves rapidly down the avenue. Farther on, we come upon occasional groups of peasants, who have hurried from every direction to see the President of the republic pass by with his guests. M. Faure responds courteously to their low obeisances.

In less than half an hour the appointed rendezvous is reached. The steaming horses are brought to a standstill, and every one leaps joyously to the ground. There is a pervading spirit of gaiety and good humor, induced by the early drive and the fresh air. The blood courses more freely through one's veins, and one's lungs are filled with the delicious balsamic breath of the autumnal forest. M. Leddet, Inspector-General of Forests, to whose direction the official hunts are confided, is on hand with all his people. He uncovers, and advances to meet the President and his party. The grand duke extends his hand cordially, and asks what the prospect is for a good hunt. Every prospect, it appears; but as for that, his Imperial Highness will soon have an opportunity to judge for himself.

"Ah," exclaims the President, suddenly, "here come my men!"

"Eh?" says the grand duke, smiling. "Why, those are muzhiks [Russian peasants]."

In truth, one might readily make the mistake. There are some fifty strapping, solidly built young fellows, each wearing a long blue blouse gathered in at the waist by a heavy leather belt, white caps, black velvet breeches, and half-boots, a costume which, at all events, cannot be said to lack individuality. In his hand each carries a long pole with which to thresh the bushes and so drive the game under the very guns of the sportsmen. A dozen keepers, rugged old men with gray beards and mustaches, act as guides. Almost all proudly display upon their blue-and-green forester's uniform a yellow ribbon edged with green, to which is attached a military or colonial medal. They have frank, loyal faces, bronzed by the sun and constant exposure to the open air. The guns are now taken from their cases, each sportsman shoulders his own, and the company moves forward in Indian file, the President and the grand duke, followed at a short distance by the Inspector-General of Forests, taking the lead.

Parallel with the road are little footpaths, narrow trails which zigzag tortuously through the forest. Suspended from cords, which are braced at short intervals, are numberless tiny yellow-and-red oriflammes. They tinkle gaily at a distance of about fifty centimeters above the ground. Later they will serve to drive the game into the huntsmen's path, as, beside themselves with fear, the terrified creatures dare not pass even this frail barrier.

"Gentlemen," cries M. Faure, "to your posts!"

The President and the grand duke, under the direction of M. Leddet, station

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themselves in the order of precedence. On M. Faure's right are General Hagron, Count Potocki, and M. Le Gall. On the left of the grand duke are M. de Mohrenheim, Colonel Ménétrez, and Commandant Meaux Saint-Marc.

Far down at the end of the road are seen some mounted police, stationed there to warn people off, and a detachment of soldiers in red trousers and white linen blouses is drawn up close by, ready to lend them aid, if necessary.

Behind each guest of the President walks a keeper carrying cartridges, and charged with the duty of announcing the game, noting where it falls, and picking it up. Only Father Antin, who follows behind M. Faure, carries a reserve gun.

Every one now loads; Colonel Ménétrez lifts his hand, M. Leddet blows a shrill little horn; then a clarion is heard, its metallic notes awakening the silent forest. Every one salutes. "Gentlemen, forward!" A second blast of the trumpet. "Begin firing."

With slow and cautious tread the sportsmen now plunge into the brush, following the *routiers*, or little paths, which wind at short distances from one another through the low underbrush. *Frrou! frrou! Bang! bang!* Then two rapid shots. The grand duke has emptied his barrels in Canadian fashion, and a brace of pheasants lie gasping on the ground in their death-throes. *Bang!* M. Félix Faure, quickly bringing his weapon to his shoulder, hits a superb hare at a distance of more than thirty feet.

On the outskirts of the preserves are men dressed in the same fashion as the beaters, who lend themselves heartily to the work in hand, and beat the bushes joyously with their long poles. They wave white-and-scarlet pennons to frighten the game and prevent it from wandering too far afield.

It is amusing to see how the entire battue steps out together. "*À vous! à vous!* A roe-buck!"

Count Potocki, aiming low in the flanks, brings the creature to its knees; it rises and leaps forward. *Pan!* M. Félix Faure, with a charge of buck-shot, quiets it forever.

The gunners press on. The copses are filled with the acrid smell of powder, and through the stillness of the forest the shots sound sharp and clear, now measured, now in quick succession.

"Cease firing!" sounds from the shrill little horn.

"What is the matter?" inquires Baron de Mohrenheim of his old attendant.

"We are coming to the road, M. l'Ambassadeur; they are going to assemble the battue and take a short breathing-space."

Drawn up in line on the verge of the wood, with their backs turned toward it, the sportsmen are gathered; but the beaters continue, with savage yells, to thresh the bushes with their long poles.

Meanwhile the sun has risen in a sky dappled over with fleecy white clouds; the splendor of the forest is quite indescribable. What a marvelous landscape! It is like nothing so much as a painting by Théodore Rousseau. Mighty oaks are there, with foliage of bronze, russet-colored beeches, slender birch-trees with silver bark and upreaching boughs, while far away in the distance the poplars hang their golden leaves like a curtain against the blue of the sky.

"*À vous! à vous!* A hare!"

Sure enough, a beautiful hare bounds into the open.

Bang! bang! The creature makes a dash for the thicket, and disappears.

"*À vous! à vous!* A rabbit!" *Bang!* And the pretty little animal writhes on the ground, its glossy white and fawn-colored breast soiled with blood and dust. General Hagron meantime has achieved some marvelous "doubles," while the President and the grand duke have been raising hecatombs.

Impassively the keepers, pencil and note-book in hand, number the pieces, jot them down, and pass over cartridges, only opening their lips to announce the game. In the copses the beaters continue their infernal clatter.

"*À vous!* A roe-buck! Two roe-bucks!"

Ah, the pretty creatures! Terrified, they turn to fly, with such light and graceful movements that—

Bang! bang! They are the grand duke's shots. One animal falls to the ground, the other lies dying in the ditch. He tries to rise, bellowing softly, plaintively. A keeper despatches him.

Thus it continues for half an hour longer; then, upon a sign from the President, M. Leddet gives the signal to cease firing, the

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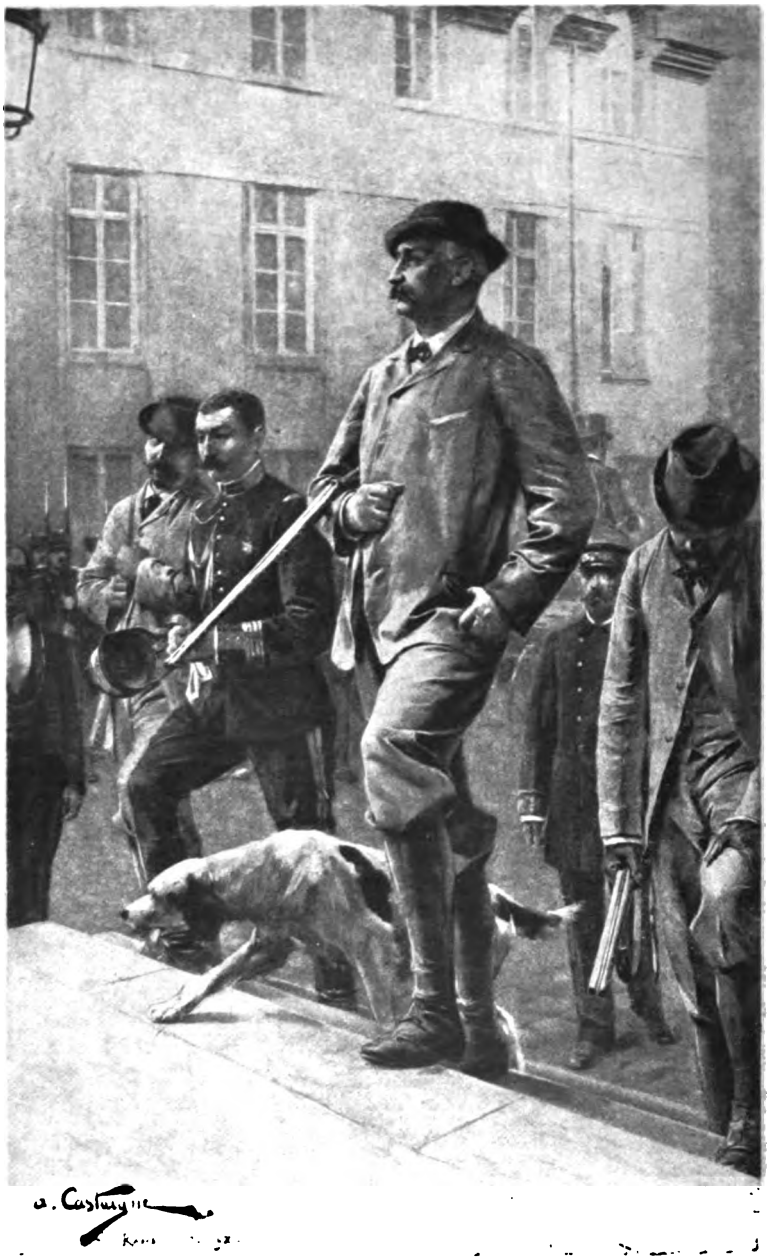

AFTER THE HUNT—THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY RETURNS TO THE CASTLE

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carriages are brought up, every one takes his place as expeditiously as possible, and the procession moves at a quick trot in the direction of the pheasantry, where there is to be some cock-shooting. The road takes us close by a pond somewhat famous in the history of the French chase—the pond of St. Hubert.

During the last century a unique scene was enacted there, when it so happened that three stags, pursued by three distinct hunting trains, met at this point.

There was King Louis XV, with his suite, wearing the blue; then the Prince de Conti, whose followers wore yellow; and the Prince de Dombes, whose colors were red with white stripes.

It was a sight, observes Baron de Vaux, probably without parallel—three full-grown stags in the water, three packs in full pursuit, three hunts in different liveries, witnesses of the struggle, and finally a triple *hallali*.

While M. Leddet, erudite and agreeable, is recounting this incident to his companions, the horses increase their speed, and presently we reach our destination. The pheasantry is a majestic grove of oaks, at the lower end of which is a group of magnificent pine-trees, the straight, bare trunks shooting upward for a distance of thirty meters from the ground.

"Gentlemen, take your places! Attention!"

The sport now is one that requires the utmost precision, for pheasant-shooting is a difficult matter. Above all, the hens must be spared. At this exercise President Faure is a passed master; every time his "hammerless" is heard, a bird drops dead. The grand duke is likewise a marvelous shot. Not a cock comes within range that he does not salute him at the precise second when to fire is to send him with blood-stained feathers to the ground. From time to time M. Leddet blows his little horn. Shrilly the trumpet gives the signal to cease firing, the deafening detonation stops, and the keepers advance, gather up the game, heap it on the paths, the walks, and the road, whence servants presently carry it away.

But breakfast-time has come. There is a general shouldering of arms, and the company set briskly forth on foot, talking as they go, for the hunting-lodge.

This is a pretty building of brick, in the style of Louis XIII. The walls are covered with fine old ivy, and it is shaded by the luxuriant foliage of a tricentenary oak-tree and by a magnificent California beech. In addition to the quarters assigned to Brigadier Antin and his wife, the lodge contains two large apartments, which, if required, may be thrown into one by the removal of a sliding partition. There are also two dressing-rooms reserved for the use of the President and his guests.

After a hasty toilet, we assemble in the dining-room and seat ourselves most willingly at table; for the fresh air has quickened every one's appetite. Mme. Antin, wife of the brigadier forester, promoted for that one day to be chief cook to President Félix Faure, has prepared a typical hunter's breakfast, to which the President and his guests do ample justice, to the unqualified delight of the worthy *cordon bleu*.

In an hour the meal has been despatched, but the company still linger to talk. Baron de Mohrenheim and Count Potocki recount, for the benefit of M. Le Gall, reminiscences of their hunts in Russia. The grand duke and the President talk navy. General Hagron and M. Leddet exchange views on the subject of the best means to suppress poaching. Colonel Ménétrez and Commandant Meaux Saint-Marc, a jurist emeritus, discuss a point of military law.

But now Father Antin, with his mingled air of respect and familiarity, approaches M. Faure, and, after an elaborate preamble, asks if his Highness the grand duke and the other distinguished guests would care to wind up the day with a rabbit *fermé*.

The proposal is at once accepted. Every one picks up his gun, and the party is conducted to a spacious glade, inclosed by wire nettings and entered from the lower end. The beaters have been left behind this time, and the sportsmen beat up the game themselves. Innumerable rabbits presently appear, running wildly in all directions, and making vain attempts to get away from the fire by leaping over the nettings, which, alas! are too high for them. Never was there seen such carnage! Yet once again, and now for the last time, the little clarion sounds the signal to stop firing. The hunt is over, gentlemen.

It is, moreover, past three o'clock and time to think about going home. The latest victims are accordingly gathered up,

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and the keepers, assisted by half a dozen beaters, make a striking picture as they count the game.

There are the three roe-bucks, besides five hundred and thirty rabbits, a hundred and sixteen pheasant cocks, three hens, ninety-one hares, two squirrels, and one—crow! The heap of gray and white rabbits looks like some huge fur tippet which has been thrown carelessly on the ground; beside it the gorgeous plumage of the pheasants makes a rich mosaic of wonderful colors.

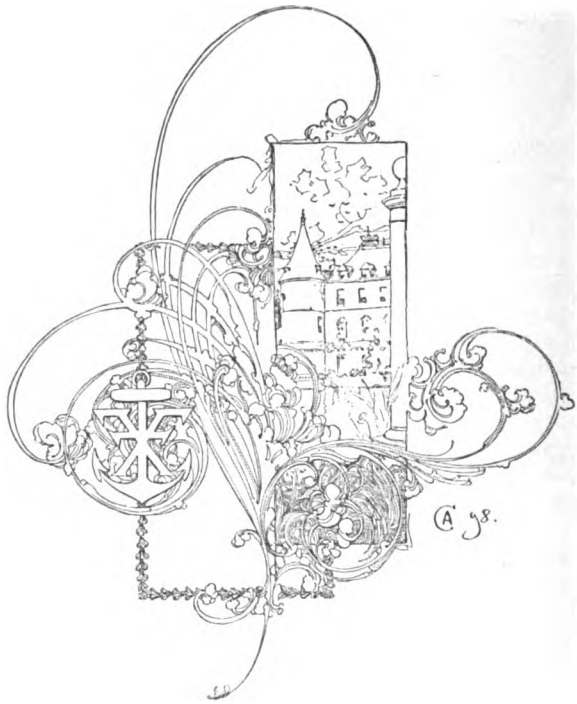
All this game, with the exception of a few pieces, will be sent to the hospitals. Each hunter selects from among what he himself has killed anything he may particularly fancy, the keepers hastily construct hampers out of straw, and this game is carried off and deposited in the break along with the rest of the baggage.

But dusk is rapidly approaching. From the darkening sky the last rays of the sun are fading. The ancient forest lies buried in shadow and stillness.

Beside the heap of game, gendarmes in long blue cloaks, with carbines over their shoulders, mount their last guard; the beaters have scattered over the adjacent roads, and are wending their several ways homeward to where bowls of good soup await them smoking on the table. Each carries with him a rabbit or two.

The enchantment of night-time begins to make itself felt; through the falling dusk, illumined by the afterglow of a wonderful sunset, the carriages roll rapidly along. Now we have left the forest and are on the plain; the purple distances grow blurred, indistinct, fade out of sight completely: the horizon is swallowed up in a dusky cloud. Over there, among the trees, rises the lofty and massive outline of the château of Rambouillet.

Such, ordinarily, were the circumstances of a day's hunting with M. Félix Faure. In the evening, after dinner, every one gathered about the fire and chatted in a low voice, while the President, cheery and simple, recounted his cynegetic feats, and those of his predecessors, from Marshal MacMahon, himself a mighty hunter, down. Grévy would be passed lightly over, as for him the chief event of a hunting day was the breakfast; and Carnot, too, a worthy man who never amused himself at all, but who loved to see other people amuse themselves. As for Casimir-Périer, his time was short; that happy hunter really left no history.



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THE SIGNAL CORPS IN WAR-TIME

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. W. GREELY

Chief Signal-Officer, U. S. Army

THE operations of the Signal Corps of the army in the war between Spain and the United States marked a distinct advance in the evolution of military science. When the war began, the public at large knew nothing of the Signal Corps or of its duties. Officers of distinction in the Civil War, failing to keep pace with the march of progress, ignored the existence of the corps, and some even voiced its uselessness. One general officer of national reputation wrote an article for a leading American journal in which the Signal Corps was not even named among the staff organizations of the army. Congress was not only indifferent, but almost hostile, and it organized a volunteer army of two hundred thousand men without provision for signal work.

Other corps have claimed to be the eyes and ears of the army; the Signal Corps claims only to be its nerve system. In this age, when trade, commerce, and manufactures have harnessed in their service the subtle force of electricity, the world has come to realize that without this force its powers and possibilities would be materially crippled. That which is done in electricity for the world at large through the agency of countless corporations is done for the army by the Signal Corps. Telegraphy, telephony, ballooning, and heliography are specialties of the Signal Corps. In addition to its duties of sending orders or military messages, it is charged by law with the collection and transmission of military information by telegraph or otherwise.

In time of peace, in preliminary training for war, it has sent heliograph flash messages from the Arizona mountains to the Mexican boundary, and thus ended an Indian war, and on one occasion it made the world's record by flashing sun-ray messages between mountain-peaks one hundred and eighty miles apart. It has stretched and operated thousands of miles of military telegraph lines on the disturbed Mexican border, and along the war-paths that lead to and from the great Indian reservations.

Now, in time of war it succeeded (in what many thought impossible) in justifying its right to existence by a series of successes that have won general commendation. An American-made war cable was secretly carried and laid on the Cuban coast. A telegraph office for Shafter's army was opened in Cuba before it landed, and the army was given a twenty-minute service with the War Department in Washington. Telephone field-exchanges were opened and lines maintained in the trenches of Manila and Santiago and on the firing-lines in Porto Rico. The fire of the navy was effectively directed at Santiago and at Caloocan, Philippine Islands. A war balloon, made by the Signal Corps, was transported to Santiago; it was put in air on the skirmish-line, where orders of superiors placed it contrary to advice. The cables of our enemies were cut and those of our friends were repaired. Whether in Cuba, Porto Rico, or the Philippines, field lines, whenever permitted, were put up as fast as each command moved forward, and the generals or colonels on the firing-lines were kept in touch not only with one another, but with the commander-in-chief. All important war information came first through the Signal Corps, from the affair at Cienfuegos to the Tagal outbreak at Manila, and a daily war map in the White House was made practicable. Its secret-service information was so ac-

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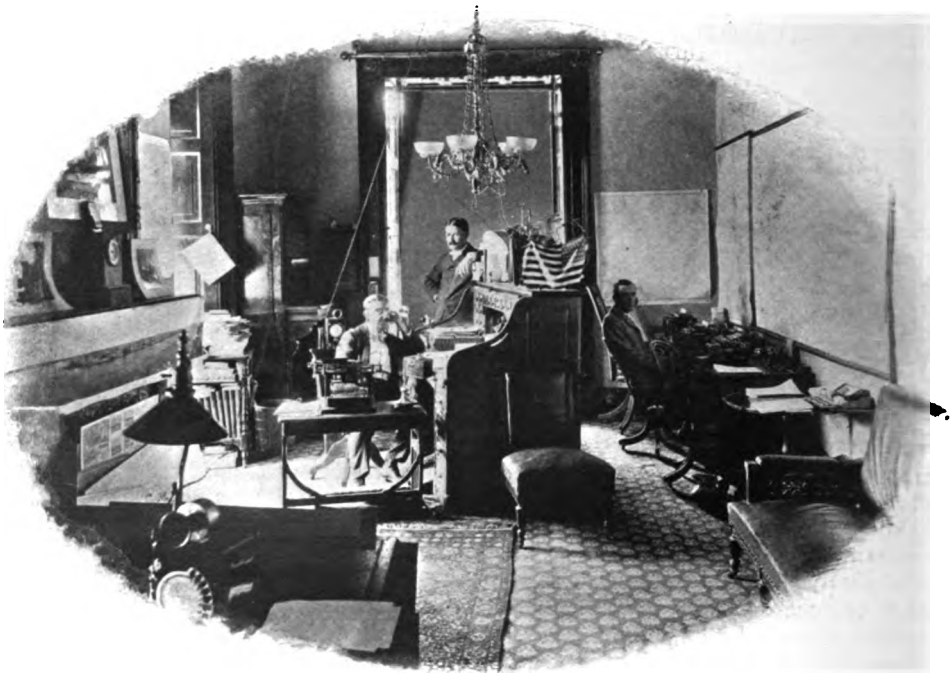
curate and so trusted by the President that its report of the arrival of Cervera's fleet in Santiago harbor, unconfirmed and questioned by others for ten days, alone caused the Santiago campaign, and thus ended happily and speedily the war.

It is not claimed for the Signal Corps of the army that in every detail its work novelty or other cause, are deemed to be of special interest.

A photograph of the war-room at the White House has been called, not inappropriately, "Within Five Minutes of Cuba." This arose from the fact that the first message of Colonel James Allen, Signal Corps, announcing the opening of



From a photograph

WAR-ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE—"WITHIN FIVE MINUTES OF CUBA"

President McKinley used to sit at night on the sofa to the right and receive the latest despatches

was faultless, but it is asserted that from Porto Rico to the Philippines there was no demand for its services, whether in camp, in field, or in battle, that was not promptly and satisfactorily met. Indeed, in many cases the corps anticipated the situation and necessity. The approval of its work is to be found in the President's message, the report of the Secretary of War, the proceedings of the War Investigation Board, and in the special reports of every commanding general of an army.

The scope of this article precludes any attempt at a formal or historic review of the war work of the Signal Corps, and is necessarily confined to the presentation of certain phases of that work which, from the field office at Caimanéra, reached the President in five minutes. On reflection, the import of this fact is startling. It means that for the first time in history the chief executive of a nation was able continually to control the operations of and dictate the policy to be pursued by an army fifteen hundred miles distant—not in a civilized region of continuous land, but across an ocean, and in the forests of a hostile and barren country. Not only was the commanding general thus reached, but also the army outposts from mountain to sea-shore, and even, by army signal-flag, the White Squadron of our navy.

The war-room of the White House, the headquarters of Colonel Montgomery of

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the Signal Corps, was specially interesting; but its precincts were necessarily forbidden ground save to a chosen few. Here centered the service wires of the War and Navy departments, the circuits of the Associated and Sun press associations, private wires north to New York and south to Tampa and Key West, the distant telephone to far-off cities, and private circuits to the heads of departments, to cabinet officers, the adjutant-general, the chief signal-officer of the army, and others as necessary. As in olden times all highways led to Rome, so now all lines of communication led to the President. Maps of war conditions in the various fields of actual or possible campaigns were kept up to the very hour or day. Every ship or transport, every regiment, battery, or other command, Spanish or American, was represented by appropriate flag in the place it then held or was supposed to hold, ships crossing the ocean being located daily at noon by dead-reckoning. Scarcely an hour after San Juan heights had been won by American valor, the Stars and Stripes were proudly moved forward on the White House war map of the field of Santiago. Here, in his few moments of hard-earned rest from cabinet consultation and pressing executive duties, the President studied, with an eye trained by his experiences of the Civil War, the shifting phases of the war, and planned and surmised for the future.

The earliest important action of the Signal Corps was in its occupation and censorship of telegraph lines. The absolute necessity of a Signal Corps was evident when Colonel Richard E. Thompson relieved, at Key West, an officer of the navy who, unskilled in telegraphy, had possession of the cable office, and sat there while the cable was working overtime carrying Spanish messages from Jacksonville direct to Havana. Beyond their assured courtesy and entire efficacy, I cannot vouch for Thompson's actions; but that they met with local disapproval was evident when a telegraph employee thundered at my door at one o'clock the next morning, and informed me that he did not dare to return without a message of some kind from me to the president of his company. Compromise in non-essentials was the order of the day, but to the very end the two cables remained under my supervision.

There is a general misapprehension as to the scope of censorship exercised by the Signal Corps during the war. It is true that suggestions were not infrequent that the Signal Corps should attempt to control the press as to its war news. Never for a moment did I accede to such advice, realizing not only the futility but also the danger of such attempts. The following extract from an official telegram, sent May 29, briefly sets forth my views:

> Abridgment of the freedom of the press is an extremely delicate matter, justified only in time of war and when clearly necessary for the public safety; and we both desire to minimize it in the present emergency to the briefest limits of time and to cases of flagrant offenders.

At certain points, where it appeared to be warranted in the public interest, telegraph censorship was freely exercised—in Florida, in Galveston, and in New York city. This was done by occupying two cable offices actually and the rest constructively. General Eckert, Mr. Mackay, and Mr. Scrymser, acting respectively for the great corporations, the Western Union, the Postal, and the Mexican telegraph companies, gave loyal and effective support to the government in this crisis. The lines, when occupied, became for the time being military lines, and being charged by law with the control of such lines, restrictions were placed thereon by the chief signal-officer. Messages to and from Spain and her colonies were forbidden, except to diplomatic agents of neutral countries and to a few United States officials. Government despatches were accorded absolute precedence. Commercial messages, including press despatches, were allowed to pass freely, unless containing information of current military movements or other matter affording aid and comfort to the public enemies of the United States.

It should be said that the great newsgatherers, the Associated and Sun press associations, accepted in the most loyal spirit these restrictions. Not only did the managers personally express to me their desire to conform to the wishes of the government, but they acted accordingly. They even went further, and, for the public good, to my certain knowledge suppressed much information on military plans divulged by indiscreet officials.

Occasionally there was an American

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who so far forgot his duty to his country as to present messages either giving information valuable to the enemy or so reflecting on public affairs as to border on treason, and in extremely rare cases this action was coupled with mendacity. In only two instances did such conduct fail of disavowal by managing editors. It is to be said that almost invariably the war correspondents were men not only of abil-

the art of phrasing ordinary messages in plain text so that the import was not evident at first sight. There were a number of passages at arms of a good-natured kind between correspondents and the censor, more particularly at Key West. Among information prohibited was that relating to the initial stages of naval or military operations. When Sampson's fleet left Key West, every effort was made to prevent

From a photograph

GENERAL GREELY TELEPHONING TO THE WHITE HOUSE WAR-ROOM

ity and discretion, but also of scrupulous honor and considerate deportment.

The telegraphic censorship was not without its humorous or picturesque side. Colonel James Allen of the Signal Corps had at Key West to deal with a score of the cleverest, most wide-awake men of the corps of American journalists. Unable to send cipher messages, they realized the possibility of sending secret information by concerted code, so incorporated in a message of plain text as to conceal its importance. They were passed masters in

this fact becoming known, except in the same manner as marked the publication of other and more important matter, through the indiscretion of high officials in Washington. A number of messages were filed which were intended to convey this information to various journals, but, in accordance with the rule that rejected messages should neither be returned nor the sender notified, most of these despatches went into the waste-basket. Among other messages at this time was one which read, "Newspaper fleet has sailed to the east-

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ward." Several hours later the sender filed another despatch saying, "Strike out first word of my last message." This was too much for Colonel Allen, who handed back the message, saying, "The first one did not go." When the correspondent asked why, he tersely responded: "Because all fleets look alike to me." Another fruitlessly attempted to convey the information that Sampson's fleet had shelled San Juan by a rambling cable message, addressed to a woman, reciting that Sam was at work in the Windward Islands and that his son had gone into the shell business at San Juan.

Censoring telegrams was equally trying to correspondents and to the censor. One officer wrote me that he was near nervous exhaustion through being daily torn with conflicting emotions of sympathy with the correspondents and conscientious duty to the government. "Their resignation is at times pathetic," he said; "I doubt if I could so calmly see my day's work emasculated." It was this manly spirit on both sides that resulted in only one formal complaint to the President during the war. It is pleasant to record that it was from a man who, following no army, poured out vitriol secure in his city office. Criticism and animadversion passed freely in messages, save where it reflected on the whole army, on the country, or was couched in language really abusive.

The enlistment and organization of the Volunteer Signal Corps progressed with the establishment of the great camps, where tens of thousands of recruits and scores of regiments, separated by long distances, occupied many square miles of broken ground, thus making administration difficult. The Signal Corps at once erected several hundred miles of temporary telegraph and telephone lines, and installed independent telephone exchanges for strictly military use. These, in turn, were connected with the telephone and telegraph centers of the nearest great city. In short, every camp had a modern system of communication equal to that of any American city.

The utility of the telephone and telegraph in enforcing discipline was strikingly illustrated by an episode in connection with the Second Army Corps at Camp Alger. A large number of the members of a volunteer regiment construed the order suspending drills for the Fourth of July as freeing them from all restraint, and without authority they left camp on the night of July 3, with the avowed intent of visiting their homes in a distant State. The able and energetic corps commander, Major-General W. M. Graham, meeting them on the road to Washington, ordered them to return to camp; but, disregarding his orders, they hilariously continued on their way. They reckoned without their host, in ignorance of the determination and resourcefulness of General Graham, who galloped to camp and instantly ordered out the provost guard. He then directed Lieutenant-Colonel R. P. Strong, the quick-witted chief signal-officer of the Second Army Corps, to bend the energies of the Signal Corps to thwarting the designs of the men. Colonel Strong first telephoned to the power-house to cut off the current of the electric cars on which most of the men were traveling, following this by orders to the provost guard at Falls Church to arrest all soldiers passing. Later, instructions to the police authorities in Washington resulted in the guarding of bridges across the Potomac and all railway-stations in the city, and the prompt arrest of all absentees. In Camp Alger the division commanders were ordered to sound immediately the "long roll," when every absentee was discovered and reported. In less than an hour a whole army, covering many square miles with its camps, was called to "attention," as it were, by the corps commander. What might have been a serious and unfortunate breach of discipline was efficaciously settled in an hour, and the insubordinate men were so thoroughly discomfited that the affair bordered on the ludicrous.

The work of limiting the telegraphic facilities of the enemy being fairly under way by the occupation of the Havana cables, it became essential to establish special circuits and systems for speedy communication with such armies as we should send beyond the limits of the United States. The first demand for special war cables came from Major-General Nelson A. Miles, who, outlining his plans, asked that the Signal Corps should take measures to insure prompt and constant telegraphic communication with such force as was to occupy Cuba near Havana. I assured him that steps would be taken that very day to carry his wishes into execution.

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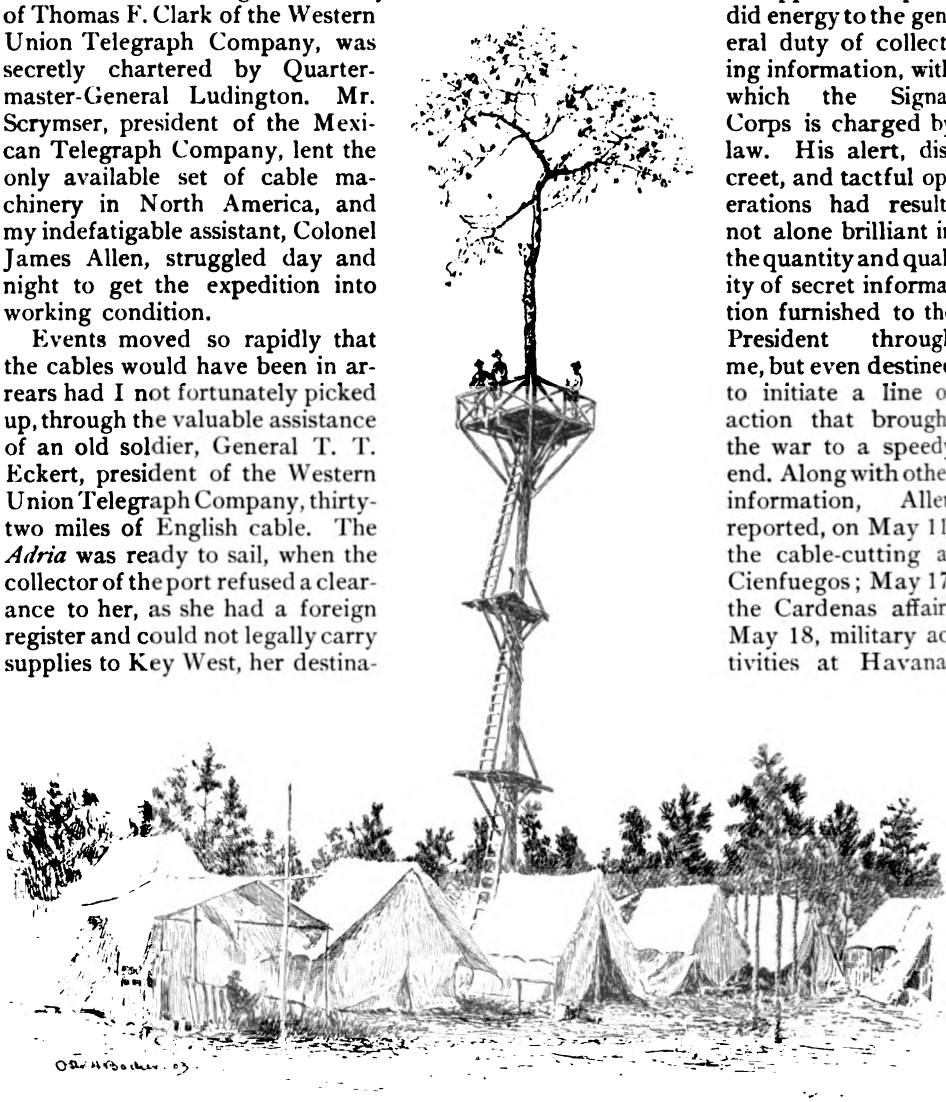
There were almost insuperable difficulties, as neither money, cables, cable machinery, nor ships were available, while secrecy and despatch were essential to success.

The Secretary of War, Russell A. Alger, immediately approved my requisition for funds, and the President promptly made an allotment from the National Defense Fund, which was later supplemented, on confidential information to the Hon. J. G. Cannon, by liberal appropriations from Congress. Within a week a cable factory was running day and night, and the ship *Adria*, selected through the kindly offices of Thomas F. Clark of the Western Union Telegraph Company, was secretly chartered by Quartermaster-General Ludington. Mr. Scrymser, president of the Mexican Telegraph Company, lent the only available set of cable machinery in North America, and my indefatigable assistant, Colonel James Allen, struggled day and night to get the expedition into working condition.

Events moved so rapidly that the cables would have been in arrears had I not fortunately picked up, through the valuable assistance of an old soldier, General T. T. Eckert, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, thirty-two miles of English cable. The *Adria* was ready to sail, when the collector of the port refused a clearance to her, as she had a foreign register and could not legally carry supplies to Key West, her destination. An appeal to the Secretary of the Treasury having been made, it was decided that under the law he was powerless to help, and I was quite in despair, when it suddenly occurred to me to clear the *Adria* for Santiago de Cuba via Key West, which clearance the collector was obliged to grant, as Santiago was not then under blockade. Colonel Allen, ordered in advance to Key West, was made censor in order to conceal his preparations for cable-cutting with the *Adria*, which arrived independently as a coasting steamer.

It was here that Allen applied his splendid energy to the general duty of collecting information, with which the Signal Corps is charged by law. His alert, discreet, and tactful operations had results not alone brilliant in the quantity and quality of secret information furnished to the President through me, but even destined to initiate a line of action that brought the war to a speedy end. Along with other information, Allen reported, on May 11, the cable-cutting at Cienfuegos; May 17, the Cardenas affair; May 18, military activities at Havana;



Drawn by Otto H. Bacher from a photograph

A TREE SIGNAL-TOWER AT JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

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May 19, Cervera's arrival at Santiago; May 21, the attack on Guantanamo; May 23, Schley's operations on the 22d at Cienfuegos; May 31, Schley's bombardment at Santiago. Most of these reports, which reached the United States by other routes days later, were instantly given by me to the President, and by Allen to Commodore Sampson's squadron. For obvious reasons, these reports were kept secret until the war ended.

The most important of Allen's despatches shortened the war. It will be remembered that the country was aflame with excitement and uncertainty as to the progress and destination of Cervera's fleet. From Curaçao, where the flagship touched, it vanished from sight of our navy like the Flying Dutchman, until Schley, acting under orders based on information furnished by the Signal Corps, sighted the Spanish fleet at Santiago about two weeks later, on May 29. The administration was criticized for its lack of information and its indecisive action, but undeservedly so. Cervera entered the harbor of Santiago May 19, and that same day the President was given in writing by my office despatches from Allen which read: "Five Spanish vessels arrived Santiago de Cuba. Have informed the admiral commanding [Sampson]"; and "The Spanish flagship arrived Santiago de Cuba. The admiral [Cervera] hastily wired Madrid." The President and the Secretary of the Navy, fortunately impressed by my assurances of the thorough reliability of the reports, were equal to the emergency, and that very day gave such prompt and effective orders as resulted in the blockade and campaign of Santiago and the accompanying destruction of Cervera's fleet. The continued failure of the navy to verify this report until ten days later caused its correctness to be sharply questioned, as it had been reported that Cervera left Santiago at once. Meanwhile Lieutenant-Colonel Maxfield of the Signal Corps, acting under my orders, verified the information from independent sources. Arrangements were made whereby the Signal Corps almost daily obtained information coming over one or more of the six cables leading out of Santiago. Allen reported May 21, "Cervera surely at Santiago today"; May 22, "Spanish ships are still at Santiago; they put in short of coal, and are now unable to obtain coal in Santiago"; May 23, "Admiral Cervera at Santiago"; May 24, "At 4 P.M. Cervera still in Santiago"; May 25, "Cervera at Santiago at eight this morning"; May 26, "Situation at Santiago remains unchanged"; and so on till the blockade. Secretary Long, who sent orders to Sampson May 19, says officially: "All military and naval movements depended upon that point [Cervera's presence in Santiago]," and his faith in the reports led to Sampson's orders to Schley to proceed to Santiago, and to the fast cruisers *Harvard* and *Yale* to scout before the harbor. Without such orders Cervera's squadron would have been re-coaled by the *Restormel*, the Santiago campaign would have been unfought, and the war prolonged.

I have gone into details, as many so-called histories of the war were written before it was prudent to reveal the part played by the Signal Corps. No report of any official of the navy acknowledges or mentions obligations due to the army for this service. Yet the generous spirit that characterizes the typical American naval officer was individually quick to recognize this invaluable aid from the sister service, which has hitherto been unknown to nearly every officer of our navy.

The time for action having arrived, Allen was ordered to leave in the *Adria*, and joining Sampson's squadron, cut the six cables within range of the land batteries at Santiago. Metaphorically speaking, the wires nearly melted in overcoming a remarkable series of obstacles on the day that the *Adria* left. First the captain and crew refused to go; then the force of experienced cable hands struck, increased wages being no temptation in the face of danger. Eventually Allen secured twelve soldiers as volunteers, all "land-lubbers," with strength and good will but no skill. These, with four officers and men of the Signal Corps, made up an "expert" force. Finally, the naval officers ordered to convoy the *Adria* raised more questions about the flag the *Adria* should fly than could be answered in a month. The powers that be summarily cut this Gordian knot, and Allen put to sea in hot haste, lest other evils arise.

Day after day the *Adria* dredged the Cuban waters off Santiago, where the sea shelves to the depth of a mile within a

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league. Inexperienced men, a discontented crew, a coral-reefed bottom, and gear suited to a depth of only two hundred fathoms, made progress slow. Dredging-irons caught in coral reefs, hundreds of fathoms of Manila rope went at a time, and despite constant dredging across the cable lines, nothing but sea life came to the surface. Tropical heat, excessive moisture, stifling, crowded quarters, wretched food, and exhausting manual labor, where officers and men worked alike, made life almost unsupportable in its monotony and its drain on physical energies. Now and then there was intense excitement. Once a Spanish torpedo-boat destroyer, only ten minutes distant, poked out her nose with evil intent; for Allen took every risk, and worked continuously within gun-range, as the chances of success increased with nearness to shore. Captain Clark of the *Oregon* and Captain Philip of the *Texas* were watchful, however, and moving up, promptly checked any contemplated movement of the enemy.

Patience, steady work, and energy finally rewarded Allen's efforts, which were especially directed against the two most important cables—those to Jamaica. A cable was hooked, June 2, in nine hundred fathoms; the *Adria* was then inshore, and liable to be fired on by the batteries or attacked by torpedo-boats. The signal "Help wanted" was set just before dusk, when Captain Lyon immediately responded with the *Dolphin*, and furnished a detail to haul up the cable, while Captain Philip with the *Texas* immediately took position between the *Adria* and the battery. While Allen was working to destroy the cable that night, Hobson, whom he had helped to needed wire, was going in with the *Merrimac*. When near the surface, the cable broke, and shortly after daylight the *Adria* was fired on from the shore battery.

On June 5 a cable, grappled in water more than a mile deep (in 6264 feet), was brought to the surface after three hours of exhausting labor, the small force being assisted by a detail of sailors kindly sent by Captain Philip. The bight of the cable was brought on board, about twenty feet was cut out, and the ends were thrown overboard. This success in a hastily equipped steamer of seven hundred tons, without skilled labor, has been justly viewed by cable experts as an extraordinary feat. Allen renewed his work, but Sampson's demonstration in force drew the enemy's fire. Unknown to her captain, the *Adria* had been steadily worked by Allen within range of Spanish guns. Now, when the captain looked forward with delight to our fleet firing, he came to a lively realization of the situation, for a Spanish shell passed over and dropped a mile to seaward of the *Adria*. He nearly fell down the companionway in his haste to get under full speed.

Cable-cutting in a chartered steamer thus ended, Allen, under orders sent via Haiti, went to work in safe waters to repair the French cable between Guantanamo and Santiago. One night a message from the middle of the sea told me that he had the end of the cable, and on June 20, opening a cable-station at Playa del Este, near the marine camp, he relieved the President's anxiety by announcing the safe arrival of Shafter's army that morning. As soon as Shafter landed he was given direct communication with Washington, which was uninterruptedly maintained throughout the campaign.

In this work the Signal Corps, operating at sea in its own ship and with its own men, laid along the precipitous coast, under conditions that appalled the only telegraph expert present, the first deep-sea war cable known, connecting Shafter at Siboney with the French cable at Playa del Este.

Signal Corps work under General Shafter at Santiago devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Greene, whose early operations were seriously impaired by lack of material, as the modern field telegraph-train was left at Tampa, and visual signaling was, on the whole, virtually impossible. Fortunately, I had provided the *Adria* with telephones, telegraph instruments, and insulators, which were now invaluable, especially insulated wire, which, constructed under Allen's personal supervision, was calculated, by its tensility, conductivity, and insulation, to withstand successfully conditions of extraordinary severity. Under the well-directed efforts of Lieutenant-Colonel Greene a system of telegraph and telephone lines connected General Shafter's headquarters with the war cable and Washington in the rear, with every important point on the outposts to the front, and through the flag-

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station at Aguadores with Sampson's fleet. On land aërial telephone lines were promptly built, but when poles were wanting and the country was largely covered with chaparral, the Signal Corps adopted the plan of stretching its insulated wire on the ground from reels carried by its men. It successfully strung along the war trail, and through the foremost trenches, an insulated seven-stranded wire that failed neither from the trampling feet of horse and man nor from torrential tropical rains, though often buried in mud and water. From San Juan Hill to Aguadores its tinkling telephone bells sounded twenty-four hours a day, and thus made practicable not only unity of action for the army, but also coöperation between army and navy, especially in directing by combined signals the fire of the fleet on Santiago city, which was invisible to our seamen.

Valiant and venturesome were our own signalmen, as became typical Americans, but it rejoiced Colonel Greene to bring to my notice the gallant bearing of a Spanish flagman. The enemy, in occupying the graceful stone fort of El Viso at El Caney, recognized it as the key of the situation on their left, and so built a telephone line from Santiago to the fort, which they equipped as a signal-station. On July 1 our attack began at 6 A.M., and our left, pushing forward so as to cut off the enemy's line of communications, occupied the high-road to Santiago about 8 A.M. Espying the telegraph wire that bound together El Caney and Santiago, the military instincts of our soldiers caused its immediate destruction. But the beleaguered fort was no more cut off from communication with Santiago than was Corse at Altoona from Sherman at Kenesaw Mountain. In a few minutes a Spanish flagman appeared on the commanding summit of El Viso and began signaling to Santiago. Sharp and clear against the morning sky showed his figure, within rifle-range of some two thousand keen-eyed Americans, who meanwhile were pouring in a fire, with El Viso as the objective center, while, at intervals, the deep notes of Capron's battery punctuated the shrill music of the flying bullets. Indifferent to shot and shell, the Spaniard rhythmically waved his signal-flag to and fro until his message was sent. Colonel Greene added: "How long the flag waved or what it said, I do not know, but as no signal-flag was reported among the trophies at El Caney, I hope that he escaped. Here 's to him if alive! If not, peace to his manes!"

To Lieutenant-Colonel B. F. Montgomery, signal-officer on duty with the President, fell the duty of enciphering and deciphering for the Chief Executive special confidential messages, whether in the cipher of the State, War, or Navy departments. His skill as an operator was a great advantage, as it enabled him to detect telegraphic errors; but at times these complex and condensed messages were most puzzling, requiring patience and judgment for their solution.

The Spanish military cipher, as shown in despatches captured at different times, was found to be of the dictionary character, where separate specified sentences or words are represented by numbers in groups of five. Many ciphers were intercepted passing through the United States, and one intercepted in Cuba with a Spanish spy had a tragic ending. Near Cubitas, on July 5, the Cuban forces captured a countrified old negro, about sixty years of age, coming into our lines from the direction of San Luis. He told a plausible tale of his wanderings, but suspicion was excited by the fact that he had two old passes from Spanish authorities permitting him to pass out of Santiago and to return. His captors, in searching him thoroughly, rolled down the legs of his trousers and found concealed a cipher message on tissue-paper, with telltale rows of figures. Colonel Greene regarded him as a wretched tool trying to earn a *centen* (about five dollars) and interested himself in the case. While doubting that the message contained any valuable information, he unavailingly strove to decipher the figures, with the hope that they might be harmless enough to save the wretched man's life. Soon the Cuban soldiers moved on with their prisoner, and it was later reported that he was found guilty by a drumhead court martial and was summarily executed as a spy.

All know how trying were the early July days at Santiago, and none better than the Signal Corps. With a casualty list of sixteen hundred, there were almost countless requests by anxious relatives to know the fate of individual officers and men. These appeals were often piteous, for there could

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not be even a pretense of obtaining information. The cable was operated in Cuba to the extent of the powers of the scant overworked force, which managed, however, to keep it busy twenty-four hours each day. Necessarily the "governments," or official despatches, had precedence, but next came messages involving life and death.

What words of anxiety and fear, what assurances of hope and despair, passed to and fro in those fearful days! One such touching case fell under my own experience. Called to New York by a great emergency, from morning till night I had sat in the suffocating cable office through the greatest heat that the city had ever known. At one end of a long table was a private wire working direct with the White House; at the other ended the deep-sea cable that bound us to the south coast of Cuba, where centered the hopes of seventy millions of Americans. Through the livelong day I sat there, my eyes glued as if by a horrible fascination on the tiny ink-siphon that wrote in black and snaky sinuosities its tale of war and blood. "We may not hold the blood-stained crest of San Juan Hill." "You must hold it, or fail in the nation's trust." "But the list of dead and wounded swells fourfold." "Yet the country, while mourning her heroic fallen, bids her living sons emulate their example."

Now the evil tidings dragged slowly their horrible length, blotching the fair paper slip. Cervera had escaped with the fastest ships of the world; but, oh, gleam of hope, our squadron followed fast! Then nature rivaled the fire of the fleet, and a tropic thunder-squall in the Antilles closed the cable, and suspense held us all. The heavens cleared as if by magic, and then were recorded in clear-drawn curves Allen's glad words that all save two of the proud fleet of Spain burned, stranded on the Cuban shore, or were at the bottom of the sea. Long "governments" trailed their commonplaces, and then silence fell awhile, till the tinkling of the bell came as a prelude to telephonic talk. Two army-women asked: "Is General Greely there, and will he send for us a message into Cuba?" "Governments fill the line, and time fails for private talk." "Only a few words that will take scarce a minute." What could we say? Yesterday had brought word that one husband lay in the open field, shot through his breast, with an arm shattered. As to the other, reports differed whether he was fever-stricken or Mauser-struck, but both agreed that against medical advice he had gone to the front. What could I say but that I would do the best possible? Then came the noblest words of the day—of women bearing their husbands' burdens with their own, giving no sign of the anguish that filled their tender hearts. The message ran thus: "Say to our husbands that we are well, and bid them be of good courage." Unequal fate befell these two courageous women, for one holds in her happy home the general who then won his star, while the other, a sorrowing widow, gains her bread by daily toil.

The Signal Corps had always been alert in its efforts to place military ballooning on its proper footing as an important war factor, ever useful for reconnoitering, but indispensable in a wooded country. In peace, when time and opportunity permitted modest experiments, Congress refused special appropriations. When sudden war came, and funds were available, time failed not only for experiments, but also for even making a balloon. It thus occurred that the only war experiences were with a balloon manufactured entirely by hand work of members of the corps, and in their leisure hours. That such a balloon was built, under such difficulties, was due to the enthusiasm of Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. Glassford and the persevering ingenuity of Sergeant Ivy Baldwin. Balloon operations were intrusted to Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. Maxfield. The necessary adjuncts (steel tubes filled with compressed pure hydrogen gas under one hundred atmospheres, generator, etc.) were collected under such stress and from so many quarters that at Tampa there was not even time to make an experimental ascent. Sailing with General Shafter, the balloon party was kept on shipboard for a week after its arrival at Siboney.

Charged with a technical duty demanding professional skill and scientific knowledge, Colonel Maxfield's requests for supplies were refused, his advice and warnings disregarded. However, he allowed nothing to deter decisive action on his own part, although he was to make his first ascent in the face of an enemy and in a

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balloon so worn and dilapidated that its use was extra-hazardous.

Repairs were speedily made, and, on June 30, three ascensions disclosed roads and streams undiscovered in the previous week. The five Spanish war-ships, the arrival of which the Signal Corps had promptly announced to the President, were for the first time seen as a fleet.

Ordered by General Shafter to arrange for an ascension on July 2, when a battle was to occur, Colonel Maxfield had his horse shot under him while reconnoitering the designated ground that morning. Contrary to his advice, the balloon was ordered on the skirmish-line of the troops then deploying for an attack on the block-house and trenches on San Juan Hill. The ascension disclosed the fact that San Juan Hill was strongly held by the enemy, and the existence near by of an unsuspected trail toward the hill. As a result, Grimes's battery immediately opened fire on San Juan Blockhouse, and the path was promptly utilized by the diversion therein of some of the troops then crowding the main road, thus increasing the number of men who could simultaneously advance to the attack. Meanwhile the Spanish troops, doubtless astonished by the appearance of a balloon almost over their lines, opened a heavy musketry fire, which riddled the balloon and inflicted loss on our troops in the rear. To obtain information the Signal Corps had been pushed forward so far that the Mauser-pierced balloon fell to the ground even in advance of our skirmishers, between the lines of the two contending armies. Colonel Maxfield would have been justified in temporarily abandoning the balloon, but such a thought does not seem to have entered his head. The men handled the huge envelop as fast as the escaping gas would permit, and rolling it neatly, carried it safely to the rear. This occupied about half an hour, during which time the Spanish fire was continuous and at times so heavy that leaves cut by bullets fell like rain from the trees.

By remarkable good fortune the balloon fell in the dry bed of the shallow Aguadores, and instead of the whole party perishing, only one man was wounded. As the balloon was falling, Colonel Maxfield's attention was drawn to one man, Corporal Boone, since dead, whose cool and systematic actions in securing the safety of the aëronauts first and the balloon afterward made him conspicuous for courage in a party where every man displayed bravery. The balloon safe, Sergeant Kennedy, with Privates Bunce and Richards, volunteered to take a dynamite-gun to the "Rough Riders," which was done under conditions of such danger as secured for them, by the unanimous award of a board of officers, certificates of distinguished service.

The value of the war bicycle has been loudly vaunted, and the Signal Corps of Santiago would not have been up-to-date had a wheel been wanting. The hard-hearted commanding general tabooed such transportation, but an enterprising private, Starkey by name, was promised a fabulous sum by a maker if he would take a wheel safely through the campaign. The fabulous sum *in posse* was not attractive, but a new bicycle *in esse* was, and it was smuggled on ship and ashore, the first bicycle in an American war. It escaped sharp-eyed Colonel Greene until June 25, when he detailed Starkey to report at once to Lawton, beyond Las Guasimas.

Greene, whose campaign experiences never cost him a day's illness, nearly fainted from mingled astonishment and indignation when he learned that Starkey, without permission, had started at day-break on an ante-breakfast bicycle jaunt to inspect the battle-field of Las Guasimas, twelve miles distant. However, the wily colonel held his counsel, for he knew that the trail to be followed was better suited to travel by ox-sled than by bicycle, and simply ordered that Starkey report *immediately* on his return. Seven hours of exhausting work brought the rider back at noon. Greene personally saw the wheel packed with heliograph, carbine, blanket-roll, haversack, etc., and grimly watched the soldier as, under orders to Lawton, he wearily trundled away until the road melted into the palms. It is safe to say that Private Starkey holds the bicycle record in the Santiago campaign, and as for the bicycle, it next appeared with deflated tires and tilted wooden rim, a disreputable wreck of its former grandeur and beauty.

The war was marked by certain incidents which in olden times would be termed chivalric, but which we now call evidences of the "brotherhood of man." Certainly they indicate that there was no

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spirit of hate between individual combatants. Invalided by yellow fever, Major G. W. S. Stevens of the Signal Corps learned that his baggage had been shipped from Santiago to Spain with the paroled soldiers. From their forlorn condition as to clothing and equipment, there were grounds to think that these articles, as spoils of war, would be utilized for the comfort of the half naked. The trunk, with every article intact, was promptly returned from Spain.

Among other incidents is the story of the first official message direct from Hobson. It will be recalled that there were rumors in circulation as to ill-treatment of this heroic officer and his gallant men. My own efforts disproved these rumors. I cabled by three separate routes, the navy having reported all cables cut, as follows:

RICHMOND P. HOBSON,
Care Naval Commander,
Santiago de Cuba.
Your many congratulating friends hope you are in good health.
A. W. Greely.

I was gratified to receive the next day an "office message" courteously stating that General Linares, then commanding at Santiago, would personally see that my cablegram was delivered to Hobson.

On June 8 I received this cablegram:

GREELY: Many thanks for kindness. Self, seamen all well. Notify families. Earnestly trust measures being taken for exchange.
Hobson.

I took it direct to the President, whom I found working as usual after midnight. He said: "Can this be genuine, general? It seems like a fairy-tale to bring me direct news from an American officer in a Spanish prison. Besides, it has been reported that some of the seamen were injured."

I assured the President of my entire confidence in the honorable action of General Linares, and the correctness of the news. On the receipt of this message, the Navy Department informed the anxiously inquiring families of the men of their safety.

It was gratifying for me to be able to extend similar reciprocal courtesies later in the war. On July 2 cable communication between Cuba and Spain was completely severed except over the lines between Havana and Key West, which were open for messages censored by Spain at Havana and by the Signal Corps at Key West. Governor-General Blanco then asked if I would permit him to send a personal message to Madrid. I answered that it would give me great pleasure to forward the cablegram. It was a soldier's gallant homage to her Majesty, the Queen Regent, on her birthday.

Colonel James Allen ordered to be transmitted, at Admiral Sampson's request, the report of Admiral Cervera to Governor-General Blanco, which I allowed to pass from New York to Havana. In turn, Blanco asked me to allow him to send Cervera's report to Madrid, and also requested that I forward the following message to Cervera, which was granted at once.

REAR-ADMIRAL CERVERA,
Care of Admiral Sampson,
Playa del Este.
I received with profound grief your Excellency's telegram of yesterday, and desire to express my admiration at the conduct of your officers and crew. Perhaps if you had chosen some other hour the result would have been different. Sampson states that in his command there were only three casualties—is it possible? Your Excellency is asked to inform me what funds you need and where they should be deposited. I tender to your Excellency, in which all the officers and troops under my command join, the expression of my liveliest interest and desire to alleviate your situation as far as possible.
Blanco.

The most interesting point connected with the Porto Rican campaign was the opening up of telegraphic communication at Ponce, and the establishment of several telegraph and telephone systems which radiated along the line of march of the four invading columns. From the roof of the custom-house communication by flag and torch was had with the transports and naval vessels in the harbor, and with such military commands near the city as were not provided with direct telegraphic communication. General Miles intrusted entire charge of the Signal Corps work to Colonel James Allen, whose success in Cuba had excited the admiration of his brother officers, of the foreign military attachés, and of our whole country. The field telegraphic

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work was directed by Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Reber of the Signal Corps, an officer of wonderful energy and resourcefulness. Appreciating the importance of telegraphic communication, the retiring Spaniards had destroyed the battery, removed the instruments, and severed connections, as well as torn down portions of the line. In fact, they had done everything possible to destroy telegraphic communication in the island, and this in a country where no telegraph material was available. Unfortunately, the shipment of Signal Corps stores had been delayed in transit, but the field telegraph outfits of the corps were supplemented by material gathered here and there. Among articles that could not be replaced was a large switchboard that was absolutely necessary to facilitate the handling of military messages, which ran as high as ten thousand words a day. Reber's experience in the International Railway work in Central America, as well as in the shops of the Johns Hopkins University during his electrical course at that institution, was not lost. Stalking along the streets, a perfect giant, six feet four inches in height, he espied a discarded brass kettle. Telling a man to pick it up and follow him, he marched on until he reached a small machine-shop, of which he took military possession, and personally applied himself to the work of building a switchboard. In a time which seemed incredibly short to the astonished Porto Ricans, he manufactured from the sugar-kettle and parts of broken captured instruments a switchboard which seemed at a distance, even to an experienced eye, to be the output of an electrical-supply house.

Reber's versatility again displayed itself in his photographic work of the Spanish position at Aibonito Pass. Surveying by photography is not new, but its application to the camera, without any special outfit, in the field and in active military operations is sufficiently unusual to merit notice. Occupying several points on the firing-line, his photographic work was so satisfactory that he produced a topographic map of the local terrain showing our own battery at an elevation of nine hundred feet and the Spanish battery at eighteen hundred and fifty feet, with an intervening valley.

The speedy manner in which Lieutenant Davenport, Signal Corps, handled the message announcing the peace protocol shows the efficiency of the service. The cablegram, received in the main office at Playa del Ponce, August 13, at 10:34 A.M., reached army headquarters at Ponce at 10:37 A.M. The orders of Major-General Miles, commanding the army, transmitted by wire in three directions, to Generals Brooke, Henry, and Wilson, directing suspension of hostilities, were written, filed, sent, and delivered in the interior of the island in thirty-three minutes, just in time to prevent active hostilities. The message to General Brooke, who was on the firing-line, necessitated a courier, Lieutenant McLaughlin, who rode very fast, knowing that our artillery was opening the fight. After the war was over, General Brooke said to me one day: "McLaughlin of your corps is an energetic officer, general, but I had to reprimand him that day."

"For what?" I asked in a surprised manner.

Brooke, with a twinkle in his eye, responded: "I told McLaughlin that he ought not to have ridden his horse so fast on such a hot day."

The general's soldierly instincts could not regard quietly the spoiling of a fight, especially when things were going his way.

At Aibonito Pass telephone service was opened on the firing-line, and the tree supporting the telephone was destroyed by a Spanish shell. Officers and men displayed the greatest zeal for scouting duty, and shared with the line in the capture of towns and other raids that would have been hazardous in face of a stronger foe.

Signal Corps operations in the Philippines were conducted under the supervision of Lieutenant-Colonel R. E. Thompson with a degree of success comparing favorably with that of his comrades nearer home. The laying of the Manila-Cavite cable, where part of the material was extemporized, the reopening of the Hongkong-Manila cable in advance of the arrival of the cable-ship, the directing of the fire of the navy by preconcerted code, and the system of field-telegraph lines in the trenches about Manila, were part of the special services that the corps was proud to render to their comrades of the line. On the day of the assault the non-combatant Signal Corps was given places of honor. Captain E. A. McKenna, with two men carrying red-and-white flags, and

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other Signal Corps men maintained their position with or in advance of the firing-line, and these flags were the first emblems of American authority within the enemy's works. During this assault an insulated telegraph wire was carried across a river and up the open beach, and a telegraph office was opened within the Spanish intrenchments just fifteen minutes after they were carried.

Signal Corps operations were conducted by Colonel Thompson on a scale and with a success hitherto unknown in active campaigning. With Manila as a center, every extended movement in Luzon has found the Signal Corps keeping pace with division commanders, which means not only a telegraph office on the firing-line by the side of the general, but connection with every unit of the command, whether battery or regiment. Struggling amid rice-swamps and tropical undergrowth in the lowlands, and crossing trackless hills in the uplands, the efforts of Captains Edgar Russel and Daniel J. Carr and other officers have always been timely and valuable. Building lines under fire and repairing wires destroyed by secret enemies in the rear, the duty has been such as to afford numberless opportunities for daring deeds. That the Signal Corps is active is evinced by the fact that more than one eighth of its entire force, officers and men, have been mentioned in despatches and reports for gallantry under fire.

Captain Russel, as his wife says, found that the dangers inseparable from the construction, operation, and repair of flying telegraph lines under heavy musketry fire, or the more dreaded sharp-shooters, were far less trying than the environment of an advancing and victorious army. Above all, his powers of endurance were taxed to the utmost when he was obliged to establish an improvised field-telegraph office in a place "which a few minutes before had been an insurgent Red Cross hospital, and hear the wounded and dying men around him groaning and screaming with pain, begging for the water which he could not get them, and asking for attention which he could not give."

One of the most striking offices of the Signal Corps was connected with the intimate relations incident to the coöperation of the army and navy in directing the fire of the modern high-power artillery of the vessels of the navy. The first application of this service was under Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Greene during the siege of Santiago and the bombardment of that city by Admiral Sampson.

In the Philippines, however, the system of fire control was brought to a degree of perfection and effectiveness never before attained. This was due to the practical ingenuity and professional skill of Captain Edgar Russel of the Signal Corps, who devised a plan whereby an effective fire was made from the vessels of the navy, which could hardly be seen upon a land point considerably inshore, and which in turn could not be discerned from the fleet. Captain Russel's scheme, commending itself both to General Otis and Admiral Dewey, was first put into operation on February 19. Fortunately for the success of the work, Caloocan Church, formerly occupied as a fort by the insurgents, served in turn for military purposes to our own army. The tower of the church was sufficiently high to enable communication to be made with the navy by flag or torch. Russel's system required a good map of the country and an angle-measuring instrument—in this case a sextant lent by the captain of the *Monadnock*. The position of the ship having been accurately charted on the map, a north-and-south base-line was drawn through it to a point to which the shot was to strike on shore; the scale of the map at once gave the range, and a small protractor gave the bearing from the north-and-south lines. Meanwhile Captain Russel had established a field-telegraph station in the body of the church, from which communication was had over twenty different points on the firing-line around Caloocan. General Arthur MacArthur, an officer of distinguished service in the Civil War, was alive to the great importance of telegraphic communication and to the possibility of utilizing scientific electric methods in this spirited campaign.

When MacArthur's plans were perfected and operations were to begin, he selected a point about a mile in front of the Twentieth Kansas, Colonel Funston, where there was a troublesome village fortified by the insurgents. Captain Russel, receiving his orders from General MacArthur and communicating with the *Monadnock*, sent the following message: "Thirty-eight degrees

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From a photograph

HELIOGRAPHING FROM CORREGIDOR TO MANILA, TWENTY-EIGHT MILES

six thousand two hundred yards" (about three and a half miles). The *Monadnock*, with that skill which distinguished the gunners of the United States navy, immediately fired a ten-inch shell, which, striking in the heart of the village, wrought such havoc and consternation as thoroughly to demoralize the insurgents. Three other ten-inch shells from the same monitor, fired at ranges of from five to six thousand yards, convinced the insurgents that the first shot fired was not an accident, and that longer occupation of the village and contiguous territory was not advisable.

One of the most striking evidences of the ability of the Signal Corps to overcome promptly obstacles in the way of communications was connected with the attack on Manila of August 13. Lieutenant-Colonel R. E. Thompson, chief signal-officer Eighth Army Corps, had already perfected a system of telegraphic and telephonic communication connecting General Otis's headquarters and every separate command, whether in the trenches or in reserve. He undertook to insure continuous telephonic communication between the commanding general and the advance skirmish-line, which, in this instance, was accompanied by a detachment of the Signal Corps. The march carried the command across a broad though shallow stream, which was promptly forded by the Signal Corps men, unreeling an insulated cable as they advanced. Emerging from the water, the Signal Corps moved forward, laying its line as our forces advanced. Two men carried signal-flags, led by Captain E. A. McKenna, United States Volunteer Signal Corps, who advanced up the beach displaying his signal-flags, so that the fire of the navy should fall in advance of the army. Entering the forts, the red-and-white flags of the Signal Corps were the first American emblems within the Spanish intrenchments. Captain McKenna did not stop here, however, but pushed on, and established a branch telegraph-station under fire of the enemy's second line, and maintained communication with both branches of the army until the enemy's positions were carried.

The feminine element was not entirely wanting in the war experiences of the Signal Corps. When the Manila contingent sailed from San Francisco, the wives and families of officers were properly forbidden passage on the transports, but the Pacific liners carried more than one anxious woman, determined to live in Japan or China until settled conditions or war contingencies should permit transition to the Philippines.

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Their experiences were to be harsh and varied. For the most part they were summarily ordered to safe shelter, when, in the very town of Manila, the smothered fires of native hate and distrust burst forth into flame. Of the very few who held fast there were those who were to bring back, covered by cypress, their valiant dead, but others, happier, would come with heroes wearing the laurel of victory.

Among these American heroines was the wife of Captain Edgar Russel, the daughter of another soldier, Colonel A. S. Kimball. A delicate, frail-looking girl, she left the pleasant academic surroundings of West Point Military Academy, with all its accompaniments of luxury and social joys, to dare alone the harshness of travel and the trials of a lonely life in a foreign la Scarcely had the city fallen before sh joined Captain Russel, who was serving signal-officer at Manila. She was the firs woman of the American army to arriv and to the end she shared the dangers an privations of our army in its warfare wi the insurgents. With other women, su as the wife of Colonel Stotsenberg, he presence was in turn an inspiration and solace to our gallant soldiers. More tha once Mrs. Russel was under heavy fire succoring the sick, ministering to the dy ing, and caring for the dead. Hunger an thirst, nights without sleep, and days of intense heat, all passed almost unnoticed in efforts on the part of these women to do tender offices, whether spiritual or material

Drawn by George Varian from a photograph

A DETACHMENT OF THE SIGNAL CORPS ADVANCING WITH AN INSULATED WIRE ALONG THE BEACH DURING THE ARMY'S ASSAULT ON MANILA

THE DRUDGE

BY JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

REPOSE upon her soulless face,
Dig the grave and leave her;
But breathe a prayer that, in his grace,
He who so loved this toiling race
To endless rest receive her.

Oh, can it be the gates ajar
Wait not her humble quest,
Whose life was but a patient war
Against the death that stalked from far,
With neither haste nor rest;

To whom were sun and moon and cloud,
The streamlet's pebbly coil,
The transient, May-bound, feathered crowd,
The storm's frank fury, thunder-browed,
But witness of her toil;

Whose weary feet knew not the bliss
Of dance by jocund reed;
Who never dallied at a kiss?
If heaven refuses her, life is
A tragedy indeed!

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TWO BRITISH GAME PARKS

BY J. M. GLEESON

WITH PICTURES BY THE WRITER

I. POWERSCOURT

"GO straight on, sir, till ye come to the goolden gates; that 's Poorscoort."

Thus spake an elderly cottager whom I accosted while wandering through the pleasant lanes that lie between the ancient town of Bray and the noble estate of Lord Powerscourt. So in good time I came to the golden gates, huge gilded grills flanked by mighty columns of stone on the summits of which, with outstretched wings, hovered the eagles that form part of the family coat of arms. A broad carriage-road wound out of sight between rows of splendid beeches, through which glimpses of park and grove and distant mountains served to whet one's desire to pass beneath these golden gates and to explore the Eden to which they led. To the left, as I entered, reposing in the shadow of his rose-covered cottage, was the warden, grim old watch-dog, who, after a lifetime of soldiering in many lands, has here a safe and comfortable hearth for the rest of his days. Yes, his lordship was home, but did n't I know that Mr. Mervin was coming of age in a few days, and that his lordship was busy preparing for the festivities for this most important occasion? The Hon. Mervin Richard was heir to title and estate, and an officer in the Irish Guards, and at the present moment he was being painted by a great painter from London who had been sent for by the tenantry, and this portrait was to be their birthday present. Therefore I should probably be obliged to wait a week or more. Leaving this rather discouraging informant, I strolled along for about a mile through a lovely winding avenue.

HEAD GAMEKEEPER WITH COCKER SPANIEL, POWERSCOURT

Here the straight, smooth silvery trunks of the trees arching in deepest green overhead, the patterned windows where the sun filtered in through leaf and branch, the cool, somber light, and the utter quietness, contrasting strangely with the long, upright pictures through the trees of the outside world of sunlight and beauty,

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gave me such an impression that I fancy I should have been tempted to turn back and await another occasion, had it not been for permission to wander and sketch at my leisure throughout the length and breadth of his little world.

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

POWERSCOURT, COUNTY WICKLOW, IRELAND

the fact that I had traveled three thousand miles to see his lordship and to get his

At length, like the pilgrims in the old German stories, I reached the castle gate,

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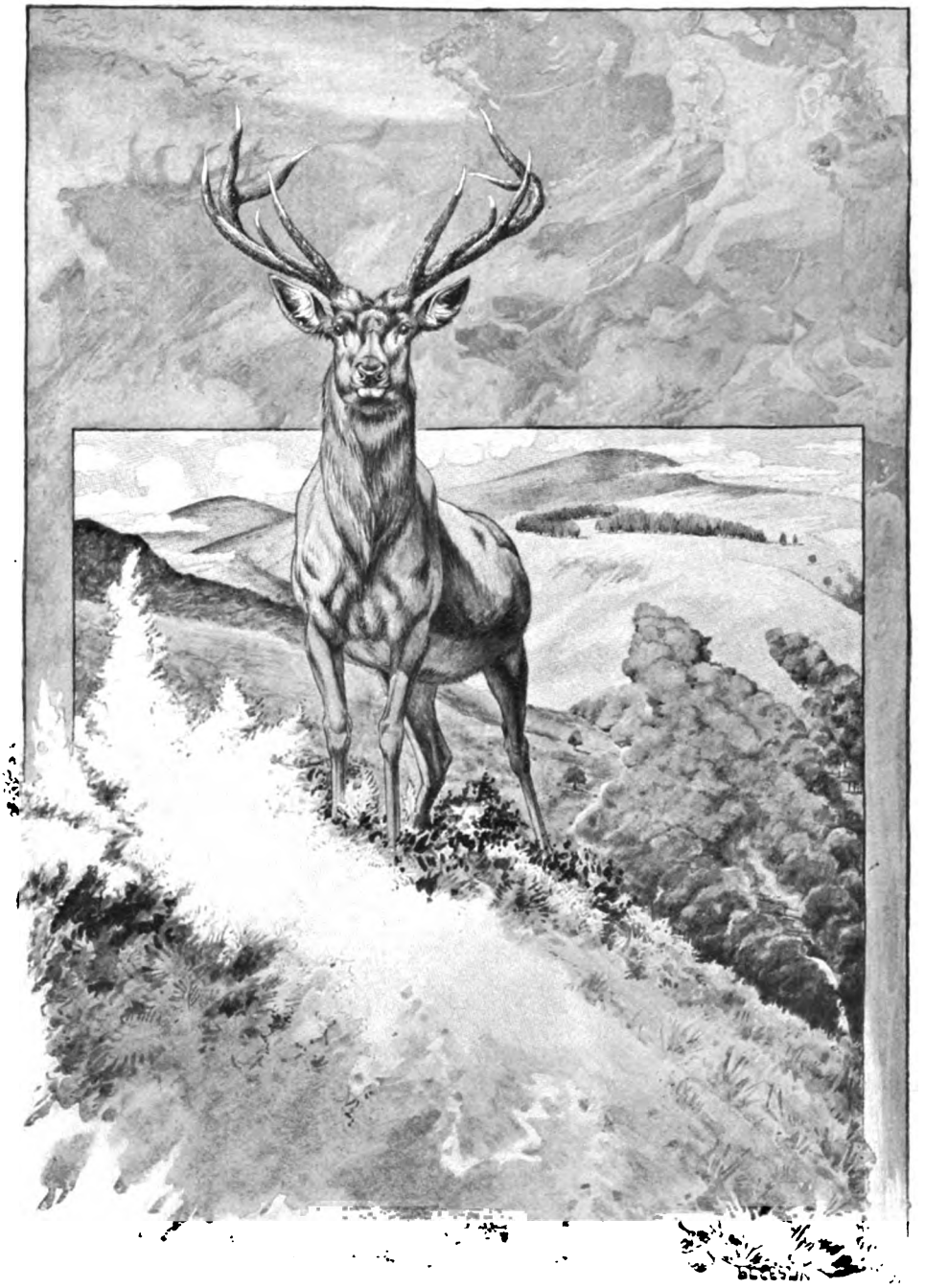

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

RED DEER IN THE IRISH HIGHLANDS, LORD POWERSCOURT'S ESTATE

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and rang the bell. A liveried servant told me that Lord and Lady Powerscourt were looking over the silver to be used at the coming banquets, and could I not come next week, or would I not see the housekeeper? Yes, I would see the housekeeper; and I entered just such an antlered, armored hall as in my youth I had dreamed of. At length the housekeeper came, her great bunch of keys at her girdle, and very busy and worried. Could I not come after the festivities, or would it not do if she gave me a man to go over the estate with me? Oh, yes, that would do for the present; so the man came, and we went into the garden.

There his lordship presently found me, and nothing could be more delightful than the true Irish hospitality with which he welcomed me: I must come in to luncheon and meet his family, after which he would show me over the place. So I was presented to his beautiful wife, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester, and to their three daughters, and to the son and heir, Mr. Mervin, as tall, handsome, and nice a young fellow as one would care to meet, and also to the London artist who was stopping at the castle while he painted the portrait. After luncheon his lordship gave me the entire afternoon, showing me all the wonders of castle and grounds. Nothing could possibly be more interesting, not only because of the many beautiful things to be seen there, but also on account of the associations and the history.

The estate gets its name from a very ancient owner, De la Poer. Again and again the house had been the scene of sieges and bloody massacres; three times it was razed to the ground, only to spring up stronger and handsomer than before. This was not hard to believe, for I have never seen in any part of the world a more beautiful site for a dwelling-place. For three centuries the Wingfield family has resided here. It is an old Saxon family from Suffolk, and was granted the estate by King James in 1609. The property is about five miles long by four wide, and comprises some of the finest scenery in Ireland.

The present dwelling was built in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and has two façades. The one facing the north shows a great square central body and two long wings; in the center is a pediment bearing the family arms cut in stone, and at each end stands an obelisk, on which is mounted the family crest—an eagle with outstretched wings.

The south façade has a round tower at each end, surmounted by a cupola of copper, and from here one looks out over the terraced gardens, the miniature lake, the gleaming statues, and the splendid groups of trees, to the rolling wooded valley below and up to Sugar Loaf, the finest mountain in all these parts. A noble flight of broad stairs, flanked by statues and great stone globes, leads down to the lake, which is circular in shape, and framed by rare aquatic plants and splendid trees. In the center is a copy, in marble, of the fountain of the Triton at Rome; two bronze Pegasi surmount the boat-house, their dark images reflected in the water below, where white swans float tranquilly about, while nervous little water-hens hustle busily through the reeds on the banks.

Lord Powerscourt has always been a most enthusiastic sportsman, and trophies of the chase in many lands adorn the walls of the great hall. He has also one of the finest private collections of rare antlers in the British Isles; and beside the great stairway hangs a perfect set of horns of the gigantic Irish elk. His deer park is one of the best stocked in Ireland; the park proper consists of a thousand acres of mountain-land, carefully walled in, and contains between four and five hundred deer of various kinds. The greater number are the splendid red deer, the park deer *par excellence*. Fallow deer come next in point of number, then Japanese and Manchurian, and there is of course an abundance of smaller game. Near the castle, in a dense clump of trees, is a heronry; here from time immemorial the herons have congregated for the nesting season.

As I was in reality hunting animals, I started off early the next morning armed with a note from his lordship to Antin, the head gamekeeper. His cottage is situated about four miles from the castle, and it seemed to me that I never had enjoyed a more delightful walk. Splendid roads follow a winding, babbling, brown brook where the trout dart about among the brown stones. Beautiful trees, many of them from America and Norway, grow with almost tropical luxuriance on each hand. The mountains rise higher and darker, until they finally meet, forming a

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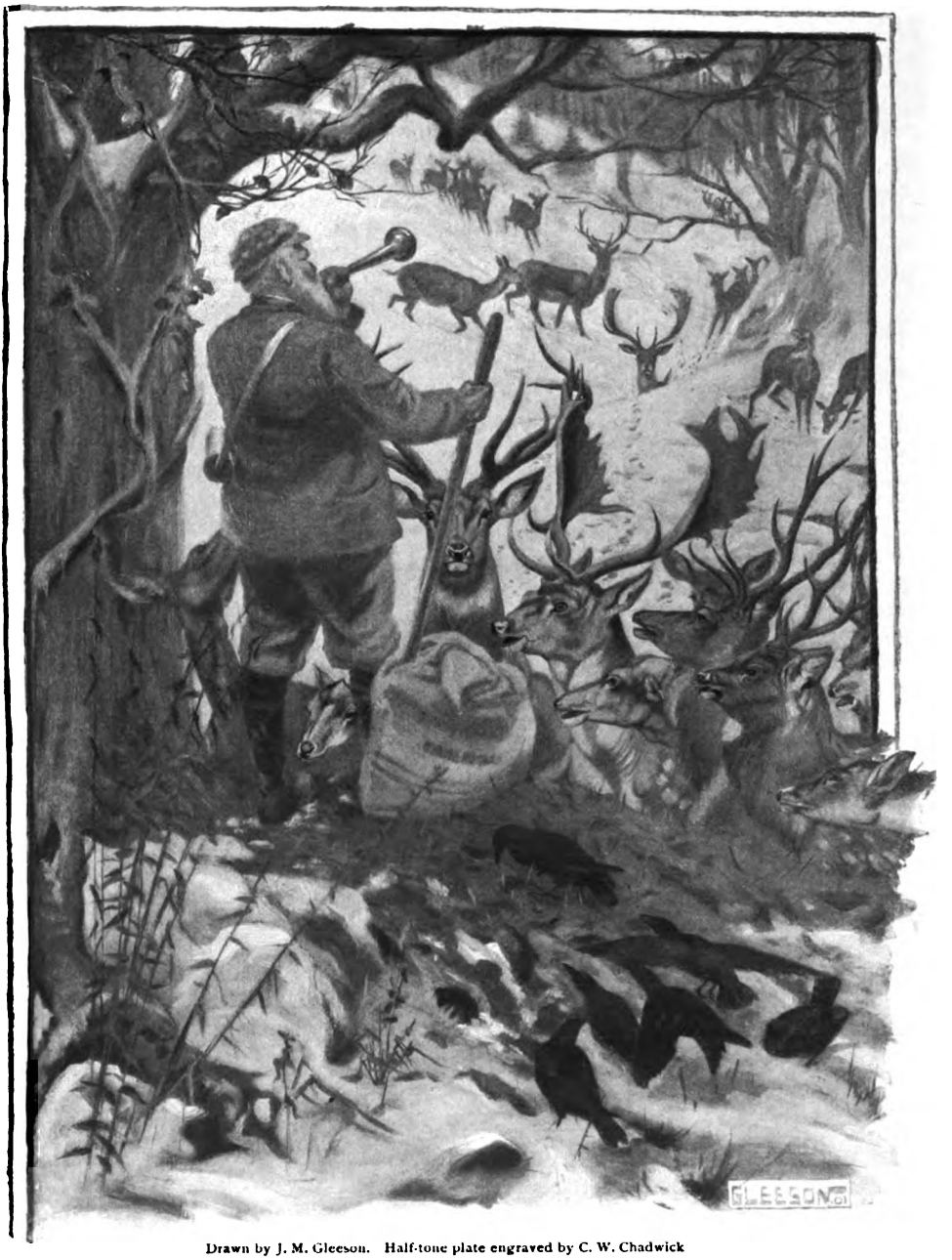
huge amphitheater, at the far end of which hangs the silver ribbon of water, three hundred and sixty feet long, that forms the famous waterfall, visited every year by thousands of tourists. For be it known that the grounds of Powerscourt are absolutely wide open to the public; I regret to add that at times the visitors literally drive the family within doors.



Drawn by J. M. Gleeson. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

CALLING THE DEER IN WINTER, POWERSCOURT

Hard by the waterfall, among the great old oaks, stands the neat white cottage of the head gamekeeper. He was not in

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when I presented my card, but his rosy-cheeked daughter informed me that I would find him on the mountains, where he had gone in quest of venison for the banquet. She called Barney to help me find him, and as I looked up at those dark wooded hills it seemed much like looking for a needle in a hay-stack to find one small man.

However, on we went; now sheer up the dark, grassy hillsides, then for a breathing-spell along the winding carriage-road which Lord Powerscourt has constructed almost to the summit. This splendid work was undertaken principally to furnish labor for the tenantry during one of the hard seasons.

At first our search led us through groves of splendid oak, the ground well covered with clumps of bracken and watered by numerous springs. Here we found the pretty Japanese deer. Then came the Scotch fir, and after that, highest of all, the forests of larch; until finally we passed the tree-line, and came out upon the wind-swept highlands, clothed in gorgeous raiment of purple heather and golden furze. Here, among the sifting clouds, is the true home of the red deer, and from a distance —for they are perfectly wild—we see them gathering in small herds to observe us. As I had expected, we failed to find Antin, but we stumbled across the body of a fine fallow stag, his horns still in the velvet and a bullet through his head. Feeling sure that the huntsman would before long return for his prey, I settled down to make studies of the dead deer. And when Antin did at last appear, he was not a little surprised to find a stranger busily engaged over his venison. A fine type of man and gamekeeper was he, Scotch, bluff in person, with soft-flowing white beard and kindly clear blue eyes, highly intelligent, and interested in all phases of animal and vegetable life in his little kingdom. We became great friends, and I learned to look forward with pleasure to my walks over the hills with him, and to the long talks in his cozy cottage. Two half-tamed fallow stags browsed about his cottage green and shared the grain with the ducks and chickens; there also appeared, from time to time, out of the jungle of bracken where she had carefully hidden her fawn, a Japanese hind, a lovely, dainty creature, richer in color than the fallow deer, but spotted in much the same manner. Down the center of her back ran a broad black stripe. Her fine legs were mouse-colored and her eyes were as large and soft as those of the gazelle. She ate prettily from the hand, and muzzled with her soft nose at my pocket to get at my lunch. The flies bothered the deer frightfully, especially the fallow deer, the horns of which were getting very sensitive.

During the winter months, Antin told me, when the snow lies deep on the mountains, and food is difficult to get at all, the deer come down to be fed at the call of the horn. His description of the scene was most graphic and interesting. He pointed out at the back of his cottage a bank by the huge oak where he took his stand, a bag of grain beside him, in one hand the horn, in the other a goodly staff with which to ward off the eager rush of the hungry animals. The Japanese bucks are particularly plucky at this time, and can be even dangerous. Sometimes they literally drag the bag of grain away from him. What a stirring sight it must be to see the different herds appearing from among the clouds, and rushing like an avalanche down the white slopes of the mountains! As they crowd about him, for the nonce all order and caste are forgotten, and, side by side, their variously shaped antlers rock and click together.

The deer are hunted only when venison is wanted, and it is done entirely by stalking; but plenty of sport is to be had in the season for rabbit, grouse, or pheasant.

So fascinating did I find the life among the hills that I rather neglected what at another time would have been most interesting—the celebration at the castle. As for the young heir, it was a trying enough week for him, posing for his portrait in the morning, lunches and lawn-parties in the afternoon, and dinners and speeches in the evening. A great banquet, followed by a dance, was given in the stables to the tenants; and on the broad lawn back of the house pyrotechnical displays delighted the villagers. I fancy Mr. Mervin's happiest hours were when he could get into flannel shirt and great cowhide boots, and we sneaked away to catch eels.

It was delightful to find in troubled Ireland, where the landlord and the tenant are supposed to be hereditary foes, on both sides absolute good will and friendship.

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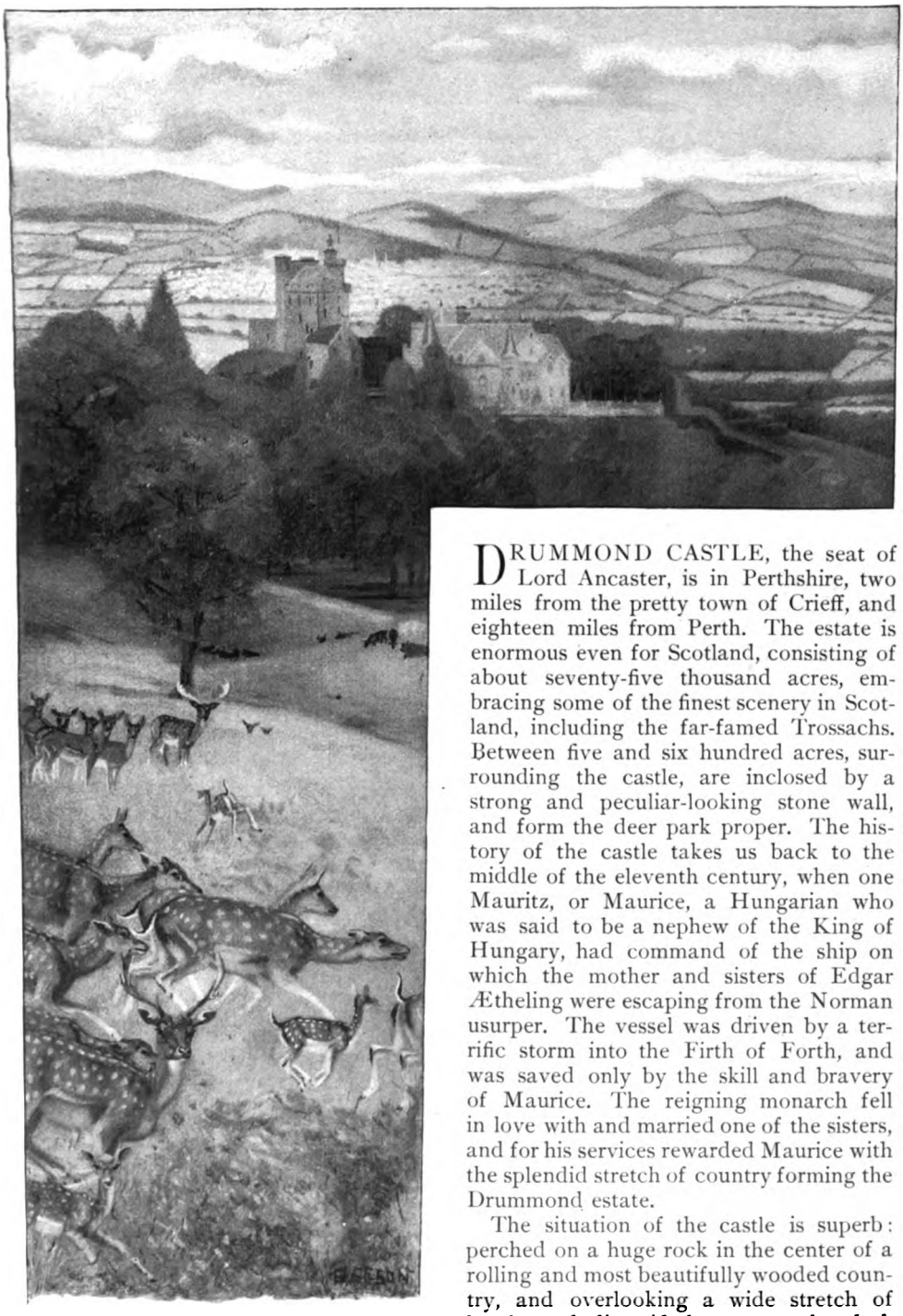
II. DRUMMOND CASTLE



Drawn by J. M. Gleeson. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

DRUMMOND CASTLE AND DEER PARK

DRUMMOND CASTLE, the seat of Lord Ancaster, is in Perthshire, two miles from the pretty town of Crieff, and eighteen miles from Perth. The estate is enormous even for Scotland, consisting of about seventy-five thousand acres, embracing some of the finest scenery in Scotland, including the far-famed Trossachs. Between five and six hundred acres, surrounding the castle, are inclosed by a strong and peculiar-looking stone wall, and form the deer park proper. The history of the castle takes us back to the middle of the eleventh century, when one Mauritz, or Maurice, a Hungarian who was said to be a nephew of the King of Hungary, had command of the ship on which the mother and sisters of Edgar Ætheling were escaping from the Norman usurper. The vessel was driven by a terrific storm into the Firth of Forth, and was saved only by the skill and bravery of Maurice. The reigning monarch fell in love with and married one of the sisters, and for his services rewarded Maurice with the splendid stretch of country forming the Drummond estate.

The situation of the castle is superb: perched on a huge rock in the center of a rolling and most beautifully wooded country, and overlooking a wide stretch of lovely and diversified scenery, the dark Grampian Hills on one side, on the other,

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Thurlum, the highest hill in the neighborhood, lifting its forest-covered crest to the clouds. Below the castle is a lovely lake, the home of innumerable water-fowl. After many and terrible vicissitudes the castle

CURIOUS WALL INCLOSING DRUMMOND CASTLE PARK

was almost completely destroyed by Cromwell, and finally was razed to the ground in the rebellion of 1745. A square tower, the ancient guard-room and court, and part of the walls are all that remain of the original castle. The present home of Lord Ancaster was built only a few years ago, in the style of a French château.

The castle is approached by a mile-long avenue of grand trees; cattle and fallow deer graze on each hand, and the sweet, weird notes of the pibroch is borne to one's ears; for the castle keeps its own piper, and one soon sees him walking up and down on the terrace beneath the castle walls, clad in full Highland dress, and practising the family pibrochs. I afterward became acquainted with him, and never tired of listening to his wonderful performance. To my mind, in the proper milieu, there is no other music half so touching.

Arriving at the castle, one enters at the ancient stone gateway and comes into the fine courtyard, circular in form. The large paving-stones are laid in circles, and in the center stands a stone column supporting an ancient torch or brazier. On one side is the strong square tower now used as a museum, very interesting for its splendid collection of armor and family portraits. From the courtyard we descended into the garden, one of the wonders of Scotland. This truly enormous piece of work was begun in the seventeenth century by the second Earl of Perth, and has been kept up with greatest care and skill to the present day.

Yet, wonderful as it is in its artificial beauty, I left it without regret to wander through the lovely natural scenery of the park. As I approached the brow of the hill my ear caught a strange, harsh, unusual sound, which I could in no way make out until, arriving at the top, I saw that it came from the hoarse grunting of the herd of fallow deer. It is difficult to connect so harsh and grating a sound with an animal in all respects so pretty and

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Drawn by J. M. Gleeson. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE HEIGHTS OF THURLUM AND DRUMMOND CASTLE

dainty. At times the entire herd grunt in unison, and if heard before the animals are in sight, the effect is somewhat foreboding. When the herd is startled by an approaching object, the stags, after watching with great intentness for a few moments, toss their heads up and down in a threatening manner, and wheeling suddenly, dash wildly round and round the herd, as though rounding them up; then all make off, the fawns having no difficulty in keeping up with the rest.

A mile back from the castle, on the wooded heights of Thurlum, graze flocks of perfectly wild red deer, and no finer sight can be imagined than to come upon a bunch of stags. They dash away, bounding over the rocks and fallen trees, and before passing over the brow of the hill, stand to look back, their splendid forms silhouetted against the sky, their every attitude indicative of strength and keen wariness, as unlike the poor jaded specimen of a zoölogical collection as one can possibly imagine.

Here also I saw the splendid capercaillie, largest of European game-birds. The golden eagle makes his home on these lofty heights, while down on the other side, in the dense pine forests, dwell the timid roe deer. Continuing in a westerly direction, we came to the wild mountain country where lies Glenartney. Here Lord Ancaster has his hunting seat, and here also may be seen herds of Highland cattle in their proper environment.

CAPERCAILLIE, OR WOOD-GROUSE

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THE DESTRUCTION OF PHILÆ

BY ALONZO CLARK ROBINSON

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently—
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
Up many and many a marvelous shrine
Whose wreathèd friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.
"The City in the Sea."

BENEATH the brilliant blue sky and perpetual sunshine of Nubia a tragedy is going forward, murder is being done. It is a sad spectacle, but, like all sad spectacles, interesting.

On the 10th of December, 1902, the Duchess of Connaught laid the stone which completed the great dam at Assuan; Abbas Hilmi Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, pressed the spring which raised the first gate, and in so doing consecrated to destruction the "Pearl of Egypt," the fairy island of Philæ.

The world has rung with the praises of those who conceived and executed the "Great Barrage," the largest dam on the globe; scientific and enlightened Europe has held up its hands in admiration; Egypt expects to derive an increase in revenue of two million six hundred thousand pounds per annum and one third her present arable land. But there is another side to the picture. Thousands of people have been driven from their homes and forced to watch from a safe eminence their little mud huts, their fig- and date-trees, their all, whether of livelihood or association, disappear beneath the waters of the river which they were wont to worship. There is now a lake where stood the two villages of Shellall and el-Monhata, and of the island of Philæ only a portion of the more lofty edifices struggle, like some overwrought swimmer, to maintain their heads above the destroying flood.

A few months ago the island of Philæ was held by lovers of Egyptian antiquities to be the gem of the collection, the jewel in the cap of that mighty river the waters of which flow past so many beautiful and absorbing piles. The temple of Rameses III at Thebes is more imposing, Karnak is larger, the Pyramids are older, the decorations which blaze upon the walls of Abydos are more varied and numerous, the pillars of Dendera excel in height and majesty; but Philæ was the most beautiful, the most loved. A diminutive isle five hundred yards long by one hundred and sixty broad, rising gracefully out of the clear, smooth water which surrounded it, and surmounted by its temples and kiosk, it possessed a beauty and uniqueness which was irresistible, and fastened upon it the appellation of the "Pearl of Egypt."

The present name of Philæ is Greek, and derived from the ancient Egyptian, Pi-lak, or island of Lak. The earliest mention of it occurs in 350 B.C., in the reign of Nektanebas, a king of the thirtieth dynasty. The oldest buildings upon the island belong to the work of this powerful monarch, but there is little doubt that at one time it was adorned with temples of a much earlier period.

The chief deity was Isis, the goddess of the cultivated land; but her husband-brother Osiris, god of the Nile, and several others, including Khnum and Saleb, the gods of the cataract, were also worshiped in various minor sanctuaries. The

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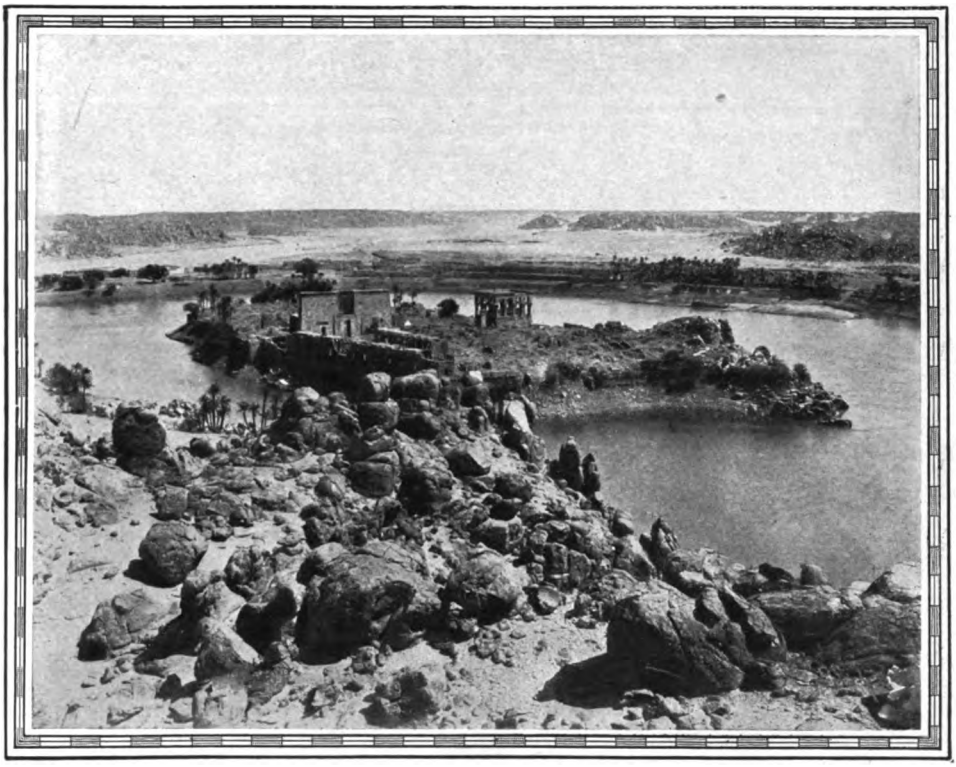
important temples which lent to the island its characteristic appearance were erected by the Ptolemies during the last two centuries B.C., and by the first Roman emperors. During the early centuries of the Christian era Greek and Italian pilgrims visited the temple, as frequent inscriptions



THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ AS IT APPEARED FOR NEARLY THREE THOUSAND YEARS

inform us, to do reverence to the mystical and healing goddess whose sanctuary it was. Even after all Egypt had been Christianized, the worship of Isis was still continued in Nubia, and it was not until the reign of Justinian that the temples were closed. Later the Coptics used portions of them for their services, and finally, when the banners of Islam swept across the length and breadth of the land, the Arabs made of Philæ a palace. But the spirit of destruction which seems to have possessed Christian and Mohammedan alike, as is evidenced in the mutilation of many of the temples of Egypt, was here restrained by the beauties of the island, and Philæ suffered little at their hands.

Of the various buildings which adorned the island of Philæ there remains to-day above water only a portion of the colonnade, the top of the kiosk, and a part of the temple of Isis. The traveler approaches the ruins in a small boat, in which he may pass down the colonnade and row about in the once sacred chambers. It is a novel and interesting experience, but to those who were familiar with the island in all its beauty it is full of sadness. Of the columns which formed the colonnade only the capitals remain above water. Upon these one sees, beautifully chiseled and ornamented with delicate coloring, Tiberius offering gifts to the gods or Nero presenting two eyes to Isis.

A short distance to the right, the roof of the kiosk is visible, resting upon its exquisite columns, which are partly submerged. By it two unusually large palm-trees rear their heads above the inundation.

The temple of Isis being situated upon a rise of ground, a considerable portion of it remains out of water. It is still possible to walk upon the pavement of the hypo-

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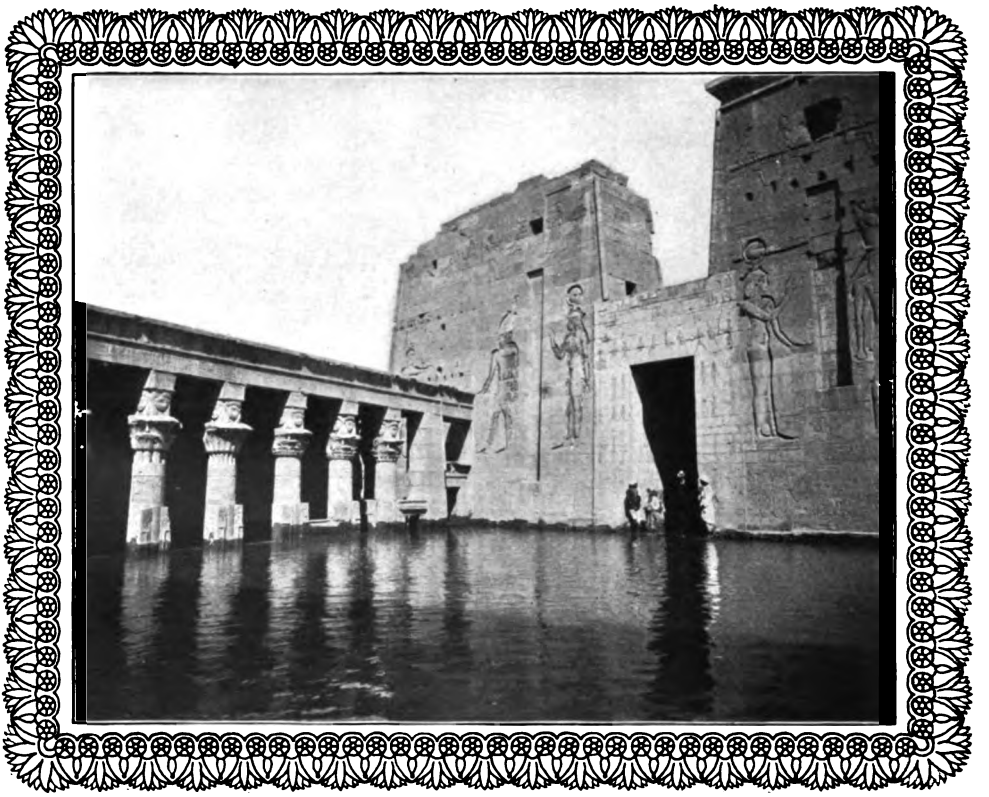
style hall, though the water is almost level with the floor, and even the ripple raised by the gentle breeze splashes upon the stones. There are in this hall eight columns which are considered the most interesting of all the specimens which the Egyptians of the later periods left behind them. Their floral capitals, as well as the walls and ceiling of the hall itself, are decorated in colors the brilliancy of which has defied the elements for nearly three thousand years. Some of the small adjacent rooms are not so fortunate. Already the water is beginning to creep up the walls or force its way through the floor. It is a curious contrast of light and shade: without, the purple rocks and saffron satin sands of the desert, flooded with light, stretch away beyond the green border of the river; within, darkness and the ominous churn and chunk of black water.

From the roof of the temple one obtains a comprehensive view of the disaster. There where that naked little Nubian boy is swimming on a log was the temple of Hathor, and yonder that break in the current marks Hadrian's Gateway. Looking down into the river, one sees dim shapes—the capitals of columns, the suggestion of a roof, the spreading top of a date-palm: a city of the dead.

So much remains of Philæ, a mere suggestion of her former self, a sad sight to those who remember her in all her pride and beauty. But the future is even darker. Already the soft stone is beginning to crumble, the water to thrust its persistent finger through this crevice and that; hour by hour the river, held in check by the great dam, creeps farther up the columns. The island is doomed. In a few years, perhaps months, perhaps even at the next flood-time, it will be utterly destroyed.



A NEAR VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS

The simple natives who inhabit the surrounding country look with horror and superstitious dread upon the destruction of their beloved island. They say among themselves that on the night when first

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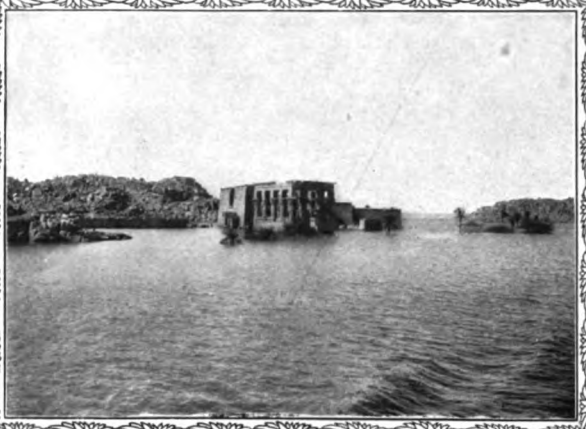
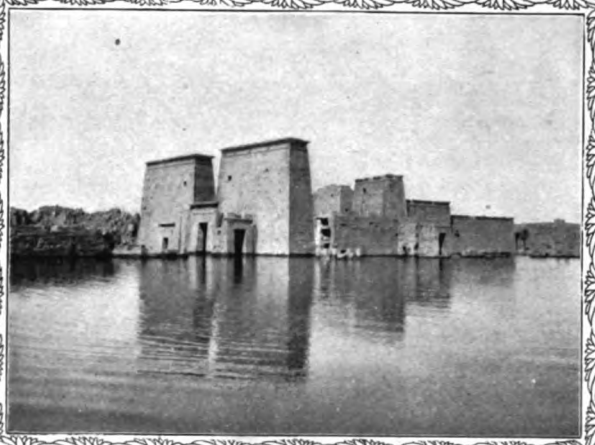


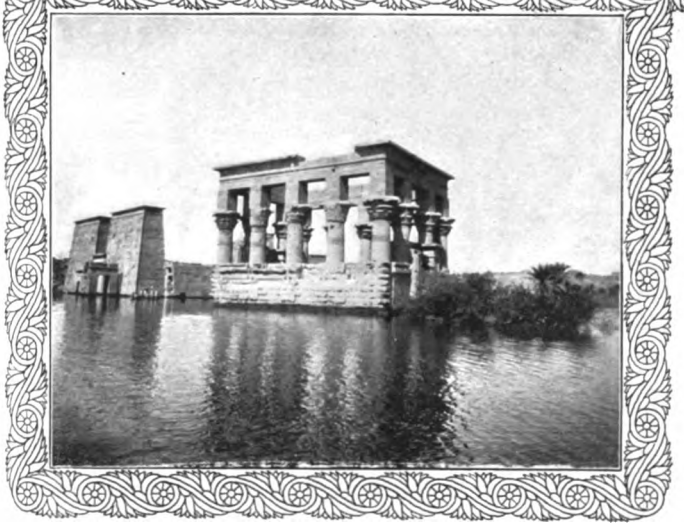
THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ AS IT NOW APPEARS

the Father of Waters lapped against the sacred staircase, a weird and vivid light, wholly unaccounted for by the full moon, enveloped the island, while from the surrounding hills unknown voices were heard to call. Why not? What have these stones not seen and heard? How many prayers, how many offerings, plots, combats, crimes, and noble deeds! These walls now tottering to their fall have reverberated to the chant of the Moslem and echoed back the name of Jesus Christ. Here in the dim ages walked the Egyptian kings, here they came to ease their hearts and take counsel of their gods. Here stood the proud Roman prefects, and after them



THE TEMPLE OF ISIS

their Arab conquerors. Here, many years later, General Desaix paused in his furious pursuit of the Mamelukes, to admire and to inscribe the simple but pregnant line: "An 7 de la République Française." These stones saw Gordon going to his doom, and the ill-fated expedition for his relief, and ten years later the victorious army of Lord Kitchener passed them by with shoutings and with song.



THE KIOSK SURROUNDED BY THE WATERS OF THE NILE

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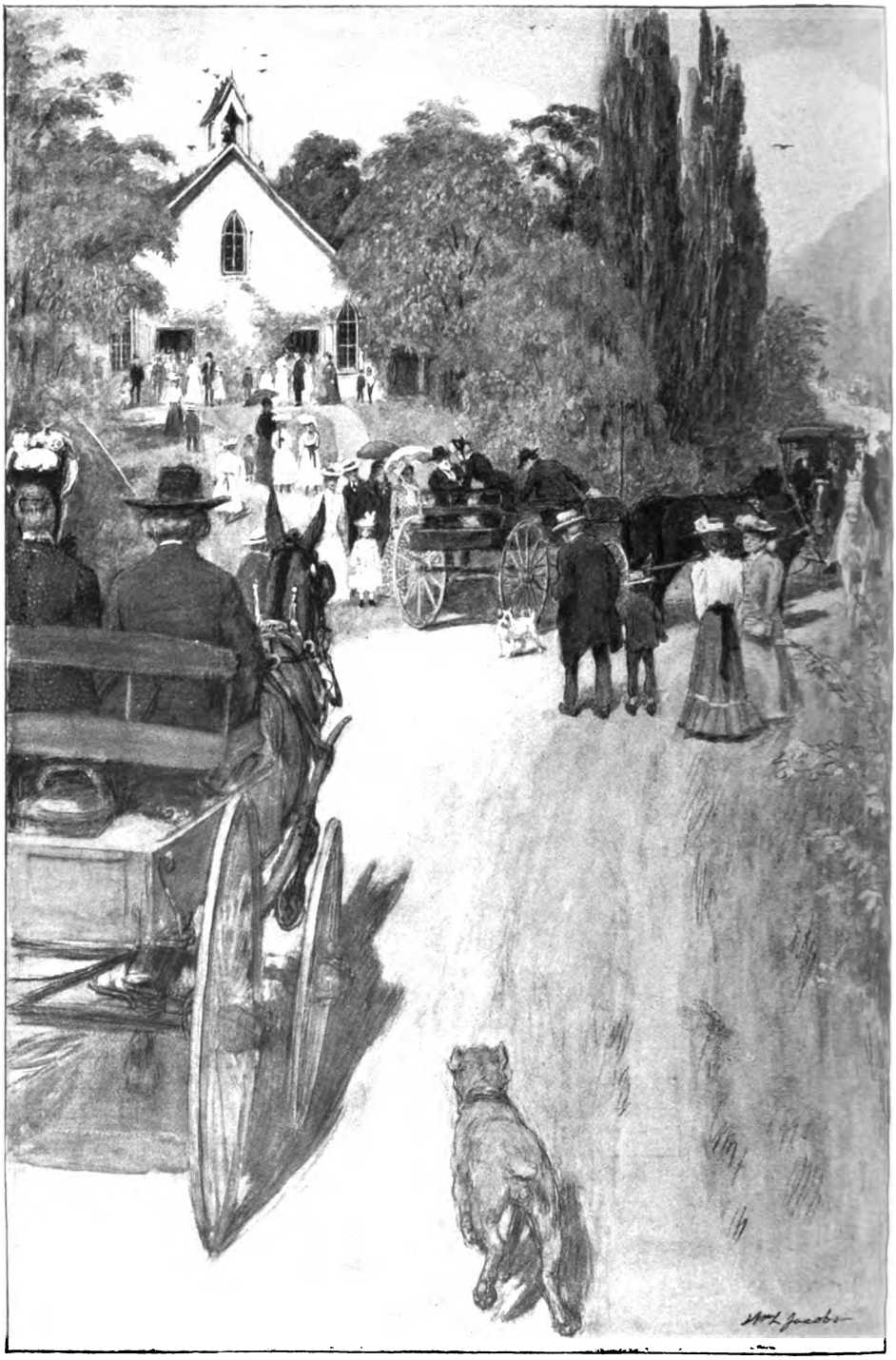

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THUS HAD FATHER WISTER BEEN ABLE TO GATHER IN A LARGE AND WIDELY SCATTERED FLOCK"

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THE OLD DRAGON

A "PA GLADDEN" STORY

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

"Take heed that no man deceive you."

STRANGE tales floated about the Long Valley one winter and spring, went over the ridge Sinai way, and were gossiped about in Pegram. It was said that the best-known and best-loved farmer, Asahel Gladden, had done an unheard-of thing. Not only had he taken in and nursed a "furriner" during the summer, but he had adopted him at the court-house in the early autumn. There were those who had seen this stranger, and who described him as "a juberous sight, lank and sickly." There were others who told of his unceasing labors on the Gladden farm, and how "Pa Gladden's Folly," as irreverent souls had long since dubbed the big stone-and-frame barn, was now full of cattle, and the outer sheds of hogs. Only Elder Becks and the burly Crossroads doctor knew the actual facts. They said that Pa and Ma Gladden looked years younger, and that they were all very comfortable and happy. The whole Valley also knew that the farmer had a new "two-seat," and that four people went to meeting from the brown house where two had gone in times past.

"Ma an' me jogged erlong with the old buggy many a year," said Pa Gladden; "but sence we 've got a fambly, we hev ter hev a two-seat."

Good Ma Gladden could not be had for "misforchins" as easily as of yore. Younger hands took the helm, and two firm, lean ones often led her back to her rocking-chair.

"Ter think I should be so ordered eroun'," she said, "an' thet ye got the actool right, son. I jes feed on the idee, like I hed been starved. I own up I don't like ter git fur erway from home nowadays. It air all so different-like."

"WE were certainly prepared for almost anything that might happen in Long Valley since you adopted a grown man," said Doc Briskett to Pa Gladden, "except that which was most likely to happen—Father Wister's death."

He had stopped his little mare Jinny at the convenient stile in front of the Gladden homestead. Pa Gladden sat contemplative upon it. The winter and spring were almost gone, but, for some reason, no more dreams and vagaries troubled the farmer. Peace, deep and underlying, held his soul in its thrall. Ma Gladden and Persephone wondered for a time what it was, then decided that it was the new and absorbing interest young Asahel Gladden had brought into the life at the brown house.

"Sence Father Wister started off in his sleep night afore last," replied the farmer, "I 'pear ter be spiritooally occupied in follerin' him an' rejoicin'. Many things air onfoldin' ter me thet he said in the Crossroads church when I war led thar by the hand ez a child. The church wull not see his ekal."

"I have been wondering what will suit you Crossroads folks, anyway," mused the doctor. "There are signs of changes; old ways are breaking up and new ideas are coming in."

Pa Gladden looked shrewdly at the speaker.

"Thar wull be much said an' done when proper respec's hev been paid ter Father Wister, doc," he replied slowly, "an' I kin

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give ye a leetle foreshadderin' when I say thet the ondyin' thort in eenymost every one's mind air thet we orter hev a young preacher."

Doc Briskett shook his head over the potentialities of the future as he pursued his way through the budding country lanes. Yet he returned to his home that night convinced that Pa Gladden had only voiced a conviction deeply rooted in the community.

A vista of happenings opened up before the minds of the isolated people of the Long Valley in the choice, initiation, sermons, visits, and conduct of a young preacher. Conjecture, comment, and gossip were rife, and in Dr. Briskett's little office at the Crossroads settlement there were daily discussions. The corner store, with its cider-barrels in the cellar, was deemed too riotous a place for the mention of church affairs. At this determined invasion of his secular premises the physician was alarmed.

"If you don't get hold of a preacher to suit you church folks, I 'll be held accountable," he groaned to Pa Gladden.

"Now, doc," expostulated Pa Gladden, "we all know yer air a workin' an' not a prayin' Christian. We hain't any o' us wullin' ter run wild on any sech important doin's ez this one promises ter be ter the Valley."

"Jee-whiz! And you all are as determined on a young man as a setting hen is on chickens!" retorted the doctor.

"We air, we truly air," cried Pa Gladden; "we air all sot on young heart, young soul, young grit a-stirrin' roun', bustin' full o' zeal fer the Lord. Jes let yer mind conjur up a young worker thet hain't got a glimmer thet he possesses a liver er a stomick. What a chanst he wull hev! We shorely needs a man thet can stand seven good comp'ny suppers a week, an', ridin' hard ter visit his hull flock, put erway a few good dinners ter boot. I hain't much on church festivuls myself, but it air plain thet ef ye kin git an' intrustin', good-lookin' preacher, thar 'll be more tidies an' more comforters knit, an' more cakes baked, from Sinai cl'ar ter Pegram, than hez been turned out fer ten year back. Then thar air thet long percession o' church picnics ter consider. I tell ye, it air the time ter hev yer mind on the young lambs o' the flock thet must be gathered in with continooal chasin' up ez well ez contin prayin'."

"All that can proceed without m grumbled Doc Briskett.

"Arter we hev him, doc, it stan reason it kin purceed. But ye must j intellec' fer us, sence my Asy won't b the fore tel he gets broke inter Valley w Yer word wull be lor ez ter the b l'arnin' a preacher should hev. Ye m jedge them powers o' mind fer us, er m givin's might ha'nt us later on."

"I hain't heared a thing fer a week b thet young preacher," sighed Lovisy Be who was waiting for some powders; "I I wull miss Father Wister in times o' t ble. A merried man allers hez sympa with merried folks' troubles."

"But don't ye see, Lovisy," replied Pa Gladden, eagerly, "thet ye air goin' ter g all thet throwed in? Why not give our ga a chanst? We still hev a few good lookers, ef ye air merried."

"Lor, now, Pa Gladden! blushed Lovisy, "an' me with my nine! Why, I hev clean fergot I ever war young an good-lookin'!"

"I would skip thet thar fac'," retorted Pa Gladden, giving the baby a gum-drop. "Nine childern air nine keys ter heaven. Chirk up! Ye got them same brown eye ye did sech mischief with in meetin'. They uster light up the hull church. Don't ye be settin' up any oppysition ter a young preacher when ye air so young yerself."

The night of the church meeting there was not an empty seat in the house. Elder Becks had been summoned over from Pegram to open the meeting and to aid with his counsel.

By common consent Pa Gladden was chosen to present the desire for a young preacher. As he rose there went a stir through the house.

"Brethern and sisters," he began, in vain striving to subdue his real buoyancy of feeling, "we air shorely boun' ter consider this evenin' the callin' of a man ter sit in the cheer an' ter walk in the steps of our good Father Wister. Now I holds thet this actoolly air a most solemn an' edifyin' moment in the hist'ry o' the Crossroads church. We air standin' at a p'int in the road, an' thar air two sign-boards up fer we-all ter read plain. One o' them signs, an' thet air the one ter my left, spells out 'An old preacher.' The other air ter my

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right hand, an' spells, 'A young preacher.' I do actoolly believe I hev got the feelin' o' this hull meetin' with me when I says thet the settlement an' the Valley air a-cryin' out fer the young man ter be sent amongst us an' ter revive us all by his lively ways an' redeemin' grace. It seems ter me thet this air plumb the Lord's matter, an' thet he hev swep' the idee through the Valley, percisely like the wind blows through a house."

But there at once rose a gaunt old man from over toward Sinai.

"Brother Gladden, hev ye considered the full an' likely consequences o' hevin' a young man ter durrect an' dominate the spiritooal welfare o' the Crossroads church? It air like puttin' l'arnin' ahead o' grace, ter my notion."

"Thar ye air plumb wrong," returned Pa Gladden, firmly. "Ef I am puttin' one thing in my mind ahead o' another in this matter, it air the thort o' savin' by works an' not by exper'unce. Wull ye all consider thet, arter Father Wister hev been holdin' this hull church right outen Satan's clutches fer forty year, sin wull suttinly try ter git a long finger inter this pie? I hain't misdoubtin' ye, Brother Gitts, but it air better ter look this solemn case in the face an' not be opini'nated. Ef ye gets an old preacher thet don't know ye all, he wull sozzle erlong an' never git down ter a true inventory an' schedule. An' a preacher, brethern an' sisters in redeemin' grace, a preacher hez ter know ye, root an' branch, an' jedge ye 'cordin' ter fac's."

The silence that followed was broken by the hoarse voice of Balsy Omerod:

"We must suttinly speak fer a good sermonizer. It air no easy thing ter come ter church an' hear nothin' lively enough ter keep ye woke up."

"Ye hev spoke well, Brother Omerod," replied the farmer; "an' I understands thet, in these days, they gives ye jes whut ye asts fer. We hain't got much edication, but we knows hoss sense. We shorely likes ter be informed on duplex subjects, but air not astin' fer a string o' words ter faze the mind, ner frills ner flutters ter confuse our shortcomin's. We wull now all say a silent prayer thet we may git a white shepherd like Father Wister, but, likewise, a young man thet kin skip erbout ez occasion demands."

Salary and preliminaries were briefly discussed. Pa Gladden declared the people to be "in a truly lib'ral frame o' mind." The meeting broke up with an exultant and expectant atmosphere. The warm loveliness of the May night wooed the large assemblage to linger for gossip. The soft air was full of the new-growth aromas. A young moon was in the southeast. It might have been a summer festival, so little subdued was the light laughter of the young and the chatter of the elders. On the hill above rose ghostly monuments, the "obbelusk" of Elkanah Ritter overtopping all. Pa Gladden moved about, enlightening, encouraging. One man sat apart in the new "two-seat" and watched the lively gathering. Young Asa could not yet mingle with the people, but, ever observant, regarded those before him like figures in a drama. Near him, Persephone was talking to Balsy Omerod and several young farmers who had lately been casting eyes her way. Farther away, Ma Gladden's comfortable voice advised on minor ailments.

The young people pressed close about a girl who stood upon a horse-block and so towered above heads and shoulders. Even in the dim moonlight she was impressive from the trick of her head as she turned it from one admirer to the other. Less attractive maidens hovered on the outer edge of the circle, bandying jokes; but when Melonie Hathaway spoke, they were neglected.

To young Asahel Gladden came the voice of a bluff blond giant who lived toward Needmore's Cut.

"I 'll tell ye," he said gruffly, "thet we all kin guess whut Melonie Hathaway hez been waitin' on. She felt thet thar would be other chances than them she growed up with."

The girl laughed.

"We all air tickled plumb ter death ter think of the prospect of new young men around, are n't we, Gemma Wetter?"

She reached across and pulled beside her a tall, fair girl with flaxen braids.

"You boys need n't be so techy," said the newcomer; "the new preacher will be above we-all—an' mebbe won't be frien'ly even."

She flung a glance at the figure of young Asahel in the wagon.

He barely smiled. It was a comedy that could not destroy his sad thoughts. He knew Gemma resented his not joining

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the rustic court of her beloved friend. He had caught the words:

"Melonie is good enough for any one."

They all knew Melonie. She was the one thing of the Valley that had in it a mysterious spice of the outer world. She was old Dimis Hathaway's daughter. His had been the very trick of the tossing head. But the mother no one knew, because once Dimis had gone away beyond the hills, and returned a broken man with a wilful child that the grandmother silently reared. The old folks were now gone, and Melonie had been left to Father Wister until her twenty-first year, now some time past. No repression had daunted her lightness of spirit.

Presently she drew a long line of maidens, with arms about one another's waists, down the slope and along the highroad, singing school songs and quaint hymns. Behind them dragged disconsolate swains, on foot or with horses and vehicles, meeting everywhere the amused derision of their elders.

"Wull ye gaze on thet sight, ma?" cried Pa Gladden from the front of the "two-seat." "Thet Melonie hez got ter meet her match. It wull be a movin' spectacle ter see her tamed, ez her father war Dunkard born an' they say her mother war in a circus. I hopes ter live ter see her settled. Laws suz! she air a purty thing!"

II

EARLY in the morning of that lovely May day when the first trial sermon was to be heard in the Crossroads church, Pa Gladden and young Asa were in the big barn, grooming Cephy and Prunella and making ready for the trip to meeting. Perfect weather it was, the hill-slope a flashing field of dewdrops in the first sunbeams. Wild flowers grew up to the very wall, and the rough stone of the first story of the barn was becoming green with vines that clung and climbed in crevices and to the rough mortar. Cephy, free as to halter, rubbed Pa Gladden's shoulder or playfully nipped at him, while the farmer worked vigorously. Young Asy, with more energy than usual, was putting the harness on Prunella.

"Asy," said Pa Gladden, with a brush, "this air a consarn I warnt ye to work in, ef not durrect, through yer Pa Gladden. I mean this young preacher business. We got ter hev a man of a suttin caliber, an' ye air shorely in a position ter tell us whuther er not we air gittin' fooled any. Edication air jes like other things. Thar air the real thing, an' thar air thet sort thet runs in the wash. I knows from whut ye hev onfolded ter us this winter thet ye hev got the top notch. Now whut I warnt ye ter do air ter nudge me ef I gits the wool pulled over my eyes by any circumflections o' l'arnin'."

Asy smiled.

"I think you had better depend on your mother-wit, Pa Gladden," he said; "it has not failed you yet, by hearsay and of my own knowledge."

"I hev been led erlong," acknowledged the farmer, dryly; "but my foot war whar it b'longed—in Long Valley. This case air plumb contra'wise. We air importin' the world an' furrin l'arnin' inter the Valley, an' I hev ter set in jedgment, an' cl'ar up other folks, likewise. Now, ez I am plain ter own up thet I don't know Nero from Nebuchadnezzar, ner nothin' erbout hist'ry, only Bible hist'ry,—mixin' thet scand'lous when ye gits ter astin' me on Kings an' Chronicles,—I warnt ye ter prompt me right up on any shortcomin's er derilictions thet shows up in them young fellers' sermons thet air from the sem'nary."

Young Asy led Prunella out into the sunshine.

"Ef Prunelly don't look like a three-year!" said Pa Gladden, admiringly. "When ye does a thing, Asy, ye suttinly does do it well. An' thet air why I am pinnin' my faith on yer jedgment erbout the preacher."

The young man looked over his shoulder.

"I am the last man you should ask to sit in judgment, Pa Gladden; and, besides that, I am not a member of the congregation—I should not interfere."

"Ez ter thet," observed Pa Gladden, brushing Cephy on the near side until he whinnied, "the day air comin' when, like the Jews, ye got ter choose between Jesus an' Barabbas—thet air, between religion an' a mighty bare life. The question air thar—thet story war meant ter impress on all mankind thet ye got ter make a ch'ice. I knows well whut yer ch'ice wull be, but ye got the blind staggers yit, an' hain't shore yit thet ye air at home. Them scales air slippin' gradooal from yer eyes, son.

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Yer grit ter work an' yer love fer yer Ma Gladden an' me air goin' ter lead ye straight. An', ef ye would hev it thet way, Persephone would be right pleased ter hev ye a leetle more brotherly. Ye 've fit sort o' shy o' her ever since ye hev got well."

Young Asy flushed, but leaned down to adjust a strap.

"She does n't lack for attention."

"'T ain't thet; but we all likes to feel real cordial-like round the house—an' not see some one shyin' out a door ter git out the way o' another pusson."

"Do I do that?" said young Asy. "Well, I 'll stop it. She has always been kind to me."

"Same old redeemin' love," retorted pa, backing out Cephy. "She l'arnt it comin' over from Sinai one turrible night. Ye l'arnt it comin' over through them big beeches yonder. Truly it air the lever o' the hull world, an' whut makes the half-way folks even tolerable air the small glimmer o' it they gits from erbove. But ez ter the pickin' ter pieces o' this mornin's sermon—Asy, ye must do it, er we wull not be called doctrinal; an' Doc Briskett air plumb achin' ter play a leetle joke on us, er my name air not Pa Gladden."

Old locust-trees hung about the Cross-roads church on the hill-slope, and heavy festoons of odorous white flowers perfumed all the air. From early morning people had come in wagons, buggies, on horse-back and on foot. The summer Sundays at the church were always picnic days, and every vehicle had its baskets and buckets for the noon meal, between church and the young people's Sunday-school. Thus had Father Wister been able to gather in a large and widely scattered flock.

The bare church, almost three quarters of a century old, was to-day the destination of every human being who could get there by driving, riding, or walking, from Sinai to Pegram and up and down the hill-slopes. A close observer could almost determine the home of the people from their costumes; for toward Olivet Hill there had once been a small company of Dunkards, and the descendants of those men and women showed the old influence in the long hair of the youths and the "plain" gowns of the women. Pa Gladden called young Asahel's attention to these as they drove along.

"It hez been the sorrer o' my life thet the Dunkards don't sot the fashions, Asy," he said. "I never kin keep from lookin' at them 'plain' women in church. I b'lieves the angels dress thet way."

"I shall certainly get me a Dunkard gown," said Persephone, gaily.

"Ye would n't look jes right," said Pa Gladden, easily. "Ye hev ter be born ter it—like Melonie. She kin wear 'em er not. Don't ye git jealous. Ye air lookin' peart ter middlin' in thet gownd, Persephone. I never means nothin' by remarks on yer clothes."

To-day Melonie Hathaway chose to wear the white serge gown and dove-gray Dunkard bonnet in which her beauty was subdued to a positive loveliness.

"Asy, don't ye feel sort o' mizzly when ye views her up?" asked Pa Gladden, as they unhitched the horses. "I owns up I am not beyant bein' moved by sech a face ez thet."

"Nothing seems as beautiful to me as Ma Gladden's face," said the young man; "but you can safely go on admiring that girl. Every one else will keep you company."

The seminary people had selected a young man for the Crossroads with more than ordinary care. He was tall and dignified, and he looked like a person of thought and energy. It was a diversified assemblage that he faced as he took his place on the low platform. Had he been older, he would have understood the concentrated attention of that assemblage. He was being weighed and measured, carried imaginatively through the most dramatic situations, fitted into this and that inevitable emergency, pictured at the bed of sickness or of death, in the council and at social gatherings. It was as if man to man and woman to woman passed the thought, "Is this what we want?" It reached John Mock like a faint chill to his ardor. He felt a verdict before he gave out the words of his text from a type-written manuscript on the pulpit:

> And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: . . . and his angels were cast out with him.

Never had the Crossroads church listened to such a sermon. The elders strained their ears; the old women with remarkable memories sat aghast and amazed. Brilliant, audacious even, scholarly and ornate, delivered with unfaltering fluency, it began,

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proceeded, reached a dramatic climax, and closed amid an astounded silence. This a sermon? It seemed to these simple Valley people that they had been, somehow, beguiled. What had they to do with logic and difficult learning like this? They had long listened to the faltering but well-nigh inspired preaching of love; and here were flashes of lightning from a hot and thunderous sky. The children who chased yellow butterflies between bites at their noon meal could have told one another that this was not what was wanted at the Crossroads church.

Doc Briskett had been lured in to hear the sermon, but beat a precipitate retreat during the doxology; so Pa Gladden was forced to fall back upon young Asahel Gladden, who had gone to the spring after a bucket of water. The two met under a scrubby oak-tree.

"Don't ye waste no words," said Pa Gladden, soberly. "Do ye s'pose we wull git somethin' like thet ef we tries another one from the sem'nary?"

The younger man looked at him gravely.

"I do not think it possible," he said, and Crossroads courtesy needed no more. John Mock went away impressed by kindly hospitality, and with the thought that, should he get the call, the Long Valley would do very well for the few years he could spare to it. His ambition was a great church in a great city.

Two weeks later came Calvin Garman, a good-looking, nervous young man with earnest eyes. All the way to the Valley he sat with two sermons in his hands, and he re-read both a dozen times. One sounded bald and plain; the other was a marvel of words, of historical facts, of classical allusions and well-drawn conclusions.

"John Mock says that he preached them a scholarly sermon, and they seemed to like it," he said to himself. "Will I ever learn to write such sermons as this one?"

The weather changed on the Saturday before the second sermon, and was very sultry, with a thunder-storm in the horizon. Calvin Garman had been informed that he was to partake of the hospitality of Brother Asahel Gladden, and the farmer was on hand to greet him and to take a shrewd and accurate measure of him. Inside of fifteen minutes Pa Gladden left him seated in the buggy outside of Doc Briskett's office, and went in hurriedly.

The doctor was measuring out quinine powders.

"Jee-whillikins, Pa Gladden! I thought you went after your young man of parts."

"I got him outside, shorely," said Pa Gladden, smiling.

"Is he like the other one?"

Pa Gladden shook his head emphatically.

"This one air a human bein' thet could be made a preacher of. He air clean bustin' with feelin'. I do calkilate thet he wull give us a soul-rousin' an' warmin' sermon, ef he hain't too bashful."

"That is certainly interesting," laughed Doc Briskett. "If my patients are willing, I will surely go to church to-morrow."

To Calvin Garman the simple home, the shrewd common sense of the farmer, and Ma Gladden's contented and placid face, breathed true religion. It was Persephone's lovely and speaking face that moved him the deepest. This gentle yet confident woman, with her large starry eyes and reserved smile, was long afterward his ideal.

Through the Saturday evening the hush of the hills called to the depths of the young preacher's nature as something akin to the moan of the sea, by which he had spent his boyhood. Through the starlit distances came profound impulses and decisions. Shame of any deceit awoke in his soul.

"If there were time," he thought, "I would write a sermon—here—in the heart of the hills. I could do it—I am sure I could do it here."

But there was to be no time; for Pa Gladden, afraid he might miss something from the outer world, sat beside him, eagerly listening, and Ma Gladden, young Asa, and Persephone were beyond him on the porch. He owed these people courtesy. There was a hearty ring in their good nights.

"I 'm tellin' ye, Drusilly, thet I feel truly drawn toward thet young feller; I actoolly do. He 'll need some prunin', an' he 's got a heap ter l'arn, but thar 's somethin' genooine at the core. I 'm pow'rful anxious ter hear his sermon, ma."

By the light of the lamp in the spare room, Calvin Garman again took out a type-written sermon and read it over.

"This sounds like a sermon a college-bred man ought to write," he mused, "and it does seem strange that I am

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tempted to use my own feeble thoughts instead of those of scholars and writers."

He put out his light and stood awhile at the open window.

"I should like to come here," he thought.

Before the hour for church the next morning, Pa Gladden hurried the family into the "two-seat" and drove out of his way to show the young brother the old home of Father Wister, which he had given to the church for a parsonage. It was a pleasant, roomy house, with a large flower-garden, sunny windows, a clump of tall trees in the front lot, and trellises of roses. Calvin Garman looked at it with a full heart.

Persephone ran up the walk for a bouquet of white roses. She wanted to put them into a tumbler and set them upon the pulpit.

"We hardly know ef it air right," said Ma Gladden, "but Persephone hez seen churches in the city with lots o' posies around the pulpit."

"Let her put the flowers where she will," said Calvin Garman; "in the seminary church there are often beautiful flowers."

The Crossroads church congregation was almost as large as that of two Sundays previous. The old men sat in their places, as for years they had been seated; the women and girls of the congregation rustled and fluttered in the central sections, while to right and to left sat the men and boys.

Something of Pa Gladden's feeling in favor of the gaunt young preacher seemed to inspire the assemblage. Scarcely had he stepped upon the platform before a shrill, sweet voice in the rear of the church began:

"Blest be the tie that binds."

The men to the left took it up and rolled out:

"Our hearts in Christian love."

While in soft and generous chorus all the women in the central seats came in on:

"The fellowship of kindred minds."

Ever afterward associated with the heavy scent of locust blooms in Calvin Garman's memory was the last line:

"Is like to that above."

He made a fervent prayer that was received in reverent silence, then advanced to the pulpit, where he had laid his sermon. Over the heads of that expectant and longing assemblage rolled forth the text:

> And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: . . . and his angels were cast out with him.

The announcement of these words created a flutter of suspicion at the coincidence. How would the new candidate treat the same text?

Then did Calvin Garman repeat, sentence for sentence and word for word, the brilliant and scholarly sermon which John Mock had delivered a fortnight before.

III

THE fact that the great dragon had made a second appearance at the Crossroads church naturally caused some stir in the little community. The prominent members of the congregation held an informal meeting at Pa Gladden's house, and a letter was dictated and written on the spot by the secretary, young Asahel Gladden. As Pa Gladden put it, the epistle "looked like a purfessor o' penmanship hed been hired fer the evenin'." It was cautious but emphatic, and it stated that, as the Crossroads people wanted a man who could preach a good sermon, no candidate should be sent unless the president knew what sermon he was to preach. Naturally this gentleman spent a great deal of thought about the other candidates before he sent for Alpheus Donne.

Alpheus and his brother were the sons of a farmer whose wife dedicated them to the service of the Lord in the hour of their birth. The idea that they were to be preachers had been instilled into them with the alphabet and the Ten Commandments. Big, good-natured boys they were, fond of their mother, and they never objected when she sent them first through the preparatory college course and afterward to the theological seminary. Of late years a conviction had seized both boys that they did not want to be preachers. They confided it to each other, but had not gained courage enough to express it at home. When the president sent for the elder Donne, who was about to be graduated, he was deploring his fate to his younger brother Agar, and went very re-

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luctantly to receive an expected reprimand for inattention at lectures.

"Sit down, Donne," said the president, kindly. "It has occurred to me that you ought to know what would suit a farming community in the way of a sermon. Do you think you could satisfy?"

Promptly came the truth:

"I 'm afraid not, sir. I am afraid not."

"You are always too modest, Donne; but you will get over it. Farmers always respect physical strength and ability, and you have both. I suppose you prepared a sermon when I told you to do so some ten weeks ago."

Alpheus grew red, and stammered before he forced out:

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Just get it—or, wait a moment. I see your brother hovering about out there. Send him for it. I am very anxious to suit this Crossroads church, as we have never had any hold upon it. I want to see your sermon, and, if it is all right, I intend to send you down there some Sunday. Is this the sermon? Very neatly arranged. Wait a little—um—um—um." There was silence for a time, and then the president looked up with a serene brow.

"Alpheus, my boy, I did n't think it of you. This is very good. It shows scholarship and historical research. I hope to hear you deliver it in our church some day. You are a credit to us. If the Crossroads church is not satisfied with this, we will not worry about them, that 's all. But for this special purpose, my son, could n't you cut out some of the classical allusions and perhaps add a few homely illustrations?"

The truly wretched Alpheus retired to the shade of a tree on the campus, and Agar followed soon after.

"Agar, I cannot do it. I am afraid to stand up in the pulpit. And you know that I cannot write a sermon or even fix this one right."

Agar eyed him gloomily.

"Don't you do it. You are big enough and old enough to be a man. Go in and tell the doctor the truth."

Alpheus looked at him and shuddered out two words:

"Mother, Agar?"

"She does n't want you to live a lie, and you 've had to lie about that sermon already. I 'm going to tell her when I go home. I 'll be as religious as she wants, but not a preacher. I 'm going to study engineering. I love figures, Al."

"I want to be in the fields," moaned Alpheus. "I get sick for the smell of dirt under the plow."

"Plow, then, and be a good, true man. Don't you go to that Crossroads church. Suppose they should call you?"

But against existing conditions Alpheus Donne could not yet fight. He made ready to go down to the Crossroads, as the other men had done before him.

Pa Gladden did not put in any bid to entertain the third candidate. Indeed, he was now extremely chary of discussing the probabilities with any one, and especially with Dr. Briskett. Brother Silas Wakefield, who lived near Needmore's Cut, beyond which the railway lay, said that he would entertain this young brother, and so it was arranged. But when Alpheus Donne alighted at the way-station, the first Saturday in July, it was Melonie Hathaway alone who met and welcomed him.

"Brother Wakefield's wife is very ill, taken suddenly. You are to stay with me and Brother Cowgill, who farms my place."

Alpheus Donne looked at this fair girl as if awakened from a long sleep. Melonie Hathaway looked at him with kindly admiration and friendship.

Not until a late hour that night did he sleep. He would preach his first and last sermon to-morrow, and then, God willing, he would put his hand to the plow in every sense. He repudiated no teaching he had had; he desired to live nearer to God, but not as a chosen spokesman. To-morrow he would leave the Crossroads settlement and go home to his mother. Some day he would come back, and he prayed that Melonie Hathaway would be waiting for him as to-day she had waited.

"Asy, he air shorely a man."

"A fine man," replied the younger Gladden, in a puzzled voice. "But, pa, you have fretted too much over this affair. Every church has a hard time now and again to find a suitable preacher."

Pa Gladden shook his head gravely as the splendid, blond-haired Alpheus passed to the church door between Melonie Hathaway and Mrs. Cowgill. There was no doubt of the attraction of that personality in the crowded church. They were strength-loving people. Then Alpheus

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sang with a voice like a silver trumpet—a full, mellow voice that boomed triumphant from pulpit to door:

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!"

Alpheus had never counted on that voice in his church work, but it caught up all hearts with its splendid fullness and fervor. Sweet and sonorous, it stilled every other, and the man never knew that he sang the last stanza alone.

The congregation was in an intense state of expectation when the preacher spread out his manuscript on the worm-eaten pulpit. For the first time in forty-five years old Mrs. Confere whispered in church. What she said was that "thet sermon looks percisely like thet one of them yuther fellers."

Pa Gladden was decidedly nervous. He moved his lips as he was seldom seen to do.

Then, clear and loud, came the text:

And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: . . . and his angels were cast out with him.

They listened in silence, but with compressed lips. Alpheus Donne felt the scorn, not knowing the occasion. By a strong effort of his new-found will he struggled through. The sermon differed from the others only in its brevity. There was an ominous quiet after it, which the minister relieved by starting a hymn, during which the people sat as if spellbound. Then they passed out, and the church was empty. Not one remained to shake his hand or to say a kind word.

He put the sermon into his pocket and took up his hat. As he did so four people came in at the side door. They were Pa Gladden and young Asahel, Melonie Hathaway and Persephone Riggs. Melonie's piquant face was clouded and sober.

"Young man," began Pa Gladden, slowly, "I warnt ter ast ye, ez man ter man, ef ye writ thet sermon on the big dragon, er who in the Sam Hill did?"

Alpheus Donne replied promptly:

"I did not write it, sir, and I do not know who did. I bought it of a sermon bureau."

"He did n't writ it!" exclaimed Pa Gladden to young Asy. "But how could he buy it of a bureau, son? Bureaus air shorely ter put on yer collars by."

Young Asahel explained, and Alpheus Donne added a few words:

"I can't write a sermon any more than I can paint a picture."

"You mean that you had not the courage to try," said young Asahel, gravely, "and the other men must have had similar misgivings. The sermon bureau evidently had a supply of great-dragon sermons on hand, and you were all caught in the same trap. Did n't you know that the other two candidates preached the same sermon here that you did?"

A hot wave went over the blond man's face.

"God forgive me, I did not!" was what he said.

"Brother Donne," said Pa Gladden, mildly, "this must be explained ter all our people. They air waitin'. Ye sung yerself right inter their hearts. They air grievin' turrible. Wull ye speak ter them? We wull all come in."

The young man waited but a moment, then his inspiration came.

"I have been living a lie. I will go out there and speak—not in a church. For this is the end, and I am glad it is over."

The people were waiting under the trees. Pa Gladden cleared a little space among them, and stood by the stranger. Melonie Hathaway was on the other side, while young Asahel gently pushed Persephone before himself. Alpheus Donne looked neither right nor left.

"My brethren," he began, "I owe you an explanation and an apology. My kind friends tell me that I have preached a sermon to you that has been preached here by both the other candidates. I will tell you how I came by it."

He told the story of his dedication, his own convictions, and his determination as to his future life. Then, kneeling, he asked the blessing of the Most High on himself and them.

Pa Gladden stretched forth a trembling hand.

"The Lord hez ye," he said brokenly. "Stay with us, Brother Donne."

Many lips caught up the words: "Stay with us!"

Alpheus Donne heard but one voice, that of Melonie Hathaway. He turned toward her.

"As your consecrated pastor, no. I say this for my own sake and for your welfare. As a man and neighbor, yes."

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"BEHOLD, I SHEW YOU A MYSTERY"

BY HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ

THEY came from very far, they said,—
Three poor spirits of the dead,—
And the road was long and hard.
Now let us rest
On the steps before the door.
See, from east to west
The light grows more and more;
Soon the door will be unbarred.

"Let us huddle close together,
For the air is cold;
Scarce of old
Have we known such bitter weather.
And when the key shall turn
And the great light burn
Far out across the gloom,
Let us go in together;
Let us stand
Hand in hand,
We children of the womb;
Let us feel,
As we kneel
In the Presence that we dread
(We poor spirits of the dead),
One touch of the dear clay
Ere it melt away.
It will be daylight soon;
Far, far below
See there the old earth glow
Beside the little moon."

Then, as with eyes afraid
They watched them faint and fade
One after one,
Planets and suns untold
As lily buds that fold
Before the sun,
One spoke and said
(The tallest of the dead):
"Brothers, ye twain
Come sure before your Lord,
Claiming a just reward,
And without stain
May with proud heads unbared
Enter the Place Prepared
For the souls shriven.
I, in my slender pack,
Bring but my talent back
As it was given.
I have but dreamed and planned,
Shaping nor hewing,
Made not nor mended,
Till the last falling sand
Marked the time ended
Meted for doing."

Then spoke the second of the dead—
Spoke low and shivered as he said:
"No thought had I, nor any time for thought,
But seized each moment what the moment brought.
So have my ships sailed far on many seas,
So have my towers risen to the skies,
And, as the summer hum of laboring bees,
My hives have sung of many industries.
And now, too late,
I, the unthinking clod,
Crouch here before the gate
Of my forgotten God."

Now was the third made bold
To lift his head,
He least among the dead.
"My tale," he said,
"Is brief and quickly told;
For I have neither dreams nor deeds to bring,
A tribute to the King.
In life I suffered wrong and want and pain—
Perhaps I shall again."

As on his breast the holy sign he made,
The first said, "It is dawn."
The second said, "I am afraid."
The last one said, "The bar is drawn."

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"Now hand in hand
Together let us stand,
And, as our bodies fade,
Watching our souls remade,
Enter the door;
Here shall the dear old clay
Crumble and melt away
Forevermore.

"Come closer, closer, brother,
And let your hold be tight;
One may not see the other
Here in the blinding light.
The morning air grows colder,
A great wind chills my brow.
Press shoulder close to shoulder;
I scarce can feel you now."

They came from very far, they said.—
Three poor spirits of the dead,—
The way was long and hard;
But now at last
All else was passed
And the great door stood unbarred.
Then did the three,
With eyes that strained to see,
Forgetting all before,
Behold one perfect soul
Pass to its goal
Across the door.

They made no mournful cry;
They asked not what it meant,
For each was well content,
And, fading, each one murmured, "It is I."

YELLOW FEVER AND MOSQUITOS

BY L. O. HOWARD

LAST December a very distinguished body of men met in Washington, under the auspices of the Bureau of American Republics. These men were the most active and learned sanitarians of their respective governments. They came from Cuba and the Central and South American republics, as well as from many parts of the United States. They constituted the Third International Sanitary Convention, and their discussions related almost solely to yellow fever. The writer attended the convention by invitation, and was greatly impressed by the fact that this body, representing the most advanced medical thought of the Americas, and undoubtedly the soundest judgment in sanitary matters, unanimously accepted as an absolutely demonstrated fact that certain mosquitos carry yellow fever. Less than two years had elapsed since the "British Medical Journal" had said of the experiments of the United States Army Yellow Fever Commission, "At the most they are suggestive"; and yet every one of these authorities acknowledged himself convinced, and the majority of them announced the opinion, that these mosquitos constitute the only means by which the disease is spread. I wonder whether Dr. James Carroll, the only survivor of the American members of the commission, who was present at the meeting, felt any greater pride in this acceptance of the wonderful results of the work of our Army Medical Department than did the layman who writes these lines.

Yellow fever has prevailed endemically throughout the West Indies and in certain regions on the Spanish main virtually since the discovery of America. The Barbados, Jamaica, and Cuba suffered epidemics before the middle of the seventh century. There were outbreaks in Philadelphia, Charleston, and Boston as early as 1692, and for a hundred years there were occasional outbreaks, culminating in the great Philadelphia epidemic of 1793. Northern cities were able, by sanitary and quarantine measures, to prevent great epidemics after the early part of the nineteenth century; but from the West Indies the disease was occasionally introduced, and it prevailed epidemically in the Southern States. In 1853 it raged throughout this region, New Orleans alone having a mortality of eight thousand. The last extensive epidemic

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occurred in 1878, chiefly in Louisiana, Alabama, and Mississippi, and the total mortality was sixteen thousand. In 1889 it again prevailed in Jacksonville, Florida, and certain other restricted places. The actual loss of life from the disease itself has been but a small part of the affliction which it has brought to our Southern country. The disease once discovered in epidemic form, the whole country has become alarmed: commerce in the affected region has come virtually to a standstill; cities have been deserted; people have died from exposure in camping out in the highlands; rigid quarantines have been established; innocent persons have been shot while endeavoring to pass these quarantine lines; all industry for the time has ceased. And yet these conditions, bad as they have been, do not sum up the total danger to national prosperity. Subject to occasional epidemics as they have been supposed to be in the past, cities like Galveston, New Orleans, Mobile, Jacksonville, and Charleston have not prospered as they should have done, and the industrial development of the entire South has been retarded.

Now all of these conditions have been done away with. Fears for the future have been allayed. It may safely be predicted that never again in the history of the United States will an epidemic of yellow fever occur. And all of this has been brought about by the discovery that once more a mosquito must be blamed for one of the greatest of human ills.

Medical men had been theorizing about the cause of yellow fever from the time when they began to treat it. It was thought by many that it was carried in the air; by others that it was conveyed by the clothing, bedding, or other articles which had come in contact with a yellow-fever patient. With the discovery of the agency of micro-organisms in the causation of disease, a search soon began for some causative germ. Many such were found in the course of autopsies, and many claims were put forth by investigators. All these, however, were virtually set at rest by Sternberg in his "Report on the Etiology and Prevention of Yellow Fever," published in 1890; but a claim made by Sanarelli, in June, 1897, for a bacillus which he called *B. icteroides* received considerable credence, and in 1899 it was accepted in full by two surgeons of the United States Marine Hospital Service, Doctors Wasdin and Geddings, who reported that they had found this bacillus in thirteen out of fourteen cases of yellow fever in the city of Havana.

In 1881, Dr. Carlos Finlay of Havana, a Cuban by birth, although of an English father, proposed the theory that yellow fever is conveyed by means of a mosquito, and the species which he designated as the probable conveyer was *Culex* (now *Stegomyia*) *fasciatus*. Subsequently he published several important papers in which his views were modified from time to time, and in the course of which he mentioned experiments with one hundred individuals, producing three cases of mild fever. None of the cases, however, was under his full control, and the possibility of other methods of gaining the disease were not excluded. Therefore his theory, while it was received with interest, was not considered to be proved, and it was even thought that he himself had apparently proved it to be incorrect.

In the summer of 1900 came the beginning of the true demonstration. In that year Surgeon-General Sternberg appointed a board for the purpose of investigating the acute infectious diseases prevailing on the island of Cuba. This board consisted of Major Walter Reed, surgeon in the United States army, and contract surgeons James Carroll, Aristides Agramonte, and Jesse W. Lazear, of the United States army. The board arrived at Quemado, Cuba, on June 25, 1900. Preliminary observations showed several significant facts: Non-immune nurses did not contract the disease. Bacteriological examinations of the blood and organs of yellow-fever patients after death indicated no specific bacteria, and experiments with Dr. Finlay's mosquito were begun. Eleven persons were bitten by contaminated mosquitos. With nine of them there was no result; with two yellow fever appeared. In one of these two cases there had been possible opportunity for infection from other sources, but in one the circumstances were such as to exclude any other source of infection, and the commission, therefore, in a modest little paper entitled "The Etiology of Yellow Fever—A Preliminary Note," read before the Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting of the American Public Health Association at Indianapolis, Indiana, in October, 1900, announced that

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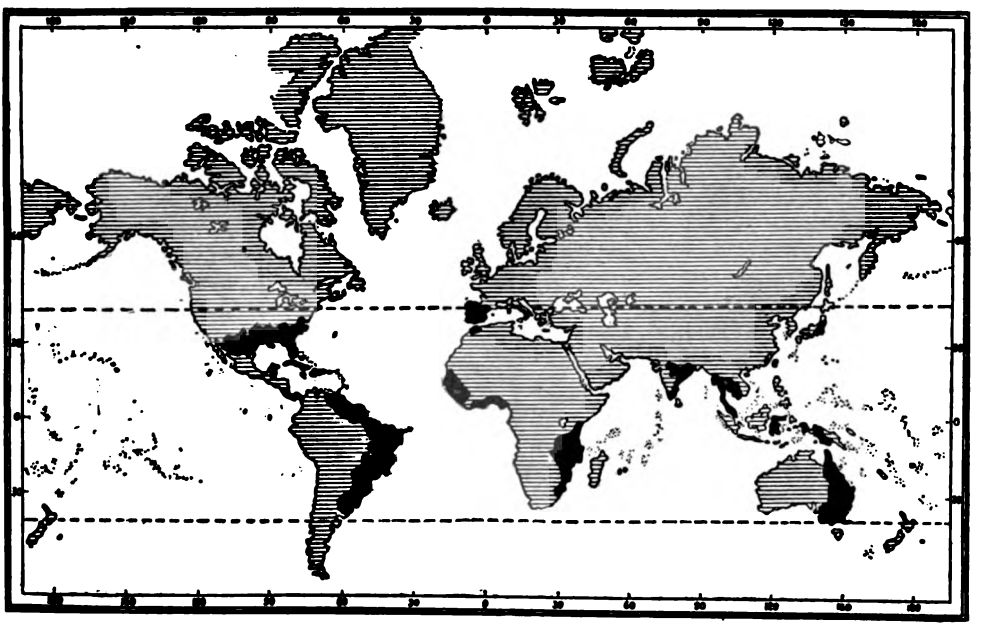
the mosquito serves as the intermediate host of the parasite of yellow fever.

One of the two cases in which positive results were obtained in this preliminary work was a member of the board, Dr. Lazear, and in this case the result was fatal. The cause of science has had many martyrs, but this was one of the saddest, and was undoubtedly one of the greatest losses to humanity. Dr. Lazear was a young man of great ability, admirably trained, whose work, as Dr. Reed says, was characterized by "a manly and fearless devotion to duty such as I have never seen equaled." He "seemed absolutely tireless and quite oblivious of self. Filled with an earnest enthusiasm for the advancement of his profession and for the cause of science, he let no opportunity pass unimproved. Although the evening might find him discouraged over the difficult problem at hand, with the morning's return he again took up the task, full of eagerness and hope."

It is not surprising, therefore, that when the board resumed its work late in November, 1900, and established an experiment station one mile from Quemado, Cuba, they should name it, in honor of their comrade, "Camp Lazear." Here were built the two experiment houses which have become famous. One of them was termed the "infected-mosquito building," and the other the "infected-clothing building." The former was screened and well ventilated, while the other was screened and poorly ventilated. In the former patients were bitten by infected mosquitos; in the latter no mosquitos were admitted, but the persons submitting themselves to the experiment slept with soiled bedding and clothing direct from the yellow-fever hospitals. Briefly stated, in thirteen cases where non-immunes were bitten by mosquitos which had bitten a yellow-fever patient at least twelve days previously, ten contracted the disease, while in the infected-clothing house, although volunteers had slept there for many nights, no single case of yellow fever was contracted.

The experiments were conducted with such care that no criticism is possible. Criticism was invited from resident physicians in Havana and from medical visitors, but none was made. The results were perfect, and were absolutely conclusive.

The men who submitted themselves to the experiment were hospital attendants, American soldiers, and Spanish immigrants, none of whom had ever had yellow fever. The heroism exhibited by these persons, and especially by the Americans, is beyond



MAP SHOWING (IN SOLID BLACK) THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE YELLOW-FEVER MOSQUITO (AFTER THEOBALD)

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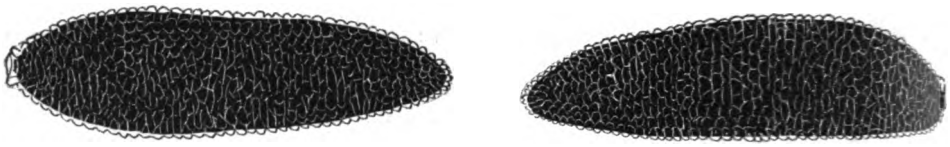
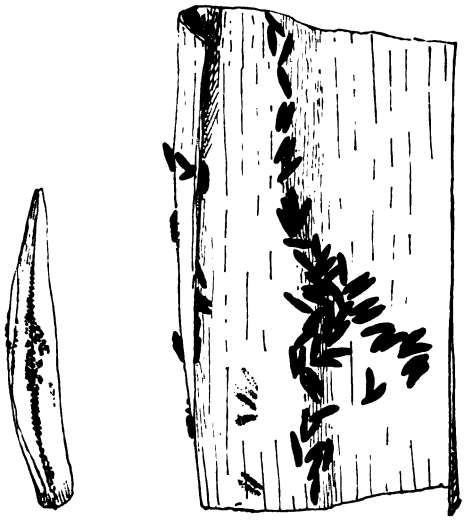


EGGS (GREATLY ENLARGED) OF THE YELLOW-FEVER MOSQUITO

praise. Speaking of Kissinger, a young Ohio soldier who was the first person bitten by infected mosquitos, Dr. Reed says: "I cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing my admiration of the conduct of this young Ohio soldier, who volunteered for this experiment, as he expressed it, 'solely in the interest of humanity and the cause of science,' and with the only proviso that he should receive no pecuniary reward. In my opinion, this exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the army of the United States." The next three cases were Spaniards, and all of these first four contracted the fever. After that no more Spanish patients could be secured. They had allowed themselves to be bitten largely through incredulity and for a money reward. After the fever appeared, they lost their interest in the cause of science, and preferred safety to money. Other Americans, however, immediately volunteered, and, praising their courage in the highest degree, we must not fail to point out here that the inspiration was derived from Dr. Reed himself. Nothing but the most absolute confidence in this remarkable man could have gained him his subjects, and the confidence was justified, since this series of experiments, the result of which has already been of inestimable value to humanity, was accomplished without the loss of a single human life.

One must be struck with the modesty of the men composing the commission when, without a single symptom of self-laudation, the results of this remarkable experimental work, destined to revolutionize former ideas, were published under the simple title, "The Etiology of Yellow Fever: *An Additional Note*"! (The italics are the writer's.)

It was after the publication of the "Preliminary Note" that the comment quoted in our introduction was made by the "British Medical Journal." After the publication of the "Additional Note," however, the medical profession accepted the results and conclusion of the commission with virtual unanimity. During this work, and for months subsequently, continued investigations were carried on by members of the commission for the causative micro-organism of the disease, but it has not yet been found. It was discovered that the disease could be conveyed not only by the bite of the mosquito, but by the injection of the blood serum of a yellow-fever patient into the system of a non-immune. It was further discovered that this blood serum could be filtered through porcelain and yet retain its power to convey the disease. It seems certain, therefore, that the cause is either some micro-organism so excessively small as to pass through porcelain,—so excessively small, therefore, as to fail to reveal itself to the highest powers of the microscope,—or else that the disease is conveyed by some toxin. Experiments were then made by submitting the serum to various degrees of heat, and it was found that its toxicity was destroyed by a comparatively low temperature—one too low, in fact, to have any effect upon any toxin; and the conclusion is almost unavoidable that the cause of yellow fever is a micro-organism in the blood which is ultra-microscopic in size.



EGGS OF YELLOW-FEVER MOSQUITO IN NATURAL POSITION ON GRASS-STEMS

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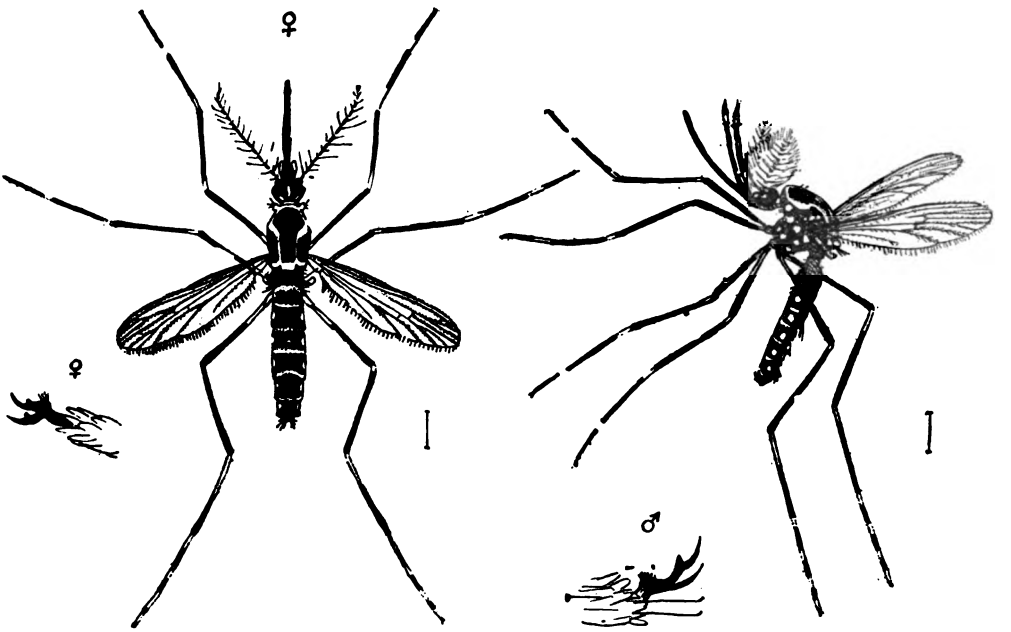
It would be very strange if so great a discovery as this had not its objectors. At first, and before the papers of the commission had been widely read, there were physicians who announced total disbelief; but these were soon silenced. Since then, and especially in the Southern United States, there have been a number of physicians who, while admitting that the disease is carried by mosquitos, still contend that there probably is some other means of transmission. These physicians, and no less a person than Dr. Souchon, president



THE YELLOW-FEVER MOSQUITO
Culex (Stegomyia fasciata) æniatus or *fasciatus*

of the Louisiana Board of Health, who is a leader, hold that there are many recorded outbreaks where the mosquito agency is improbable or impossible, and they hold that no great variations in quarantine methods must be introduced until the matter is set entirely at rest. Additional experiments were carried on in 1901 by the Havana Board of Health, under the well-known yellow-fever expert Dr. Juan Guiteras, formerly of the University of Pennsylvania, at Las Animas Hospital. In a number of cases the disease was experimentally conveyed by the bites of infected mosquitos, but here, unfortunately, several lives were lost. Later in the autumn and winter of 1901 very careful experiments were carried on at Las Animas Hospital by the director of the hospital, Surgeon John W. Ross of the United States navy, and these experiments were made with the purpose of setting at rest the still-adhered-to theory of the transmission of the disease by fomites or clothing or other articles which had come into contact with yellow-fever patients. Certain rooms in the hospital were made mosquito-proof, and numerous bundles containing bedclothes and bedding which had recently been used in the sick-rooms and on the persons of patients ill with yellow fever were placed in these rooms; eight men recently arrived on the island (five Spanish, two Italian, and one English) were taken as subjects for experimentation. They were placed under observation for seven days, and then transferred to the experiment room, where they were kept for seven days. They were then kept under observation for seven days longer, with the result that all emerged from the experiment in good health.

Quite recently experiments of a most careful kind have been made at São Paulo, Brazil, under the direction of Dr. Adolpho Lutz, director of the Bacteriological Institution of the State of São Paulo. These

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experiments were extremely interesting, since the mosquitos chosen were brought from uninfected places, allowed to bite a yellow-fever patient, sent to another uninfected place several hundred kilometers away, and allowed to bite non-immunes who had previously been quarantined and who submitted to the experiment of their own accord. Out of six cases there were three positive results, the fever appearing from seventy-five to eighty hours after the biting. All the patients recovered. These experiments were considered necessary, on account of the great local opposition to the so-called mosquito theory. But now the question is considered solved, and the practical extermination of mosquitos has begun.

The beneficial effects of this great discovery were prophesied in the introduction. They are already evident in a marked degree in the city of Havana. For many months not one case of yellow fever was to be found in the city, although probably for one hundred and fifty years there had not been a day in which there were not cases of the disease. This condition is due to the fact that, first under the American administration and afterward under the Cuban Board of Health, the plain measures indicated by the discovery were put into effect. Before the discovery was made the health of the city improved under the active sanitary measures introduced and carried into effect by the untiring energy of General Ludlow. In spite of these measures, however, the fever was present. After the discovery, however, and under the very efficient direction of Major Gorgas, mosquito extermination began; breeding-places were abolished, and every yellow-fever patient was protected from the bites of mosquitos. The disease rapidly died out. With the new light brought to us by Reed and his colleagues, it is only necessary, when a case of yellow fever is discovered on board of a vessel entering a port, to see that the patient is thus protected, and there will be no opportunity for the disease to spread. In regions where the fever is endemic, all non-immunes keeping themselves protected from mosquito bites will undoubtedly remain free from the fever.

The distribution of the yellow-fever mosquito, *Stegomyia fasciata*, becomes at once of importance, for wherever the mosquito abounds, an introduced case of fever becomes, without protection, a great danger. In general, this mosquito is found in all parts of the world south of 38° north latitude and north of 38° south latitude. It is not, however, found at great elevations, and is mainly confined, in the United States, to that region of country known as the lower austral life-zone. This includes virtually all of the Gulf States, the Atlantic Coast States north to southern Virginia, the western portions of Kentucky and Tennessee, the southeastern corner of Missouri, and nearly all of Arkansas and the Indian Territory, southern New Mexico and Arizona, and southern California. It is known in Mexico and Central America, all of the West Indies, the low-lying portions of South America, Spain, southern Italy, parts of Africa, India, Farther India, Malay Archipelago, Australia, southern Japan, and Hawaii.

A peculiarity of the yellow-fever mosquito is that it bites by day as well as by night. To protect one's self from malaria, one has only to avoid mosquitos at night. The yellow-fever mosquito is known in the West Indies as the day mosquito. It is sometimes also called the striped mosquito. Its appearance is well shown in the accompanying figures, from which it will at once be recognized. It is essentially a house mosquito. It is not commonly found in the woods, but very abundantly in cities and about houses, where it breeds in the roof troughs, in water-tanks and -barrels, and in any chance receptacle of standing water. The eggs are laid singly in standing water, and will withstand desiccation. The water in which they are deposited may dry up entirely, but when, through rain, the receptacle again contains standing water, the eggs will hatch. The larvæ are much like those of other mosquitos; they are true air-breathers, and are readily killed by a kerosene film on the surface of the water.

One of the saddest aspects of this brilliant discovery is the death of the inspiring genius of the investigation, Dr. Walter Reed, who, with health impaired by his strenuous labors, died suddenly November 23, 1902, before he had fairly begun to reap the honors which were beginning to follow his monumental work. He will rank as one of the great benefactors of the human race.

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1. DR. JUAN GUITERAS

The well-known yellow-fever expert, now connected with the sanitary service of the Cuban republic, and who conducted the first corroborative series of mosquito experiments in 1901 at Las Animas Hospital, Havana, Cuba.

2. DR. JOHN R. ROSS, SURGEON, U. S. N.

He was in charge of Las Animas Hospital during 1901, and conducted a series of important corroborative experiments with fomites.

3. DR. JAMES CARROLL, U. S. V.

He was a member of the Army Commission and is the only survivor of the American members of the commission.

4. DR. CARLOS FINLAY

He was the first to conduct experiments with the yellow-fever mosquito, and the first investigator who announced the opinion that this species of mosquito conveys the disease.

4

5. DR. JESSE W. LAZEAR, U. S. V.

He was a member of the Army Yellow Fever Commission, and died of yellow fever in Cuba in 1900, during the first experimental work, as the result of a bite from an infected mosquito.

6. JOHN R. KISSINGER

A soldier in the United States army, who offered himself for experiment.

7. MAJOR WALTER REED, U. S. A.

He was the president of the Army Yellow Fever Commission, and died in Washington, December, 1902.

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THE WILD BIRD BY A NEW APPROACH

BY FRANCIS H. HERRICK

Author of "The Home Life of Wild Birds"

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE future historian of American life and manners for the closing decades of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century will find an interesting theme in the renaissance of natural history, or the return to nature, which marks a distinct epoch.

If a desire for country life has followed the congestion of population in cities, the increase in wealth, and the wonderful improvements in transportation, there has also grown up in America a genuine sympathy for animals and an intelligent desire for knowledge in every department of outdoor nature. This awakening has been attended by a renewed interest in the relation of living beings to one another and to their surroundings, as well as by the interest in the habits, behavior, and intelligence of animals on the part of both layman and specialist.

WREN CLEANING HER NEST

ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY

THE photography of wild animals may be considered both as a fascinating sport and as a means of recording with precision the expressions of their active, strenuous life. The task is fascinating because of its difficulties or hazards and its requirements of patience and skill. If any one supposes that the successful stalking of wild birds and quadrupeds with a camera is no more difficult than bagging them with shot-gun or rifle, I recommend him to go into the field and try his hand. It is also of value because of the very exactness with which we are able to catch and register a fleeting attitude or expression, as well as the varied series of bodily acts which are the momentary witnesses of the instinct and intelligence of animals. The camera

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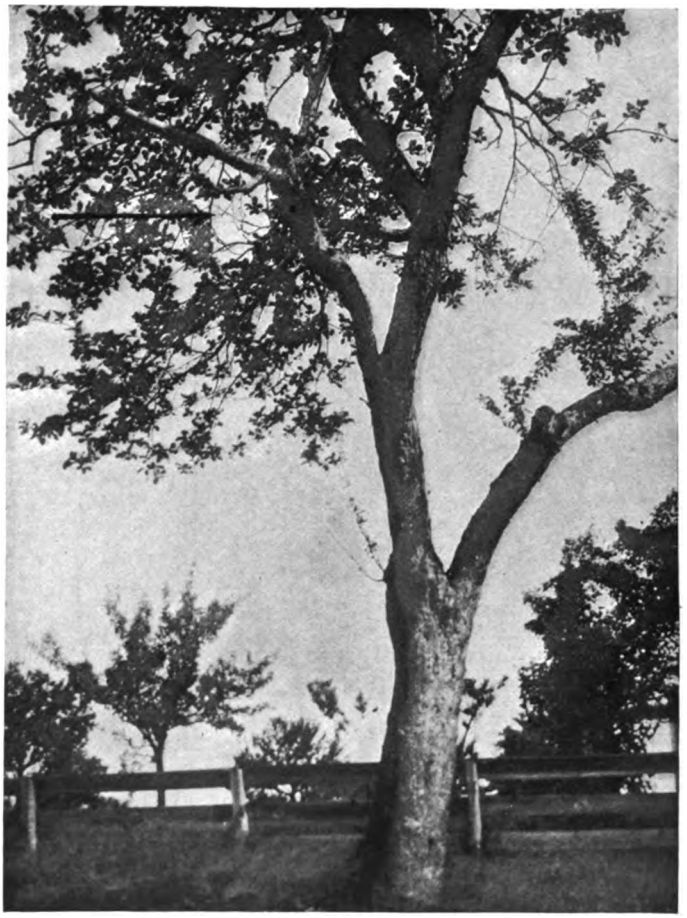
is an impartial observer and taker of notes, and a kind of third eye to which we can appeal when in doubt. However great the limitations of its notes, they are of a different character from those of the actual observer. The camera is a tool, a trusty servant and recorder, which the artist can use to good advantage.



HOUSE-WREN'S NEST IN ITS ORIGINAL POSITION, IN THE ABANDONED NEST-HOLE OF A CHICKADEE

The entrance is indicated by an arrow

One can hardly speak of old methods in the photography of wild animals in the field, since the improved hand-camera which made this possible is itself a comparatively recent invention. In the photography of birds the object hitherto has been to bring the sensitive plate up to the animal, which often means the performance of difficult gymnastic feats in the branches of tall trees, since the nest is the focal point of interest. Under such conditions it is usually impossible to secure good pictures, and it is plainly impracticable for an observer to watch the course of events.

In this "lucky shot" method, a long rubber tube or thread is usually attached to the shutter of the camera, which is set up before the nest when it is accessible, or fastened to the limb of a tree, while the operator lies in hiding at a distance. When a bird is seen to go to the nest, the plate is exposed by pulling the thread or pressing the pneumatic bulb. Moreover, a second person is often needed to give the signal. Such devices afford a wide range for individual patience and ingenuity, and the

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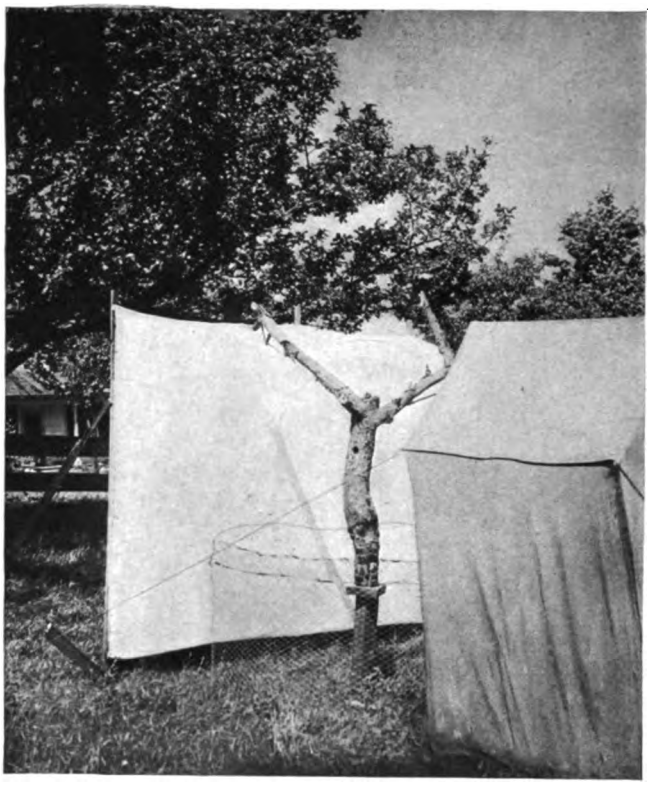

OUTDOOR OBSERVATORY, SHOWING THE TENT, THE NESTING-STUMP MOUNTED ON A PIVOT AND SURROUNDED BY WIRE NETTING, WITH A WHITE SCREEN AT THE BACK

Most of the wren pictures were made at this nest

lucky shot may be excellent; but there is no control over the birds, and no approach to them in person.

A NEW FIELD IN NATURE STUDY

In the new method of the study and photography of birds, the conditions just described are completely changed. In a word, instead of attempting to go to the bird, the bird is brought directly before the observer—nest, young, branch, and all. The nest, whatever its original position, is moved with its supports to a favorable place for study. A green tent is then pitched beside it, and under this perfect screen the observer can watch by the hour and accurately record the shifting panoramic scenes of nest life.

One might suppose that birds would desert their homes under such conditions, and thus promptly end the matter; but, instead, they forget the old site, adopt the new one, and defend it with all their customary vigor and persistence.

A number of years ago I became interested in animal photography as a means of securing better pictures for book-illustration, but it was not until the summer of 1899 that time was found for experiments in the field. Taking up the specific problem of how to photograph the free wild bird, it was at once apparent that the nest or home was the focal point of interest to both bird and observer, since during the period of nesting and raising the young the range of the adults is limited to a comparatively small area. For a month or even more they are chained to a given spot. It was also evident that for the study of any nest situated near the ground and within reach of the camera a suitable means of concealment was necessary. A glimpse now and then or a lucky shot with the camera is not of much value. What was necessary was a means of watch-

WREN BRINGING A MOTH-MILLER TO THE NEST

This bird did not dismember its prey before serving to its young

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ing at close range the whole life of birds at the nest.

For concealment I first decided to try a house made of light boards painted green, but soon discarded this impracticable idea and made a tent of green cloth instead. This was used at a nest of red-winged blackbirds, situated a few feet above the water of a swamp, and was a success from the first. However, the task was only half completed with the introduction of a convenient blind, since most nests of wild birds are inaccessible from the ground.

The next experiment was made with chipping sparrows, whose young left their nest in fright the moment it was disturbed. The branch which held this nest was therefore sawn off, and mounted in a convenient place beside the barn, which happened to be near, one of the young birds being used as a lure. While the nest was being moved, I placed the fledgling under an old-fashioned wire screen used to cover food, when the mother, true to her parental instinct, came promptly with an insect and alighted on the wire net. Later, when this youngster had been fed a number of times on his perch, he was content to remain, and the feeding operations could be watched through a barn window, while the old birds were photographed by means of a rubber tube attached to the camera. Although in this case parental instinct was the force employed, the displacement of the nest had no significance.

The first experiment in moving the nesting branch was made upon cedar-birds, August 3, 1899. Two days later the tent was pitched before their nest, and in a few minutes I had the pleasure of seeing both birds coming and feeding their young with choke-cherries by regurgitation, as if nothing had happened. The scenes at this nest were as fascinating as they were novel, and a number of photographs were made.

It thus became evident that in the approach to the wild nesting bird parental instinct was the key to the whole problem, and later experiments began to show that this power, which binds old to young, is gradually strengthened from the moment the eggs are laid, or even before, until its culmination at the time of flight from the nest. It was also found that, as might have been expected, individual birds differed greatly in the strength of their instincts, and that it was safest to move the nest when the young were from seven to nine days old.

As already said, the old site of the nest is quickly forgotten, and the new adopted in a surprisingly short time, and as completely as if it were of the birds' own choosing. The method is based on the solid ground of animal instinct, is capable of many refinements, and in judicious hands will add wonderfully to our knowledge of birds during that most interesting of all periods—life in the home.

WREN CLIMBING TO THE NEST-HOLE WITH THE BODY OF A SMALL SPIDER

The legs have been torn from the spider

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WATCHING WRENS BY THE HOUR

As exemplars of the method, we will take the little house-wrens, which appropriate any suitable cavity for a nest, and will often

WREN (LIFE-SIZE) CLIMBING TO THE NEST WITH A MOTH IN ITS BILL

The moth is served without wings

accept a box placed in the dooryard for their accommodation.

Wrens were very common at Northfield, New Hampshire, last summer, where I found four of their nests in old apple-trees, two in irregular cavities and two in the abandoned homes of the downy woodpecker and chickadee respectively. About the middle of July I noticed the neatly drilled circular opening of the chickadee's nest on the under side of a small dead apple branch, about twelve feet from the ground. It was so admirably situated for study that I remember the feeling of regret at being so late in the field. I determined, however, to save the nest; but, upon coming to take it down on the 24th of July, discovered that it was occupied after all, and by a family of house-wrens. After the chickadees had moved out, the wrens had evidently moved in. The wren is a close sitter, and when incubation is well advanced it is difficult to drive the female from her eggs. In the present case nothing short of a violent shaking of the whole tree would suffice. Finally a sleek little bird would appear at the window, showing a sharp bill and clean-cut profile, and in a moment go off scolding, or giving its harsh rattle, which is really a signal of alarm—*ek-ek-ek-ek-ek-ek-ek-ek-ek!* Then, with tail cocked and with rapid, jerky movements, it would hop along the fence or over the branches of a tree, turning on its shrill rattle every few seconds until confidence was restored. The wren's tail, though a very sensitive register of emotion, is not invariably cocked, as one might infer from the picture-books.

In two cases I have known incubation to last at least two weeks, and possibly longer, while the period of life at the nest is also about a fortnight.

When it seemed likely that the little wrens were a week old, I cut off the dead branch below the opening, carefully lowered it to the ground, and mounted it on a pivot in the field. The stump was then surrounded by a screen of wire netting of ample height, to discourage cats and other enemies of nesting birds from overt interference. The tent was set up on the morning of the following day—August 24—at twenty minutes after nine o'clock. In order to secure a clear background, a large white screen was later placed behind the stump, and our outdoor observatory was complete. By its means the home life of old and young could be studied and registered with a precision hitherto unknown. Though the birds would now come and go within reach of the hand, they were quite unaware of being observed.

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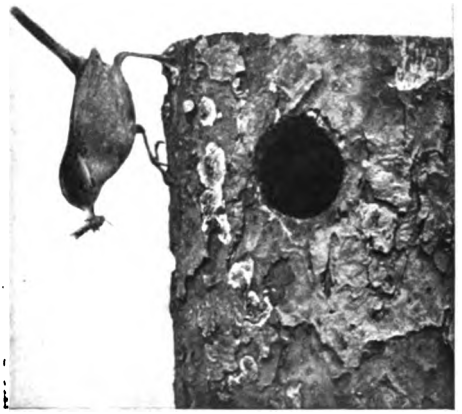
I watched this wren family during parts of five days, and altogether for twelve hours and twenty-one minutes. On the fourth day the stump was sawn open, so as to expose the young, which were then well feathered and able to crawl to the opening. The illustrations of the scenes at this nest were selected from a series of fifty distinct and nearly perfect photographs, which represent a complete pictorial analysis of the behavior of this bird.

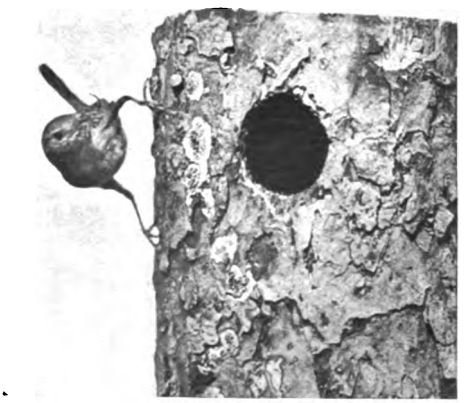
In just a minute after entering the tent on the first day Mother Wren was on the stump and sounding her alarm, *ek-ek-ek-ek-ek-ek-ek-ek-ek!* In giving this harsh rattle, the bill does not close, but the lower mandible moves rapidly and the whole



body quavers, as the air is expelled in little puffs from the throat. A few minutes later she was crawling up the bark like a mouse, with a field-spider pinched between the sharp points of her bill. Her next victim was a black beetle, but, frightened at some object or sound, she brought it to the stump many times, reeling off her harsh rattle, or giving her incisive *kek! kek!* before venturing inside.

The work of feeding was borne wholly by the female both at this and at another nest studied earlier in the season. She would come and go quietly, unless disturbed, when her rattle would sound until every suspicion was allayed. Sometimes she would fly first to the tent roof, then to the stump, running up or down to the hole. Again she would alight on the screen, and then go to the stump by way of the wire net, always pausing at the entrance to the nest before venturing inside. It was some time before a definite course of approach was adopted, and this was necessarily modified whenever the stump was rotated to improve the light. The young chirped briskly as the mother approached, and, like the young of other birds, were keenly alive to every sound. After inspecting and cleaning the nest, she would return to the entrance, often with the excreta in her bill, survey the field for a moment, and be off.

This bird had the peculiar habit of tearing the wings and legs from large grasshoppers and moths before bringing them



THREE POSITIONS OF A WREN DESCENDING TO THE NEST

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THE WREN HAS HEARD A SUSPICIOUS SOUND, AND WITH BILL SOUNDS THE NOTE OF ALARM

The stump has been opened to show the nest

to the nest. The photographs demonstrate this clearly. The effect of such rough treatment was certainly to prevent the escape of the prey. I was surprised to find that small spiders were also subjected to a similar ordeal, only their plump spherical abdomens, which I at first mistook for egg-cocoons, being served to the young. Many birds systematically crush or hammer their prey into helplessness either before or after bringing it to the nest.

I once drove this bird away with my hand four times in rapid succession, until the insect which was finally delivered could be observed and a photograph obtained. This is a good illustration of the force of habit, and a good index of the degree of familiarity already attained.

On the second day a high wind shook the tent, and the screen flapped like the sail of a vessel at sea, but life at the nest went forward without a break. Even when the wind tore up the screen and carried it with a crash against a neighboring fence, the bird hardly noticed it, and two minutes later came bringing to its young a large moth minus wings.

In order to expose the nest itself, the stump was sawn open on the fourth day, but the routine of nest life was interrupted for only seven minutes. A convenient platform or stage was thus made just above the nest, and upon this many lively scenes were enacted in the course of the day. A series of pictures shows how the little wren strode nimbly down to the nest opening below.

I once photographed this bird as she stood on the stage over the nest with a large grasshopper in her mouth, and her behavior suggested some connection between bulb and bill, for at the click of the

BENDING OVER, WITH TAIL COCKED, THE WREN PREPARES TO DESCEND TO THE NEST CAVITY

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WREN THAT HAD THE HABIT OF TEARING THE WINGS FROM INSECTS WHICH SHE BROUGHT TO THE NEST

In this instance the victim is a large moth

shutters he promptly swallowed the insect, and was off.

The wrens have a peculiar way of disposing of the excreta. The sac is taken directly from the body of the young and carried to a tree, where it is deposited or impaled on the bark of a limb. The sac is rarely if ever eaten, and never allowed to fall to the ground.

During the whole period of observation, which lasted eleven hours and five minutes, the young were fed one hundred and one times, at an average rate of once in five and a half minutes (on the first day once in two and a half minutes), and the excreta was removed twenty-eight times. The bill of fare, as far as recorded, consisted of nine different articles, served in respect to abundance in the order named as follows: grasshoppers, thirty-three times; spiders, twenty-five; moths, fourteen; black crickets, six; green larvæ, two; brown larvæ, two; besides field-cricket, green katy-did, and black beetle, each served once.

YOUNG WRENS LEAVING THE NEST

During the last day of study at this nest the young crawled to the opening and took their first flight, landing in the grass not many feet away.

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MALE BLUEBIRD BRINGING A LOCUST TO HIS YOUNG

They would run like mice, and their brown protective coloring, exactly like that of the old birds, made it no easy matter to recover them when once at liberty.

THE INDIVIDUALITY OF BIRDS

In studying different birds of the same species, individual traits are constantly seen and expressed in strong relief. The greatest differences seem to lie in the relative development of their sense of fear. In the wren family just described the male never fed the young and the female never became very tame. What a different state of affairs was found at another wren's nest studied earlier in the summer! After the removal of this nest it was fully forty-five minutes before the young got a morsel to eat; but after the first visit the victory was won, and the hen, if not the cock, bird became very tame. During the preliminary interval of suspense the male sang cheerfully, but the female was at the nest and stump many times before venturing inside. Five minutes after her timidity had been finally overcome, the male was also on the stump, where he sat with drooping wings and gave his alarm; thence he flew to a tree, then to the ridge-pole of the tent, where he sang merrily, while the young were fed by his mate. The male sang all the morning until noon, and, after a silence, began again at two o'clock. On the contrary, at the first nest the male was never seen and seldom if ever heard; the timidity of the female was never completely overcome.

YOUNG BLUEBIRD AT THE TIME OF FLIGHT, IN AN ATTITUDE OF FEAR

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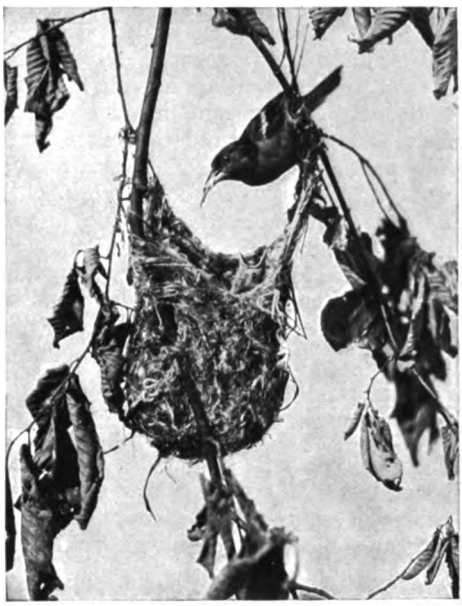
At half-past two o'clock I discarded the tent and took my position with the camera beside the nest. This bird, which must have been originally of a confiding disposition, had already become tamed without the use of a cage. There was positively no interruption in the affairs of the nursery, the mother bringing food on the average of once a minute, and not stopping even

When a downy woodpecker suddenly pulled up at the sign of the stump, and began to circle up toward the nest-hole in his harmless quest for insects, the little male showed that as guardian of the home his services were not to be despised. Like every other intruder, the woodpecker was obliged to beat a hurried retreat, amid angry chatterings and ominous snappings



A BALTIMORE ORIOLE BRINGS A YELLOW "MEASURING-WORM" TO HER NEST

SHE TUCKS A GRASSHOPPER DEEP DOWN INTO THE THROAT OF A NESTLING

while the tent was being taken down. She would bring a spider, fly with it to the old stump, and, with neck outstretched, crawl up or down to the focal point, the dark circular entrance, to which she was irresistibly drawn. Coming freely within reach of my hand, she would enter the hole, feed, inspect, and clean her brood, taking the bottle-shaped sacs of the excreta to the bare branches of a prostrate tree close by, where they were deposited upon the bark. Then, after carefully wiping her bill, she would plump down on the grass, and, accompanied by the male, which sang as if for her encouragement, bring in another captive—field-spider, grasshopper, moth, or larva. Once she darted after a dragon-fly, but missed; at another time she captured a wasp, and again a large white moth with spotted wings.

of the bill. When the female brought a long, striped caterpillar, and I wished to secure a photograph, it was necessary to drive her off half a dozen times before the required position was assumed.

Among the nesting materials which had been collected at the bottom of this cavity by these industrious birds, besides sticks, grape-vine bark, pine needles, cocoons of insects, and birds' feathers, was found the cast skin of a snake, an object not often seen, but one which the great crested fly-catcher is known habitually to place in its nest.

The beautifully woven pouch of the oriole, shown in another illustration, was originally suspended fifty feet from the ground in a vertical spray, the supporting twigs of which were smaller than a lead-pencil. To bring down this nest, it was

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necessary to take off a limb weighing more than two hundred pounds. Unfortunately, the cord snapped before the branch had reached the ground, and the nesting twigs were broken off too short, but with no injury to nest or young. To this accident is due the shriveled appearance of the foliage.

At this nest the female alone fed the young, while her mate kept in the background. The fledglings were a perfect lure to the mother, who would follow them everywhere. She once came close to our house, and even fed a young bird against the wires of a cage in which were several large hawks. At another nest of orioles, whose habits were watched at close range, both birds regularly fed their young, the male being quite as bold as his mate.

The bluebirds show their individuality in an even more marked degree. At one nest the female did all the work, while the male, which escorted her about and sang, always showed the greatest timidity. At another, however, of which several illustrations are shown, the conditions were quite the reverse. Not only was the male always the first to bring food, but his pugnacity reached an unexpected pitch in a bird whose gentle and confiding manners have been praised by many enthusiasts. This nest was boldly defended when the stump was removed, and for more than a week thereafter the male fiercely assailed every person who ventured upon his domain. With the speed of an arrow and with angry snapping of the bill he would dart straight at the intruder, who involuntarily ducked his head, and felt no desire to repeat the experiment. This bird would also dart at the tent, and at the observer the moment he showed himself outside. In short, he was constantly at the nest, which he defended most admirably, and was unremitting in the task of providing for his family.

This method of studying the daily life of wild birds is recommended only to those careful students who are making a serious study of the habits and instincts of animals, who are prepared to devote much time and energy in the field, and are capable of adding to our knowledge of the subject. The indiscriminate use of any method of studying the home life of birds is fraught with danger to their young, and to displace a nest at the wrong time in order to photograph it, or to leave it unprotected, is to open wide the door to destruction. When the study of birds with the camera is pursued as a recreation, the rule should be to disturb the nest and its occupants as little as possible. I seldom spend less than a week at any given nest, protect it securely from enemies, and have worked the entire season without the loss of a single brood.

IN THE TIME OF SEPARATION

BY E. A. HALLOWELL

PARTING is easy to the Dead, who say,
"A thousand years shall be but as a day."
But, God, We Living Ones—what of our tears,
When a single day seems like a thousand years?

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WITH THE HOUNDS OF THE DUCHESSE D'UZÈS

BY STERLING HEILIG

WHEN, on his second visit to France, the Czar Nicholas II was being entertained at the château-palace of Compiègne, in the midst of the historic forest, it was proposed to offer him the "sport of kings,"—the *chasse à courre, à cor et à cri*,—the mounted stag-hunt of the old régime, with dogs and horns, without guns or traps. Two vital considerations prevented the giving of the hunt.

The present government of the republic possesses neither dogs, horses, nor men trained to the chasse à courre; and there are no deer in the forests left free to the President. The deer-hunting of Compiègne, Fontainebleau, and Rambouillet is rented out; and Marly, the only great forest reserved wholly to the President, is almost bare of big game. The government was also forced to recognize that, could it overcome these difficulties, it could not count on a sufficient number of guests capable of following the hounds. Sticking to a horse through thicket and over stream is not one of the aptitudes of the politician of the day; and the aristocratic families that continue to maintain hunt equipages could not be counted on even to honor the imperial ally.

The Czar's uncles, Vladimir and Alexis, cynically enough shoot partridges and rabbits with the President year after year; but when they follow the French stag over the same presidential grounds of Rambouillet, it is with the hounds of a great landowner and very rich lady, whose personal life is so surrounded by safeguards against the modern and the commonplace that, except when she wishes it, she scarcely knows that the old régime is ended. This is "the first huntress of France," the dowager Duchesse d'Uzès, who in Christmas week of 1902 was at her eleven-hundredth stag.

The duchess rents from the republic more than sixty thousand acres of this old Rambouillet forest, between President Loubet's favorite château and her own hunting château of Bonnelles. The President has the right to shoot the partridge and the rabbit on his lands of Rambouillet; but should he wish to chase the deer, he too must be invited by the duchess. She does not invite the President often. In return, the President forbids the military uniform to appear at the *hallali* of the duchess—something all the more grievous to the great lady in that the burden of it falls, not on her, but on the young officers of the neighboring garrison, forced thereby to the considerable expense of maintaining hunting costumes. The President—that is to say, the Minister of War—has even forbidden them to use their chargers at the hunts; but that is a difficulty more easily overcome, since the duchess can lend them horses.

Beginning in September of each year, the Duchesse d'Uzès instals herself in her favorite residence of Bonnelles, a modern château of vast proportions, lying in a park of one hundred and eighty acres, about ten miles from Rambouillet. Her two daughters, the Duchesses de Luynes and de Brissac, aid her and her daughter-in-law, the young Duchesse d'Uzès, to do the honors of the country house. When the hunting season opens, first old friends and "serious" hunters are invited; then come the royal visits and the Parisian se-

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From a photograph

THE DUCHESSE D'UZÈS IN THE MIDST OF A GROUP OF HOUNDS, HOLDING TWO FAVORITE

ries. The clarion is heard in the depths of the woods; and the equipage, in its colors of red and blue, with gold-and-silver lace, holds its assizes at an old stone cross in a circular opening in the forest, two or three miles from the château.

The great hunts begin at eight o'clock in the morning. As the hunters and huntresses come in couples and small groups from every side, from châteaux miles distant and from near-by towns and the neighboring garrison, the effect is romantic and beautiful.

The faint, sad notes of the horn come from afar. Horn answers horn in many an ancient air—the "*Réveil*," "The Plain," "The Pleasures of the Chase," "The Bourbon," and the "Rallies" of Dampierre and Bonnelles, the two homes of the pack of the duchess. Now and again another brilliant costume emerges from the rising mist.

Image of war, the chase originally made part of the royal appanage; and if princes and feudatory lords might practise it, they had their privilege from the sovereign, who, as absolute master of the state, considered this game his royal prerogative. After thousand years of privilege, the comm people began murmuring at the luxury chase equipages. Louis XVI at last became frightened at the popular insu thrown at him in this matter, and in 17 reduced the equipages to two, that of th stag and that of the red deer. The forme was composed of sixty-two men, one hu dred and twenty horses, and ninety dog the latter of eighteen men, thirty hors and eighty dogs. The king, however, little realized the fragility of his tenur that on October 5, 1789, when the starv ing Parisians came to fetch him by forc from Versailles, he had been occupied a the morning in chasing the wolf in th forest of Marly.

The Revolution swept away the pom pous venery of the old monarchy. Napo leon reëstablished it, to gild his new empire. He followed the deer and the dogs as he did all pleasures, with ardor, but only intermittently. He conducted his equipage as he did his armies, breathlessly. He interrupted one great chase in the middle to go with Marie Louise to Fontainebleau.

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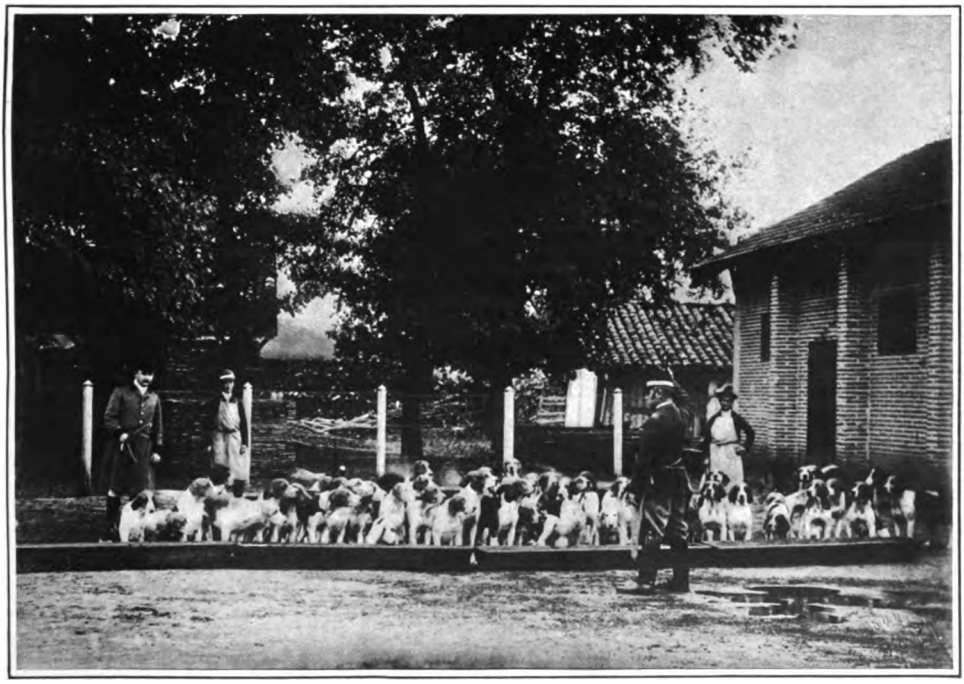
where he was to impose the concordat on the Pope.

The austerity of the reign of Louis XVIII, especially toward its impotent end, was not advantageous to the chase; but the equipages were royally kept up from the private purses of the Comte d'Artois, heir to the throne, and the other princes of the blood. Charles X, an old man at his accession, continued the expensive organization, and put all that remained of his strength into the "sport of kings." Like his brother, Louis XVI, he was surprised by revolution while pursuing it: he was hunting the stag at Rambouillet while barricades were rising in the streets of Paris.

Louis Philippe, "King of the French" and only life-tenant (*usufruitier*) of the crown forests, put down the royal venery and sold the equipages to the profit of the treasury, although his sons continued to maintain their private packs. After the Revolution of 1848 the forests returned to the French state, and the rights of hunting were auctioned off to the highest bidders, as a measure of republican simplicity.

The first lessees of the crown forests considered themselves lucky, for prices in those troubled days were low. Their joy was short-lived; for, after Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* in 1851, there seemed nothing left but to kill as much game as possible before inevitable confiscations should fall upon them. These confiscations were the first flights of the Eagle. Those who had not been courtiers enough to cede their rights to the new emperor were despoiled in the calmest manner. The lessees of Rambouillet, among whom were the Duc de Luynes and the Duc d'Uzès, made one great final hunt on March 15, 1852, which remains celebrated in the annals of French venery. Not only the antlered stag was brought low that day, but six horses, being ridden to death, fell beside the game.

The confiscations profited Napoleon III little. After the proclamation of the empire, the Prince de Wagram, on account of his special aptitudes, was named grand veneur of France; but he was shortly afterward replaced by Marshal Magnan, who



From a photograph

AT THE KENNELS OF CELLE-LES-BORDES

The training of the dogs is rigorous and continuous, whole series of forms and ceremonies being observed by the "dog-valets" to keep them in "form." Thus at feeding-time they are made to stand motionless in front of the trough containing their food. The first *valet de chien*, with whip raised, gives the signal. As long as the whip remains in the air, they will not budge. When it descends, each leaps to his accustomed place, which never varies.

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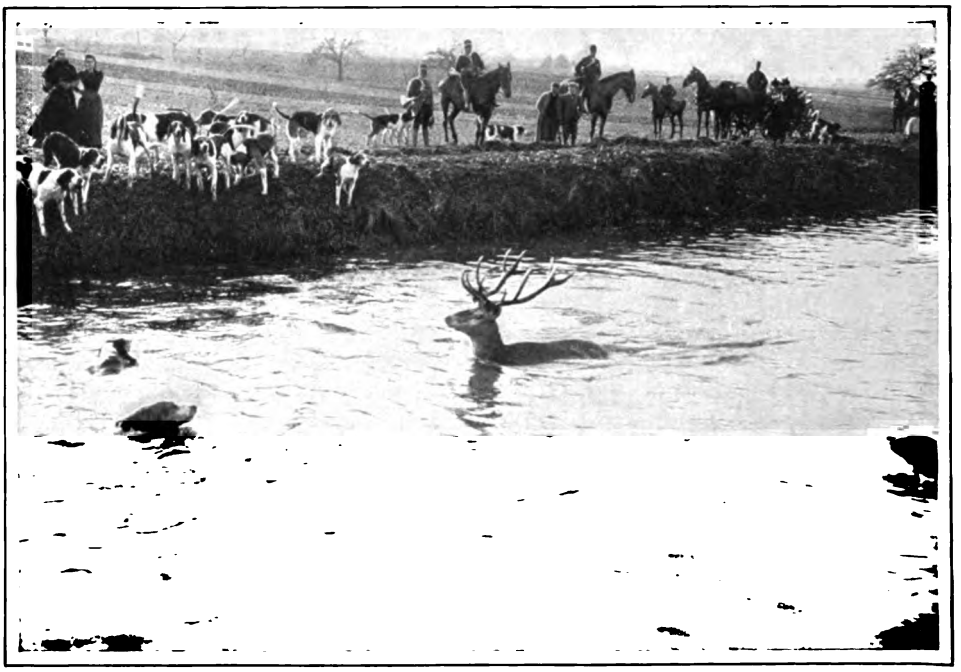
knew little of the subject, while the Emperor took no interest in it. It thus came to pass that in 1868 the Duc de Luynes and the Duc d'Uzès were hunting again at Rambouillet, well established in new leases. On the death of the Duc de Luynes, who was killed at the battle of Patay in 1870, the duchess, his wife, no longer cared to keep the pack and highly organized equipage. The Duc d'Uzès took them over, and so they have remained. When the Duchesse d'Uzès became a widow, she continued to maintain them alone, her passion for the chase, like that of the late Empress of Austria, never failing, even in these last days of automobilism, when she holds the first "watman's" certificate issued to a woman by the French authorities.



From a photograph

A CRITICAL MOMENT FOR THE STAG

In France the hunt is often followed by invited guests in carriages, as seen in the picture

II

THE very dogs that lead the chase have suffered the consequences of the great Revolution.

Like their masters, the aristocratic deerhounds of France were very much dispersed in the days of the guillotine. Unlike them, however, they made friends of the common people, and it came about that pedigreed animals, which had once led the insolent tinseled rout of the court through laboriously cultivated grain-fields, took up contented lives in the homes of humble peasants. Thus they passed the period of the emigration, but not without certain damage to their heredity. The pure old race was preserved only through a small pack or pair of dogs—the race of Saintonge. In 1789 it was on the point of disappearing. If it exists still, it is thanks to a physician of Saintes, one Dr. Clémot, to whom the Marquis de La Porte-aux-Loups intrusted two males and a female. On the return of the marquis from the emigration, Dr. Clémot gave him back the increased family; and these are the ancestors of all the pure Saintonge hounds and *bâtards* of to-day.

Thus, when the Restoration came about, it happened that certain great families, and in particular the princes of the blood, were able to assemble packs composed of pure descendants of the famous old races, whose

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remarkable qualities, resulting from more than a thousand years of selection, made them unequaled for following the stag through the most difficult forests. But the true remnants of pure blood were not numerous enough to constitute packs for all the gentlemen of France who now desired to take up what had been, until the abolition of privileges in 1789, the most exclusive of sports.

To dogs of more or less good blood, all over France, were now mated English sires and dams, regularly foxhounds. Plain country gentlemen, who could not support the relays of dogs and horses of the old royal venery and seigniorial families, were content to hunt hard with these bâtards, as they came to be called—strong, healthy dogs, straight in the track, and having great staying power, but without strong scent or form. As to the final object of the chase, which had always been to take the animal solely by fatigue, each hunter now had his carbine slung over his back; and when the run had lasted long enough, those up with the stag did not hesitate to "send out the fourth relay"—a leaden bullet.

A modification set in, however, about 1840, when in Poitou they began taking note of the effect of the new English strain, especially where the French stock had been good. In ancient times, it is true, the kings of France and England exchanged dogs like good cousins. The breeds rivaled each other in the same species of hunt. Centuries later the gentlemen of France renounced recruiting their packs in England, where the breed and the chase itself had come to differ greatly from their own. Thus in England and America, where they hunt the fox, vigor and agility replace the fineness of scent and instinctive forest lore of the French hound. Nevertheless, the results of this later crossing with English blood became celebrated. The new dogs showed themselves so superior to their immediate ancestors, they were so much more beautiful, vigorous, and light of foot, their speed and endurance tired the stag so much more readily, that "the fourth relay" came to be thought unworthy of them. So their owners set up for themselves, in all its purity, the old royal chasse à courre, à cor et à cri.

Yet for all French deer-hounds there exists one great touchstone of heredity, and this quite apart from racial characteristics of conformation, color, and spirit. It is the ability of the hound to thwart a peculiar manœuver of the stag known as the "change."

All the animals hunted with running dogs, the stag, the roe-deer, the wild boar, the wolf in his first year, the fox, and the hare, no matter how rapidly they run, must depend on ruse to escape, being incapable ultimately to outrun the numerous and well-disciplined pack, with or without relays. The French stag alone, like the highly specialized French hound, furnishes a unique example of instinct acquired through more than a thousand years of the chase.

After a long run, when he feels himself tiring, the stag seeks to change, that is to say, to put some comrade in his place. Habitually he lives in a more or less numerous herd of others of his kind, without distinction of age or sex. The flying stag knows well the herd's daytime resting-place, hidden in the depths of the wood. In his first efforts to accomplish the change, he leads his pursuers to it. If the hounds are far enough behind him, he will tranquilly lie down beside his brethren; otherwise the pack breaks into the herd behind him. In either case the dogs disperse it: old stags and young ones, does and fawns, flee in all directions. Now, a pack of English foxhounds would break with the breaking herd, or follow ardently this or that stag, their instinct being to follow the fox, and not a particular fox. The already fatigued stag would in all probability escape, and the hunters would be led after a new victim in the full force of his wind.

A well-disciplined pack of French deer-hounds acts differently. No matter how the younger dogs may be excited by the sudden contact with the herd, they soon collect themselves, and follow the wise lead of the cooler members of the pack. The baffled stag, after trying one by one his minor ruses, must at last combine his great and unique manœuver of accompanying, or personally conducting, a particularly chosen substitute.

He will not try again to lose himself in the midst of his herd. Instead, he depends on this involuntary accomplice, which he finds probably by means of his delicate sense of smell. It must be a stag of his

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own age, antlers, and body—*dix-corne*, if he is ten-horned; *daguet*, if he is between his first and second year. Finding the brother, he strolls or lies down beside him. Soon the pack is heard in the distance. It approaches. Both stags listen, first with pleasure, then curiously. They leap up. The hunted one holds back just long enough to let his unsuspecting comrade choose a direction for flight. He follows him minutely. When his involuntary pace-maker jumps aside, he too jumps aside, turns when he turns, stops when he stops, until the moment when the poor pace-maker, excited by all this new alarm of horns and baying dogs, decides at last to run indeed.

Then the new deer begins his long run. When he would stop to rest or listen, the traitor behind him actually prods him on with his horns.

Through the forest they flee. Then, suddenly, when they are running in some narrow forest path, the traitor makes one great bound, clears the thicket bordering the path, and there lies hidden, with his belly to the earth and his muzzle in the dirt, to prevent his scent reaching the passing pack.

What is to prevent the pack from rushing on after the fleeing substitute? The hounds have been following his scent, as much as that of the other, for perhaps half an hour already. There is no obvious accident, like the breaking up of a herd, to warn either dogs or hunters that a change is being effected. "Giving the change" has been a figure of speech in the French language since the language has existed.

The tired stag would always succeed in his wily substitution were there not in all well-organized packs a certain number of dogs *d'élite*, experts in unraveling the most complicated case of change. Deprived of this means of defense, the French stag is of all hunted animals the most certain to be taken in the long run. The unfortunate beast leaves behind him an odor so strong and so persistent that, even an hour after his passage, the hounds have no trouble in following his trail through the forest; and when he has the imprudence to break into the open, his great height and deep footmarks so betray him that there is a saying, "A stag in the open needs no dogs."

In the days of good King Dagobert and St. Louis, the royal hunters thought it no great thing to chase the same stag two days in succession. Habitually they would attack him again next morning if they had failed to take him the day before; and to this end their first care would be to make sure that no change began the new day. At sunrise they proceeded to a minute examination of the stag's "foot" at his resting-place. This was easily found, because the tired animal would sink to rest as soon as he satisfied himself that the pursuit was finished; yet every now and then through the night he would rise and limp about, to rest his strained muscles, his toes spread apart and his weight on his heels. Sure of the stag by reason of these peculiarities of his prints, the ancient hunters, as the sun rose, sounded the horn with new ardor. The dogs themselves took up the hunt with great heart, because they had continued it in their dreams, a fact that any hunter of to-day may note if he will watch his sleeping hound. Content to follow the stag at an easy gallop, the ancient hunters would take him only when he fell, virtually lifeless from fatigue, when they could "serve" him with a single merciful stroke of the hunting-knife.

To-day, with blood-horses and what really amounts to a new type of dog, the stag is taken by speed, a new development of the old art of "forcing" the beast. To the modern hunter the exigencies of social life permit not more than half a day of hunting at a time.

III

To the southwest of Paris, some five miles from the château of Bonnelles and seven miles from Rambouillet, in a land of little valleys and great woods, lies the old seigniorial farm-house of La Celle-les-Bordes, to-day become "Le Manoir de la Vénerie." This relic of the Renaissance is more than a hunting-lodge: it is at once a museum of the chase and the home of the Uzès pack, of its *piqueurs* and its valets.

The eighty sagacious and forceful hounds composing the pack are, technically speaking, *bâtards Vendéens;* that is, a cross of the ancient races of Vendée and Poitou with the blood of English royal buck-hounds. They are fine, big dogs, averaging twenty-five inches from the ground, all uniformly marked in white and

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two tints of brown. Each has his cap on his head, a solid marking over a white throat, and muzzle pointing down from the two sides of the forehead, and a blanket of solid brown, which leaves breast, fore legs, belly, and hind legs pure white. Only sixty of these dogs make up the actual running pack; they live in a vast kennel, light, well aired, and abundantly furnished with water, opening on two large courts and a piece of woods five acres in extent. Other kennels form the residence of six *limiers* (leash-dogs of peculiar intelligence, used to locate the trail of the stag before the hunt), the stud, the nursery, and the infirmary.

The governor of this little province is the piqueur Armand Jouannin, or "Monsieur Armand," as the people of the country call him, one-time piqueur of the late Duc de Luynes at Dampierre, and so master of the pack from its formation. He has under him two mounted piqueurs, and two chief dog-valets wearing the *petite tenue* jacket of royal blue without the gold-and-silver lace. Two chief foresters and a number of "boys" complete the equipment.

"How many of the pack are actually change dogs?" I asked Madame la Duchesse herself.

"Every one of them is a change dog," she answered peremptorily; "otherwise they would be *réformés* [rejected as incompetent]."

"Have they the change quality by heredity or by individual training only?"

"Heredity is the principle of the good dog," answered the first huntress of France.

Yet the last word is not with heredity. In certain French packs, but not of them, a few dogs may be seen sitting apart from the rest, with a proud but resigned air. They have sad dun-colored *robes*. They have enormously long ears. Though obviously in their prime, they have a venerable look, as if the weight of centuries pressed on them. They have weak, bloodshot eyes and overhanging brows. Their chaps hang broodingly far below their jaws, but with a droop that has its pride. They have none of the vivacity of the modern dogs. Yet these "stranger" dogs are more truly French aristocrats than any others. As such Napoleon III exhibited a pair of them in 1865, at the third bench-show held in Paris. Though the race still existed here and there in France, he had procured the pair in England; and dog-antiquaries made no doubt about it that they were the pure descendants of the first famous race of French deer-hounds, the venerable and antique race of St. Hubert, one of the first specialized races of Europe, and coming immediately after the primitive shepherd-dog.

Existing as a remnant in France, preserved under another name and for a very different purpose in foreign lands, the dogs of St. Hubert remain to-day what they were when Napoleon III attempted to patronize them—strangers and neglected in their own country. The modern French chase knows nothing of them, except now and then as odd limiers, or scouts. They possess the most marvelous scent. They are natural change dogs, even though their ancestors have had no opportunity to hunt the stag since the breaking up of the old venery by the French Revolution. But they are over-cautious and slow of foot compared with the new races of the day. They are antiquated. Their voices are not melodious in the depths of the wood. They are ugly. So their heredity profits them nothing.

Although as individuals the blood-horses of the present-day race-track may possibly have more perfectly kept genealogies than the deer-hounds that make up the choice French packs, the latter far surpass them in the essentials of race aristocracy. The proudest of English or American race-horses cannot trace his ancestry back farther than to one or all of three historic stallions imported into England between the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century. These were the Byerly Turk, Darley Arabian, and Godolphin Barb; and their descendants, crossed with later importations from Turkey, Arabia, and the Barbary States, compose the English Stud-book, which itself begins only with the year 1791. Now the dogs of St. Hubert were already the companions of kings before Charlemagne; while the Vendean race, from which the pack of the Duchesse d'Uzès has its greatest strain, was high in royal favor in the days of Louis XI.

Every year, on the 3d of November, the feast of St. Hubert is celebrated at La Celle-les-Bordes. The dogs are brought,

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with the six limiers at their head, to the church of the village, the chief dog wearing the colors of the Uzès equipage. The huntsmen are in costume, with the hunting-horn round the neck and the hunting-knife at the belt. They are surrounded by the pack, huddled solidly together. The piqueurs and dog-valets use the lash to insure the patience of the coupled beasts, who reach through the nave to the steps in front. Before the altar the chief valet holds the six limiers in leash. At the elevation of the host the horns joyously sound the fanfare of St. Hubert, the chimes ring melodiously, and scarcely has the last prayer been finished when the hunters jump to the saddle.

The dogs of St. Hubert held the royal favor, as a race apart, until the epoch of the first crusades. Then St. Louis, himself a devoted patron of the chase, being in the Holy Land, heard of the marvelous exploits of certain hounds of Tatary. He managed to procure two specimens of the race, whose descendants became "the great gray dogs of St. Louis," famous in legend and well described in the old works on venery. Most French sportsmen will tell you that they exist no longer except in the ancient tapestries. Nevertheless, in 1887 a gentleman of Gers brought to the bench-show of the Tuileries a pack of what purported to be the great gray dogs, having very much the type and forms described in the old books.

Were one to trace back the long descent of the hounds of the Duchesse d'Uzès, their principal line would be found to spring from two historic animals whose race, in its turn, triumphed over the great gray dogs. A poor Vendean gentleman presented to Louis XI a white dog marked with dark orange; his name was Greffier, and he is supposed to have been a white St. Hubert (called in England to-day the Talbot dog), with a dash of mastiff blood. Greffier was mated to a female of his color and marking, no less celebrated in her time, Baude, the favorite dog of Anne of France, daughter of Louis XI. Baude seems to have been a *braque* (poacher's dog of England), resembling our pointer. From this union descended "the white dogs of the king," a race that enjoyed more than two centuries of royal favor. Then, being finally supplanted by the Normans, they remained in favor only in the Vendée, the country of their origin; and the pure Vendean race is nothing but their continuation. The triumphant Normans themselves were a cross between the white St. Huberts and these same Vendeans. Thus it comes that both M. Baudry d'Asson, the present-day patron of the pure Vendean stock, and the Marquis de Chambray, who will tell you his dogs are almost pure Norman, profess to hunt with the old white dogs of the king.

IV

THE chasse à courre of to-day demands in the dog an assemblage of qualities of which fine scent, after all, is but one. It may seem an exaggeration to object to the St. Huberts because their notes lack a sweet melancholy—*triste au fond du bois*. Yet voice has become of the first importance. The Uzès hounds, following the stag swiftly, yet in so beautifully compact a mass that *on les couvrirait d'un drap* ("a blanket would cover them"), give voice continuously as well as melodiously and sympathetically.

Behind them, often at some considerable distance, the *bien-allés* ("tones for dogs") of the hunters' horns throw forth their shrill melodies on the pack's sonorous call.

The stag is a music-lover. At first he takes evident pleasure in the far-away airs that set the echoes flying: he stops, lifts his head, and listens. After a time he begins to ask himself if these sweet sounds are really given for his pleasure only. He esteems it prudent to put a greater distance between them and himself. He flies. Then, tired from his spurt, he stops to listen again. The pleasing but disquieting sounds are no less distant than before. He becomes troubled, and, ceasing to depend alone on speed, tries trickery.

Through all this, what have the hunters to guide them amid the intricacies of the forest? They simply follow the baying of the hounds. The frequency and the character of the pack's baying indicate to them the state of the dogs' spirit, the character of the trail, and consequently the manœuvers of the stag and the state of his mind. The dogs love and know the different airs of the horn. They distinguish even, among many, the horn of the leader of the hunt. The bien-allés tell them that all is well. Other airs warn them, still others call them back. The vocal

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shortcomings of the St. Huberts, self-centered, cool-headed, undemonstrative animals that they are, mattered less to their ancient masters: jogging along at a *petit galop*, they kept the equally slow dogs in sight.

The English, so French hunters say, count the long neck a good point in their foxhounds, in that it enables them to run with the nose to the ground, a proof, they say, that the majority of foxhounds are hard of smell. The dogs of the duchess, on the contrary, run with the nose *au vent*,—high in the air,—without deigning to snuff the ground. Individual dogs whose eyesight is known to be not of the quickest are seen to keep at the head of the pack, baying continually. Now, the ability to do this comes solely from their manner of carrying their heads, the horizontal position permitting the lungs to act freely; consequently the dogs bay easily while running, and keep up the pace without fatigue.

Such is the new type of dogs, possessed of all the virtues and none of the weaknesses of the remnants of the pure old races.

Even the great hunters who obstinately patronize the pure old races have been obliged to cross them to procure a more efficient stock. Such a one was the late Joseph de Carayon-Latour, "inventor" of the dogs of Virelade. Uniting the pure races of Saintonge and Gascony, he revivified the blood of both in a new stock; and the so-called pure Vendean race of M. Baudry d'Asson, like all pure Vendeans, some will tell you, owe not only their stamina, but also their change credibility, to an infusion of the blood of Poitou.

The bâtards Vendéens of the Duchesse d'Uzès have greatly profited by the dash of royal buck-hound blood. To the elegance, lightness, and keen scent of the mixed races of Vendée and Poitou are added speed, force, and heady health. There is but one equipage of royal buckhounds in all England, that of her Majesty the late Queen. They greatly resemble the English foxhounds in conformation and color. What distinguishes them from the foxhounds is greater height, greater lightness, and a squarer head and longer muzzle. Indeed, they resemble the hounds of the duchess so completely that, when their ears have not been cut, they might easily be mistaken for French bâtards. The pack, which has its kennels at Ascot, is composed of eighty-five dogs. A few other French hunters have procured specimens from it, to the great improvement of their packs.

The royal buck-hounds may be anachronisms, but all our sympathy must go to those less happy anachronisms, the dogs of St. Hubert. In the brightest days of Napoleon III they had their chance, and lost it again. At the head of the effort to reinstate them were found such men as Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, founder of the Jardin d'Acclimatation, his two learned and enthusiastic aids, Pierre Pichot and Paul Gérusez, a great authority on the chase, M. Lecouteulx de Canteleu, and the emperor himself. In vain they argued the dogs' virtues. The hunters of France took no interest in these heavy, weak-eyed ghosts of the middle ages, with their awkward figures, wrinkled faces, great ears, and melancholy drooping chaps.

Yet French hunters who have tried them, like the Comte Lecouteulx de Canteleu (he long hunted with a full pack), tell wonderful stories of their fine scent and infallible sureness in the change. They tell of St. Hubert dogs that have taken up a trail forty-eight hours old, after it had been washed by a heavy rain. They distinguish instantly the different odors of two stags of the same age; and, thanks to their tenacity and stamina, they are able to chase the same stag three days in succession and, in spite of their slowness, wear him out inevitably.

Have they not a familiar look? We all know these dogs, though not by their ancient name of St. Hubert. Their very name of "bloodhound" is ancient, the old writer Caius saying: "They smell the blood itself of the pursued creature; therefore they are called *canis sanguinarius*."

Side by side, they blink in the sun, in a proud melancholy. The weight of the ages bears on them. And as they blink, one might fancy that they see the centuries unroll for the gorgeous history of the "sport of kings" to pass before them in a vision. They see their own race supplanted in the royal favor. Race after race rises for a time, to fall again. They see the royal chase itself disappear, first in the red mists of the Revolution, then in the phantasmagoria of Louis Philippe's bookkeeping.

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They see the royal forests put up at auction, and the chief of the French state reduced to quail- and rabbit-shooting with a pair of beagles.

Then doubtless the old dogs awake with a howl to the realities of the present-day world. The sight is reassuring. These splendid kennels of France tell their own story. Though no longer a state institution, the chasse à courre with horse and hound and hunting-horn is still in honor. In his time James I of England praised "the hunting with running hounds, which is the most honorable and noblest sort thereof; for it is a theevish form of hunting to shoote with gunnes and bowes, and greyhound hunting is not so martiall a game."

TO THE ISLE OF ST. CHRISTOPHER

BY G. CONSTANT LOUNSBERY

OH, glad green valleys that no winter whitens
With blight of snow,
Oh, flaming gardens where the wind that frightens
Forgets to blow,
What need have ye of poet's song or singing,
What need of praise,
To whom the sweet wind comes, forever bringing
Immortal lays;
Immortal murmurs of the soft sea's longing,
And, from the hills,
The immortal laughter of the palm-trees thronging
About the rills?
Fair as the morning, sweet beyond comparing
Thy fields of green;
And sweet thy wandering meadows—shoreward faring—
Which no men glean:
Only the Wind is reaper; whence he bloweth
No creature saith.
Sower is he and Gatherer; where he goeth
Is dim as Death.
Lo! all thy days are lovely as the flowers
That take the sun;
Fragrant with dew the long moon-haunted hours
Till night is done.
Let us shake off the dust of town and travel,
Forget the toil,
And seek no more strange problems to unravel
That fret and foil;
Learn once again to wonder up at heaven,
Rejoice and be
Strong with the wind's sharp wine, the sun's sweet leaven,
Glad with the sea!

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THE CENSUS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

SCOPE OF CENSUS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES—LESS COMPREHENSIVE THAN IN THE UNITED STATES—DIFFERENCES IN METHODS OF ENUMERATION—RELATIVE COST OF TAKING CENSUS—THE MACHINERY OF ENUMERATION—CRUDE METHODS IN THE ORIENT

BY THE HON. W. R. MERRIAM

Director of the Last Census

IN my two preceding articles incidental reference has been made to the fact that the American republic not only was the first among the nations to undertake a periodical and systematic enumeration of inhabitants, but may justly be regarded as the leader in modern census-taking, whether in scope of inquiry and combinations of facts obtained, or in expenditure for statistical research.

SCOPE OF THE CENSUS

THERE is a wide difference between the scope of the word "census" in the United States and in other countries. The American census is an invaluable national "account of stock," costing the American people, in 1900, $11,854,817.91, and embracing extended inquiries concerning population, mortality, agriculture, and manufactures. Each of these topics is considered a legitimate part of census investigation, and receives equal care and consideration. In most other census-taking countries the census is much less comprehensive, being generally confined to an enumeration of population by sex, age, nativity, conjugal condition, occupation, etc., together with, in some cases, details concerning number and kind of dwellings.

In Europe, up to 1901, only five countries—France, Hungary, Germany, Denmark, and Belgium—had taken industrial censuses; and these, although including some valuable data not secured in the United States, were much less comprehensive than our census of manufactures. In France and Hungary nothing more was undertaken than the collection of information relating to the occupation and personal condition of employers and employees. The German industrial census paid but little attention to the personal condition of employees, but called for a detailed statement of the kind of establishment, and the motive power and machinery used. The Danish census was, in the main, similar to the German, but omitted machinery, and asked for the wages paid to employees, classified by kind of work done. The most detailed and comprehensive of European industrial censuses is the one taken by Belgium in 1896. This, like the French and Hungarian censuses, comprised detailed information regarding the occupation and personal condition of employees, and in addition called for the hours of labor and periods of rest, the wages and method of payment, the kind of products, and the motive power.

CENSUS QUESTIONS

WITHIN the field of population, to which, as already remarked, foreign censuses are mostly confined, there is a wide range in the scope of inquiry. Sex, age, nativity, conjugal condition, and relation to the head of the family are items common to all. The age question varies a little in form, some countries asking for date of birth, others for years of age, and two—France and the United States—for both. In asking place of birth, European censuses generally require, for the native population, the exact locality, that is, the township, parish, or commune, while the United States census calls for the State only. The question rel-

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ative to conjugal condition, also, shows some diversity. The United Kingdom, Italy, and Spain do not include divorce in the specifications. The Netherlands, Denmark, and Norway make a distinction between divorce and legal separation.

The subject of occupation appears to be treated with greater detail in Europe than in the United States. The following are some of the additional questions relating to this subject found on the schedules of different European countries: subsidiary occupation; industrial status—whether employer, employee, or working on own account; whether working at home or in a fixed workshop, or traveling; name, address, and occupation of employer; reason for non-employment. The United States schedule comprises only two questions under this head, namely, principal occupation and number of months unemployed; but the description of the occupation, if made in conformity with the instructions, would seem to include some of the data which on European schedules are called for by separate questions or specifications.

The relation of population to locality forms another subject of census inquiry which is treated with rather greater detail in Europe. The United States enumerates the population in their usual place of abode, without regard to the place in which they are present when the census is taken. Most European countries, on the other hand, ascertain the population actually present, or the *de facto* population, making this the basis of the census inquiry; but many of them go farther, introducing questions designed to distinguish the persons temporarily present and also those ordinarily residing in the place but temporarily absent. This makes it possible to determine both the *de facto* and the residential population. Austria distinguishes the legal population, also, by asking for the legal domicile, which in that country is very commonly distinct from the place of residence.

Many foreign censuses ask for the nationality of the person enumerated, that is, for the country of which he is a citizen or subject. While the United States does not include this question, it distinguishes aliens from naturalized citizens, and asks for the country of birth, which in the majority of cases is indicative of the nationality of the alien population. Moreover, the United States asks for the birthplace of each parent. This question, which is not found on the schedules of any European country, makes it possible to classify by country of origin the foreign or semi-foreign elements of our composite population.

The only physically defective classes of which account is ordinarily taken in census inquiry are the blind and the deaf-mutes. Some countries, however, enumerate also the mentally defective, designated as insane or imbecile.

PAY FOR ENUMERATION

THE compensation which the enumerator receives is at best an inadequate return for the services he is expected to render. The American enumerator has a deep-seated conviction that if the United States government desires his important services it can afford to pay for them, and in this country he receives a fair remuneration, although even here his wages—averaging about three dollars a day—cannot be regarded as munificent. In Great Britain, also, he appears to be fairly well paid. But in other parts of the world he is not always so fortunate or so independent. The French government apparently makes no provision for the direct payment of enumerators, but contents itself with offering medals and letters of commendation for the best records of efficiency, leaving to the communes and municipalities the burden of compensation. A similar system prevails in Italy; but there the enumerator, instead of being encouraged by an offer of a medal or letter, is intimidated by the prospect of having a part of his meager pay withheld if his work should prove faulty. Germany relies mainly upon volunteer enumerators; the office is regarded as an honorary one, and the petty officials, house-agents, schoolmasters, students, soldiers, police, and obliging citizens who are pressed into service receive no pecuniary compensation. In Austrian cities the house-owners or their representatives are virtually compelled to act as enumerators, being required to assist the mayor by distributing the schedules among their tenants or occupiers, and collecting and verifying them after they have been filled out. Russia, encountering difficulty in securing the 135,000 enumerators required for the cen-

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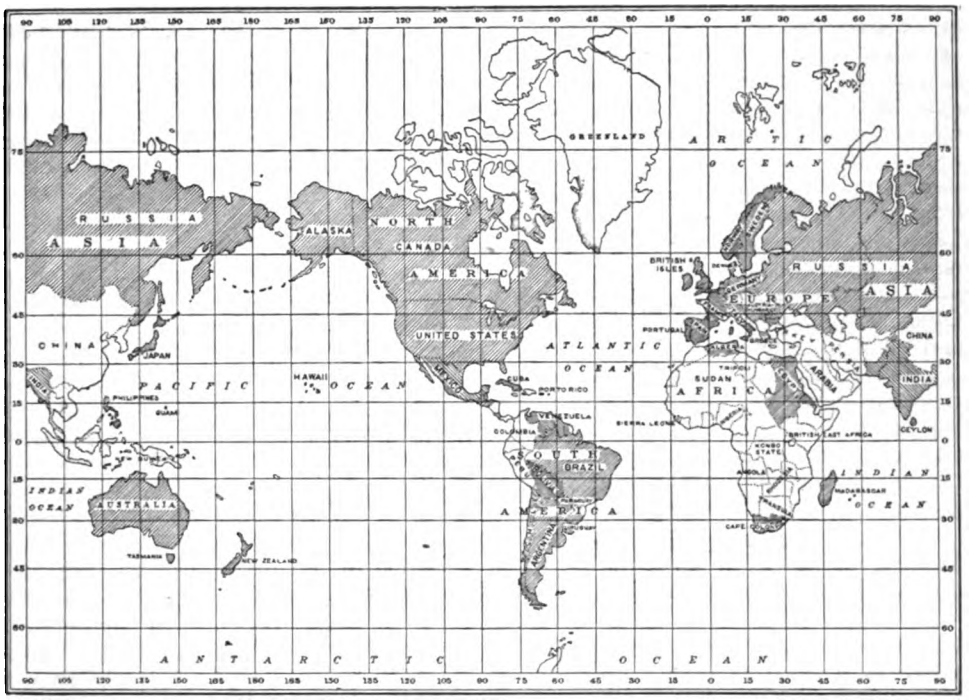

CENSUS MAP OF THE WORLD

The shaded portions indicate the countries which take a census

sus of 1897, hit upon the device of a medal. The result was highly gratifying. The way in which the people manifested their appreciation of the precious privilege of earning this keepsake is thus described in an official document:

The offer, by order of his Majesty the Emperor, of a medal for persons of both sexes who fulfil the functions of enumerator gratuitously, has dissipated all the well-founded apprehensions which could have been conceived in this respect. The population has received this news of his Majesty's condescension as a precious token, granted by the throne, of the great importance of the task to which it was called, and has responded in such manner that, with hardly any addition to the number of paid enumerators who had already been appointed, the local census authorities now have at their disposal as many as 135,000 persons, and thus the need of enumerators, which was felt almost throughout the empire, will be satisfied without difficulty.

European countries have, in theory, a one-night enumeration, and undertake to make the census data relate to the conditions existing at a particular moment. The moment generally selected is midnight. Infants born before the clock strikes twelve are included in the census; those born afterward are omitted. Conversely, persons dying before midnight are omitted; those dying later are included. The next morning the record is supposed to have been made; and at noon the collection of the schedules begins. If we include, however, the time consumed in the preliminary distribution of the schedules and in their subsequent collection and verification, the period of enumeration is prolonged to a week or ten days at least. In the United States it is expected that the census data will all relate to the conditions existing on June 1, the day on which the enumeration begins; but the enumerator is allowed two weeks in cities, and a month in rural areas, in which to collect the required information and fill out the schedules for his district.

CENSUS MACHINERY

THIS comparison of census methods would be incomplete without some description of what may be termed census machinery. The topic is, however, somewhat technical, and I shall not undertake to do more than

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give a brief outline of the organization of census work in a few of the more important census-taking countries.

In the United States over fifty thousand enumerators, working in enumeration districts under the immediate direction of three hundred supervisors, are controlled from the Census Office at Washington. These employees fill in the desired information upon the schedules, and the portfolios are then transmitted to the Census Office, where all the work of examination and tabulation is performed.

In England and Wales the permanent organization for the registration of births and deaths is utilized for taking the census, and the work is accordingly under the charge of the Registrar-General. The country is divided into permanent registration districts, each in charge of a superintendent registrar, and these districts are divided, in turn, into subdistricts, for each of which there is a registrar of births and deaths. The registrar acts as census supervisor. It is his duty to divide his district into enumeration districts and to appoint the enumerators. During the week preceding the census day—for which a Sunday is always selected—the enumerator distributes the schedules, to be filled out as of midnight of that date. The following Monday he collects the schedules, copies the data into his enumeration-book, and foots up the totals. The material is then forwarded to the registrar, who compiles, for the registration district, summaries by enumeration districts and by civil divisions. The schedules are then sent direct to the central office, but the summaries are forwarded to the superintendent registrar, who revises them and sends them as rapidly as possible to the central office, where the results are tabulated and published. In Scotland the system is virtually the same. In Ireland the methods are similar, although differing considerably in minor details; the Royal Irish Constabulary and the Dublin Metropolitan Police form the enumerating staff, and the constabulary district becomes the enumeration district.

In France supervisors and enumerators are appointed by the mayor of the commune or municipality. The mayor acts under the direction of the prefect of the department, who, in turn, is subject to the control of the Ministry of the Interior. When the schedules have been collected and verified by the enumerator, they are turned over to the communal authorities to be classified, and by them forwarded to the prefect of the department after the data required for the preparation of certain local lists and summaries have been compiled.

The German census is ordered by a decree of the Imperial Federal Council, which prescribes certain questions to be asked and lays down the general rules and principles to be followed. The execution of the work devolves upon the individual states composing the empire, which determine the forms and schedules to be used and regulate the details of the enumeration, adding, if they see fit, to the questions prescribed by the Federal Council. In most of the larger towns or communes of Germany there are local census commissions, which divide the territory into enumeration districts, appoint enumerators, and supervise the work. The several state governments are required to compile from the census data a series of tables in the form prescribed by the decree of the Federal Council. These tables are then transmitted to the statistical office at Berlin, which publishes the results for the entire empire. The individual states are at liberty to make further tabulations, and usually publish independent census reports.

In Italy the census is taken under the direction of the Minister of Agriculture, Commerce, and Manufactures. In each province the work is under the control of a permanent statistical board of eight members. The mayor of each commune is assisted by a communal commission in dividing the commune into "fractions" and then into "sections," appointing the enumerators, and supervising the enumeration. The commune prepares summaries of population, which are sent to the provincial government, and also copies from the schedules such information as is desired for local records. The schedules are sent direct to the general statistical bureau at Rome for detailed tabulation.

In Russia, above the enumerator are, in order, the district commission, the provincial commission, and the General Census Commission. The schedules are made in duplicate, those for the peasant population registered in rural communities by the enumerators, and those for the rest of the rural population and for the urban popula-

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tion by the heads of households or estates. They are sent to the office of the district commission, and from there, with a summary for the district, to the provincial commission. A summary for the province is then made, and forwarded to the central office with one set of schedules, the duplicate set being preserved in the provincial archives. The final and extended tabulation from the schedules is made in the central office, by the electrical or American system.

DECENTRALIZATION OF CENSUS WORK IN EUROPE

To the American observer of European census methods, one of the most striking characteristics is the decentralization of census work. In the United States the census is completely centralized; every person engaged in the work acts as an officer or employee of the federal government, and all expenditures for census purposes are made from the United States Treasury. In most countries of continental Europe, on the contrary, both the labor and the expense of collecting the original census data devolve upon the municipalities, townships, or communes. The central or state government generally supplies the blank schedules and other printed forms; but the local bodies have charge of the distribution, collection, and verification of the schedules, determining the enumeration districts and procuring the enumerators and local supervising officers. In France even the printing of the schedules is a charge upon the local authorities. In some European countries the tabulation, likewise, is more or less decentralized. But it is evident that if the valuable data collected on the census schedules are to be fully exploited, this delicate and laborious task must be relegated to a central statistical office, as in the United States; and judging from recent developments in those European countries in which the tabulation is not already mainly centralized, the movement is in the direction of centralization.

In France, prior to 1896, all the tabulations made directly from the schedules were prepared by the communes; the tables for the arrondissements, the departments, and the nation were merely summaries derived from the local tables, the communes remaining in undisturbed possession of the original schedules. At the census of 1896 the schedules, after being collected and verified by the communal authorities, were cut in two, in order that the part relating to occupations and industries—on which the enumerator had transcribed the data relating to sex, age, nativity, nationality, and conjugal condition—might be sent to the central office at Paris for tabulation; the rest of the schedule remained in the possession of the communes. This device of bisecting the schedules did not work very well in practice, and at the last census (1901) the schedules, entire and undivided, were sent to Paris after one or two comparatively simple tabular statements had been drawn off by the communes.

There was a somewhat similar development in Austria. In that country the census is taken under a law passed in 1869. This law established a decentralized system; the tabulation as well as the collection of the census data devolved upon the local authorities. Before the time arrived for taking the census of 1890, however, the Austrian government realized that under this system the valuable material collected by the census was not yielding the statistical results which might readily be derived from it by an efficient and well-equipped central office. Owing to the composition and temper of the Austrian Parliament, the prospect of obtaining any satisfactory revision of the antiquated law of 1869 did not seem encouraging; but in the end the problem was easily solved. The Ministry of the Interior issued an order directing that the local bodies, after preparing the summaries required by law, should forward the original schedules to the Royal Statistical Commission at Vienna. There the information desired was tabulated by the use of the electrical system, and the schedules were then packed up and returned to the local offices. By this expedient Austria secured modern and adequate treatment of census material through a central office.

In Belgium the tabulation is still decentralized. In fact, all the primary tables are prepared by the enumerator himself. For this purpose the schedules, after being collected and delivered to the commune, are returned to him. He then copies on separate cards the data relating to each person returned on the schedules, and from these cards he prepares, on blank forms furnished

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by the central government, tables classifying the population of his district by customary and actual residence, sex, age, conjugal condition, literacy, language, occupation, nativity, and nationality. These tables are afterward consolidated to form tables for communes, which are then transmitted to the central government as the basis for the tables and reports covering the entire kingdom.

THE CENSUS IN THE ORIENT

AMONG Oriental countries, Japan deserves first consideration for advanced and scientific interest in statistical inquiry. This extraordinary nation, which has shown such a surprising capacity for appropriating the ideas of Western civilization, annually collects statistics of population with distinctions of sex, age, and conjugal condition, and also statistics of agriculture and industry, under the direction of a well-organized central office.

In other parts of the Oriental world census-taking is mostly confined to countries under European rule or influence.

In India census-taking is a colossal task accomplished decennially, with noteworthy success, by the British government. Even among those who find descriptions of census methods dry reading at best, interest must be awakened by the difficulties surmounted in that land of splendor and squalor, vast population, and innumerable races, languages, and religions.

The population of India is 294,266,701 —a figure so vast that it is better realized by considering the fact that there are more than 715,000 villages and towns scattered over an area of one and a half million square miles. To make the enumeration of this vast territory, virtually a million enumerators are required.

The successive steps of census organization are the enumerator's "block," the "circle," the "charge," the district, the province, and finally the Imperial Census Commission. A charge comprises two or more circles, a circle is composed of ten or fifteen blocks, and the block contains from thirty to fifty houses.

The provincial superintendents begin the work of organization a year in advance of the census date. Officers are designated, the villages in each circle are listed, block lists are prepared, and every house is numbered. In some provinces the census authorities determine in advance the size of the number, and specify the proportions of red ocher and oil, or other ingredients, forming the substance with which the number is to be painted. Even in this simple detail, however, racial difficulties are encountered: in Hyderabad objection is made to tar because of its color, and red ocher is substituted; in some other localities, on the contrary, the natives consider red ocher unlucky, and if it is used they carefully erase the figures. On huts of wattled bamboo a small space is plastered and then whitewashed, to form a background for the number. In the case of huts made of leaves, and also when objection is made, on account of caste restrictions, to the touching of houses by enumerators, the numbers are painted on bits of tin, tiles, or pots conspicuously placed, and are usually treated with great respect by the natives.

In this immensely populous and remarkable empire the census schedule is framed to meet a wide variety of local and racial conditions. It is printed in no less than seventeen different languages, and includes, in addition to the ordinary inquiries, questions concerning religion and caste.

Wherever possible, the census is taken in one night. Obviously, a moonlight night is necessary, but as the night of the full moon is usually chosen for fairs, festivals, and gatherings at shrines and bathing-places, the third or fourth night before or after that time is generally selected.

The enumerator enters in his enumeration-book a careful preliminary record of inhabitants, except Europeans and natives of rank. Three days before the census date, household schedules to be filled out by the householder are left with the two classes not included in the preliminary inquiry. The final enumeration consists in correcting the preliminary record. It is made on the census night, except in districts where night travel is dangerous; in such cases it is made on the morning of the following day. Enumerators visit not only houses, but camps, mooring-places, temples, and deserted villages. Highways are patrolled. Troops on the march are enumerated by the commanding officer. On railway-trains all travelers not already enumerated are entered on general schedules, or themselves

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fill out household schedules obtained from the guard. These are collected at 6 A.M. Upon being enumerated, each passenger is given a traveler's ticket reading, "Census of ——, enumerated," for exhibition if challenged.

On the day following the final enumeration, each enumerator sews into his enumeration-book the household schedules for his block, and, after the supervisor has inspected the volume, abstracts the totals by sex. The results for circles, charges, districts, and provinces are then rapidly ascertained, and the provincial totals telegraphed, with little delay, to the Census Commissioner. The schedules are packed and shipped to the Provincial Commissioner, by whom the detailed tables are prepared. In 1901 the slip system of tabulation was employed. For each province independent reports are published.

India is a land of violent extremes—of dense and sparse population, and of scorching heat on the plains and mountain cold in the Himalayas. It is, moreover, a land of such bewildering variety in race, language, religion, and caste that census inquiry is naturally attended by many odd and even grotesque incidents. The immense floating population without domicile perplexes the enumerator; inhabitants of doorways and verandas run away as he approaches, and those who live on wharves and along the shore make still greater trouble by taking to boats. When finally caught and enumerated, they are ticketed. In the hills the enumerator's task is equally difficult. In several of the passes in the mountains enumeration cannot be made until long after the census date, because of snow and impassable torrents. In the wilder districts nothing more than an estimate of population can be made. In the Pakokku Chin Hills, in Burma, at the last census, a novel form of enumeration was employed. The headman of each village was commissioned to distribute little bamboo sticks, each with a notch at one end and a line across the middle, among the householders, who were directed to hold the stick with the notch at the top and the line toward them, and to make a notch above the line on the right for adult males and on the left for adult females, and below the line in the same manner for male and female children. The notched sticks were then collected and turned in as schedules by the headman.

DIAGRAM OF A BAMBOO STRIP USED IN THE EAST INDIAN CENSUS FOR ENUMERATING THE WILD TRIBES IN BURMA

In some districts in Hyderabad and the Central Provinces, enthusiastic and devout enumerators have returned the village shrines and temples as "occupied houses," the occupant being the idol, whose occupation was stated as "granting boons and blessings," or "subsistence on contributions from the tenants." However, this is by no means the only strange calling returned on the Indian census schedules. It is difficult to imagine a more remarkable variety. Among them may be mentioned collectors of edible birds' nests, receivers of stolen goods, witches, wizards, and cow-poisoners.

In other Oriental countries the characteristics of Mohammedanism hinder statistical inquiry. In Persia and Turkey the only practical value of an enumeration of inhabitants would be to increase taxes and conscriptions, and consequently an accurate census would not be possible under existing conditions.

In one of Greg's essays on "British and Foreign Characteristics" there is a letter from a Turk which vividly illustrates the Oriental point of view. A European traveler, having returned to his home after a visit to the Orient, wrote to his Turkish host for facts concerning the city and province in which the latter resided. This was the reply:

My illustrious friend and joy of my liver! The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules and another stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it.

O my soul! O my lamb! Seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou camest unto us, and we welcomed thee; go in peace.

Of a truth thou hast spoken many words, and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another. After the

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fashion of thy people thou hast wandered from one place to another until thou art happy and content in none. We (praise be to God) were born here and never desire to quit it. Is it possible, then, that the idea of a general intercourse with mankind should make any impression on our understanding? God forbid.

Listen, O my son. There is no wisdom equal unto belief in God. He created the world; and shall we liken ourselves unto him in seeking to penetrate the mysteries of his creation? Shall we say, Behold, this star spinneth around this other star, and this other star, with a tail, cometh and goeth in so many years? Let it go. He from whose hand it came will direct and guide it.

But thou wilt say unto me, Stand aside, O man, for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things. If thou thinkest thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in the things I care not for; and as for that which I have seen, I defile it. Will much knowledge create thee a double stomach, or wilt thou seek Paradise with thine eyes?

O my friend! If thou wilt be happy, say, There is no God but God! Do no evil, and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death; for surely thine hour will come!

The meek in spirit (El Fakir),

Imaum Ali Tade.

THE OBJECT-LESSON

BY EDITH ELMER WOOD

"YOU would never guess what this is," said Mrs. Robinson, holding up for her husband's inspection a letter which she had just received in the mail.

He took it between thumb and finger, and contemplated the envelop critically.

"Pink," he said, "and square and thin. Stamp put on crosswise." He sniffed suspiciously. "Scented, too. A young woman with more aspirations than achievements in the direction of culture. Local postmark. That narrows it. I think it 's from the girl with cherries in her hat who sings in the choir."

"Your deductions are rather clever, dear, but that wild guess at the end was wrong. However, it would have taken a wizard to hit the truth. Read it."

The judge adjusted his glasses, drew out the sheet of pink note-paper, unfolded it, and read aloud:

THE MISSES POWERS
At Home
R. S. V. P. Tuesday, October 17

"'The Misses Powers'?" he repeated. "Who on earth are they?"

"Why, Martha Ellen's daughters, of course."

The judge chuckled joyfully.

"To be sure, to be sure! But where does that worthy washer of linen and scrubber of floors come in? I don't see her name mentioned."

"Poor Martha Ellen! It will always be her destiny to toil inconspicuously that her children may shine."

"And what do you intend to do about it, my dear? Are you going?"

She mused.

"I think I will," she answered. "Not on account of those worthless girls; but I would n't hurt Martha Ellen's feelings for the world, and I dare say her whole heart is in this."

"Undoubtedly. And your presence will be the culminating glory of an otherwise incomplete social triumph. And, really, I should think it might be much more entertaining than the average conventional tea."

"I hope you don't suppose I would accept *any*body's hospitality to make game of it?" she said a little hotly.

He waved aside the suggestion.

"It would be a sad world if we could not smile at such a situation as the Misses

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Powers giving a tea. By the way, did you observe the 'R. S. V. P.'?"

"I did."

"I suspect they got that from the etiquette column of the 'Ladies' Own Journal.' Are you going to *responder?*"

"I suppose so. They probably wish to know how much ice-cream to order. How in the world, though, can one respond to a thing like that?"

"I thought your social experience would n't prove equal to it, my dear. How would you like the form: 'Mrs. Robinson is happy to hear that the Misses Powers will be at home on Tuesday'? Or, 'Mrs. Robinson accepts with pleasure the kind information that the Misses Powers will be at home on Tuesday'?"

Mrs. Robinson laughed, then sighed.

"I wonder how many days poor old Martha Ellen will have to go out scrubbing to pay for all this foolishness?"

When Martha Ellen came on Monday to help with the washing, she was bubbling over with plans for the next day's festivity.

"We was all real pleased ter get yer note an' know fer sure ye was a-comin', Mis' Robinson," she said.

"I shall certainly be there," said Mrs. Robinson, hoping that her cordial manner concealed her underlying disapproval.

"Mis' Robinson," the old woman began a little anxiously, "I 've got a favor ter ask of ye. The girls is set on havin' everything real stylish, ye know, an' they told me ter ask ye ef ye 'd mind lendin' us them air glass bowls—finger-bowls—o' yourn."

Mrs. Robinson wondered whether it would be kinder to offer advice or not. Martha Ellen noted her hesitation, and hastened to add:

"I 'll carry 'em back an' forth meself, ye know, an' we 'll take the best o' care of 'em. There sha'n't nothin' hurt 'em."

Mrs. Robinson decided against the advice. It would only lay her open to misconstruction.

"You are very welcome to the finger-bowls, Martha Ellen," she said. "I know they will be entirely safe with you."

On Tuesday afternoon, at half-past four, Mrs. Robinson drove up the Damascus road till she reached the modest little white-washed house where Martha Ellen dwelt with her aspiring daughters. A variety of buggies, carryalls, and farm-wagons were already hitched to the fence.

The front door, which opened directly into the living-room, was flung wide as Mrs. Robinson approached, and the Misses Powers, all curls and smiles and newly achieved affability, rustled forward in noisy silk to greet her.

"My dear, if you 'll believe me," Mrs. Robinson said later to her husband, "they had their arms bent up at the elbow and their hands flopping forward at the wrist, and they would have shaken hands with me at the level of our shoulders if I had n't held mine in place by sheer force!"

The room was full of worthy women who were in the habit of talking with one another every day over their back fences, clad in calico wrappers and sunbonnets. They now sat uncomfortably on the edge of chairs, so as not to crease their best dresses, and conversed mincingly about the weather. An air of unreality pervaded the place.

Mrs. Robinson tried by hearty voice and manner, and by shifting the talk to the Sunday-school picnic, to set the guests more at ease. She accomplished something in that direction, but the elegancies of the Misses Powers kept frightening them back to shyness or affectation.

"Where 's your mother, Katie?" said Mrs. Robinson, suddenly.

"She—she—" Katie began with some embarrassment, but the more resourceful Ella interrupted her.

"Ma 's slightly indisposed to-day, Mrs. Robinson," she simpered. "You 'll have to excuse her."

"Sick?" exclaimed Mrs. Robinson. "Why, she seemed all right yesterday. That 's too bad. Is she in her room? I 'll go right up and see her."

"Oh, dear, no," Ella hastened to protest. "She 's not so but what she can be up." She approached Mrs. Robinson, and lowered her voice to a confidential whisper. "It 's not that she 's sick, you know; just that she 's—for the moment—very much *engaged*."

"Do you mean that she 's out in the kitchen making the tea?" Mrs. Robinson asked with unkind insistence.

"Yes 'm," said the girl, meekly; but her heart was hot within her.

Mrs. Robinson tried to possess her soul in patience and wait for the refreshments,

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the serving of which would presumably emancipate Mrs. Powers. Ella was directing the attention of her guests to two framed pictures on the wall—unthinkable roses and water-lilies on a shiny black background.

"Did you know Katie 'd been taking painting lessons, Mrs. Robinson? She 's only had five lessons, but her teacher says she has surprising talent. What do you think of those pictures?"

Mrs. Robinson was silent a moment, racking her brain for a phrase that would be civil without making too great a strain on the eternal verities.

"They are, it seems to me, quite remarkable," she ventured.

"Now, there 's praise for you that 's worth while, Katie!" cried Ella, triumphantly. "Mrs. Robinson 's a judge of art, you know."

Mrs. Robinson gasped at the thought of her responsibilities. Would she be quoted hereafter as authority for Katie's genius, which Katie would use as an excuse to escape all the drudgery of life? The girl was capable of asking her mother to send her abroad to study.

"I guess she means remarkably bad," Katie simpered, in an ecstasy of gratified vanity.

"That 's the most sensible thing I ever heard you say in your life!" exclaimed Mrs. Robinson, repentant for her momentary weakness.

The girl's face fell, and a scared look went around the room. Mrs. Robinson's plainness of speech was well known.

"I did n't mean remarkably bad, of course," Mrs. Robinson went on: "that would have been unpardonably rude of me. But I did n't mean that your work was remarkably good, either,—in itself,—only in view of the few lessons you have had. People have to study and work hard for years before they can produce anything that is really good in art."

"Oh, of course we don't suppose that Katie 's a great artist already," Ella snapped.

At that moment the kitchen door swung open a few inches, and a plate appeared in the aperture, held by a yellow old hand that shook slightly. Ella hastened to take the plate and others which followed it in rapid succession. Katie and several of their young friends assisted in passing them around, but only Ella received them at the door.

The plates contained a rather surprising assortment of delicacies, which were followed in due course by saucers of ice-cream, dishes of cake, and cups of tea. Most of the guests present wished it had been coffee, but tea was obviously the correct thing at a function of this sort. Finally there appeared Mrs. Robinson's finger-bowls. The guests were already seriously embarrassed by the problem of holding an ice-cream saucer, a cake-plate, and a cup of tea, and this added burden was almost too much to be borne. Most of the guests placed the bowl on the floor beside them, some said, "No, I thank you," when it was passed to them, and the rest tucked it precariously among the articles on their laps. Then came the question of how to use the bowls. One unsophisticated soul seized hers in both hands and proceeded to drink from it. Finding it contained lukewarm water, she desisted, and glancing at her neighbors, perceived her mistake, and became furiously embarrassed. Most of them knew what finger-bowls were for, and the others kept still and watched. There was a tendency to be too thorough and to give the whole hands a serious washing, but one elegant person, who had not removed her gloves for the refreshments, dipped her gloved fingers in the water, and shook the drops off daintily.

The dishes were finally gathered up and passed through the kitchen door again. Still Martha Ellen did not appear. After the lapse of a few expectant minutes, Mrs. Robinson got up.

"I 'm going out to see your mother," she said, starting resolutely toward the kitchen door.

A little gasp of horror at this breach of decorum ran around the assembly, but no one felt equal to the task of dissuading Mrs. Robinson.

"My land, Mis' Robinson! Did ye want somethin' more? Why did n't ye let the girls fetch it fer ye? I ain't fit ter be seen."

Martha Ellen wiped off her right hand on her gingham apron and extended it hospitably.

"I 've come out to help you wash the dishes," observed Mrs. Robinson. "You must be worn out."

Martha Ellen laughed nervously.

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"Did I ever! Now, Mis' Robinson, that was mighty kind of ye, but I don't need no help at all. You jest go back in the settin'-room an' set down an' enjoy yerself."

Mrs. Robinson was obdurate. She had never seen Martha Ellen look so old and broken. Her dishabille was partly accountable, no doubt. The calico wrapper she wore was not of the freshest. The heat in the little lean-to that served as kitchen, with the afternoon sun beating down on it and a roaring fire in the stove, was overpowering, and Martha Ellen was pattering about barefooted. Also, she had taken out her teeth for convenience, and laid them on the shelf.

For half an hour Mrs. Robinson washed dishes vigorously, trying to work off her indignation against the young women in the next room. Meantime she conversed pleasantly with Martha Ellen, and endeavored to persuade her to fix herself up a bit and go in to see the guests.

"It 'u'd take too long, an' they don't keer nothin' 'bout seein' me. Don't pester yerself, Mis' Robinson. I 'll hear all about it afterwards, an' thet 'll do *me*. I never was much of a hand fer parties."

"Why don't you leave the rest for the girls to do?" Mrs. Robinson suggested, pausing to mop the perspiration from her face.

Martha Ellen shook her head.

"They 'll never be young but once," she asserted, "an' what I says is, wear out the oldest first."

When the last dish was put away, Mrs. Robinson took her leave. The other guests soon followed suit.

Martha Ellen put her head tentatively through the door.

"Come in, ma. They 're all gone," said Katie.

Both girls were lolling back in armchairs, completely fagged out by their duties as hostesses.

"Any of that ice-cream left?" inquired Ella.

"A little mite. Shall I fetch ye a saucer?"

"Yes," yawned the girl. "I 'm awful thirsty after all that talkin'."

"You hev some too, Katie?"

Katie was too much exhausted to speak, but she nodded her head.

Martha Ellen returned with two saucers containing all that was left of the ice-cream.

"There ain't any spoons," said Ella.

"Why, so there ain't!" cried Martha Ellen, and hastened back to the kitchen to get some.

"What do you suppose possessed Mrs. Robinson to act so cranky?" Katie asked.

"I don't know. Just con*tra*riness," returned Ella.

"I was right down mortified ter hev her come inter the kitchen an' see me rigged out like this," said the old woman, looking down at her bare feet. "Of course she was considerable in the way, too. I 'd 'a' been through long ago ef it had n't 'a' been fer her. But then she meant it all fer kindness."

"Kindness, nothin'!" commented Ella, and Katie sniffed scornfully.

"Ma, did she take home those finger-bowls of hers?"

"Yes," Martha Ellen admitted. "She said, seein' ez her carriage was here, she might ez well take 'em along with her, an' it 'u'd save me carryin' 'em over."

"That 's what was the matter!" cried Ella, triumphantly. "That 's what she went out there for—just to get her old finger-bowls! She could n't trust us to return 'em. Stingy old thing! I wish we had never invited her."

THE judge listened to his wife's account of the afternoon with keen enjoyment.

"Are n't you a little afraid, my dear, that your object-lesson to the Misses Powers in regard to helping their mother bear the white woman's burden was just a trifle too subtle for them? I 'm awfully afraid it was lost on them."

"Of course it was," said Mrs. Robinson, resignedly. "But it did *me* good."

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FIELD SPORTS OF TO-DAY

BY DWIGHT W. HUNTINGTON

WITH PICTURES BY THE WRITER

IT is not so very long ago that the American bison were sufficiently abundant to stop a train of cars in Kansas. As late as 1880, riding from Fort Buford, Dakota, to Fort Keogh, Montana, I observed these animals grazing in large herds, like cattle on the range. There are no bison to-day, except the small band of about fifty in the Yellowstone National Park, and a few owned by private parks and zoölogical societies.

The story of the passenger-pigeon told by Cooper in "The Pioneers" is not fiction. The ornithologists Wilson and Audubon give even more surprising accounts of the abundance of these birds. In Ohio and Michigan I have seen them passing over, when for days at a time the air seemed full of pigeons, flocks containing thousands of birds chasing one another like clouds before a March wind, and casting shadows upon the earth. There are occasional reports in the papers that a wild pigeon or a flock of a few birds has been seen in the Northwest, but the wild passenger-pigeon is virtually an extinct bird.

When Charles Dickens visited the United States, he noticed the myriads of wild fowl which then came to our Eastern waters. In the West I have seen ducks rise from the small lakes and wet prairies until the whole surface of the earth seemed to be in motion, and the noise produced by the many wings might well be compared to a burst of thunder.

I have seen snow-geese cover the plains like a mantle of snow; and one of the most beautiful sights I ever beheld was these same white birds arising at daybreak from the cool night shadow on the earth, to take on, in the sunlight above, the rosy tints of dawn, like clouds in the sky.

A few years ago the grouse of the plains and prairies were shipped by the ton to Eastern markets. The woodland birds, the ruffed grouse, the Canada grouse, and the dusky or blue grouse, were so tame as to be uninteresting to sportsmen. The largest of these, the dusky grouse, on account of its tameness is known in the West as the "fool-hen," and is so designated in the law of Montana, passed for its protection, which now prohibits the killing of more than twenty fool-hens in a day. The prairie-grouse are extinct in many States where Audubon reported them abundant, and in other places, on the opening day, the covies often contain only two or three birds.

Mr. Tripp records his sitting down on a mountain-top in Colorado and stroking the feathers of a ptarmigan while, as he says, "she scolded and pecked at me like a sitting hen. I made a special effort to obtain some of these birds in the Rocky Mountains, but failed to find a single specimen. One must now go to Alaska to find them in any numbers."

Washington Irving, in his "Tour on the Prairies," refers to the abundance and simplicity of the wild turkeys, which, he says, fluttered up into the trees and gazed in astonishment at the troopers who shot them. Simplicity is no longer an attribute of the wild turkey, and there is now no fluttering into trees, to stand "with outstretched necks" and gaze at an enemy firing broadsides. The range of the turkeys originally extended throughout America from the New England States to the great plains. They are found to-day in only a few places of limited area, chiefly in the Southwest, and are as wild and wary as the most timid deer.

When I first crossed the plains the antelope were continually in sight from the car-window. Their curiosity brought them often quite close to the train. These grace-

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SCATTERED BIRDS

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ful animals disappeared from the plains so rapidly that many Western States hastened to pass laws protecting them absolutely or for a period of years. In Texas a new law prohibits the shooting of antelope at any time; in Arizona it is unlawful to shoot an antelope for five years. In South Dakota and North Dakota they are protected until the year 1911, and in California the shooting is absolutely prohibited.

There is a significance always in such legislation. It follows, usually, the passing of the game. It has been well said (by Mr. Whitehead, in THE CENTURY) that it requires the extinction of a valuable bird to teach the average American the importance of its preservation. The laws prohibiting the killing of prairie-chickens in Massachusetts and the discharging of firearms in Ohio at any wild pigeon on its nesting-ground served no purpose except possibly to give expression to the hope that the birds would some day come again.

The moose, the elk, the caribou, and the several varieties of deer are no longer seen in many places where they were abundant. With the passing of these noble animals came laws protecting them at all times, or protecting the does and fawns and allowing the killing of a small number of males ("with horns," as the statutes read) each year. In Maine it is lawful for one person to kill one "bull"-moose and two deer in a season. In Michigan and Minnesota the limit is three deer, and in the latter State one moose and one caribou. In Connecticut deer are protected until the year 1911. In Wisconsin, Nevada, and Wyoming the limit is two deer, and in Nevada two elk may also be killed in a season.

There are records of a hundred woodcock and snipe being killed by one gun in a day within a few miles of New York, but there are few places now in the West where any such bags could be made in the absence of the legislation which in many States limits the number to from five to twenty-five birds per diem. In much of the woodcock cover the sportsman of to-day does well to get one.

Many varieties of shore-birds or waders came to the bays and lagoons along the sea-coast and visited the country in the interior, stopping by the rivers, lakes, and ponds in countless numbers. Upon one occasion I shot these birds without changing my position until the gun became hot, and the dog, which had been bringing several birds at once, refused to retrieve more, and stretching himself upon the grass, looked on in amazement, if not disgust. I had neither decoys nor blind, but the birds continued to fly about the pond, passing me at close range. It soon occurred to me that I had all that could be used at the military garrison where I was stopping, and I ended the shooting, which had ceased to be interesting. The shore-birds still visit the salt-water bays, lakes, and ponds in the West, but in greatly diminished numbers.

The evidence is cumulative that, notwithstanding its great abundance, all game in America, big and small, was threatened with the extermination which came to the pigeon and the bison.

As the game diminished, the devices for its destruction were improved and multiplied. We proceeded rapidly from flint to percussion; from the long single muzzle-loading guns such as Audubon first used, to the breech-loading, hammerless, double-barreled guns and repeaters of to-day. These weapons occasionally came together in the woods. The market gunners used guns which they could not lift, mounting them in boats like cannon, and fired them (in the night-time) at the sleeping water-fowl, killing hundreds at a single shot. The larger animals, as well as the partridges, were taken in traps and snares, and shot, in the winter, when the snow made it difficult for them to move about. There are many devices for concealment, from the ordinary "blind," or "hide," on shore, to the elaborate sink-box, or battery, in which the shooter lies below the surface of the water. The rude forms of home-made decoys have been replaced by the handsomely painted counterfeits from the stores, and tame ducks are now taught to fly out over the water and, returning, lure their kind to destruction. Live wild geese are used on the bays as well as on the lakes in the West, and are a part of the equipment at the shooting clubs. One club in Massachusetts keeps a stand of two hundred live wild-geese decoys. I once saw a flock of seven geese go to the live decoys of a market gunner on Shinnecock Bay, who, firing two double-barreled guns, killed them all. The deception where wild birds are used as decoys is

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complete. A Sioux Indian in Dakota once stalked my decoys, and I stopped him just as he was about to shoot, since there was great danger of his bagging me with the geese.

The clothing is made to match the color of the marshes, and grass suits, with hoods to cover the head, are woven from the wild grass. The pace set for the destruction of all game made it evident to thinking sportsmen that in another decade, or two at most, there would not be a wild quadruped or bird left in the land. Remarkable as this statement may seem, there were ample facts to support it. It was admitted that some birds and animals were already extinct, including one of the wild ducks, and that many birds and animals were no longer found in States where they were formerly abundant, and that those remaining were seen each year in greatly diminished numbers. There was then no room left for a doubt: extermination seemed certain, and not only a question of time, but of a very short time.

A few years ago there was not a game law (certainly not one that was executed) in America. Game was killed everywhere, in season and out, and sold openly in the markets. As the supply diminished the price went up. The temptation to wholesale slaughter increased. There was, too, a tremendous waste committed by those who shot for sport. I have seen a number of buffalo fall before a single pistol in a short run. I was guilty of killing a few one day for the entertainment of some ladies who made the run in an army ambulance. A large number of buffalo were killed by contract, that their heads might be used as signs to advertise a railroad throughout the country. It was in this service, I believe, that Cody became Buffalo Bill. Ranchmen, cow-boys, travelers, every one who had a gun (and every one had), took a shot at an antelope to see if he could hit it. The number of birds which were shot when they could not possibly be used was tremendous. After the waste came, as usual, the laws to prevent it, as in Colorado: "No game or fish shall be used for baiting any trap or deadfall, nor shall any edible portion of game or fish be abandoned or permitted to go to waste." A magnificent elk was often sacrificed to bait a trap for a bear. Deer and antelope shot in passing, to try a gun, were left where they fell. Wagon-loads of ducks were thrown away. Express companies did a large business carrying wild pigeons to shooting-matches. As late as 1874, there were one day eight thousand of these birds in crates at the old Dexter Park shooting-grounds, to be used in a "shoot." In the West they used prairie-chickens in the same way.

Sportsmen, once aroused, were not slow to act. It was evident that the laws in existence were inoperative and not executed for the reason that there were no game commissioners or game-wardens, and there was no public sentiment to sustain them. Sportsmen had been too often the violators. I knew of a prosecuting attorney in a Western State who was among the first to take the field in July for prairie-chickens, though the season did not open legally until September 1.

The best blow for game preservation was struck when laws were enacted prohibiting the sale of game at all times. A difficulty was encountered at first, owing to the conflict of laws in the different States. Birds were offered for sale in a State where the sale was illegal, and the evidence was always at hand that they were killed in another State where the shooting season was open. The words "wherever killed" were soon added to the laws prohibiting sales, and these were supplemented by laws prohibiting the transportation and exportation of game, and making it a misdemeanor to have it in possession in close seasons. The national Congress recently enacted a law (known as the Lacey Law) enlarging the duties and powers of the Department of Agriculture so as to include the preservation, distribution, introduction, and restoration of game-birds and other wild birds. This law was passed "to aid in the restoration of such birds in those parts of the United States adapted thereto where the same have become scarce or extinct, and also to regulate the introduction of American or foreign birds or animals in localities where they have not heretofore existed." It prohibits the transportation by interstate commerce of game killed in violation of local laws. That a sentiment has developed in favor of the execution of the game laws is well known, to their sorrow, to many innkeepers, common carriers, and dealers. Constitutional questions have been raised, and

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DUCK-SHOOTING AT THE OTTAWA CLUB

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cases growing out of the killing of a few partridges have gone to the Supreme Court of the United States. It is gratifying to the sportsmen that the laws have usually been upheld. This has always been the case excepting where too little care was exercised in their framing. There was much bungling in the earlier legislation. There is some to-day.

Some years ago a country doctor, my colleague at the time in the General Assembly of Ohio, brought me a bill which he had prepared to regulate the fishing in a small stream which flowed through his district. I noticed that the last clause read, "provided, however, all garfish shall be killed"; and I suggested to the venerable doctor that, in the absence of some provision for a gar-police or other executive officers, the law would be inoperative. This attempt at fish legislation is no worse than some of the earlier game laws. Ohio has recently enacted a law which provides that no person shall shoot *quail* except when they are flying. The word "partridge" should of course be used instead of "quail" in all game laws. Since there are no quail in North America, a conviction under the Ohio law would be hardly possible.

As the larger game-birds become scarce, more attention is paid to the smaller varieties, such as the diminutive peeps, ox-eyes, and sanderlings, which should be unmolested and permitted to run about and feed before the waves on the sandy shores of the ocean. Many of these small birds have been exterminated in the vicinity of summer hotels. In the Southern States the meadow-lark and the robin are shot by sportsmen. Strange game the robin-redbreast seems to Northern sportsmen; but the robins are considered game-birds in many Southern States, and are recognized as such in their legislation.

The importance of laws prohibiting sales is well illustrated in the case of plumage-birds. Laws there were in abundance which declared that these were not game, and protected them at all times. But the feather-hunters shot them openly until the various Audubon societies organized throughout America, and urged the passage of laws prohibiting the sale or purchase of the feathers. Then there was at once a decided improvement in the situation, and it is now probable that plumage-birds will not be exterminated. A hasty glance at the recent game legislation reveals much that is good besides the sale and transport laws. There is a uniform tendency toward a short open season. In some States it is for only a few weeks;[1] in others not for more than one or two months. I have already referred to the laws limiting the size of the bag to be made in a season or in a day. It is usual to allow the killing of only one or two of the larger quadrupeds by one person in a season, and from one to six deer. The bag limit for birds may be said to range from five to fifty birds per diem. The latter number is unusual, and applies only to ducks. The average bag limit for upland game would seem to be about twenty birds per diem. In Oregon and Washington it is only ten; in Vermont only five, excepting ducks, the limit for which is twenty; in Maine the number is fifteen, "excepting sandpipers, the number of which shall not exceed seventy."[2] I cannot imagine what the little sandpipers have done that they should thus be singled out from their kind—the snipes, the tattlers, the plovers, and the curlews—for slaughter. It may be that the term "sandpipers" is intended to cover all shore-birds, but laws of a criminal nature being always construed strictly in favor of the accused, there could be no conviction except for the killing of the bird named. The laws limiting the bag to small numbers of birds are in striking contrast to the former scores of sportsmen, who often killed over a hundred in a day, and of market gunners, who did as well with a single shot from a swivel-gun.

There are laws which provide for a license the average cost of which for non-residents of the various States is twenty-five dollars, and the permission is usually only to shoot in the county where the license is issued. A careful study of the American game-birds would cost an ornithologist a large sum to-day. Other laws provide rest-days for the birds, such as Sunday and Monday in Ohio, Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday in North Carolina, when the pursuit of the birds is prohibited.

There are many laws which prescribe the method of capture, such as those limiting the size of the gun—in some States to the

[1] For example, Ohio law now is November 10 to December 1 for partridges. [2] Non-residents are now required to pay a license in many counties, and the bag limit for them is fifteen.

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ten-gage (which is accurate), in others prohibiting the use of any gun excepting those "fired from the shoulder in the ordinary manner." There are persons who could probably swing a four-gage. Eight-gage is common on the Chesapeake Bay. There are laws forbidding the use of sink-boxes and batteries which are in force in nearly all of the Northern States, excepting, however, certain counties where, as on Long Island, the influence of market gunners has prevailed; laws prohibiting night shooting, or shooting more than one hour before sunrise or after sunset; laws against snaring and trapping; laws prohibiting the use of dogs to run deer, elk, and antelope, and the use of the jack-lantern or any artificial light, and prohibiting the placing of blinds or the use of any concealment on the open water where wild fowl are feeding or resting, and forbidding the pursuit of these birds with steamboats, sail-boats, or any electric or motor boats. There are laws against trespass, requiring the permission (often in writing) of the owner to shoot on his land, and providing for the posting of the farms, with the result that the sign-boards reading "No shooting on this farm" have multiplied, and now mean something.

In North Carolina it is unlawful for any person to leave any landing before sunrise in the morning for the purpose of hunting wild fowl, or to put decoys or nets into the water before sunrise, or to continue to shoot wild fowl after dark. It is also unlawful "to sail, row, or propel a boat over Currituck Sound on the Lord's day for the purpose of locating wild fowl for a future day." This I regard as the high-water mark of game legislation. It would seem necessary for a sportsman sailing the waters of Currituck on Sunday to close his eyes in order not to see what the ducks are doing. This, from the same author, is refreshing in both matter and grammar: "Sec. 7. It shall be unlawful for any person hired or employed to lay around, sail around, or stop anywhere near any citizen who may be gunning or fishing, for the purpose of keeping them from shooting or damage his shooting." What better illustration could we have of the careful detail of the legislation of to-day?

Within the memory of the older sportsmen there was not a game preserve in America. To-day the sportsman who does not belong to a club may have to go a long way to obtain any shooting. This is specially true of duck-shooting, nearly every available marsh in the country being owned or controlled by a club, where gamekeepers closely guard the birds and exclude poachers. This has given rise to much bad feeling, which resulted in vindictive legislation in Ohio and homicide in Illinois, while Louisiana, Missouri, and Arkansas prohibit non-residents from shooting within their borders.[1] About the St. Francis River, in Arkansas, there are famous shooting-grounds, which have been occupied by clubs of sportsmen from Memphis, St. Louis, and other cities. The marshes were bought and the club-houses erected for the shooting only. The shooting being prohibited, they become worthless, and the passage of the law amounts to a confiscation of the property. The courts have held that the States have the right to tax non-resident sportsmen and to prohibit them from shooting.

In Ohio the club occupation of the vast marshes about Lake Erie is complete, and a law (urged, it is said, by the men who used to shoot over the grounds now closed) was passed prohibiting the shooting of geese, ducks, snipe, woodcock, and the other wading-birds until November 10, at which time the marshes are usually frozen over and the birds gone. Here we have game preservation literally with a vengeance.[2] The battle between the poachers and gamekeepers of the Tolleston Club, near Chicago, resulted in loss of life and much expensive litigation.

I was sketching in the Ottawa marshes (near Sandusky, Ohio) last October, and, but partly concealed behind a wind-break of rushes and wild rice, I saw hundreds of mallards, fat, lazy, and tame, which came to the little pond before me, where they were fed by a gamekeeper. There were many snipe, even more tame, diligently probing the mud along the shore. As I have observed, the Ohio law absolutely prohibited the shooting, and it occurred to me it was a very fine thing for the birds;

[1] A number of States now require non-residents to be accompanied by a registered guide. In South Dakota the guide must be a deputy game-warden. In Maine one guide may not be employed for more than five persons. In Wyoming the guide must file a report stating the number of animals killed, etc.

[2] This law has (1893) been amended so as to again permit duck-shooting in September and October.

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AFTER WOODCOCK

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but when I observed the closed shutters of the club-house and the other fine dormitories and boat-houses at Winous Point, my sympathies were with the clubmen.

There are records of immense bags of birds at these clubs, kept in club registers. Eight thousand six hundred and twenty-two birds have been killed in a season at Winous Point, and there are many records of over five thousand birds. The ducks continue, however, to come there in great numbers, and, with the exception of certain varieties, such as the wood-duck, the teal, and the canvasback, are nearly as abundant as they were some years ago. The diminution shown in the varieties named is not due, I am satisfied, to the shooting on the club grounds, but to other causes, such as the partial destruction of the feeding-grounds by the rooting of the carp (a most undesirable fish, which has multiplied amazingly since its unfortunate introduction), and the immense slaughter of the birds when they reach the Southern States, where, as a rule, they have no protection. A St. Louis paper recently records the killing of thirteen hundred and seventy-two ducks in two days at Lake Bistineau, Louisiana, by three persons whose names are given. A complaint comes from Oregon that the carp also have destroyed the *wappato* (the Indian name for a bulbous root upon which the canvasbacks feed), and that the birds are no longer so abundant on the club grounds, or so good to eat. These highly prized ducks come to the preserves of all the clubs in diminished numbers.

As in the Eastern States, so it is in Oregon and Washington: nearly every available marsh in the valleys of the Columbia and the Willamette and their tributaries is now controlled by clubs of sportsmen, many of whom reside in Portland. The clubs are equally numerous in California. One of the finest duck-grounds I ever visited is situated in the valley of the Illinois River, where there are miles of marshes and many small lakes and ponds. A magazine a short time since published the following from a Chicago man: "I concluded to revisit my old hunting-ground on the Illinois, where I used to shoot when the United States was a free country. Every place where a duck might possibly alight had been bought or leased. When I came away, I saw four hundred and seventy mallards put on the train, and all the birds had been killed in one day by three shooters on a 'preserve.' When they butchered a few days previous, they got only three hundred and twenty mallards. A dozen sportsmen left on the same train with me, and there were not ten ducks in their combined bag. They had no money to invest in swamp-land. I should like to see the marshes open to rich and poor alike." There is no law in Illinois limiting the size of the bag, and it would seem from the above that there should be. One of the clubs in Pennsylvania, the Blooming Grove Park Association, has recently advanced the idea that the members can shoot game out of season on the preserve. Some of the members violated not only the State law but the Lacey Law in addition, and the matter is now in the United States courts.

The growth of the club idea in America has been marvelous. Besides the clubs which control the marshes, there are clubs which own large tracts of land where the larger game animals are preserved, and there are many clubs whose chief interest is in the upland birds, such as the Nittany Club in Pennsylvania, which has a handsome club-house and a membership of two hundred, and which controls a game preserve of twenty thousand acres, over thirty square miles, extending from the Bald Eagle Mountain on the north to the Nittany Mountain on the south. This club was organized in 1897, and in the fall of that year and in the following spring liberated four thousand partridges (or quail, as they are still called in Pennsylvania). The grounds are continually restocked, which is necessary not so much on account of the shooting as on account of the severity of the winters in those mountains. The place is not as suitable for partridges as places of less altitude, and the best of partridge-grounds are to be found farther south. There are to-day in the Southern States many preserves for partridges owned by clubs and individuals, and the number increases rapidly. There are also many insular clubs, from the Robbins Island, in Peconic Bay, to the great and famous Jekyl Island, off the coast of Georgia, and these preserve the upland birds, and guard as their own the sea-fowl and shore-birds as well. The grouse of the open country are protected in vast Western

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stubbles, and woodland birds are guarded in clubs from Maine to Oregon.

Besides the clubs organized to provide shooting-places for their members, there are many others organized from a less selfish motive by men interested in game preservation in a more general way and in legislation and the proper execution of the game laws, such as the Cuvier Club at Cincinnati, which has a very large membership, resident and non-resident, a handsome club-house, containing one of the best game-bird collections in America, and a sportsman's library. Clubs of this character are located in the cities, and have for the entertainment of their members card-rooms and libraries, where sportsmen gather to play whist or some other game, and to discuss the ways and means of stopping the destruction of the birds. They usually have a committee on game laws, and employ legal counsel and detectives to aid in the discovery and punishment of evil-doers and to urge the passage of good laws and their amendment from time to time as occasion demands.

I once defended a young man charged with the killing of a number of quail, and urged his acquittal upon the ground that there are no longer any quail in America, the ornithological union having determined that bob-white is a partridge. Truly we live in an iconoclastic age when the idol of the gormand, "quail on toast," is shattered! It is such matters which invite the attention of the game-protection clubs, and which are brought by them to the attention of lawmakers.

The League of American Sportsmen is a national association with a very large membership throughout the United States, organized on the lines of the American Wheelmen. As the latter urges good roads and takes a general interest in cycling matters, so does the League of Sportsmen take an interest in all matters pertaining to field sports, and urge the passage and execution of good game laws.

There are now, in thirty-three States, State officers (usually a board of commissioners) who have charge of the game, and there are local wardens to see that the laws are observed. The few laws of former years were, in the absence of officers to enforce them, little more than appeals to the conscience of market gunners, who had none, and of sportsmen, who were too often sadly deficient.

Under the present conditions the game is well cared for throughout many States and on the preserves, as a rule (the Blooming Grove Park and the Illinois preserve incidents are, I am satisfied, exceptions), and the clubs often supplement the laws with club rules still further restricting the sport and the size of the bag.

The game is being restored to the denuded fields, and many foreign birds are being added to our fauna, such as the pheasants from China and England, the great capercaillie from Norway and Sweden, the blackcock from Scotland, and some of the European partridges. In Oregon, where the Mongolian pheasants were first introduced, they are abundant, and are shot by sportsmen with the other game-birds —only ten of each kind in a day, however, except ducks, of which the bag may be fifty.

I have seen the pheasant fairly abundant at some of the clubs, and heard recently that they were shooting them at one club from the trap, like pigeons. This would indicate a return to the barbarism of a decade ago, when the prairie-grouse were so misused.

I have had occasion to say at another time that more attention should be paid to the restoration of our native birds, in the States where they have been exterminated, than to the importation of foreign birds and their propagation in State hatcheries.[1] Our native prairie-grouse, for example, now extinct from New England to Kentucky, lie better to the dog and are in every way better game-birds than the pheasants, which are runners. Our wild turkey is the largest and best gallinaceous bird in the world, and superior in every way to the capercaillie.

In looking over the American game fields to-day, I observe with satisfaction that our birds are now in some places holding their own; in a few they may be said to show an increase. The same may be said of the big game, and there are many attempts made to restore the animals and the birds to the woods and fields, and carefully to guard them in the future as a heritage for posterity.

Much remains to be done, more especially the stopping of the spring shooting

[1] Ohio has abandoned the breeding of pheasants. New Jersey has bought a thousand dozen partridges to be liberated in that State.

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Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

A POACHER

when the birds are mating, which has been accomplished in a few States,—Vermont, Minnesota, and some others,—and the passage of good laws in the Southern States and in Illinois, so that such affairs as the slaughter of the thirteen hundred and seventy-two ducks at Lake Bistineau in Louisiana and four hundred and seventy mallards on the Illinois River will no longer be possible, and so that the migratory birds, which are now fairly well cared for from Maine to Dakota, will not be exterminated when they reach the Gulf States, or in Illinois while on the way.

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

GROUSE SHOOTING ON THE PRAIRIE

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There has been a revolution in field sports. From conditions of no restraint, the absence of law and license, when the fields and woods were open, and the United States was, as the Chicago complainant puts it, "a free country," we have proceeded to good laws and game clubs, which largely control the shooting. The Canadians have also taken a great interest in the subject of game preservation, and in a recent report their game commission has expressed the opinion that in the establishment of the game preserve lies the salvation of the game—an opinion in which that American editor and sportsman devoted to caribou and barren grounds heartily concurs.

A COW-BOY TAKING A SHOT AT AN ANTELOPE

LYRIC TIME

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

NOW the sap begins to climb
In the linden and the lime;
With it mounts the olden rapture;
Comrades, it is lyric time!

Young desire along the vein
Quickens to a throbbing strain,
And the spirit fain would capture
Vanished ecstasy again.

Flushing into prismy hues,
Every dormant thing renews;
All along the vernal valley
Countless colors form and fuse.

Every thicket overspills
With a myriad mellow trills;
Sally upon silvery sally
Echoes up and down the hills.

Runs from tree to vocal tree
An elusive harmony;
Now a whisper faint and fleeting,
Now a chorus full and free.

Brook to singing brook replies;
Fount with welling fountain vies;
Oh, the music of the meeting
Of the mountains and the skies!

Dawn or sunset,—dim or bright,—
Every hour evokes delight;
To evolve the perfect pæan,
Sun and moon and stars unite.

Life seems set to smoother rhyme,
And the trivial grows sublime;
Under God's blue empyrean,
Comrades, it is lyric time!

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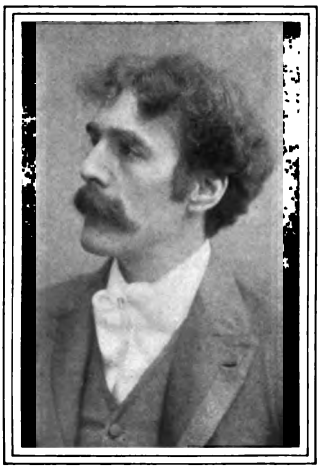
PICTURES OF BIG GAME

BY

ARTHUR WARDLE



From a photograph by Brown, Barnes & Bell
ARTHUR WARDLE

A YOUNG MONARCH

PUMAS
IN SEARCH OF PREY

A PATRIARCH

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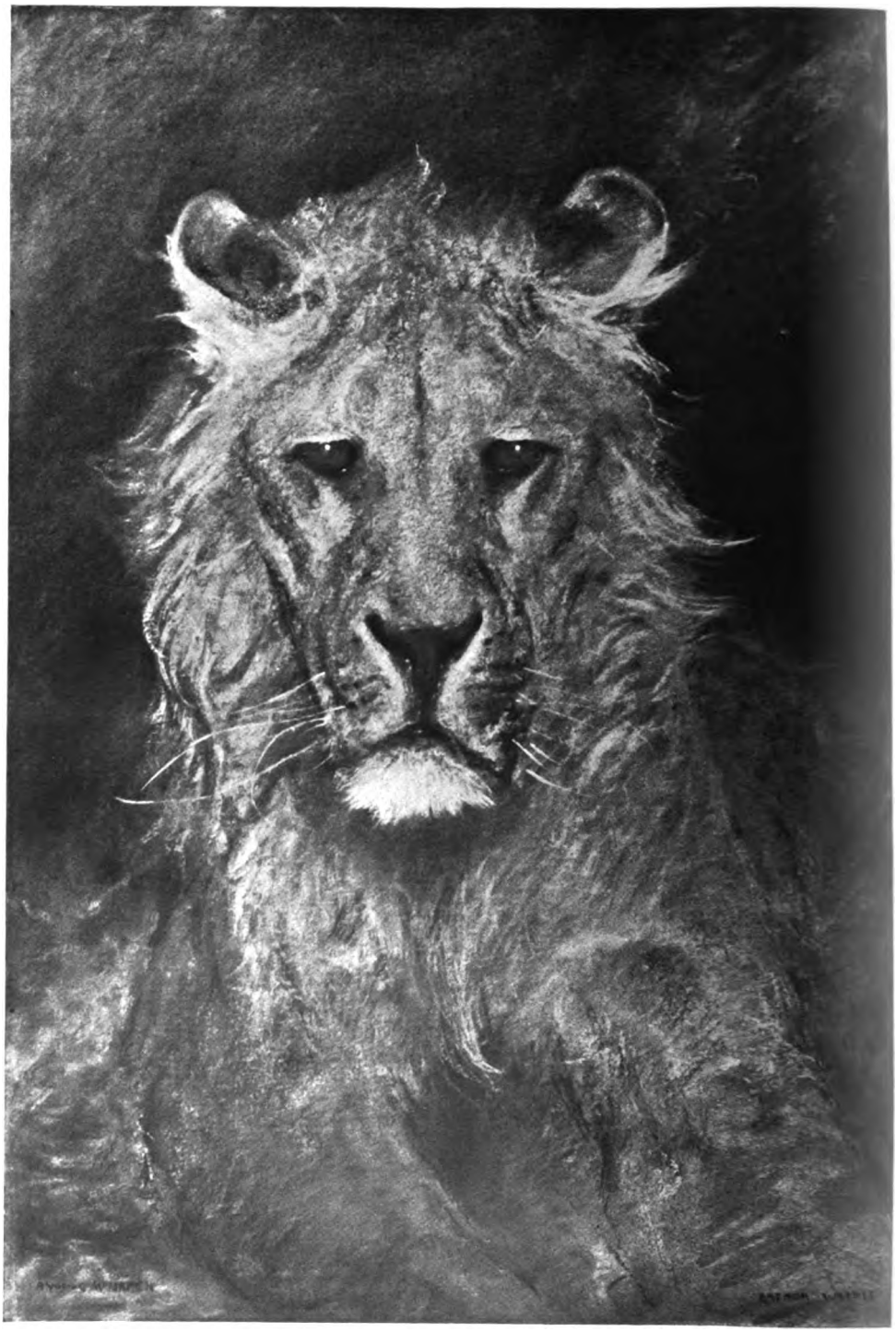

A YOUNG MONARCH—NUBIAN LION

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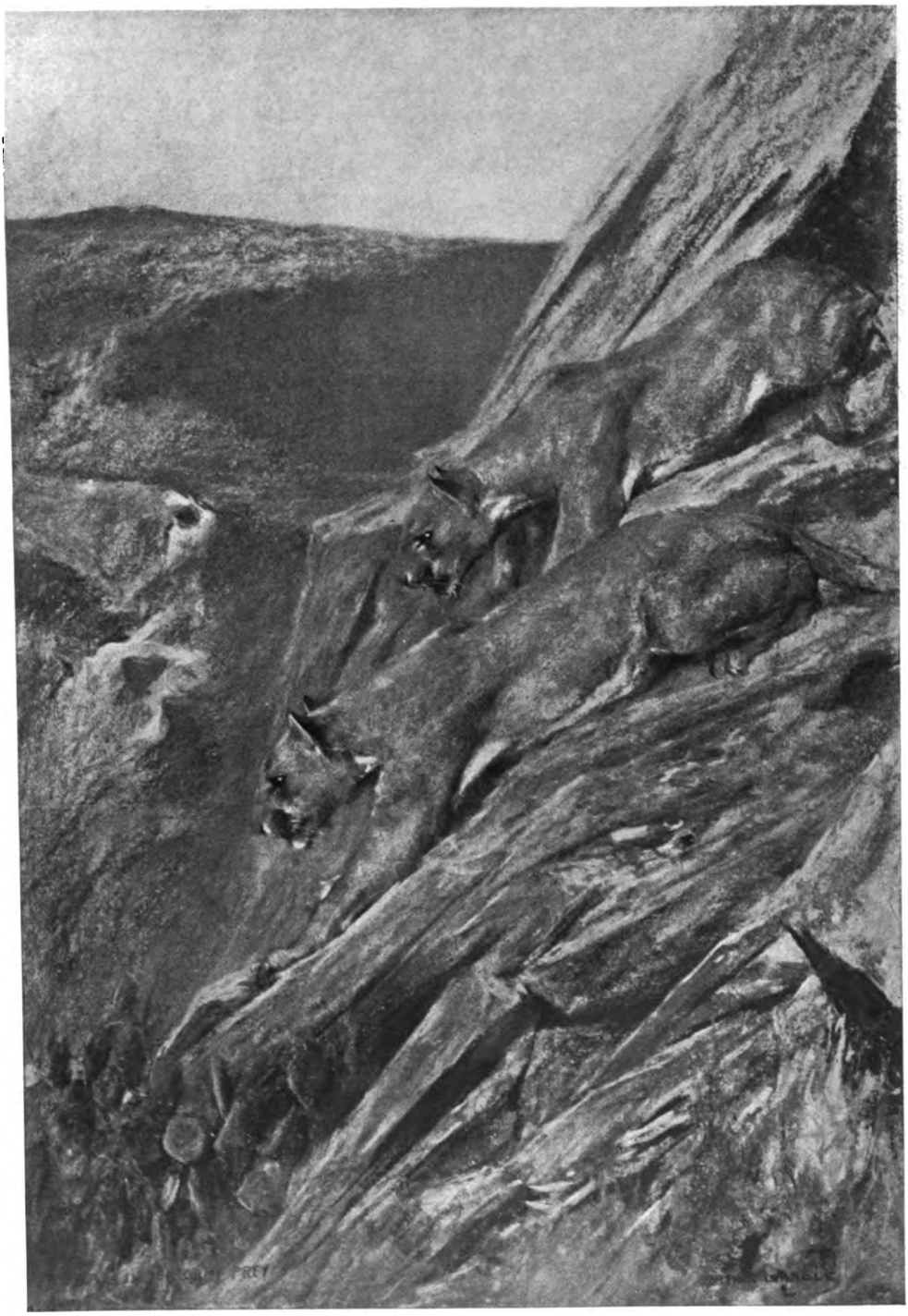

PUMAS IN SEARCH OF PREY

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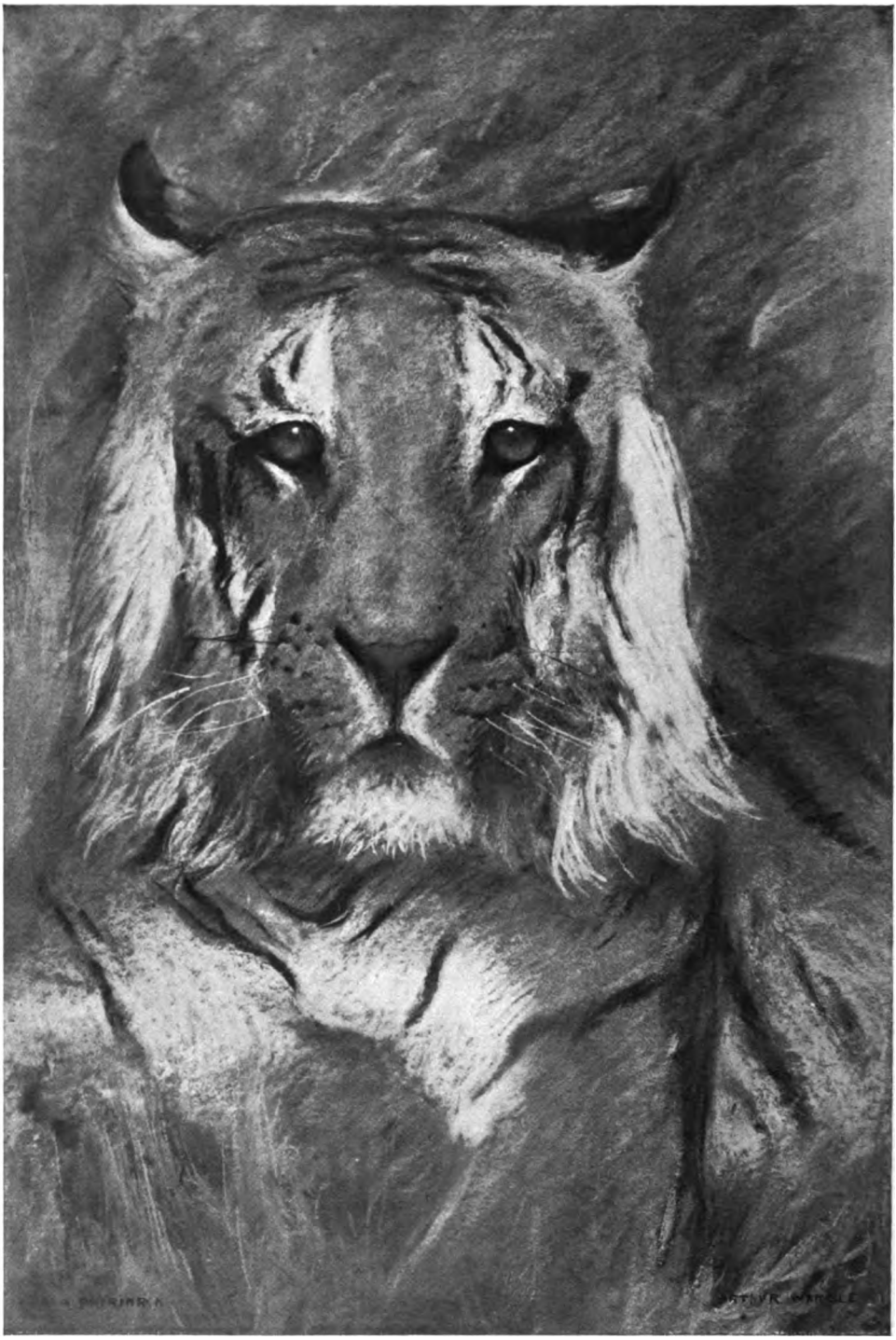

A PATRIARCH — BENGAL TIGER

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THE PAYER OF BLACKMAIL

BY RICHARDS M. BRADLEY

Dedicated to those American-born citizens in New York when under Tammany, and in other cities, who have compounded with official rascality for the sake of their business interests.

YOU paid them! You, whose fathers braved
The wintry ocean and the unknown shore
To serve their God and save their souls from hell!
Pray God they sleep unconscious of your shame!
But *you* can have no blood from men like these.
Who was the slave that stole into his bed
Whose Pilgrim name you bear, and gave you life?

So cried my shame and scorn, but reason said:
Not he alone, but many of his kind,
In this great city at the nation's gate,
Have paid the price that smooths the path to wealth:
These are no ill-got spawn of faithless wives.
True as their sires they serve their chosen lord,
With altered service suited to his will.
Unchanged in race, they have but changed their God.

For Mammon is their god; the hell they dread
Is failure in full service at his shrine.
They fear not want, but only lesser wealth.
So, at their god's behest, they pay the price,
Bowing their necks to dastard feudal lords,
Who muster voters now in place of blades.
So for his sake, with humble cheerfulness,
Along with gambler, pimp, and prostitute,
They buy the right to ply their trades in peace.

Full service this! No more can master ask;
No more can servants in devotion pay.
Their fathers' God was seldom served so well.

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THE WAY OF THE ENGINEERS

A STORY OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI

BY WILLIS GIBSON

WITH PICTURES BY F. C. YOHN

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'I CAN'T STAND FOR YOUR DRUNKENNESS ANY LONGER, EGAN'"

EGAN, chief engineer of the *Chippewa*, still showed traces of his spree when he climbed the stairs to the second story of the St. Louis wharf-boat and entered the office.

With uncertain stride he walked to Murnane's desk, took off his cap, and stood before the superintendent. President Kehoe, whose "business desk" was not a yard away,—his glass-walled private office he never used,—lowered the newspaper he had been reading and gazed at the twain interestedly.

Murnane, hearing the footfalls on the

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carpet, looked up pleasantly from the mess of letters before him; but when he saw who was his visitor his face turned grave. He did not ask Egan to sit down, only surveyed him coldly from over the desk's top.

"The boys said you wanted to see me," spoke up Egan, with a bit of a swagger, but talking slowly, to keep the thick words from running together.

"Yes," snapped back Murnane. "I can't stand for your drunkenness any longer, Egan. Take your stuff off the *Chippewa*. The cashier 'll hand you what 's coming on this month's pay."

Egan, staggered, leaned unsteadily over the desk and looked close at his chief. He wheeled toward Kehoe, to see how he was taking the thing. But Kehoe was deep in his paper, and the engineer again faced Murnane.

"Discharged, am I?" he cried, his voice shaking, his fists clenched viciously. "After fifteen years' slaving for the damned line!"

"It 's nobody's fault but your own," replied Murnane, a shade more kindly. "I 've had you up about this drinking business half a hundred times, and none of it 's done any good. It 's a crime, Egan, to trust you with steamboats and lives."

"Sober or drunk, I never missed a bell," defied the discharged man.

Murnane, uncommenting, resumed work at his morning's mail. Several minutes passed while Egan waited for an answer.

"All right—all right!" Egan thundered at length. "There 's lots of steamboat lines besides the Union." With that he swept a villainous scowl around the office, and stalked out, with an oath for each man there.

After Egan had slammed the door, Kehoe laid aside his paper and inquired of Murnane:

"Who you going to send out in his berth?"

The *Chippewa* was due to leave for St. Paul at five the next afternoon.

"I 've an application from an A1 Pittsburger who 's been with the P. & C. people," returned the superintendent. "I 've wired him to meet the *Chippewa* at St. Paul. The up trip with Jerrems I 'll have to give young Jo Black; he 's the only engineer in town that 's not working this week. He 's that towboat man, you know—was on the *Arctic* until she was sold."

"Sorry we can't find a packet man for the up trip," remarked Kehoe.

"So am I," agreed Murnane.

II

MIKE EGAN was an Irishman, American-born, forty-five years old. All his life he had steamboated, fifteen years with the Union Line alone, easily our veteran engineer. A great hulk of a man, he stood, as grim and stanch as the mountains of the upper valley, six feet six, thick in proportion, and all muscle. He was a first-class engineer.

But when that is said all is said—that is good. Unlike the most of his craft, he was unsociable, out-and-out ill-tempered usually. His conversation, outside of California cut-offs, balanced valves, induced drafts, and so on, was churlish.

He was, finally, a hard drinker. During his service with us he had never let one of the forty-eight-hour lay-overs that come at the St. Louis end of every round trip go by without getting more or less drunk. About this drunkenness there were no features whatever, nothing dramatic, nothing picturesque—nothing tragic even, in the ordinary sense, for he had no father, mother, wife, or little ones to suffer by it. Tippling, he simply grew beastly, wickedly drunk.

Murnane hated a drinking man as bad as any Prohibitionist, and had vowed a dozen times every year to fire Egan. Yet he had never done it until now because Egan, despite his shortcomings, was worth having. Not all the evil liquor of the North Levee could kill his knack for his trade. He knew a boiler from grate to dome, an engine from pillow-block to top works, a dynamo from armature to brush. Mechanics, hydraulics, electrics, all were child's play with him. His creed was practice: the musty text-books in his trunk had not been opened in years, the engineering journals he subscribed for he seldom read.

His case was peculiar in many other ways. To begin, he could worry along with the least coal, the fewest repairs, of any chief on the line; in that way he had proved a jewel to us, especially in those

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troublous years back in the eighties when we did more economizing than business. He had been with Kehoe right from the early days, and that was something. Again, he could manage the engines of the stern-wheeler *Chippewa*, the boat he had been on the last eight years, and to do that was a feat, because those engines, purchased personally by Kehoe from a Cincinnati inventor,—Kehoe had a soft spot for inventors,—were rank poor machines, though nobody, not even Murnane, dared hint such a thing around the office. They were the only engines of the kind in the country, for the Cincinnati genius never succeeded in convincing any one but our president.

But more than all else, Egan was a life-long packet man. Not that the towboat fellows are not good men and brave—they are, most of them. But the engineer who holds the throttle of a packet; who carries over his head from one to three hundred lives; who stands guard over throbbing, straining boilers the steam of which would feed a dozen Baldwin Moguls, over engines so powerful that a single blow from a disconnected pitman will clip out a steamer's whole deck as easily as a man may snap a tooth-pick; who knows that a breakdown means a steamer helpless, means, in a tight place, in a drawbridge or a rapids-channel, sure disaster—that engineer leads a different life, takes a different training, learns a different duty from the chap who carries, out in front, only a raft of logs or a barge of coal.

That was the reason Kehoe and Murnane objected to young Black, ex-chief of the towboat *Arctic*.

It was of late years that Egan had got to going on watch the worse for whisky, and the spree that caused his discharge was really the first through which his boat's safety had been threatened. On her last down run the *Chippewa* had lain over in Davenport all afternoon for a big party coming by rail from Des Moines. At the beginning of the wait Egan hied away uptown. At six in the evening, while Captain George Travers was tolling the first bell, the Des Moines party being all settled, Egan hove down the levee, staggering. It was Egan's watch from six o'clock till midnight; but Henry Jerrems, the second engineer, suspecting his partner had gone bad, was then in the engine-room, ready for the start. Egan lurched across the landing-stage, aboard, and up-stairs to his room in the texas. While he was in there, Travers tolled the last stroke, and shouted an "All ready!" to Hi Davis, the pilot. Jerrems, at the engines, got a backing bell, and gave steam to the cylinders. The *Chippewa* backed away from the levee into mid-river. Then a stopping bell, and a wait while the steamer swung. Then, as she straightened, a go-ahead jingle. Jerrems shifted the reverse sharply, and opened wide the throttle, to full stroke nearly, aiming to make up a part of the six hours' delay.

Before the wheel had made twenty turns ahead, Egan walked into the engine-room. He had not forgotten that it was his watch. Without any preliminaries, he picked up a sledge from the anvil, and advancing upon Jerrems with an ugly sparkle in his eye, commanded harshly:

"Get away from the engines!"

Jerrems, weaponless, got away, to the middle of the room. It was not enough. "Go on forward, damn you!" continued Egan, in a rising voice. "If y' come back before the watch is over, I 'll put you in the river."

Jerrems notified Travers at once, and the two, with Mate John Magee, himself something of a giant, started down to dislodge Egan. But when they got back by the engines they found the chief in a murderous temper, twirling his sledge the way an ordinary mortal would handle a tack-hammer.

A mix with him could result in nothing less than a man or two killed, and Travers ordered him let alone for then.

An anxious trip it was for the officers: a hundred and fifty passengers up-stairs, not counting a thousand tons of freight below, and a drunken man minding the machinery. There were gages, of course, on the boiler-heads, as well as by the throttle, so Jerrems was able to watch the steam. And from half-past six on, Travers sat, with a revolver, in the shadow of the cook-house, just forward of the engine-room, ready to shoot—to cripple—and rush in, the instant Egan blundered. But Egan, though he answered his bells a little slowly, did not blunder. At midnight his watch was done without mishap.

Then Jerrems—and it took nerve to do it—sauntered into the engine-room, to

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Egan's side, and said, just as he always did at transfer-time, pleasant as though nothing had gone wrong, "Guess it 's my turn for a spell, Mike."

Egan dropped his wrench, and, with a growl about a valve that needed adjustment, walked out and up-stairs.

As soon as the chief was asleep in his room, Travers and Magee tiptoed to his door, opened it with a pass-key, stole in, and, after a rough scrimmage, bound him fast to his berth, and left him there, guarded, to sober up.

Jerrems, standing thirty hours at the engines, brought the boat in.

Such a row as that even Mike Egan's fifteen years' service and modest coal requisitions could n't square.

III

STRAIGHT from his talk with Murnane, Egan went to seeking a new berth. That afternoon he interviewed the New Orleans and Memphis lines, also the independent packets. But Mike Egan's reputation in local marine circles was black, blacker maybe than he deserved, and nowhere was he welcomed. No vacancies, none in prospect, was what the managers all said, and very sourly at that. When Egan finished the rounds at supper-time, he was clean surprised, clean discouraged—and sober.

Next morning, Friday, the *Chippewa's* sailing day, he set at the towboat men. But it was well along in the season, late September; the owners were laying off crews, not hiring. By four o'clock he had visited everything in port that had an engine on it, and had simply thrown that much time away.

Quitting the last craft on his list, he stood on the levee not a dozen yards from the Union wharf-boat and the moored *Chippewa*. The *Chippewa* was to leave in an hour, with Jerrems in his place, and a new man in the second berth. Even then the rousters were trotting, an endless line, from the wharf-boat, over the stage-planks, down the main-deck, and back again, hustling on the last ends of the freight. A score of early passengers straggled along the boiler-deck rail. Up on the roof Murnane was chatting with Captain Travers.

Egan took in the scene and scowled. Suddenly the safety-valve opened, and the waste steam began to rush, rumbling and booming, from the vent by the water-line. Jerrems, or the new man, was getting his fires hot too soon. With the thought, all the fury of his discharge, his practical disbarment from his trade, swept through Egan's surly brain, and he cursed again the Union Line, and all who had to do with it, from Kehoe down to the lowliest negro deck-hand.

Well, at least he could go home; they could not prevent him from doing that.

For all his roving life, Egan had a home, away up beyond Winona, in the Minnesota highlands, the little cottage at Minneiska Landing his father had built when he came into the West, and, dying, had left to him. There he spent his winters, the closed seasons.

The true steamboatman, when he travels, travels by river, whenever it is possible geographically. He scorns the puny locomotive, swift though it may be; he frets in the cramped coaches; he chokes in the swirling dust of the road-bed.

So it did not once occur to Egan to journey home by any route other than the river, even though all the boats were Kehoe's. (The Union Line was the only one running so far north as Minneiska that season.)

Boarding the wharf-boat, he waded through the tangle of drays and assembling tourists on the main floor to the ticket-office, slapped down a bill, and called for a first-class passage via the *Chippewa* to Minneiska, Minnesota. Murnane, it happened, had, in the meantime, returned from the steamer, and stepped for a moment into the ticket-office. He heard, of course, Egan's request, and, thinking to do the square thing, put his head into the window and said heartily:

"You don't need any ticket to ride on the *Chippewa*, Mike."

"I ask no favors of you," answered the engineer, looking a yard over Murnane's head.

Before the superintendent could argue the matter, the clerk handed out Egan's ticket and change.

Seeing the mood his old mainstay was in, Murnane went on the steamer at once, and warned Travers to watch Egan and keep him away from the engine-room. Also, he told Eddy Siver, the bartender, not to sell him any liquor.

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The *Chippewa* left on time, with Jerrems and Jo Black in the engine berths—Black on watch—and Mike Egan holding a first-class ticket and elbow-room up-stairs. He did not have a state-room, because all had been sold for a week. Ordinarily, so late in the season, travel with us was beginning to wane; but that year our passenger department had turned out some clever advertising matter, illustrated in colors, telling how fine the up-river country looked in its autumn foliage, and a very nice showing of people was being attracted by it. The *Chippewa* had three hundred and ten passengers out of St. Louis that trip, really a hundred and ten more than she could accommodate. The surplus had to be content with seats at the second table, and, at night, with cots in the cabin, the women separated from the men by curtained partitions.

Yet, for all that, we never sent out a jollier, finer crowd. It was glorious weather: a little hot at noon, perhaps, but cool at other times, with a big, soft harvest moon after dark. The whole country-side—mountains, hills, prairies, lowlands—was ablaze with the thousand gorgeous colors the first frost had painted. The smoky, drowsy haze of the fall lay gently over everything. And how those passengers enjoyed the ride—all each day, late into each night!

It was a banner freight trip, too. The boat left with a big manifest, and at every landing she found more. And all offerings were welcome but one: a consignment of baled straw for Winona.

Travers did not like to accept the straw, for fear of fire. But Magee suggested that it be piled aft on the main-deck, just ahead of the engines,—a good hundred feet from the boilers,—and covered with tarpaulins to guard against any stray cinder or cigar-stub. That seemed sound reasoning, so Travers let Magee load the straw, and went on without worrying more about it.

With such a load, Travers was naturally anxious to make a good run to St. Paul; but the steamer's crotchety engines were against him from the start. With the first stroke, almost, they began to ail, and before Hannibal was passed, Saturday morning, they were completely out of trim, grinding, pounding, leaking steam at every joint. Jo Black owned they were too much for him, and Jerrems had to be in the engine-room, tinkering and studying, half of Black's watch besides all his own.

Jerrems was a lanky chap, not overstrong; his trouble on the down trip—the thirty hours' solid work—had worn him, and that, taken with this new dose of double time, put him on his berth with a touch of fever Saturday night, leaving Black alone with the machinery. And all Travers could do was to pray that things might hang together until the Pittsburg chief could take hold.

Meanwhile, aside from a general sulkiness, Mike Egan had adopted tactics Murnane had never reckoned on. He had not gone near the engine-room once. He had ordered a single drink, had been refused by Eddy Siver, and had backed quietly out.

The truth was, Egan was on his dignity; he was letting the *Chippewa's* people see in what scorn he held them.

So passed all of Sunday and all of Monday, with the engines mulish; Jo Black working twenty-four hours to the day, doing his best but bungling; Jerrems a very sick man; Travers worried; the weather beautiful; the three hundred odd passengers happy; Egan sulky and still sober.

Eight o'clock Monday evening caught the *Chippewa* just leaving La Crosse, nearly six hundred miles out of St. Louis. By then Jo Black was done up. Two whole days in that steam-filled, grease-reeking engine-room; two days of watching those forty-foot pitmans forge tirelessly forward and back; two days of straining eyes at jiggling dial-faces, of testing cocks, of oiling and adjusting; two days of listening to the hum of boilers and steam-pipes, the jolt of engines, the turmoil of bells, had knocked the tuck completely out of him, and Jo would have given his pay for the trip for a twelve-hour sleep that night.

Very different was it with the three hundred up-stairs; no thought of sleep had they. The evening was warm, unusually clear and quiet. Excepting a dozen or so, all the *Chippewa's* guests were sitting out of doors, about equally divided between the boiler- and hurricane-decks.

The reds and pinks and golds of a wonderful upper Mississippi sunset—the finest sight on earth—were turning dull, the mountains on each shore melting into weird, uncertain masses of black, the broad,

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dusky river mirroring the first venturesome stars.

By and by it was night. The valley lay inky dark. The mountain-tops jutted sharp into the deep blue of the sky; the steamer's masts, chimneys, stays, her trailing wake of smoke, stood out black against it. Beacons, miles apart, twinkled yellow along the banks.

Nobody went to bed, only more and more came up to the hurricane-deck with chairs.

Then, at ten, the moon—a moon that cast a creamy light over the valley, and gave back to the river its shape. The orchestra, in the cabin, played gently. Aft, a group of young Dubuque people chanted catchy coon melodies. Besides the music, there were no sounds over the river save the throaty rush of the drafts in the boat's chimneys, the gentle puffing of the dynamo-engine, the spatter and swish of the great wheel astern.

There was plenty of water that year, but in the channel around La Crosse there was a maze of steep sand-reefs which Uncle Sam, for some reason, had shirked from cleaning out. To squeeze by these called for careful steering, and very often to-night the engines were stilled, and the steamer, drifting, turned and twisted in dead silence.

At ten o'clock Egan was the only passenger not outside viewing the scenery. Egan was in the bar, drinking. Three days Eddy Siver, in accord with Murnane's mandate, had treated the engineer as a stranger. But on the evening of the fourth, Travers, casually asking whether Egan was taking much, betrayed the fact that Murnane had said nothing to him in regard to the prohibition. And as Siver was a worthless animal, particular about orders only when his own scalp was in jeopardy, a half-anarchist who sympathized with anybody who had a grievance, he gave Egan a wink about nine o'clock that the banns were removed. So Egan went to ordering straight whisky. At first he was haughty with Siver, but by ten the whisky had thawed him, and he was loudly berating Kehoe, Murnane, and the line, and waxing hotter with each drink. At twenty minutes after ten, while the steamer was drifting into a crossing, dodging reefs both to port and starboard, he was railing away thuswise:

"You know, Eddy, how I 've slaved for the line, how I 've patched their rotten boilers and puttered over their played-out engines. And now I 'm let out, good as black-listed, for drinking, they tell me, as though this prime stuff could hurt a man! Time was when Kehoe was a good boss to work for; but that upstart Murnane put the old man under his thumb the day he went in as superintendent. I 'd like to see the two of 'em at the bottom of the Mississippi, by God! And all their old tubs of steamboats along with them! I 'd like—"

Egan was stopped by an odd, sharp noise somewhere below, like the hiss of a soaring rocket. With it the incandescents in the bar dwindled out. Egan's head was a bit logy with liquor, yet he knew that hiss meant a fuse gone, and he waited patiently, his little glass of whisky midway between the counter and his mouth, while Siver lighted the kerosene-lamp kept for such occasions.

Egan started the glass once more toward his lips, but it never reached them, for Siver, with a cry, pointed across the narrow room. Egan looked, and saw many little tails of smoke puffing out at the top of the baseboard, fast blackening the white-painted partition.

As the two stared, there came in quick succession, almost together, confused shouts from the main-deck, a rush of feet on the deck overhead, and a sudden cloud of smoke, thin, but stinging, with many sparks mixed in, that rolled up from some place below, all along the boiler-deck rails amidships. Some of the smoke curled through the promenade doorway into the bar. Siver and Egan broke for the promenade together.

The mischief had started in the baled straw that Travers had been wary of. No cinder, no cigar-stub had passed Magee's snug tarpaulins, but the fuse-box supplying the cabin lamps, screwed in the deck square above the head of the straw-pile, overcharged for a moment, had blown out and shot a blue-white bolt of electricity through wood and rubber and canvas into the heart of the straw.

Jo Black was just then trying the cocks on the boiler-heads, away forward. By the time he had turned at the flash, the fire had sneaked from the bales to the boiler-deck timbers above, to the main-deck

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floor below. Jo cut into the smoke for the engine-room. He made the head of the straw-pile, staggering. But there, in the billowing heat, his nerve, worn down by overwork, shaken by the vastness of the danger, withered entirely, and he halted, sick and irresolute. His steamer was adrift in mid-river, her motionless engines unattended.

Jo well knew his duty, but it was a volcano, and nothing else, that reared in the path; he could not bring himself to go on.

There was trouble above-decks, of course: a panic among passengers such as the river had not seen since the *Stonewall* disaster. Small wonder! With a shock more telling than anything in playwrights' make-believe, moonlight and music and dreamy lounging had given place to the gaunt death-specter, beckoning and close at hand. Almost with the alarm, though the fire started sluggishly in the heavy woodwork below, the leaping flames from the straw slipped into the boiler-deck, where there stood a very forest of light partitions, fragile stanchions, rails, and cornices.

The passengers on the boiler-deck, closest to the danger, stampeded first; after them, those on the roof—the scene the same on both decks. Three hundred men and women joined in a wild charge up-ship, away from the fire. Inside of two minutes the hurricane-deck forward of the texas, the boiler-deck forward of the cabin, were packed solid with a mob as frenzied as a runaway cattle herd. Not much noise—a gasp now and then from the fainting, a whimper from the bruised, a groan from the hopeless: only a blind movement ahead, a mad pushing, plunging, wrestling, each man, each woman fighting for vantage-ground by the rails. Those who did gain the decks' edges, to save themselves from being crowded through the yielding rails overboard, struck savagely at those behind. The deck-chairs, overturned, snared the feet of the struggling throng, even as they were trampled to kindling.

Mates Magee and Jackson, clerks Lane and Clifton, pilot Hi Davis, with a score of cabin-boys at their backs, strove like heroes to rig the fire-hose, to lower the life-boats, to quiet the people and guide them to life-preservers; for preservers there were, the sort that button on like jackets, in every state-room, and floats stacked on deck by the hundred. But the passengers were deaf to orders, blind to life-boats and life-preservers. After the first minute of the strife, the *Chippewa's* men were carried along with the mob, as powerless as bits of flotsam in a whirlpool, unable to help even themselves.

It was then the negro rousters, forty of them, the quickest set in the world to flash into panic, began to jump from the forecastle into the river, and stroke like water-dogs for shore.

Yet, strangely, no one among the passengers ventured jumping. Doubtless it was because, new as were the majority to steamboating, they feared the water fully as much as the fire. Excepting Lake Pepin, there is not any great depth anywhere in the upper river; but, for all they knew, there was a hundred feet in that particular spot, and there was indeed twelve—quite depth enough to swallow up that crazed company.

Captain Travers had gone to bed early, but with the first cry of the alarm he was at the door of his state-room in the head-end of the texas, clothed in night-shirt and trousers; Charley Barr, a young pilot, but as cool as an icicle, was then at the wheel—two good men for the night's work. Travers, his bearings taken instantly, hurled himself like an angry bull out on deck, through the crowd that swarmed in front of the texas, to a place from where he could see the pilot-house. Then, worming about, he shouted an order up to Charley Barr. Charley could n't hear a word of it for the crackle and hum of the flames, but he knew what the order was, nevertheless, because there is only one rule—a golden one—for that sort of a life-and-death proposition: run your boat to the bank, and hold her there until the passengers are safe ashore, then every steamboatman for himself.

Charley Barr spun the wheel over to land on the Minnesota side, then, pulling fast at the bell-ropes, sent the signals to ship up and start engines ahead, and followed, almost instantly, with a call for full stroke.

Sharp above the noise of the fire both Travers and Barr heard the big bells jangle discord down in the engine-room, and, together, they waited for the hiss and quiver of the answering engines. But no

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sound, no move, came from below. The *Chippewa* drifted silently on at the middle of the mile-wide Mississippi, while the flames, darting up into the calm night, straight as a spire, from abaft the midships section, slowly spreading toward bow and stern, rolled higher and higher until, in their light, the mountains took on again the colors of the autumn, and the river's silky flow changed from black to crimson.

Suddenly Travers, wheeling for a glance up-stream, noticed among the swimming negroes a white man who looked very much like engineer Jo Black. Travers, getting Barr's eye, pointed toward him. Barr nodded back that he had already seen. If the fellow was indeed Black, it appeared as though the *Chippewa's* wheel had turned for the last time. Even then two of the cabin-boys were carrying the fever-stricken Jerrems, too sick to lift a finger, from his cabin to a life-boat. As for the rest of the *Chippewa's* officers,—not counting the one chance in a million of reaching the engine-room, and their ignorance of machinery,—they were, every one, wedged helpless in the mob.

Again Charley Barr, his face hard, snatched at the bell-ropes. Again the bells pealed loud, filling the woods around with many clanging echoes. And still the machinery hung quiet, still the steamer drifted, dead, a thousand feet from the nearest shore, while the flames seethed fiercer and fiercer through her middle. The fire had gotten through the roof now; the rear of the texas had caught; the pilot-house was smoking in the heat, its glass sides cracking.

The third time, despairing, Barr pulled the go-ahead calls. The third time the bells clashed wildly over the roar of the fire.

A faint exhaust rumbled—*whoo-oof*—in the chimneys: the engines were starting! Jo Black was still at his post—so thought captain and pilot.

The exhausts came again, and again, and again,—*whoof, whoof—whoof, whoof—whoof, whoof,*—long-drawn, resonant, so mighty that the great chimneys trembled with them. And, ringing louder with each stroke, rose the clank of the waking engines.

Shivering her whole length, swiftly gathering way, the *Chippewa* plowed for the Minnesota shore.

IV

From the bar Mike Egan started up-promenade after the flying Siver. He had run but a little way when Charley Barr sent his first bells to the engine-room. Egan heard them, and, like the officers up-stairs, listened for the noises of the engines. No noises followed. Egan stopped, surprised. Little interest as he had taken in the boat's affairs during the trip, he knew that Jerrems was sick, that Jo Black, late tow-boater, was standing all the watches; and although, unlike Travers and Barr, he had not seen the man swimming away before his eyes, he guessed the truth—that Black had shown the white feather, that the engine-room was empty.

Egan hated the Union Line; hated its owners, its managers; hated its boats; had, only a minute before, wished them all at the river's bottom, where the *Chippewa*, in certainty, seemed bound. But all this was forgotten: he stood now only the packet engineer.

He lagged a moment to make sure, then, facing about, loped aft, with ponderous footfalls, as fast as his giant frame would let him. Ducking through swelling banks of smoke, dodging flames that waved and flapped all along the rail, he thundered to the head of the steep stair astern that led to the back of the engine-room. Down the stair he slid rather than ran.

The back of the room was not afire yet; whether the front was still untouched he could not tell. The whole main-deck was glutted with a smoke that, fed by oak and pine, by straw, by assorted freight, butter, syrup, oil, and what not, cut at a man's eyes and nostrils like acid, and hung as solid as a brick wall. Too heavy to float into the open, it was growing thicker with each second. Egan could not see an inch any way, only where the fire, up ahead, tinged the smoke dull red.

The throttle and levers were fifty feet forward. Quitting the eddy of air by the stairway, Egan tried to make a run for them. It was not in man to do it. Once in the thick of the vapor, he dropped, strangling, almost with the first leap. The stair was not his length behind, but he did not seek it. Gagging, spitting, gasping for air where there was none, he started forward again, crawling on his belly. The smoke filtered into his mouth, his eyes, his

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nose. The heat made his flesh pucker and tingle. His clothes stuck to him, sodden with sweat. The light of the blaze, fast brightening, showed scarlet through his close-drawn lids. Knife-like slivers, that sprang from the worn planks of the deck, scratched and gashed his arms, chest, and legs. So he went on, each inch a battle, each foot a campaign, mumbling curses at the pain, his mouth against the deck, his arms groping for some post or rod he knew, until it seemed he had gone the length of the steamer.

Of a sudden the bells rang again for engines, somewhere overhead; but whether the sound was to the left or right, before or behind, Egan could not decide.

He toiled a few feet farther; his hand touched an iron pipe running across-ship next the deck. The pipe was full of steam, hot, and it seared his hand; yet he did not curse this time. That pipe was the supply for the dynamo-engine: it told him his whereabouts. He had gone too far forward, and to the left. Twisting around, he sighted the four incandescents on the switchboard back of the dynamo—a row of mere yellow specks, though they were not five feet away. The levers and throttle stood on a small platform just in front of the switchboard.

Very slowly, toward that platform Egan wrenched his scorched, bleeding body, while the flames leaped yards to his inches, grappled the edge, and drew himself in a heap upon it. Slower yet he ran his right arm up the shipping-lever: the engines were set to back, in obedience to the last order before the alarm. Unable to reach the bar's top, Egan tottered to his knees, clutched the latch, released it, and tugged to bring the lever over. It stuck, for some cause. Gaining his feet, he threw on his weight. The lever slipped forward with a jar. The strain over, Egan, unthinking, opened his mouth and drew in a great breath of smoke. Down he fell like a man shot, and lay there, just alive. The heat swept at him a shriveling gale, the platform was charring, but Egan did not mind much. His throat was swollen shut, his tongue lolling; he could scarcely breathe. He did not mind that, either. Somehow he was forgetting what he had come there for.

With a mad crash and rattle, the big bells—Barr's third despairing call—let loose square over Egan's head. It brought the weakening engineer up like the trumpet of judgment. Getting to his knees once more, he felt for the throttle—found it. Oiled a dozen times a day for a score of years, the steel wheel turned at his touch, as smooth as the stem-wind of a watch. Twice around he sharply whirled the throttle, waited a space, then spun it down like a top till the valve was wide open and the steam from four boilers was hurtling through ten-inch pipes to the cylinders.

Egan could not see the engines, but the spit of the steam around the pistons, the pound of the slide-valves, the rise and fall of the deck, told him they were moving.

Until then the fire had risen straight up; but now, spurred by the draft of the boat's movement, it came rushing astern, through the engine-room, like a whirlwind. But Egan, on his knees, his hands locked on the rim of the throttle, was dead a full minute before the flames reached him. He did not know when the *Chippewa* met the Minnesota bank, full speed, with a shock that ground her nose yards into the clay soil. He did not know when the steamer's company—not a life was lost save his—scrambled from the blistering decks to the soft, damp turf, while his racing engines held the boat fast against the shore.

V

THEY huddled on the beach, the *Chippewa's* passengers and crew, the mountains behind them as light as noonday in the fire-glow, an awed, silent crowd, shrinking from the heat, and watched their steamer rage into the night, a white-hot bonfire, the skeleton of her upper works slowly crumbling in the heart of it. And all the while, as they looked wondering on, the engines, slow to die, driving the great wheel dizzily around, lashed the shallows inshore to blood-red waves.

But not until an hour after, when Jo Black limped in at the tail of a party of rousters and brokenly told his story, did Travers and Barr and the others guess to whom they owed salvation.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"GETTING TO HIS KNEES ONCE MORE, HE FELT FOR THE THROTTLE"

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SANDY McKIVER, HERO

BY HERBERT D. WARD

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE VARIAN

AT last McKiver's conscience began to annoy him. In other words, he had got enough. It occurred to him for the first time after a four-days drunk that he had a wife and child on the "Neck" who were anxiously waiting for him—anxious not so much for his affection, that lately, by the powerful alchemy of alcohol, had been transformed into cold brutality, but for that pittance without which they had hardly been able to support life. But McKiver's "trip" had disappeared. He had been paid off a hundred and five dollars as his share of a three-months fishing trip, and he had forty-two cents in his pocket. With a grunt he turned his face toward the ferry, and steered himself as well as he could down the narrow sidewalk. Every now and then he would luff up into the strong scent of a bar-room; then the jingle of the few cents he had remaining would remind him of duty and home, and harass him until he turned again upon his unsteady course.

It might have been a day in October instead of in January. Fairharbor was familiar with these exotic changes in the dead of winter. The children played in the streets, and dories dotted the harbor. Far out beyond the dangerous breakwater the sea seemed a cloth of blue velvet upon which motionless vessels were indolently etched. It was a languorous dream of summer, as much out of place on the bleak gray shore tinged with snow as Sarah Bernhardt would have been in Barnstable, or McKiver in a mosque in Jerusalem.

McKiver's huge form kept yawing toward the ferry. He was an Englishman who five years before had stepped from the deck of a salt-steamer to the deck of a fisherman, and had exchanged a "lime-juicer's" life of starvation and safety for the full-bellied and hazardous existence of a "Grand Banker." Incidentally he had married a girl from down East somewhere,—he did not know just where,—who had waited on him in his boarding-house, and had been attracted to him by his brute size and surly masterfulness. After her fashion, Kate clung to her husband, and accepted his caresses and abuse as a legitimate part of the "for better" and "for worse" portion of the marriage fate, and was faithful to him. She had borne him a red-headed, freckle-faced baby, combining the marked characteristics of the two, and was prouder of the advent than he. Likewise, after his own fashion, Sandy cared for Kate. He had been too busy living to love. But Kate was sort of human Newfoundland, always fawning and ready—more of a convenience than a care. That is what a wife is liable to be to a fisherman who is away three quarters of the time and "found."

Now McKiver's brain, under the influence of the hot sun, began to thaw and clear. He pushed his sou'wester back, and unbuttoned his jacket. As the whisky sweated out, his responsibility to his family filtered into his heart. Why had he not gone straight home instead of allowing himself to be tolled up into a saloon? How long would the grocer and the butcher, the landlord and the milkman, support his wife and child for him? The last trip had been a failure, and he had solemnly promised Kate to bring the proceeds of this voyage right home. If he did not, she swore she would go home to her

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mother and never see him again. Now he had been four days in the city, drunk, if not worse, robbed of all he possessed, and what of Kate? His coarse, mottled face took on a piteous expression in the bewilderment of his tardy remorse. He broke into a grotesque dog-trot as the double whistle of the fussy ferry announced its approach.

The tide was very low. Ten feet below the level of the wharf lay one of those fishing-schooners which an expert at a glance could see was a Georgiaman. Its decks bustled with the preparation of an early departure. McKiver stumbled down the gangway of the ferry-slip, and sat upon the low rail of the tug, under the stern of the fisherman. In a dazed way he read its name—*Finance*. Why, he knew her skipper.

"Hullo, there, *Finance!*" he called gruffly from sheer habit. He was simply trying to drive Kate out of his mind.

A hollow-cheeked, winter-beaten countenance, surmounted by a prehistoric straw hat, peered down over the stern. There was an underpinning of gurry trousers tucked into rubber boots; the man was distinguished by a white shirt covered by an open green vest. His short sleeves were rolled up, showing bare, sinewy arms the muscles of which were now loose. They curved under the flesh like lanyards on the lee side of a vessel in a gale of wind. A recent shave had given this lank countenance the appearance of having been touched by hoar-frost. This effect was accentuated by lips chestnut with tobacco. It was the face of a human gull, and by the white shirt you might have known it belonged to the skipper of the *Finance*.

"Hullo, there—you—Noah Lufkin!" repeated McKiver, stupidly. "Wha' che doin' there?"

Noah Lufkin looked indulgently down at the drunkard. He knew McKiver's weakness and his strength. Sober, there was no better trawler in the fleet; a bit surly and overbearing, but to be depended upon when the hooks were heavy and the wind blew. The skipper spat unerringly at the screw of the tug, and opened his gaunt jaws.

"That ain't up to you, Sandy McKiver, what we 're doin' here. But I cal'late, if the ice gets down, that we 'll be nigh up to Eastport by to-morrow this time—thet is, if it breezes up." He stopped and looked McKiver over critically. He detected the symptoms of the familiar debauch, and that state which vibrates between temporary sobriety and the freshet thirst eager to override the dam of remorse.

"I say, Sandy," he droned dispassionately, "git off the *Little Giant* an' come with me this trip. I 'm one man short, an' you 've had enough booze for one while. Ye can't stand no more. You 're soaked now to the scuppers. Ye 'll share alike with the rest of us, an' be back in six weeks a new man with a hundred in your locker."

To the honor of the skipper, it must be said that Lufkin did not know that McKiver was a husband. In Fairharbor men are not rated as catchers of women, but as catchers of cod.

Now, to McKiver's sogged brain the skipper's invitation came like a warp to pull him out of the hell of shame into a Nirvana of forgetfulness, which, after all, is most men's idea of Paradise. If he did go home now, dead broke, Kate would only worry him like a rag, and he would break every bone in her body in return. How much easier to evade trouble and spurn responsibility! As for the baby, it had never yet called him father, and it was but a puppy to his memory. So Sandy eagerly rose to the bait, and managed to stumble up the ferry-slip and down the rigging into the hold of the *Finance*. In five minutes he was snoring in his bunk. In his maudlin, subconscious way, he had now managed to drop out of Fairharbor, for the time being, as completely as if he had been shanghaied off the wharf on a dark night.

And Noah Lufkin, thinking that he had done a philanthropic act all round, as soon as his latest haul was fast asleep, hurried ashore to his cousin the lumper, and purchased a mattress, oilskins, rubber boots, a heavy blanket, and a flannel shirt, in order that McKiver might not suffer too much from salt and cold. Nor did he forget to enter these items in a little cover-soaked book. If Noah had known that there was a desperate woman haunting the purlieus of the city and the wharves for a lost husband, he would have trembled a little as he met a wild-eyed, hungry-looking, red-headed, disheveled creature (carrying a dirty, freckle-faced baby), sweeping

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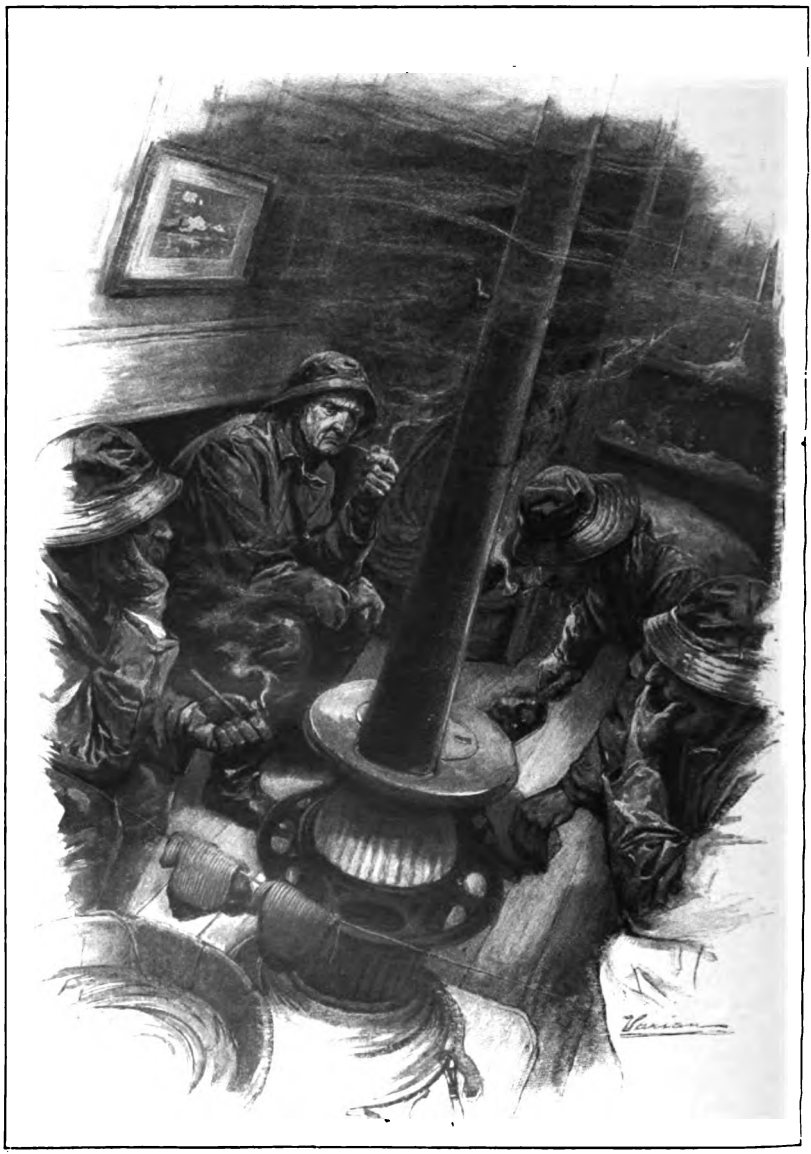
the street and the wayfarers with haggard eyes. As it was, the skipper looked upon her pityingly, and hurried back to his vessel. In an hour's time the tug towed the

said Fred Briant, as he gave the wh half a spoke to port, "but this weather onnatural in January. I don't someh like shippin' a man like him at the 'leven



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"'I SAY, SANDY, SHOVEL A LITTLE MORE COAL'"

Finance two dollars' worth into the harbor, while the crew lazily hoisted her sails, that she might meet her fortune or her fate. That was the 6th of January.

It took ten days to make Eastport.

"I ain't a-goin' to criticize the skipper," hour. Not but what it 's often done, especially when they 're liquored up. But—" He shook his head ominously at the shock of red hair peering above a trawl-bucket forward, and then swept the clear horizon for a breeze of wind.

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"It 's so onnatural hot, too." George Johnston stroked his mouth meditatively and gazed at the heavy, oily sea. "Besides," with a jerk at the red head, "he has n't got nothing to commend him, an' it 's my opinion that there ain't no law that can compel him to share and share alike, if he jes eats and sleeps an' don't talk. It 'pears to me that it don't take more 'n ten days to get over a rip-snortin' drunk. I suspicion he 's done sumphin' he had n't orter, an' he 's Jonahin' the hull trip."

The two men looked at each other darkly, and gravely nodded in unison. For it must be admitted that as a companion on the cruise Sandy McKiver had so far been a failure. Sulky and surly and rude, he resented all attempts at friendliness, until the crew gave him up in disgust, and the skipper himself regretted shipping so crabbed a hand.

Indeed, the atmosphere on board the *Finance* was a little prickly. Never in the memory of the twelve men had such extraordinary August calm occurred in January. The winter of 1888, remarkable for fateful contrasts, had now begun its atmospheric coquetry. The sticky rigging, the brazen sky, the leaden sea, the lumpy waves of vitreous and iridescent surface—these were more exasperating than wind and frozen foam and the bone in the schooner's teeth that stirs the sailor's heart. Some people might have looked apprehensively at the flapping sails, and have listened to the wailing of the blocks with a dull fear, wondering what the foil to this stupendous calm would be. But the fishermen chafed at the lost time and at their forced inertness. For every hook had long been ganged, and every trawl was properly stowed in its respective bucket, ready for bait and business. No, the twelve men had only two guides—the barometer and superstition. The skipper said the barometer was all right, but McKiver, the thirteenth man, had become the superstition of the crew.

There he lay, his head propped up against a dory's mast and sail, motionless, with a look of ineffable weariness on his coarse face,—refining it a little in the sight of angels, but not in the recognition of his mates,—there he lay, the pathetic spectacle of a strong man cast out of humanity because he had cast manhood out of his heart. What thoughts swept like bats through his dark brain! Indistinct visions of dishonor that seemed for the first time to be unmanly, an undefined disgust for the liquor that starved Kate, a remorse that was beginning to emerge as from a dense fog, a surprised suspicion that he had been a coward to his wife in the moment when he should have pleaded on his knees for forgiveness, and a growing desire to touch Kate—honest, warm-hearted Kate—and to hear his little kid squeal. How he cursed the *Finance*, its captain, and its crew! How he cursed the enforced idleness! It made him think. But, without knowing it, thought was molding him into a man.

So they drifted into Eastport, and found no bait. Then a little breeze sprang up, and they ran for Cutler. There they baited up, sailing for Georges thirteen days after they had left Fairharbor. There were not a few on board that afternoon who put that ominous figure and McKiver's advent together, and asserted that no good could come from the combination.

But McKiver, now busy for the first time baiting up his two buckets of trawls, smiled grimly upon his mates, and forgot his thoughts. For the weather was turning cold, the barometer was dropping, and the wind was rising from the northwest. Before the crew realized it, each man was clumsy in woolen clothes, jumpers, oil-skins, rubber boots, mittens, and sou'-westers, and they were hove to under a handkerchief, in a blinding gale of snow and wind, their only mark had been Seal Island off their port bow, and that mark had disappeared in the drift.

Sudden changes at sea are the meat and drink of the fishermen. They are part of that exciting life which will turn in at four bells in a calm, and stumble out of the bunk at two bells in a "snorter," without the slightest trace of resentment. It did not take the crew of the *Finance* long to get their ship into shape. Even in the stinging flail of snow, before the night came and the sea arose in his wrath, the deck was cleared of every movable thing except the two nests of dories that were snugly lashed together between the masts amidships. Trawls, buckets, pens, buoys, and spare sails were stowed below near the fresh herring, that had no need of ice to keep them fresh, so cold had it already

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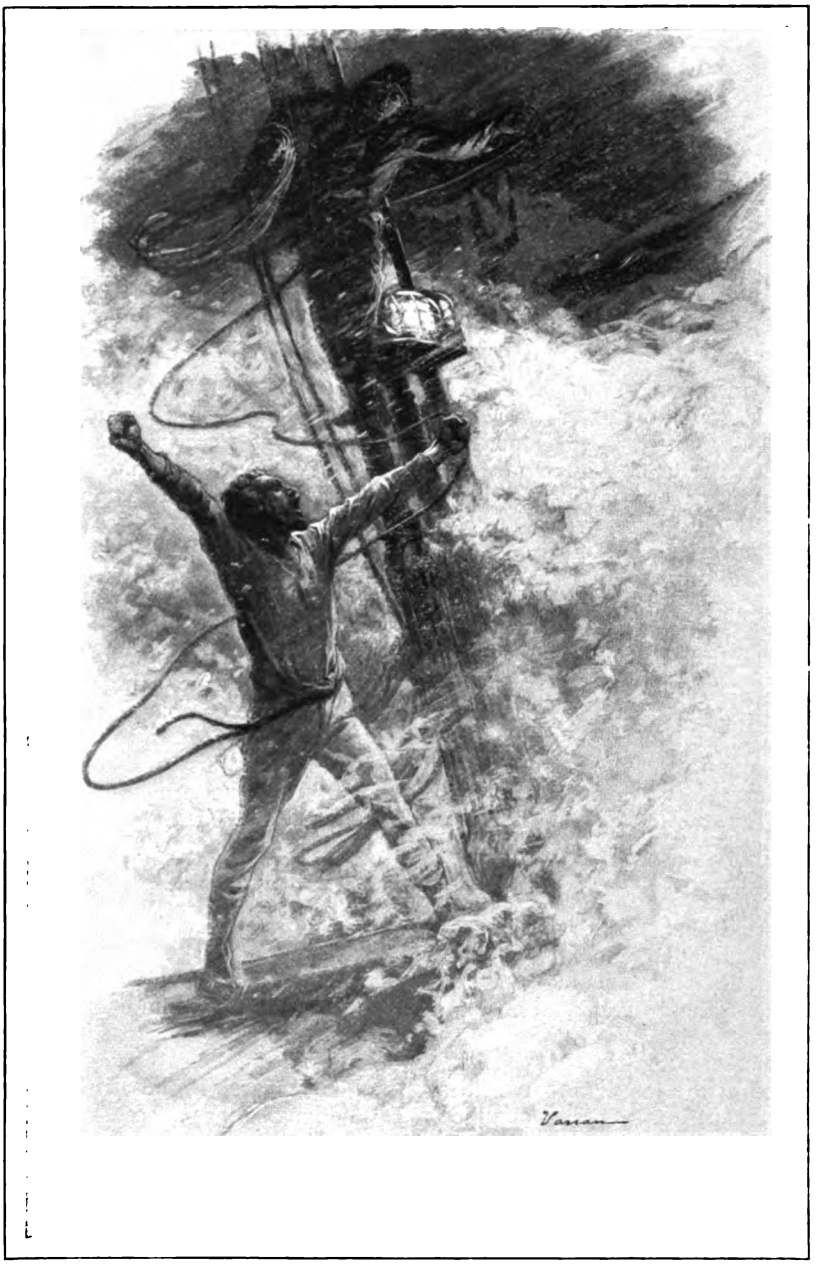

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SANDY McKIVER RAISED HIS TWO CLENCHED FISTS AND UTTERED A HOARSE CRY OF DEFIANCE"

become. By night the wheel was lashed and the *Finance* jogging without helmsman, meeting the buffets of the storm with almost human intelligence. The men were all huddled below, with hatches fast. Four stayed aft: the skipper, Fred, George, and McKiver. They sat in silence, each in his own bunk, bent over with chin in hands, their shoulders pressed upon the upper berths, their feet steadied on the floor, immovable, a part of the swaying, protesting, creaking fittings and furniture. There they smoked, clad in their thick clothes and oilskins, ready for any emergency, re-

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nine men were cut off from their mates except by a venture along the life-line, which it had already become a mockery to grasp. A horizontal icicle, when the boat pitches to escape the demoniac onslaught of a curler, when the blinding snow cuts like a rain of stilettos, and when the gale plucks at you with the force of a limited express, is not the tenderest guide to conduct you to safety.

"Whar 's she at, skip?" Fred Briant noted the skipper's glance at the barometer. This prophet of the deep, this more than wife to the sailor, on the interpretation of whose moods hang the life and death of the seafarer, lay comfortably upon the skipper's pillow on its back, its fateful black needle pointing five points below "France," where it seemed to hold with a pertinacity worthy of a happier cause.

"Steady at five!" roared the skipper, in a lull of comparative calm from the bombardment of the storm. "I say, Sandy, shovel a little more coal."

Sandy McKiver's face lighted with a smile of response. He was no longer sullen and offish. His face had become purified from whisky, and resolute. Responsibility had clothed him with a new complexion; danger had given his wavering eyes directness and aim. He was as different from the McKiver of a week ago as a ravenous bluefish is from a slothful, wormy rock-cod. With consummate dexterity he glided over the heaving, pitching floor to the coal-locker, and filled up the hungry stove without losing a lump.

"Ain't the coal a little low? How much ye got for'ard, Noah?"

Fred and George cast glances at each other as if they were casting for trout. These said plainly that Sandy McKiver was fit for something else than the bait-mill. It was their discovery, and they were proud of it. Coal was a secondary subject when they perceived that their sodden mate had become somewhat of a man. Let the poets prate about the furnace of affliction! It is the ice of desperation that brings out true manhood and its worth.

How cruelly cold it was! Even the stove, pushed to its utmost, could hardly keep the frost on the mustaches of the men from steaming like little bergs of ice. But McKiver saw by the skipper's face that the would easily use up a three-weeks supply. Why, the snow and ice lay thick upon the companionway, and were fast becoming a slush on the cabin floor. Even now, a wilder flurry blew a gust of fine sleet down from the crack of the companionway above, and landed it at the foot of the stove, where it lay unmelted. The four men regarded this patch of snow, each wondering how long it would take for it to disappear.

Suddenly Fred Briant arose, felt the buckles of his rubber boots, tightened up his oilskin, pulled the flaps of his sou'-wester over his ears and buttoned them under his chin, and drew on a pair of thick woolen mitts having about the indefinite discoloration of tapioca pudding. He swayed up to the companionway.

"I guess I 'll go an' see how the boys is for'ard," he explained casually. "I 'll bring back some feed an' coffee, an' see how the coal is holdin' on. Bear a hand there, George, an' shut the slide on me."

"Hol' on!" Sandy McKiver stood to his height. "I want a breath of air, an' two is better 'n one in this hell. A couple o' extra buckets o' coal would come in handy jes now, hey, skipper?"

Fred Briant looked at the man he had once despised, and his underhanging lip trembled a little. Then suddenly he shot out a clammy mitt and clasped McKiver's huge hand. "Come on, mate!" he roared. "An' if any one says you 're not white, I 'll sliver him, by ——!"

The two men forced their heads and shoulders into the storm, as if they were lifting a monstrous weight. In the opening of the companionway slide the cabin was flooded with flurry and roar.

Left alone, the skipper sat regarding George Johnston struggling to get the slide in place. Then he opened his oilskin and tucked his barometer into his breast and carefully buttoned it in. He slid over to the impoverished coal-locker and inspected it thoughtfully; then he said:

"Let 's jine 'em, George. This ain't no place for us. We 're better in the cud. One stove is all we can afford, an' the glass ain't goin' up none. Come, let her go!"

In a quarter of an hour two more beaten, exhausted pygmies clawed at the forecastle

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slide and dropped below. All the crew of the *Finance* were now together.

For three days, with only a crack in their hatch, the men waited in the cuddy for the gale to abate. By that time their coal had almost given out. Ice-logged, snow-bound, wave-swept, wind-racked, the *Finance* labored heavily, like a convict exhausted under the lash. The men began to exchange desperate and furtive looks. Yet they said not a word. They huddled, smoked, shivered, ate, drowsed, and stared. Sailors never whine. Outside of their profession they had no resources, shut up there, but the medicine-chest; and one does not take emetics for recreation.

"'I 'M AFRAID HE 'S FROZEN STIFF'"

On the morning of the 22d the gale suddenly lulled. For the first time in

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seventy-two hours, the wind abated, the snow ceased, and the temperature rose. The horizon presented an ominous band of crape. The sea was still as rebellious as a litter of wildcats. For an hour the crew cleared deck and chopped ice. The vessel was considerably lightened, and groaned less; but the captain shook his head.

"Boys," he said, "it 's no use. We 're runnin' out o' coal 'bout as fast as we run out of Eastport. Haul in on them sheets an' make it nor'west by no'th. I want to fetch Shelburne. The glass is droppin' like ——. He 's down to twenty-nine an' scootin'."

Even as the skipper spoke, the clouds closed in; the snow obscured all things from sight, and the hurricane leaped upon the *Finance* as if loosed by Satan himself. There was now no such thing as waiting in the closed cuddy with lashed helm for the weather to change. It had become a battle for life, and every man on board knew it. It was now watch and watch, and a thrash to quarter in an Arctic hurricane, and a thrash back. Two at the helm, two on the lookout with nothing to see, and two amidships ready for the last emergency—the rest below waiting their turn.

Hell has bequeathed to earth no greater horror than the anticipation of inevitable disaster or death. The convicted murderer dies a thousand tortured deaths before the painless moment of electrocution. Indeed, the evil he dreaded comes to him as a positive relief. So the hopelessly besieged have welcomed the final onslaught of a pitiless enemy. So the exhausted, sleepless crew of the *Finance* welcomed the shriek of the lookout, electrifying them into an activity which eagerly faced the known. Death now mockingly held before them the hopeless prize of life.

It was two o'clock in the morning when the cry of "Breakers ahead! She's struck!" sent every man to the rigging. Pounding, overwhelmed, gashed, the old fisherman staggered over the outlying reefs, and brought up bow on in the embrace of two rampant ledges, sunken at high tide. The wind howled hysterically. The snow cut like powder of steel. Then the waves began to play with an easy prey. There were four hours left before dawn to strew the coast with kindling-wood and battered corpses. As a relish, the sea first tore the rudder from its fastenings and hurled it at the granite shore; that could not have been more than a few hundred feet away. For the crew could plainly distinguish the processional of the surf by its thunder, and the recessional by the rattle of gravel—the suction of a sure death.

In the first lull of onslaught delay meant but suicide before sure execution; immediate action was imperative to hope. The deck was white with foam. At every punch the ship grunted horribly. The nest of dories had long since disappeared like curlews in the scud. The mainmast now went by the board with the successive spitting cracks of a gust of spiteful artillery. Fortunately, for the moment the crew had instinctively made for the foremast rigging. It generally lasts a little longer.

But Sandy McKiver was transfigured by a delirium of joy. It was a savage, elemental joy, such as Nolan felt when he led the Six Hundred, such as Shaw felt when he marshaled his faithful blacks into certain death, such as every hero feels when he faces inevitable destruction, and by his undaunted courage dares the miracle that alone can save him. There McKiver stood on the last ratline of the rigging, one hand clutching the rope, while with the other he sheltered his eyes from the snow and scum, trying to pierce the darkness and discover the distance of the shore. His eyes blazed so hot a defiance to the wrecking fury that one might have wondered why the ice that enveloped his face did not melt. For McKiver now felt for the first time what others of the crew had muttered when he staggered aboard, drunk. His sin—a coward's sin, a man's desertion of a loving wife—was being visited upon his innocent mates; and now expiation leaped like lava in his blood, although he had never heard of Moses and the goat.

Ah, but he felt as strong as the keel that still held the vessel together in the remorseless surf! Ah, but he felt as unconquerable as the granite rock against which waves beat in vain! His thoughts were fast and furious, like the storm. Perhaps Kate was dead, starved by her husband, and the kid gone too, murdered by his neglect.

"Kate, old gal!" he kept saying to himself. "By ——, hell itself can't wipe me out without makin' it up somehow." His right arm shot out, defying the force of the whole Atlantic, and his hand caught in mid-air—a *Rope!*

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It was a rope flung high by the spume, and by its feeling Sandy knew it was a tarred trawl-line. It was a message from heaven. It was an answer to his desire. Or was it the sarcastic challenge of the worst surf that inhospitable coast had seen for many a year?

Sandy carefully drew the line in. He knew just what it was. It was a three-strand piece which had been stored away in one of the dories to use in the trawls. It was new and strong and long. That line, plus a man, was the only hope for the crew. It was a chance that might succeed only once in a thousand trials. It was sure suicide unless the miracle intervened. And when McKiver held it in his hands he rejoiced like the Son of the Morning. He threw his head high, and his eagerness and exhilaration could no more have been chained than the waves themselves.

First McKiver kicked off his waterlogged rubber boots. Then he divested himself of everything but his underclothes. He did not yet feel the cold; he felt only the opportunity. Blinded by snow and spray, drenched in every wave, assailed by the January cold that could devour at a gulp the hottest furnace in the land, Sandy McKiver stood for a moment ready for his plunge into the caldron of the surf.

"Pay it out easy!" he howled to Noah Lufkin, when he had made the end of the line fast about his waist. "You 'll hear from me, Noah. Don't haul her in too soon."

He passed the precious coil to the skipper, and dropped below the lanyards to the rail. For a moment he stood, a gaunt silhouette against the breaker and the foam. Then the next wave arose, gigantic, imperious, leaping. It frosted the wreck and swept irresistibly shoreward. Before it touched him Sandy McKiver raised his two clenched fists and uttered a hoarse cry of defiance. When it had plunged on, the hero was gone.

Only the skipper knew the struggle that now ensued. Paying out the line with the skill of a passed angler, now slowly, lest it tangle, now fast, lest it impede, he played McKiver with consummate art; for he was playing for life.

Now the battle between the storm and the man raged. But in the very hope of victory, a fierce breaker picked McKiver up in its teeth, shook him, and smashed him against a rock. It was a jagged rock, and mechanically the man clutched it like a limpet. As the water receded it left him high and streaming, almost a part of the green fringe that dares the white cascades to tear it from its granite roots. But the fisherman blindly struggled a few steps up, and clung in a crevasse. Numb almost beyond movement, broken in bone, bruised of body, his will was still unfrozen and his soul unconquered.

Inch by inch he pulled himself up the glassy rocks until he fell in a puddle out of reach of the boiling breakers. It was below zero. The wind cut like Sulu swords, and the snow seared like frozen filings. It would not take McKiver long to freeze to death, and he knew it.

"Christ!" he ejaculated dumbly. This oath was the first prayer of his life. "It 's got to be done, an' I 'm the man to do it." He staggered to his feet. One leg was smashed from the knee down. He supported himself upon the other, fixing his bootless foot in a crack in the rock, and so he lay back again, ready for the awful tug which he knew could have only one end. His hands were too numb to tie the rope upon a rock. Still tied about his waist—he straightened and strained; it was his endurance against the life of twelve men.

By this time the *Finance* was on her last legs.

"I 've got the signal, and she 's tautening up!" cried the skipper in a lull. "If ye 're goin', it 's got to be quick! Get down in there, George, an' let out a reef!"

And as George grasped the frail buoy-line and hurled himself boldly into the white hell, the tide mercifully turned.

But Sandy McKiver felt the strain of water-swept weight. His muscles cracked, his waist was circled with flame, while his foot froze into the crack of the rock.

"God!" he cried. "If I could only see Kate and the kid! I 'll bet she 'd forgive me"

WHEN George Johnston crawled out of the deep and the frozen swirl, almost dead himself with the struggle, and followed the life-line up, he stooped and felt, and then uttered an oath commensurate to the sacrifice. He hurriedly unloosed the bowline from McKiver's waist, and hitched the trawl-line to a granite projection. Then

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he fell upon his knees and began to chafe his unconscious savior.

One after the other, the crew of the *Finance* made the perilous journey from the broken vessel to the barren rock that lay a cable's-length from the mainland. Not a man of them was lost. By what the blind are accustomed to call a "freak" of Providence, the *Finance* held firm in her granite vise until Noah Lufkin, her skipper, found himself dashed upon the rock. By the loosening of the line he knew that the final catastrophe had come. His men hauled him in just before his freezing hands lost their hold.

Then the sea, thwarted and furious, hurled, as from a hundred bows, slivers of wreckage that smote and pierced the huddled group as they lay on the rock, clutching with bleeding fingers its jagged fissures, lest a roller higher than the last wash them to the edge, and they slide and become flotsam. For there they clung together, with McKiver in the middle, whether dead or dying, they knew not, and all they knew was that if God permitted them to live until morning, they would carry him ashore and give him a decent burial. So they caught the javelins and impaled them in the crevasses, and fastened themselves down.

Then there arose a wonder: this was a gale of frozen herring. These the sea in its final fury cast upon the men like flails —frozen ghosts of frozen fish. Only once in the memory of the Fairharbor fishing-fleet has such a ghastly bombardment taken place. By twos, by threes, by dozens, by scores, the receding tide threw up on the apex of its foam the released bait. This the wind caught and shot like arrows at the crouching heads of the freezing men. If the tide had been coming instead of going, the story of McKiver could not have been told.

THE day dawned leisurely and with that exasperating unconsciousness of great disasters peculiar to nature. The sparse inhabitants of that cheerless Maine coast dreaded to look out that morning. The snow that for the last twenty-four hours had shut out one horror of the sea, but had left its rhythmic booming to irritate the nerves and the imagination, had now ceased. The cold day dawned. The sun arose. The storm had passed.

Now, one by one, faces peer anxiously through battered windows, and out of storm-pocked doors. Huge, oily waves thunder up the rocks and obliterate the view with their iridescent spray.

Round Rock stands out imperturbable —a glistening sentinel. But what is that black mass upon its top? The rising sea approaches it stealthily; each wave licks nearer. One old mariner after another brings out his long telescope and inspects the unusual phenomenon.

"My God! It 's men! Shipwrecked! Cast up in the night!"

But where is their vessel? Not a sign of ship or wreck. Are these specks children of the hurricane and of the sea—born in the night and thrust out upon the bleak?

Simultaneously the little population gathered upon the shingle behind the rock. It did not take long to launch a dory with a couple of men in the swirl of the rushing tide. Behind gathered a row of gaunt women; some of them held fat children, who, awed by the solemnity of the scene, cuddled for protection. With eyes shaded by shawls, their mothers waited—fire in their hearts, but their impassive countenances graven by the custom of peril and of want.

The dory grated upon the lee of the rock. The men hauled her up and bounded to the top. The crew of the *Finance* had not passed into the Valley yet. The skipper opened his eyes and said:

"Take him first." With his last strength he jerked his eyes toward a huge broken figure, red-headed and snow-faced.

So they hauled poor McKiver out, and brought him ashore.

"Hurry him up to our house, the poor, poor man!" said one of the tall, gaunt women, who held a freckled baby in her arms. She spoke with a rich, womanly accent, and cuffed the baby because it howled. "Mother would n't hear to his goin' anywheres else," she added.

Then and thus a neighbor answered her:

"I 'm afraid he 's frozen stiff, but I reckon if any one kin bring him to, you kin, Kate. We 'll fetch a pail o' snow, an' you kin rub him with that until the doctor come."

So they carried Sandy McKiver up the hill, and laid him on his wife's bed.

IT was a fair spring day. The buds were green and full and bursting joyously. The

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sun shone hot, and the birds caroled as if their throats would burst. The scant grass that fringed the coast-line looked thick and juicy. The poor little fishing-hamlet that in winter barely supported life lay in luxurious content and almost Oriental languor.

Then the sea—oh, how blue and peaceful! It just trembled a little in the warm, low wind, as if in ecstasy of mere existence. A baby could venture upon its bosom, so innocent of harm it looked, so devoid of cruelty. Dory fishermen were lazily baiting their lobster-pots, while from the precipitous ledge of Round Rock a group of boys were noisily catching cunners punctuating each new haul as it squirmed up into the undeflected sun with uproarious shrieks of glee that could be heard in the squat houses on the shore.

Propped in an old-fashioned kitchen rocker, with his face to the sea, the sun bathing his covered limbs, a gaunt figure reclined. In his lap sat a fierce, freckle-faced baby, making desperate dabs at the man's brilliant red beard. This he would manage to pull, and receive a sharp rap as a reward of merit.

"Say, old gal," cried the father, holding the scratching and kicking infant at arm's-length, "this kid is worse 'n a dog-fish. I reckon he takes arter his ma. Ho, ho!"

A tall, bony woman stooped and emerged from the doorway. "Sandy,"—she spoke in a high, quick tone, but her face showed the tenderness and content of a woman who is absolutely necessary to the man she loves,—"if yer don't cuff that little kid o' yourn mother says you 'll spile him—you 'll spile him so he won't be wuth his weight in bait." She came and laid upon his shoulder her large, sud-whitened hand. This he gathered in his own at the risk of having his eyes gouged out by his son.

"Kate, old gal," his lips trembled, "I dunno how it come about. I 've been thinkin' an' a-thinkin' since the snow went how it happened that the sea cast me up in the only place on God's footstool that I wanted to be in. I guess it 's becus I wanted yer so an' me heart le'pt to yer, an' I guess God understood me better 'n any one else, an' I could n't seem to die until I said, 'Kate, me old gal, will yer forgive me, so help me God?'"

"There, there, Sandy," said Kate, "don't yer say no more, Sandy. Me an' the bebby hev forgiven an' forgotten long ago. Jes think; if it had n't happened as it did, I would n't hev come home to mother, and I would n't 'a' bin on hand to nuss yer, an' I 'll bet no other woman could hev saved yer, Sandy. There was a time when neither you nor me saw any landin' ahead, Sandy; but God and the ocean—them two knew what they was about."

"An' I say, Kate (git down there, you imp o' Satan, yer!), I kin walk pooty well." McKiver stood up, turning his unbronzed and chalk-lined face to the receiving sun. He slipped a crutch under each arm and began to hobble, almost stumbling over his obstreperous child. "Ain't that fine! An' I 'll be healed by June, the doctor says; then I 'll teach those hollerin' boys a thing or two about cunnerin'."

Kate's eyes filled with tears as the hero showed his deformities. One leg was hopelessly bent, and the foot was gone, and the other foot was only a stump. His right hand had lost three fingers; but this was considered a minor subject, not worthy of comment. The fisherman's wife tried to speak, and could not. Suddenly she blurted out:

"Capt'n John Foster is gittin' deef."

"Hey?"

"I say, he 's gittin' deef."

"What 's that to me?" a little testily.

"Oh, nothin' much. They say he 's goin' to give up the post-office in June, an' thet there 's a movement to put a feller called Sandy McKiver in. Did ye know, my father was postmaster once, an' they kinder want some one to represent the country as the folks respect—and—and—as is a *man*."

His wife came up and put her arm under his. "Lemme help yer, dear; you 're tired. You 'd better git back to the chair an' lie in the sun. That 's better 'n a whole school o' doctors. An', Sandy,—who cares?—as long as me an' the bebby has you."

It was McKiver's turn. He tried and tried again. Then he burst out like a great big boy:

"'T ain't me. It 's you. Y—ye damned old angel, you! I say, it 's as long as *I* have *you*—I kin do anything. It 's only to be with my wife—that 's all I care. There, there! Don't, Kate! For God's sake, don't!"

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THE NEW WOMAN IN TURKEY

HOW ANCIENT RIGHTS AND MODERN DRESS PROTECT AND IMPROVE THE LOT OF TURKISH WOMEN

BY ANNA BOWMAN DODD[1]

THE curtain screening the more intimate life and manners of the Turk was first lifted by the white hand of an English ambassadress. In 1717 Lady Mary Wortley Montagu went to Constantinople to fall in love with everything Turkish. In the warmth of her ardor she painted the East as the most perfect of countries. The climate, she vowed, was "delightful in the extremest degree." Turkey was the country where she found "women the freest, men the most faithful, religion the purest, and manners the most polite." If its beys, pashas, and effendis betrayed tendencies to an "amiable atheism," it was only that they might prove themselves the better wits.

This clever Englishwoman, to whom no subject was dull, was also "charmed with many points of the Turkish law—to our shame be it spoken, better designed and better executed than ours." Morality, indeed, in that "heathenish" country she found was at so surprisingly high a level that there was even a punishment for convicted liars.

For over a century and a half Lady Mary's sprightly pictures of the life of Turkish women have remained as the true Western ideals of the mysterious East. In a hundred and fifty years what changes! The Turk is now become the "unspeakable." Turkey is the nation above all others at which hands must be uplifted, eyes virtuously rolled, and the political garment withheld from compromising contact. Yet when one comes to know him, even a little, the Turk is found to be neither so very terrible nor so hardened in his brutality as we had supposed him.

Whatever may be one's personal conviction concerning Turkey's deeds or her misdeeds, the interest this curious and fascinating country presents is perdurable. More closely allied to European sympathies and tastes than the more wholly alien races of China and India, Turkey is also compellingly attractive, and particularly to Americans, as still preserving to our eyes and ears certain vanished forms and customs.

"Our private life must be walled." This, the Asiatic rule of life, is the curtain that is rung down before the eager, searching Western gaze. Turkish interiors, both moral and domestic, are hedged about as by a triple wall. In spite of the innovations, changes, and reforms introduced by foreign models, the Turk continues to perpetuate, more or less unconsciously, the traditions of his fathers. To hold tight to the secret of one's inner life—this is in the blood of the Turk. Frankness is as foreign to the Moslem nature as is a subtle complexity of thought to the American.

In these more emancipated days Turkish reserve is occasionally seen to lower its vizor. On the slightest suspicion of indiscreet intrusion the movable face of the helmet is, however, quickly sealed tight to its clasp. A Turk nowadays may speak of his wife; he counts on your discretion to consider his mention of her as unuttered.

[1] The author and her husband were members of General Horace Porter's party during the visit to Constantinople of the American ambassador to France, when they received marked attentions from the Sultan and Turkish officials. — EDITOR.

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MONOGAMY ON THE INCREASE IN TURKEY

ALTHOUGH of late years, among Turks highly placed, it has come to be considered as far more chic to have only one wife, yet this laudable increase in the practice of monogamy does not tend to a complete emancipation from certain well-established Moslem traditions. The mention of one's wife to a foreigner is nowadays made the easier when one may truthfully speak of her in the singular number. A Turk may, after some months of semi-intimacy, talk somewhat freely, indeed, of his domestic life, provided always his household is modeled after the European plan of life. The social line is drawn at the point of asking even a lady to call. Frequent visiting between European and Turkish wives, when these are in the singular number, is possible only after a somewhat prolonged residence and much friendly intercourse.

To the casual visitor there is an unexpected embarrassment in finding almost all the Turks one meets in society married to one wife only. The singularity of this singleness is as trying, apparently, to the Turk, on certain occasions, as it is eminently disappointing to the European.

"I do so hope the Minister of —— may grant me the honor of visiting his harem," an American lady remarked with the charming aplomb characteristic of the American woman.

"F—— Pasha would be too delighted, I am sure; only, as it happens, his Excellency has no harem in the sense in which, I presume, most foreigners understand our word," was the courteous reply of the minor official to whom the remark was addressed. "He has but one wife, as, indeed, we mostly all have."

"Has n't any one a harem?" The cry was almost tearful. "F—— Pasha has a great many children," continued this disappointed investigator of Turkish customs.

"Yes, he has eleven living. His wife is very fond of children."

"Is she Turkish?"

"No; she is a Circassian lady of very good family."

"Ah-h, a Circassian! She must be very beautiful; the boys are so handsome," the pretty American remarked in a mollified tone. From a romantic traveler's point of view, if Turks persist in marrying as virtuously and dully as every one else, at least to find them marrying a Circassian slave was a trifle more solacing than to have found the single wife of correct Turkish descent.

The young aide-de-camp smiled as he made answer: "Yes, you are quite right; we mostly marry Circassians, and almost all our children are beautiful."

There are still enough harems throughout Turkey sufficiently equipped with a plurality of wives to satisfy the most exacting of travelers in search of sensation. Even in Constantinople there are pashas and effendis rich enough to keep up the old standards of Moslem marital pomp. The majority, however, of the upper ten thousand practise, at least outwardly, the European fashion of monogamy.

A FINANCIAL AND A SOCIAL REASON FOR MONOGAMY

THAT this fashion will continue and increase there is little doubt. Fortunes at best are among the most uncertain of possessions in a land where exile and banishment are as likely to happen as birth and death. The most extravagant gift with which a Turk may present himself is, therefore, a properly stocked harem.

Each one of his four wives must have a separate establishment. Each establishment must have its own slaves, cooks, and equipage. Each wife or odalisk must, if she be in the height of the present fashion, have her piano, her French gowns, and foreign tutors for her sons and daughters; and she must, besides, be able to dispense a large and continuous hospitality, ever ready to return the Gargantuan feasts, the grand luncheon-parties, and the *al fresco* fêtes which form the social dissipation of the smart Osmanli feminine world. No one of the wives may be slighted. Each has her legal rights, clearly, exactly defined by scriptural and accepted law. These rights are many—so numerous, indeed, that after a review of them it is the European rather than the Osmanli women who seem to be still in bondage.

As no Turk can with safety withhold from his wives their enforceable rights, he naturally thinks many times before burdening himself with several. Unless his fortune be unusually large, he contents himself with the one wife Christian society

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considers as the essential of an ideal marital state.

The rich young Turks, also, have traveled; they have seen the young girls and the clever married women of France, Germany, England, and Austria. On their return to their own country they feel the loss of such stimulating feminine charm and of such intellectual comradeship. A whole harem of beautiful women is not as satisfying as is the company of one woman who may be a companion as well as mistress and wife.

The young Turk is also in his turn an imitator, a student of foreign ways, of life, and of manners. The European, he notes, has (at least, at one and the same time) but one wife. But this single wife is surely better than many, for he may present her, introduce her, she may go everywhere, even do everything, in matters of pleasure or sport, that he does. The European or the American wife is not one wife; she is a hundred. She multiplies herself by her diversity, by her infinite variety. *Ergo*, to have but one wife is at once more chic and more amusing. But where will the young Turk find such an one among the young Turkish maidens suggested to him by his parents? These young girls will have been well brought up according to the Turkish standards of education. These standards are based, however, upon more or less harem, not Continental, matrimonial modes of life. Will he look among the beautiful Circassians, whose loveliness is still, as every Turk knows, as easily to be purchased as is a new thoroughbred? Beautiful, even clever in her own way, as the chosen Circassian may be, still the purchased woman represents the old conditions, the old harem,. demoralizing, stupefying, unregenerate conditions.

THE ADVANTAGES OF MARRYING A SLAVE

For various and excellent reasons, however, beautiful slaves, Circassians or Georgians, are still often preferred as wives by Turks of good standing to the free maidens of their own race. Marriage with a Turkish young girl is almost as expensive an affair as the setting up of a harem. There are lavish sums necessary for the giving of the numerous wedding presents. The length and expense of wedding festivities themselves might well daunt the stoutest heart. Marriage with a slave, on the contrary, entails no greater outlay than the purchase-money. If chosen from the household of a great lady, such a wife stands as good a chance of being well educated and well bred as a high-born Turkish maiden, for the feminine heads of the best households take great pride in the training and education of their slaves, the more beautiful among them receiving a proportionately higher degree of care.

The Turk who marries a slave marries no one else. The dreaded specter of the mother-in-law is one he need never fear. The bride's family, having been conveniently lost and forgotten many years before, will never present itself at the right moment for making trouble.

Once the slave is legally married, she takes her place, with all the social rights and privileges of an Osmanli wife. The true family life of the Turk begins when he is thus the legal spouse of one or more wives.

THE MODERN TURKISH GENTLEMAN

Meanwhile, among the Turkish men, as every one knows, the transformation of the exclusive Oriental into the accomplished European is already become the universal pattern of a Turkish gentleman. Whatever his party, whether he belong to the old or the young Turkey party, the Turk of any pretension to style or to social state clothes himself in certain of the European modes of thought, as he does, sartorially, in European dress.

Whatever the laws governing the standard of manners in Turkish life may be, their results prove them to be beyond criticism. The Turk has not only perfect manners, but he also has this peculiarity among other Eastern nations: however lowly his birth, once he has "arrived," he is transformed into an aristocrat of deeply inrooted conservative tendencies, who yet presents, outwardly, a most engaging, sympathetic plasticity. Those whose lineage has ancestral distinction reveal a most engaging social equipment. "Whenever I want to talk to a man who understands *everything*, I turn to B—— Bey," said a beautiful woman recently to me in Rome. "He is as clever as a Frenchman, as versatile as our American men, and he has the sympathetic quality of a woman."

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A PREMIUM ON DOMESTIC LIFE

DOMESTIC life, our writers would have us believe, is beginning to be one of the lost joys among Western nations. The pace of our feverish, strenuous, excited existence is too rapid to give time for the quieter, duller tread about the family hearth. In Turkey the charms and pleasures of family life are not only enjoyed to the full: they are the more relished because of the comparative dullness of all outside pleasures. Outside of his home, unless he belongs to the court, to the army, to the navy, or to the civil service, a Turk in good standing has few occupations save that of a man of family. His religion forbids him to drink or to gamble; to dance is to lower one's self to the rank of slaves; theaters, operas, shows of any kind, are dissipations unknown to the Turkish world.

For the man who must live without clubs, golf, or the shooting of big game (the Turk of to-day is not universally a sportsman); who may travel only after having obtained royal permission; whose taste for art, as we understand the word, is as yet comparatively undeveloped; who, by virtue of the peculiarities of his climate and the laws of polite living among his people, can therefore neither drink himself to death nor go to the North or to the South Pole in search of adventure—what sort of life is there left for such a man to lead?

As it is in the nature of man to kill something, the Turk has made a fine art of killing time. Between his womenkind and his kaif, the Turkish equivalent for *dolce far niente*, he manages to extract a certain amount of delicate and exquisitely satisfactory enjoyment out of what we more actively veined races call the game of life. From the point of view of its being a game, life in Turkey, apart from court and governmental circles, is a failure. The struggle, the zest, the eager intensity with which life is lived in certain European countries and throughout America, stops short of Turkish frontiers.

THE DEMOCRATIC SPIRIT IN TURKISH LIFE

TURKEY is as democratic as America. There is no hereditary nobility in Turkey; there is no ruling class; there is no aristocracy, in the true sense of the word. A man of low origin, even a slave, by his abilities, good looks, or through the intrigues of some influential friend or relative at court, may become a high court official, a minister of the Sublime Porte, even Grand Vizir. The history of Turkey teems with sudden, amazing turns in the wheel of fortune. The careers of some of her greatest statesmen, generals, admirals, and vizirs have been as replete with adventure and as richly colored with wondrous episodes as any hero Dumas or Victor Hugo ever imagined.

So democratic a rule of social and political life has brought about the inevitable results. All Turkish society is more or less in a foment of anxiety, excitement, and intrigue. Since the lowest may aspire to the highest place, every Turkish youth dreams of being governor over some rich province, minister, or, at the very least, ambassador to some of the great capitals. The court is the center of this hotbed of intrigue. All the rays of hope converge toward the central source of patronage and preferment.

THE RELIGIOUS SPIRIT AMONG THE COMMON PEOPLE

FOR the common people throughout Turkey, life has changed but little. The Turkish laborer, artisan, mechanic, farmer, is very much the same Turk he was twelve and a half centuries ago. The greatest change that has come to the poorer classes is that in our day their children are compelled to learn to read and write. These workers, toilers, and mechanics are full of the same superstitions, they are controlled by the same traditions, and they are also as deeply religious, as were their ancestors who swept the Asian plains. Put a sword in their hands, and they would be miraculously changed into fighters and soldiers as fanatical and as iconoclastic as are all fighters possessed by a fierce and living faith.

The religious fervor is as strong as are the practices of religion; for the people continue with undiminished ardor the strict observances of their faith. The common people are among the last of the truly devout believers, and the religion of Mohammed exactly suits the character and taste of the pious, fervent Turk. No other faith can hope to reach every fold of a nature the

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base of which is still preëminently at once warlike and sensuous, fierce yet tender, superstitious yet rationable, proud and yet patiently humble.

The Koran is all the literature and Bible felt to be necessary to millions upon millions of minds and souls who are still in what may be called a state of high susceptibility to spiritual belief. The millions controlled by this monotheistic form of religion as revealed by Mohammed stretch from the interior of western and southern Africa to India, and from Arabia to the confines of Turkey in Europe. The recent amazing spread of Islamism throughout middle and southern Africa is one of the most interesting features of change and development in that agitated continent. Black races, as well as the Persian, Turkish, Arabian, and the millions among the Indian peoples, have fallen utterly captive to the genii, to the angels, to the peris, to the fates, to the glory, of the Mohammedan heaven, to the mitigated hell torments, to the awful doom of predestination, to the rapturous certainties of resurrection, and to the assured immortality which the Koran, to its believers, reveals with so clear and certain a voice.

As his Koran teaches him to be kind, patient, humane to animals and to his poor, to be hospitable, and to believe solely in one God, and Mohammed his Prophet, and to serve his Khalifa (Sultan) as he would Mohammed, we find throughout Turkey a whole people amazingly kind, courteous, hospitable; a people needing no society of prevention of cruelty to dumb beasts, no almshouses or poor rates; few perverts to other religions; and toward their great Khalifa and Ruler, be he good or bad, cruel or kind, behold a people submissive and humble, and yet full of the dignity that comes of a great patience and of a profoundly loyal nature.

THE TWO SYSTEMS OF MOHAMMED

THE Koran has accomplished this and similar results upon widely diverse peoples by means of two systems. Each of these was employed by Mohammed in the elaboration of his new religion. One of these systems was based upon his discovery of the fact that to govern many men of many minds a religion, while it may be a *résumé* of many other religions, as was his, yet must be one the very simplicity of which comes as a novelty.

The second of that remarkable man's systems was the building up of his moral and civil laws on the theory that to guide certain races you must make due allowances for the influences of climate and customs. Mohammed, for example, did not invent polygamy. He merely legalized prostitution. He made the wild, the savage men of his time, as well as the more sensuously refined Arabians, with their loose notions about the sexual tie, conform to a rule of life which should make a man responsible for his acts. By having his wives and slaves under his own roof, the Mohammedan husband became the protector of the women who ministered unto him. As father, also, the duties and responsibilities of the husband and master were extended to the offspring of both sorts of unions. To such unions very strict limitations were made. No Mohammedan legally may have more than four women, whether as wives or as concubines.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN TURKEY

THE rights of women in Turkey were clearly defined some twelve centuries before Christian Europe or America had seen fit to grant either divorce or suitable alimony to women.

While a Mohammedan may have one or four wives, as with each or all of his wives, should they be free maidens, he receives a dowry, one half of such dowry is set aside. In case a husband repudiates his wife, this part of the dowry is returned with her to her father's house. This excellent law is perhaps accountable for the fact that, while a Mohammedan has the right to divorce his wife for causes which would seem flippant even in Dakota, a Turk thinks twice before he goes to the extreme of repudiation. "No, no; divorce in Turkey is not popular. In all my acquaintance I do not know one who has divorced!" was gravely stated by a Turkish friend when this most excellent Moslem prohibitive law against impulsive divorces was under discussion.

For a man to send away his wife that he may be freed from her, even take another in her place, is not an unknown masculine infirmity even in Christian Europe. To return her clinking to the tune of half

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of her own dowry, this is an impending calamity to avert which many a Turk turns twice on the hard bed his rueful marriage has made for him.

There has been a vast amount of pity wasted upon the Moslem woman. It may surprise even the woman suffragist to learn that the laws of Mohammed confer upon women a greater degree of legal protection than any code of laws since the middle Roman law. Only the more recent liberties and protection granted to married women by the laws of divorce and the exclusive property rights now in force in the United States can be properly compared to those in force in Turkey.

Under the Moslem laws the provision for securing to the wife the free and uncontrolled possession of her property is minutely stipulated in the marriage contract. A suitable sum is also arranged for her maintenance in accordance with her husband's rank.

A REVOLUTION WROUGHT BY WOMEN'S FASHIONS

THE Turkish ladies who come to shop in La Grande Rue, to buy innumerable articles at the Pera Bon Marché, are working a silent, unconscious, but none the less amazing revolution in Turkish life. Fashion is the greatest of all subverters. Since Abdul Aziz brought from France French notions about women's dress, and introduced to the women of his harem the intricacies and refinements of Parisian costumes, the tastes and desires of Turkish women quite insensibly have begun, in their turn, their retroactive influence upon Turkish life and finance. The passion for splendid raiment is an instinct with the Oriental. With men as well as women the adornment of the person has been for long ages a cult, a social rite. Along with the influences wrought upon sensuous, semi-barbaric natures by an Eastern sun and the intense Eastern light, under which the strongest colors pale and fade, the Turks, in common with all Eastern peoples, have long associated magnificence in apparel with high rank. Gorgeous as were the jewel-studded, lavishly embroidered Turkish costumes worn by the richer classes in former days, they had this one inestimable advantage—they were always in the highest fashion. It took a new reign to bring in a new cut of a pasha's mantle or gem-studded turban. As for the women, the harem of the Mohammedan had its own peculiar economies; for within its mysterious walls it was the women who were changed or put aside, and not their dress.

The busy brains of the men-milliners in the Rue de la Paix have effected a bloodless revolution. The Moslem rule of centuries, in matter of dress, is at an end. "*Nous avons changé tout cela*," the Frenchmen must cry gaily, in a chorus, as they finger the checks signed by strange, undecipherable, but very negotiable Turkish signatures. Boxes upon boxes of gowns, ball-dresses, dinner-dresses, tea-gowns, shoes, slippers, the finest hosiery, the costliest lace-trimmed underwear—these are sent via the Orient express or steamers from Marseilles, to be deposited at the harem doors of wealthy Turkish signors. With the coming of these boxes, the signor has made a discovery. It is now the dresses which change every year, and not, alas! his odalisks. The bey or pasha who twenty years ago could have had two hundred women in his harem, and still know himself to be a rich man, now feels himself poor with but a single wife and her daughters to clothe, and a mere handful of Jarigas; but these, of course, don't count, for slaves still wear—Allah be thanked!—the comparatively cheap Turkish dress.

CHANGES IN THE VEIL AND DRESS

IN the streets, as you pass Turkish ladies, you would not, you could not, suspect the full nature of their complete transformation in the matter of costume. It is still good form even among the smartest Turkish ladies to wear, when abroad, their *feridjeh*. But the cloak which is gown and inverted cape in one, the upper part of the garment being drawn over head and ears, this primitive domino cloak, still universally worn by the less wealthy classes, whether walking or driving, has undergone a very sensible amelioration. Instead of the disfiguring drawing-string pattern, the smart feridjeh is now simply a very well cut long silk cloak, rather loose-fitting, but still all-enveloping. The ladies whom you pass in their well-turned-out coupés, with only the black man's face beside the liveried coachman on the box to remind you it is not a strictly European establishment—these ladies have commonly

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chosen dark, somber colors for their silken cloaks. Their veils are no longer the older-fashioned *yaskmak*, that famous veil that hid all the features save that which is at once most betraying and most seductive in a woman's face, her eyes; this bewitching mask is now chiefly relegated to the poorer classes and to negro slaves. The fashionable Turkish veil of our own time is a true veil. A large square of lace, black or white, covers completely both head and face. The thickly woven mesh falls below the chin. In such a disguise as that provided by the silken cloak and the veil-wrapper, who could divine the dainty French bodice, with its web-like embroideries and lace incrustations, or the tight hip-skirt, with its flying base, or the ropes of pearls, or the costly uncut emerald or diamond necklace?

For a shopping tour, the wife of the wealthiest pasha dons the skirt and shirt (the blouse) that has become as generally the accepted utilitarian feminine costume as has the republican sack-coat and trousers for men, whether sovereign or clerk. This skirt and shirt are worn beneath the cloak.

In the European shops of Pera, if you use your eyes and ears, certain other changes and modifications at work upon the loom of Turkish life will confront you. The young daughters of matronly ladies whose half-open feridjehs betray them as wearing smart Parisian gowns and high-heeled shoes, dames who doubtless began their harem life in gauze chemisettes and sagging Turkish trousers—the daughters of these ladies you may hear stammering a few words of French or English. If none but women happen to be within the shop, the girls' fair, fresh faces will be, and will remain, unveiled. It is only after marriage that the face of a Mohammedan woman must be unseen save by one man, her husband, and by the eyes of her own household.

The education of its women is another among the many innovations that are being introduced among the more highly born or highly placed Turks. It is the mothers of a race who alone can educate, can transform its sons and daughters into the higher types of men and women.

MOHAMMED'S FAIRNESS TO WOMEN

SLAVES are no less provided for, under the laws of Mohammed, than are free women. An odalisk, who is always a slave, if she bear a child to her master must be maintained for life, or she must be set free and married. Her children, whether she be bond or free, have equal rights with the children of the legal wife or wives of the household. A Moslem, in other words, virtually can have no sexual relations with any woman without assuming full responsibilities for such intimacy.

Other customs, traditions, and ceremonies give to a Moslem woman a fixed and independent position within the walls of her own house. The *hanoum*, or first head wife, is virtually the head of every Turkish household. She is also likely to remain such, as no Turkish parent will, as a rule, consent to see his daughter subject to a first wife. For a second wife, in the rare cases where such are chosen, the husband desirous of extending his sphere of bondage must, as a rule, either take an odalisk or go without. Such a wife, whether freed or not, remains in a state of semi-servitude and obedience to the hanoum.

Mohammed borrowed most of his laws from Moses. He added certain humane clauses that place him among the most just and sympathetic of all masculine reformers. For the slave and the free, for the divorced and the widowed, he provided laws securing to woman in every stage of life maintenance and support according to the state and means of her lover or husband.

He understood women well enough to know that for a wife to have a rival in the house is not so bitter or so dangerous to the well-being of that household as to have the husband unfaithful abroad. The rivalries between Moslem wives are trials that may the more easily be borne, since the rights of each wife, even to the point of her share in the society of the master, are fixed by law.

Mohammed thought so well of women that he could not have enough of them, even in heaven. So far from his denying them the possession of souls, the Koran distinctly asserts that women shall not only be rewarded for their good deeds, but that they shall also suffer punishment for their evil ones. The Mohammedan women, it is true, are relegated by the prophet to a separate heaven from that open to their fathers, brothers, and husbands. But as these latter are promised the perpetual enjoyment of

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the paradisiacal women,—a particular species specially manufactured for the reward of the good and brave among men in the celestial regions,—Mohammed's knowledge of the sex may have suggested the inspiring thought that the promise of a continuation of the harem conditions—that of looking at happiness through another woman's eyes—might not be considered as conducive to a satisfactory state of beatitude.

SLAVES AND SLAVERY IN TURKEY

THE system of slavery exists in the imperial harem, as it also exists throughout the whole of the Turkish Empire. The public sale of slaves has been suppressed, in deference to European prejudices. Those rows of human merchandise, whose black and white skins, whose crinkled and blond tresses, were formerly as much a part of the color and shows of the Constantinople streets as the necklaced buffaloes or the stately camel trains, those groups of Abyssinians, Georgians, Circassians, and Greeks, have been removed from the public gaze, only to crowd the thicker more secret places.

The institution of slavery is as unjustifiable under Moslem law as was our own slave-trade, in our Southern States, contrary to the spirit and teaching of our Constitution. To quote a recent English writer, "Slavery as now practised in Turkey is in direct contravention of the law of Islam, which only recognizes as legitimate property non-Moslems who have fallen into the power of true believers during war." Circassians are not non-Moslems, nor are they spoils of war. They are Islams, whose faith is as pure as that of the hardened parents who deliberately barter their children's beauty for money, and as that of the slave-dealers who crowd their fragile human merchandise into miserable little vessels in the depth of winter, that they may pass through the Black Sea at the season when Russian men-of-war are not scouring the horizon on the lookout for such as they. The Abyssinians are likewise the greater sufferers because of our humanitarian insistence on the suppression of a trade from whose scourge England, America, and Russia have freed themselves only during the past half-century. But the new broom of virtuous reform seeks ever to sweep as clean its neighbor's precincts as it has its own.

So long as the harem exists in Turkey, just so long must slaves be procurable. The internal organization of the harem is as dependent upon the slave as was the Greek system of civilization upon its slave foundation. For implicit obedience and profitable service there must be a class of beings who will fulfil blindly the commands of the superior. Slaves alone can be forced to carry out, to the utmost letter of the order, the word of command from their master or mistress.

The institution of polygamy necessitates a certain amount of authority. The supporting base of the polygamous structure is slavery.

With that note of humanity which characterizes most of the laws governing the weak and the unprotected throughout Turkey, domestic slavery in Turkey is minimized in its tyranny. Slavery throughout the Turkish world is tantamount to an enforced domestic service.

Slaves are protected by laws as binding as those that give to Turkish women a legal freedom almost unknown elsewhere. After seven years' servitude the female slave may claim her freedom. This she rarely does, save, of course, in the very exceptional cases where she has been treated with cruelty. The peculiar privileges in matters of education, as well as certain coveted social pleasures, and above all else the gift of a dot and trousseau at her marriage—these advantages make the position of a girl slave in a good Turkish household superior to the conditions of life possible in the low-caste rank of her parents.

To be chosen by a dealer for exportation, to be bought by a hanoum for her beauty, is as great a boon to a poor Circassian as is the possible grandeur of her future elevation to the position of wife or *seraili*.

The training of slaves with a view to making a profit out of their attractions is not an unknown industry even among Turkish ladies of rank. Beauty and accomplishments are always twin stars in the matrimonial firmament. A clever and beautiful girl slave, well dressed, well mannered, and ambitious, may bring, not only to herself, but to her mistress, a flat-

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tering degree of success by marrying well. Ladies highly placed take great pride in their slaves; they go about with the more attractive of their household, much as a monarch likes to see himself surrounded by officials of handsome and imposing appearance. Slaves richly, sometimes fantastically dressed, the better to show off their points, are a part of every large entertainment, fête, and festivity. The color and beauty of their garments, their grace, youthful vivacity, and gaiety, add not a little to the splendor of the feasts given by women to women in the Constantinople great world.

A certain amount of freedom is admitted between mistress and slave, and the mutual devotion between the girl who owes everything she is to the owner who has given her the opportunity to show her talents and character, and the mistress who in her slave finds confidante, friend, and ally, this love and attachment is sometimes as touching as it is sublime. For women must everywhere cling to women at certain moments, whether they be within or without harem walls. In the long life struggle there are times and crises when only a woman can be turned to for full and complete sympathy.

ANECDOTES OF LESCHETIZKY

BY COMTESSE ANGÈLE POTOCKA

PLAYING A LOCKED PIANO

"I WAS only three years old," said Leschetizky to me one day, "when my sensitiveness to musical impressions became evident. My favorite playgrounds were the grass or gravel walks immediately under the windows of the rooms where the music-lessons and practising went on. I soon learned to distinguish between the playing of the two young countesses. I preferred listening to the elder, Julie, who was more diligent than her sister. She played selections from the works then in vogue, especially transcriptions and fantasies by Thalberg from the then very popular Bellini operas. When I was taken into the house, my little brain swarming with these melodies, I experienced a wild, tormenting desire to reproduce them. This, however, was a difficult matter, as my father, fearing that I might be tempted to pound on it, regularly locked the piano when not in use, and carried away the key. The instrument was an old-fashioned upright clavecin, and I discovered that by drawing the green silk curtains that protected the lower mechanism, I could work the hammers from below and make the strings respond. Seated on the floor under the keyboard, I thus made my début and earned my first applause; for my mother's heart was filled with joy at recognizing the airs that her little 'Dorcio' soon learned to pick out in this novel fashion. Seeing my eagerness, she finally persuaded my father to give me lessons. I was then about five years old, and my progress was so rapid that my father decided to bring me out, and I made my entrée in the drawing-rooms of the best families of the neighborhood."

HIS PUBLIC DÉBUT AT NINE

LESCHETIZKY made his public début at the age of nine. The circumstances of this initial appearance have remained in his mind, and he relates them as follows: "My father took me to Leopole [Lemberg] to take part in a concert. I was to play Czerny's concertino with orchestra under the baton of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, —a son of the immortal Mozart,—then musical director in Lemberg. The theater

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was a miserable barn-like structure. Moreover, it was infested with rats, and during the rehearsal I noticed a number of these abject quadrupeds running about in the body of the house. The concert was a grand affair. I was myself transported with delight by the admirable reading of the great Polish actor Bogumil Dawison, who declaimed a number of pieces with which I was familiar. He was at that time already quite celebrated, especially for his incomparable interpretation of brigand rôles. After the concert, the friend at whose house we were stopping presented me with a real little gun, and next morning I went back to the theater to hunt the rats."

A REPARTEE TO METTERNICH

LESCHETIZKY relates with keen enjoyment the circumstances of a certain evening when, as a child, he played at the apartments of Prince Metternich, then chancellor of the empire. As usual, his performance excited enthusiasm, and he was overwhelmed with caresses and kisses by the ladies, all of which the little fellow took quite naturally, ascribing it to his handsome velvet suit. Later on, when champagne was served at supper, he drank some and found it exceedingly to his taste. Metternich, who enjoyed drawing the boy out, said to him: "Well, Theodore, whom would you wish to marry?" The child, somewhat under the influence of the wine, fixing his bright eyes on one of the bottles, cried out enthusiastically: "Veuve Clicquot, your Highness," an answer eliciting much applause. The prince exclaimed: "That surely deserves a reward; choose whatever pleases you best in this drawing-room." Leschetizky says: "My father secretly hoped my choice would fall on some priceless vase or handsome clock. His disappointment was severe when he saw me select a common pasteboard jumping-jack hanging to one of the curtains, and left there probably by Metternich's sons, lads of my own age. I had never been allowed to have toys," concludes the master, sadly.

HIS IMPRESSIONS OF LISZT

"NOTWITHSTANDING the gigantic proportions of his intellect," says Leschetizky, "Liszt had a charm of manner, a certain gracious cordiality without a tinge of condescension; he seemed to see into every one's mind and feel with him. He was most affectionate with Czerny, who naturally took great pride in his illustrious pupil's tremendous success. To make my seat comfortably high, Liszt put some music on the chair. I was about to sit down when he stopped me, saying: 'Wait a moment, my boy; notice this name attentively.' I read the name Richard Wagner. The book was the score of 'Rienzi.' 'That man,' pursued Liszt, 'will some day make the world hear from him.'

"Liszt," says Theodore, "made a deep impression by his powerful individuality, his cheery manners, and that indescribable smile, contrasting with the piercing look in his eyes. His Vienna début opened the door to a series of unparalleled triumphs. He was remarkable in everything he did, and, though undoubtedly it is a trifling thing to note in so colossal a genius, it may not be uninteresting to remark that he was the first to play in public without music."

HE DANCES WITH FANNY ELLSLER

AT the age of twelve the young artist had already made many friends, in whose homes he was cordially welcomed. In later years he has spoken of the Joelsohns, through whom he had frequently enjoyed opportunities of meeting the world of fashion, as well as many celebrities attracted to that hospitable house by the delightful entertainments for which it was well known. In giving an account of a children's masked ball Theodore says: "The Joelsohns had a charming little black satin suit in Louis XV style made for me. My long hair was caught behind my head and fastened with the traditional bow. I believe this costume was thought to be very becoming. I was obliged to play several pieces, and bonbons, cakes, and fruits were showered upon me. Among the ladies, one attracted my attention. She was tall and slender, her expressive face shaded by beautiful light-brown hair. It was the celebrated dancer Fanny Ellsler. The gentlemen surrounded her and begged the favor of a dance. But she declined. Suddenly, fixing her radiant eyes on me, and bestowing one of her bewitching, never-to-be-forgotten smiles, she said: 'You, little one, will you dance with me?' At the bottom of my heart I was sorry to

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leave the pretty little girl to whom I was engaged, but I could not well refuse the request of the renowned daughter of Terpsichore, so I thanked her for the honor and we took the floor together. Mlle. Ellsler's dancing did not come up to my expectations that evening. She danced slowly—like any one else in a ball-room. But she made up for it next day by sending my parents a box in the front row of the theater, where we could all sit commodiously and enjoy her really wonderful performance."

COUNT SANDOR'S HORSE-PLAY

AT Ischl young Leschetizky met many persons of note—Meyerbeer and Nestroy, Dessauer, the poets Bauernfeld and Mosenthal, and the famous Professor Unger; while Bismarck and the celebrated Count Sandor represented the world of diplomacy.

Many of Count Sandor's eccentricities probably will not find place in his biography as a man of affairs, but those who knew him personally can scarcely mention his name without recalling some startling experience connected with him. Leschetizky was one day dining at his friend Dessauer's. The apartment was several floors up, and the guests were naturally not a little surprised to see the count riding into the dining-room on horseback. Indeed, his horses were quite as well accustomed to climbing stairs as are other animals to walking on level ground. On another occasion Leschetizky, Meyerbeer, and again Dessauer were lunching in a garden restaurant. They had remained rather late, and were sitting in a secluded spot. Suddenly the sprightly count appeared on his favorite pony, which immediately jumped up on a vacant table, stepping gingerly from one to another till it reached the astonished trio, who knew not what to expect next. Chancing to meet an aristocratic friend out driving one day, Sandor stepped up to her equipage to greet her. They remained some time in conversation, and when the lady finally signaled her coachman to proceed, the carriage moved not a foot, notwithstanding the efforts of the horses, urged by repeated lashes of the whip. The lady became alarmed, and when her coachman turned toward her to reassure her and excuse himself, he saw that Count Sandor's hand, resting on one of the wheels, was the cause of the trouble. He had been unable to resist the temptation of displaying his herculean strength in this little prank at his friend's expense.

A LAPSE OF MEMORY

LESCHETIZKY became acquainted with Bülow probably during the time the latter was studying law in Leipsic. The circumstances of his first visit to the subsequently great interpreter of Beethoven are amusing. Bülow happened not to be at home, and the maid who answered Theodore's ring very naturally asked what name she was to give Herr von Bülow on his return. Like many others living chiefly in a world of abstract ideas, Leschetizky has always been absent-minded, and, strange as it may seem, at that moment he could not recall his own name. Thrusting his hand first in one pocket, then in another, in feverish search of a card, and unable to find one, he realized what a sorry figure he presented, and made a violent rush for the stairs. Reaching the foot, he suddenly remembered his name, and seeing the maid peering curiously after the strange visitor, shouted up, "Leschetizky!" Bülow afterward told him that the girl had related the incident with embellishing details descriptive of his wild appearance and disheveled hair, prefacing her account with, "An idiot named Leschetizky called to-day."

HE IS SOMEWHAT ABSENT-MINDED

AT the house of Baron Stieglitz in St. Petersburg, Leschetizky was looked upon almost as a member of the family. He taught the baron's daughter, and the fifteen-year-old girl, according to a custom immemorially established among young women, became very fond of her teacher, offering him her tribute in the form of fruits and sweetmeats. One day, as Theodore was leaving the house, he found an enormous orange swelling his coat pocket. Probably he shared the prejudices of other young dandies with respect to such unsightly protuberances. At any rate, as he walked away he began peeling the fruit in order to get rid of it as soon as possible. As he was crossing a bridge opposite the baron's house, he turned to see the baroness and her daughter standing on the balcony. He immedi-

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ately saluted the ladies, and thus found his hat in one hand, the orange-peel in the other. A moment later he was blushing deeply to find that in a fit of absent-mindedness he had thrown his hat into the Neva and carefully placed the orange-peel on his head.

A SERIOUS BIT OF PLEASANTRY

ANOTHER anecdote of the St. Petersburg period illustrates Leschetizky's overflowing animal spirits. He and his friend Michel Stohl had been spending the evening with Mme. Tschikovanov, whose daughter later became Anton Rubinstein's wife. On leaving the house they were assailed on all sides by a number of *izvostschiki*, soliciting the honor of driving the young men home. The izvostschik is well known to foreigners as a peculiarly Russian institution. The horse, small and emaciated, with ragged, untrimmed tail, lays no claim to beauty. In summer he works in the fields; in winter he earns his meager feed in the capital, where he is often the sole support of his peasant master. The light vehicle, the dimensions of which allow of two passengers, if not stout, runs smoothly and is comfortable; and the picturesque driver, in his long blue cloth, sheepskin-lined mantle, is a most interesting study. He is not exacting in the matter of fees, but takes whatever he can get for his services—fifteen, twenty, thirty copecks, and upward. Theodore and his friend were soon gliding rapidly over the new-fallen snow in one izvostschik, Leschetizky calling out to the disappointed drivers that he would give any one following him a *griwenik*. It was not necessary to repeat the offer: all followed; and as the procession sped along, each passing izvostschik was hailed by his fellows and invited to join in the race—"the kind lord would reward all." When Theodore reached his apartment he found that his suite comprised seventy izvostschiki, obliging him to disburse seven rubles. Nevertheless, he felt amply repaid in his boyish delight at noting the mystification of passers-by.

A CZAR IN EMBRYO

LESCHETIZKY relates an amusing experience connected with a rehearsal of Bromberg's "Kinder Symphonie," which, under his direction, the young grand dukes were to perform with toy instruments. "Duke Vladimir, at that time about seventeen years of age, not wishing to take the trouble of counting the bars, amused himself instead by bringing in his instrument persistently, inappropriately, and without reference to the printed part on the rack before him. He was playing the 'quail,' and proved a serious and most annoying disturbance. Laying down my baton, I told him that if he did not desist it would be impossible for us to play at the grand duchess's concert. My remarks failed to impress him; the grand duke preferred his pranks to the proper rendering of the symphony, and the 'quail' continued obtrusive. Suddenly a tremendous rolling of the drum abruptly brought the orchestra to a standstill. It was Alexander, the heir apparent, who, with severe countenance and menacing tones, commanded his brother to observe discipline. 'Vladimir,' he thundered, 'you know who I am. I order you to behave.' The instinct of absolutism was already awake in the nineteen-year-old prince (later Alexander III), and I reflected on what the future might bring forth. As for Vladimir, he was completely quelled, and we were able to continue the rehearsal in good order."

THE CZAR CONFOUNDS A MARTINET

ANOTHER incident gives an idea of the absolutism prevailing in Russia in all ranks of authority. Leschetizky was an instructor in the imperial institute for young women at Smolna. Some of the pupils of the institute, school-girl-like, had complained of the quality of their food, and rumors of their complaint reached the ears of the Emperor, who ordered the Duke of Oldinburg, president of Smolna, to look into the matter. "I was not very fond of his Excellency," says Leschetizky. "He was a man of sour disposition—tall, thin, quick and angular in his movements, with little blinking, beady black eyes that took note of everything; and his nose in everybody's business. The Emperor's command was no sooner issued than Oldinburg started for Smolna, arriving just at dinner-time. Stationing himself not far from the kitchen, he awaited the passage of the soldiers on duty in the dining-room. Presently two went by, carrying a soup-

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tureen. 'Set that down on the floor and fetch me a spoon,' thundered the duke. The soldiers looked up in evident surprise, but, too well disciplined to speak except in answer to a question, obeyed; then stood submissively awaiting further orders. The duke, wearing a severely critical expression of face, dipped the spoon in the gray, murky liquid, but had no sooner touched it to his lips than he angrily rejected it, shrieking, 'Why, it 's dish-water!' 'As your Highness says,' answered the terrified soldiers. And so it was—dish-water being carried away in a cast-off soup-tureen used for washing knives and forks." Theodore's malicious enjoyment of this story is not entirely without retributive justice. He says: "On one occasion, in my early Smolna days, I was to play in a concert. The pompous president met me, and inquired superciliously, 'Why are you not in uniform?' 'I have none,' was my prompt answer. 'The uniform is obligatory with us—you are required to have one,' objected the martinet. Now this idea of wearing uniform was extremely distasteful to me. The Emperor was present at the concert and very kindly complimented me on my playing. In thanking him for his graciousness, I remarked that I had come near not appearing at all. Consequent questioning revealed the story of the uniform, and his Majesty laughed heartily, exclaiming: 'An artist in uniform! How absurd!'

"And so I found myself in possession of the highest warrant for not wearing the state livery, and had, moreover, the satisfaction of beholding the discomfiture of the haughty Oldinburg, who stood by wrathfully biting his lip."

A TRICK OF EXECUTION

DREYSCHOCK and Leschetizky were one day discussing pianistic effects. The former enlarged on the difficulties to be overcome before attaining a smooth glissando in the Weber "Concertstück," and then immediately sat down and executed it flawlessly. Theodore, who stood behind, complimented him highly, and, in his turn, ripped off the glissando without trouble. He then requested Dreyschock to play the passage again, maliciously insisting that his friend must have some original method of accomplishing the feat.

Dreyschock consented; but as he sat down Leschetizky held his hand tightly. Then their eyes met, and each knew that the other was possessed of his little secret, the very innocent device of moistening the thumb, but at the proper moment, and so dexterously that the audience does not see the hand carried to the mouth.

TURNING THE MUSIC FOR GOUNOD

LESCHETIZKY'S visit to London is memorable for his meeting with Charles Gounod, who received him with the large-hearted cordiality that, whatever may be said to the contrary, characterizes men of genius. The two musicians were much and often together, and it was there that Theodore met the beautiful Miss Weldon, who so cruelly returned Gounod's friendship by suppressing the score of "Polyeucte," which neither a lawsuit nor any inducement or threat was able to wrest from her, so that the composer was obliged to begin his work again from the beginning. Gounod was to accompany Patti in one of his songs, and invited Theodore to be present. "You must come," he said. "I want you as near me as possible." But this was a difficult matter to arrange, as all the seats were already disposed of; so at the last moment Leschetizky suggested sitting on the stage and turning the pages of the music. "But I will not use any," objected Gounod. "Never mind, maestro," answered Theodore; "we will put up something else and I will pretend to turn." And the genial composer finding the idea excellent, the knotty question was solved.

PADEREWSKI

THE musicians of Vienna had hailed with joy the founding of the Tonkünstlerverein, which gave an opportunity of hearing not only the best products of their fellow-townsmen, but also those of foreigners, who, when possible, were always invited to take part. I remember the night that Leschetizky brought out his brilliant pupil Ignace Paderewski. His performance of an original theme and variations was not greeted with special favor. Indeed, some local musicians were heard to remark that the "young man did not seem to promise much." But his keener master opposed envious criticism with the now unanswer-

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able statement, "Ah, my dear ——, you will have to get used to hearing that young man's name." Yet, as he stood nonchalantly in the passageway, his tawny head resting against the wall, those who foresaw his great future were probably few.

He came to Vienna to study with Leschetizky in 1885. Of all his pupils, the master claims that Paderewski was the most docile. There was no remark so insignificant, no detail so small, as to deserve less than his whole passionate attention. In his two modest rooms in No. 46 Anastasius Gringer Strasse (rooms which for motives of sentiment he retains on a life lease), with a slender wardrobe and scanty comforts, he patiently laid the foundation of his brilliant career.

On the evening of my first introduction to Paderewski, he told me something which I have found food for thought. "It is not the first time I have seen you, mademoiselle—I saw you once when you were only a child," he said; and went on to narrate that at a certain concert in Dwinsk he had seen me with my parents. We had come, naturally, in our own equipage with liveried servants. In our country these things always produce a certain effect that is perhaps to be deplored. It seems that Paderewski had been asked to play at this concert, but could not accept the engagement because he had no evening dress. And there he stood in the doorway, unnoticed, unconsidered, possibly looking up with a certain deference to the representatives of an aristocracy who in so short a time afterward would come to look up to him as one of Poland's greatest glories.

In Vienna we became well acquainted, and Paderewski came often to our apartment, where he was always informally welcomed. My mother was very fond of him and loved to have him come in unannounced, which he often did, sitting down at the piano while the table was being laid for dinner, going over difficult passages in compositions he was studying, or improvising with such bravura that my mother would laughingly insist our pianino could not possibly resist the terrific onslaught.

Paderewski has a wonderful gift of mind-reading, and his accurate and immediate response to any possible suggestion has been a matter of surprise to many. He has what might almost be called a genius for devising impromptu amusements; and when a number of young people were assembled at the master's house, he and Annette Essipoff were always the life of the party, entering into the spirit of the games with childlike enjoyment. Paderewski would sometimes laugh so heartily that, through sheer exhaustion, he would sit down on the floor, and with no symptom of embarrassment at his undignified position.

Since he has made a fortune he has abundantly proved to the world that sympathy and great-heartedness known only to his friends in the days of his poverty. Walking along Währinger Strasse one evening, I noticed Paderewski standing before an open booth, and was surprised to see him purchase a Christmas tree gaily decorated with pink paper roses and shining green leaves, a box of sweetmeats, and a quantity of toys. Coming closer, the mystery was solved. Two small ragamuffins, standing with legs far apart, hands deep in pockets, silent but for an awkward, inarticulate gratitude expressed on their faces, were to be the recipients. Paderewski explained that the hungry-eyed urchins staring at a prosperous housewife making her Christmas purchases had been too much for his stoicism. And how many are the other instances of generosity in small things and in great!

Paderewski studied continuously in Vienna for two years. He received lessons from Mme. Essipoff and many from Leschetizky himself. These he took irregularly, sometimes one a week, sometimes two, and generally in the evening from seven to nine o'clock. After teaching for a year in Strasburg, he came back to Vienna for another season; but his lessons were interrupted by his concert engagements in Paris, Germany, and Switzerland.

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THE YELLOW VAN

BY RICHARD WHITEING

AUTHOR OF "No 5 JOHN STREET" AND "THE ISLAND"

XXXVII

ROSE was buried in the great churchyard of Slocum Magna. There was at first an intention of laying her in one of the London cemeteries, but Augusta would not hear of that. Her ideas of justice found a sort of grim satisfaction in bringing back the Herions to their own village, dead or alive.

Mr. Raif was only less disgusted with the change of plan than the London undertaker. For him this unedifying return of the prodigal with mortuary honors was a humiliation for the system which had driven her forth. It was a bad example for the village. Poor Rose's coffin might be a Pandora's box charged with all sorts of subversive ideas to taint the country-side. A pauper's grave for it in distant London might have furnished him with the matter for a homily. As it was, he declined to take any part in the ceremony, and willingly relinquished his share in it to his colleague.

Augusta attended the funeral, and not by deputy, but in her own person. The whole village was by her side. All sorrowed, even those who, like Grimber, saw in the occasion but the fulfilment of a prophecy of doom. All had loved Rose. At his evening sitting Job called for another "mug o' yel" to toast her memory. "She wur a good un, she wur—died at her post." There was a subflavor of bitterness in the tribute. He could not but reflect that his wife's devotion took the form rather of driving him to his work than of dying to do it for him. His select moral was not wanting. "It 's what I always say: speak yer mind, an' you get the sack. You don't get it for speakin': you get it, that 's all." It was the peasant moral far and wide: "Lie low."

George was brought back to the village as soon as he could bear the journey, and properly provided for. The child of course came with him, and the two mothers were there to look after both. All this was Augusta's care. It was what the blacksmith called making a clean job of it. The village hardly knew how to look at the matter. A few thought that the injured man was lucky in the prospect of being "kep' for life," and that a paralyzed spinal system was no excessive price to pay for the luxury. These consequently were free to regard him as the victor in the long struggle with the castle. The agent naturally had other views. The crippled man, the orphaned child, were awful object-lessons of the folly of resistance to the system. Who could have a doubt as to the winning side, with this withered thing sunning itself in its bandages at the cottage door, by the duke's leave, this child learning to cry "mammy" to its grandams, and with the mother it was beginning to forget in the churchyard? The village, on the whole, was much of this way of thinking. The muttered moral of the fireside and the ale-bench might have been expressed in the terms of the catch, "Hold thy peace, thou knave!" All who have given up the struggle with circumstance come to that, from the Trappist to the Russian peasant, that lotus-eater of submission and despair.

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"Leave it alone; don't trouble: it won't last long. And then, still keeping quiet, quiet, you 'll be carted—you know where; and dust will be the end of it. The busy arm, the busy tongue—all vanity; and nothing helps."

So the old stillness settles down upon Slocum, and the grass gets time to grow upon Rose's grave. The village resumes its eternal order of things, if that can be resumed which has never suffered check or pause. For the real order is that Slocum shall sometimes struggle, but always suffer defeat; that the Herions and Spurrs shall unfailingly return to heel after futile divagations, and the Grimbers, Gurts, and Sketts never leave the path. Generations reared in dependence and submission find it easiest to go on in that way.

So thinks Mr. Kisbye as he sits musing in his library to-day over a binding and a cigarette—so, and otherwise. The victory over George is as much his victory as the castle's. Brain has won in this skirmish, as it is going to win in the final battle. The money-lender is sure that he has made a wise choice in living from a single organ. He has found it pay to be without heart and, except on the rare occasions on which he has to call himself a fool, without conscience. Money has given him all he needs. His want of ruth is quite consistent with taste, both in life and art. He knows a painting as well as here and there a one, and will live to the end amid the harmonies of sense. He touches literature in rare covers, and sometimes, though not without a sort of derision, in the matter they contain. In all, he has realized to the full that prevalent conception of life as a conflict of forces for the wise satisfaction of a set of appetites. He is as unpitying at need as a spike-nosed fish ripping up another for a meal. He loves all good things in sheer technical perfection as manifestations of power—good music, good talk, good eating and drinking; and he loathes more heartily than ever all who try to give them an ethical import. Canvas and printed page alike, as things said, are nothing to him. They exist but for the way of saying it. He reads in many languages; and in ours, it may be suspected, not as a mother-tongue. He has just bought Milton's greatest poem in a two-hundred-and-fifty-guinea edition, and he is now dipping into it to find refreshment in its principal character, and the luxury of contempt in its dialogues on the all-sufficiency of virtue. "Pa—ta—tra! and that 's dog-French for it!" he chuckles as he closes the book with a snap.

His disdain of the lowly is chiefly induced by their interested chatter, as born fools, about the right and the wrong. His wrath against George, dating from the fateful outburst on the night of the meeting, has never cooled. He despises Liddicot as a weakling. He hopes to win Mary yet by sheer force of will. He feels sure that the reversion of the honors and the pride and power of feudalism is to his order. To them the country-side must ultimately come, by right of that modern lordship of gold that has taken the place of the lordship of the sword.

His next victory promises to be at the expense of the Duke of Allonby. He has finally consented to sell, and on extremely reasonable terms, the piece of land which has so long spoiled the view from the Towers. The real price is an invitation to dinner. The solicitors have met once more, and Mr. Kisbye's have suggested that his client may be found tractable on these terms. The duke has undertaken to see what can be done, and has even sounded his wife. Augusta said never a word.

XXXVIII

It is nearly a year since Mr. Gooding left. Now he is at Liddicot again, and crossing the moat on his way to luncheon with the squire. He found the invitation waiting for him on his arrival at Allonby last night.

The scene was pretty much the same as before—the visitor on the drawbridge, Mary in espial at the turret window. The squire did the honors of reception, with his son at hand. It would have been impossible to exceed their cordiality. Tom, now nearly well, has raised the young American to the highest grade in his esteem. He has announced his deliberate conviction that Mr. Gooding is "a sportsman." Beyond this, notoriously, it is impossible to go, as it includes the lower degree of one who "plays the game." He means the game of life, though his praise might be more precious if he meant the game of polo.

He is quite happy once more, and has returned to his old cheery conception of

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the terrestrial sphere as a picnic for persons of position. Mary has been busy with him in loving care of his convalescence, and for him in promoting an inquisitorial examination of his affairs by the family solicitors. Messrs. Stallbrass, Stallbrass, Fruhling, Jenkins & Prothero have succeeded in bringing Kisbye to something that may be called terms. Tom is going to lead a new life. It is a pleasant illusion for him and for his relatives. These total changes of heart and conduct belong to the imaginative literature of resolve.

Delighted as she was, Mary met her old friend with something of embarrassment. She was no longer the rather critical young person trying to classify him for her pigeonholes of character. He had established a kind of mastery over her spirit, just because he never made the vestige of a claim. There he was, always efficient in an emergency, and, to all appearance, as indeed very much in reality, never in the least degree aware of it. Mary began to wonder how she should carry it through, and to arrange her commonplaces in advance—a fatal portent of discomfiture in encounters of this description.

His tact, or perhaps only the mere human nature in him, saved them both. They had been separated long enough to have memories in common; and, when they found themselves alone in a walk after luncheon, he, without the slightest effort, became the boy again. It gave her immense relief by putting her, at least for the moment, on their old footing. He had struck the note of the "chatter of irresponsible frivolity" as between boy and girl.

"And the good old automatic supply?" he asked. "Still going strong?"

"Now please be intelligible."

"Raif's village—penny in the slot, and the figures work."

"Don't be irreverent."

"And the worst of it is, they work best when you put in pebbles. But there, I 'm not bound to criminate myself."

"That 's a confession. Now I know who brought Grimber and Job together on that awful day."

"I can prove an alibi. I was under Augusta's eye all the time."

"I hope you have n't come back to upset any more apple-carts, even Mr. Raif's."

"No; duty before pleasure when the bell rings."

A certain change in him had not escaped Mary's eye. He was very much the man now. She liked him the better for it, yet it made their present footing of mere banter hard to maintain.

"Poor little Slocum—you won't care for it any more."

"More than ever, perhaps, in a way."

"But you are going back soon to look after your own villagers."

"My villagers!" he laughed.

"What have I said wrong now?"

"Nothing at all. And all I mean to say is that they 're not exactly taking any just now."

"Any what?"

"Looking after."

"How do they manage, I wonder?"

"They manage for themselves, I fancy," he said.

"What a funny country!"

"Oh, it 's just their way. You see, they are all so many little Dukes of Allonby, ownership and all; and you can't imagine the extent of their investments in false pride."

"Five hundred villagers, five hundred masters. Does n't it seem simpler, now, to cut down the masters by four hundred and ninety-nine?"

"Simpler for the one?" he said. "But it would be sheer depopulation: the villagers would have to follow suit. Ah, you must travel if you want to see sights. I always call Slocum my new world."

"I know why you came," she said slyly. "Augusta told me. You 're the American invasion."

He gave a little start, then laughed. "What 's that?"

"Don't look so innocent. You want to buy up things here. You 'll never do it; we won't sell."

"Not even your match factories and your steam lines?"

"Oh, things of that sort!"

"What other things, Miss Mary?"

"Well, the fine things—Westminster Abbey, for instance."

"We don't bid even for the pulpit, in spite of the Christian Science and wisdom of the East that now go with the lot."

"Allonby Castle, perhaps?"

The vein of irony was so unusual with her that she grew discursive with the nov-

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elty of the sensation. "The land will soon be about the only thing we have left. Why not try that?"

He was silent. It was a good shot. His trust was actually meditating the greatest venture of all—the purchase of a huge tract of land in England for the experiment of farming under modern conditions and on the grand scale. Farming as an industry was their watchword, not as the mere labor test of a pauper caste. And, for their principle, they held that not the English land, but only the English land system, had broken down. Fields laid out, plowed, sown, and reaped by the square mile, with good wages for good workers, each man straining to do his best under the inducements of hope; the farm-house a laboratory; the farm-hands chemist's assistants; the barn an engineer's shop; the hall abolished as only a more glittering poorhouse; the best tools, the best brains, the best men everywhere; the market-place a real exchange, with the railways brought into line, by purchase, too, if need be, as parts of the wondrous plan. And, for the glorious outcome, England fed without protection from her own fields, and the surplus exported at a profit to the United States.

"Uncle Sam as the 'squoire,'" she continued—"tail-coat, straps, and all. A second conquest of England."

"Why conquer when you can buy?"

"Dear old Allonby! Dear old Liddicot!"

"Dear old China!"

"Now I wonder what that means! I really don't see the point."

"I was thinking of the worship of ancestors," he said.

"Well, I don't mind telling you I was thinking of our poor aristocracy and gentry."

"Same thing."

"We don't worship them; we respect them for having made England what it is."

"Indeed they have."

"That 's a sneer," said Mary.

"It is, and I ask your pardon. But please consider the provocation—not from you; oh, never from you!" And he went on with a vehemence, albeit deliberate and restrained, that she had never seen in him before: "Such a country going to such waste! Such a system for running England without the coöperation of the English people! Training them down to the level of their position, not up to the level of their powers and their rights. Their education, high and low, still a joke for the competing foreigner, and a clerical one at that! The infinite littleness of the whole thing, the poverty of the issues, the inaccessibility to ideas!"

"We are not going to have our country ruled on 'business principles,'" she faltered.

"Why not, Miss Mary? Business principles are honor, honesty, justice from man to man. What 's the matter with them?"

"Wooden nutmegs—there!" cried Mary, seizing the first missile that came to hand.

"Remounts," he retorted, breaking into a hearty laugh. "The men who managed that business have not much to learn from anybody."

But Mary was not beaten yet. She remembered what she had heard from the squire as to the humbleness of Mr. Gooding's origin. Her pride of birth came to her aid. To think of it—this person with his masterful way with his betters, separated by only two generations from a peasant of one of her father's fields!

"You must not talk to me like that," she said in her grandest manner—the manner which she had caught less by precept than by the mere example of the picture-gallery at Liddicot.

The real sting of the rebuke was entirely lost on the young man. It had never occurred to him that he might not approach her on a footing of perfect social equality. The only degrees he knew of in his dealings with his fellow-creatures were those of sense, energy, and courage—faculty, in a word, with, of course, a due allowance for the voluntary service of homage where women were concerned. Her tone now made him keenly apprehensive that he might have been wanting in the last.

"I am afraid I have failed in respect," he said. "Please forgive me again."

"It is nothing for which you need care to have my forgiveness," said Mary, coldly, quite misunderstanding him still.

"I would not say anything displeasing to you for the world."

"I am afraid you would," said Mary, still with a good deal of heat beneath the surface of ice.

"Is not that rather ungenerous?"

"It is not meant so, I assure you. You

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might sometimes fail to understand, that is all."

"That is it," he said, with the same innocent audacity as before. "One does not take the proper account of ways of thinking, ways of life."

It was an apology to the woman still, not to the squire's daughter.

"We are not exactly your inferiors—please remember that," she said, by way of putting him on the right track.

"I know little of the others, but I shall always consider myself yours."

She began to think that he had caught her meaning at last, but she was woefully mistaken.

"Do you suppose that I could so long have had the privilege of your companionship without feeling the superiority of your goodness, of your devotion to your father and your brother, the charm of—"

If he saved himself from a still more personal compliment, it was only by a hair's-breadth.

Mary began to understand at last, and she left the society of her ancestors and came back to her own time. The mention of her brother turned the whole current of her thoughts as with a pang of the sense of ingratitude.

"My devotion! Can I ever forget yours—the long journey—"

"An outing."

And in that train of thought came the memory of his supreme service to herself in the affair of the card-table, the one crisis of her simple life. It came with just such a rush of feeling as had kept her silent and abashed in his presence when first she realized the immensity of the obligation. Was it for her to give him lessons, when in all their relations his had ever been the guiding hand and brain, the surer for his lightness of touch and his unconscious avoidance of all vestige of a claim? Beside such appeals, what grossness in any other, and especially in her own of mere social position! She rejoiced that this blunder had escaped him by the accidents of nature and training, and she felt the full force of his homage to her womanhood, and to that alone. She was conquered by his sheer faculty—the only thing, happily, thank God, that wins at last, or where would be the hopes of the race? Here was the strength, in all its finest attributes, for which she had learned to long, and especially in gentleness and never-failing courtesy. Here, once more, was a man!

"It is for you to forgive me now," she said. "I am but a girl yet, and you are a school-boy no more."

"No, no," he laughed. "I am not to be dubbed into that dignity at a moment's notice. Let me still fancy we are only boy and girl together, for it has been the greatest happiness of my life. But since you embolden me to plead for favors, little playmate,"—and he took her hand,—"promise me that if I come to you when I am really dubbed, and ask you a question, you will try to give me a kind answer."

She said nothing, but the blood rushed to her face as she met his look with eyes as of molten fire from rising tears.

It was a reply of a sort, and it was so encouraging that, greatly daring, he drew her gently toward him.

And so it came about.

XXXIX

THE Saturday before the coronation, and glorious August weather. London was never brighter—or less severe—flags out, crowds from all parts of the country and, in spite of previous disappointment, from most parts of the earth. Every other conscript in this huge army of pleasure looked as though he carried the marshal's baton in his knapsack—that is to say, as one still hoping for a ticket for Westminster Abbey.

The central point, as the great meeting-place for plebs and aristocracy, was the Marble Arch. All else in London is for one or the other. This is for both. Here rank and wealth and fashion taking the air, yonder their deadly opposites commending them most heartily to the devil, in perpetual public meeting, under the friendly guardianship of the police. No other scene in the world to match this for the hate of hate, the toleration of policy and contempt. The police know what they are about. This assumption that the devil is ever ready to anticipate is one of the most persistent errors of the vulgar. He is a great student of history, and he bides his time. For those who refuse to bide theirs, the site of the busy old gallows of Hogarth's day is close at hand, with its memo-

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rial stone: "Here stood Tyburn Gate." It is a gentle hint to the disaffected that valor must still be tempered by discretion.

A street preacher, who naturally enjoyed the same liberty as the others, held forth on the late postponement of the ceremony as a judgment on the nation for its slack attendance at church. The ballad-mongers were in full cry, one of them on the subject of imperial emigration. With its burden of "I mye be a millionhair," his song was quite a battle-hymn of the democracy, at need. The cheap jacks bawled their wares—coronation medals, and biographies of the royal pair. The grass was black with recumbent loafers sunning themselves through the long hours between the closing of the casual wards in the morning and their opening at night.

Lord Ogreby and his family occupied a carriage in the drive. That nobleman was at once cheerful and depressed. His house had for generations claimed the right of offering a toothpick to the monarch, after dinner, on coronation day. It was done on bended knee. The right had not been denied on the present occasion by the Lord Chancellor, the Earl Marshal, the Lord Chief Justice, and other members of the Court of Claims; but, as the Lord Chancellor had observed in giving judgment, after counsel had raised many points of antiquarian and feudal lore, the question was, in this instance, beyond the purview of the court. Since there would be no state dinner, there could be no toothpick in active demand as part of the pageant. The right was therefore in abeyance on the present occasion. The applicant submitted, with the sense of duty done: at any rate, he had fought the good fight. "I have my children to think of," he said with spirit, "and one day the banquet may be revived." He was now bearing home a brand-new instrument of this description, ordered perhaps precipitately; and, with its inner and outer casings, it occupied no small part of the roof of his coach.

He had just exchanged bows with a lady driving in the opposite direction and toward the arch. Her fine face wore an air of weariness that heightened the refinement of its beauty. After passing the gate, her carriage turned down the Bayswater Road, and drew up before a small turfed inclosure a few hundred yards on the right-hand side. It was dismissed there, with orders to call again in an hour.

The person who alighted was Augusta, Duchess of Allonby, in town with the rest for the coming ceremony. The place was her favorite retreat for meditation, and it had been provided by the munificence of an estimable woman, now dead. It was a small chapel, or a large monastic cell, just as you chose to take it, but a chapel without a service or other hindrance to pure spiritual contemplation. Outside, the great roaring thoroughfare; within, the peace of the desert, a house of reverie.

Thus spoke an inscription on its gate:

> Passengers through the busy streets of London, enter this sanctuary for rest and silence and prayer.

And again:

> Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Come and rest awhile. Commune with your own hearts, and be still.

The duchess did not immediately enter the chapel. Nodding to the solitary attendant at the door, she passed through a passage to a large garden at the back, well hidden from the road. It was quite in the note, being a garden of the cozy dead. For years they had been disturbed by no newcomer of their own recumbent order. They must have relished their exclusiveness: they were the dead of St. George's, Hanover Square. Posterity had not been unmindful of their comfort. Their gravestones had been removed from the original sites, as though to lighten the indispensable labors of the last day; and all was now in readiness for either the trump of the archangel or the pick of the speculative builder. One monument showed that poor Laurence Sterne had here found a bed, after the weariness of his closing pilgrimage. It was but a bed for the night. The flowery inscription, however, said nothing about the body-snatchers who, in due course of business, had stolen him away. Not for that mercurial spirit even the rest of the grave!

Augusta took a turn round the cemetery, and then entered the chapel. At first she had it all to herself, for London sets small store by this particular bounty of the pious founder. At a later stage she was joined, on tiptoe, by a gray-headed

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senior, with one hand in a sling and the other at his brow—like herself, apparently, a refugee from the too insistent event of the day. He had evidently come to think things out on his own account, and he was quite unmindful of her presence.

She would have preferred to be alone. It is amazing how few opportunities of this sort any of us enjoy. There is ever some one by, within intrusive hearing or scarcely less intrusive sight. The partnership of bed and board with humanity is sometimes too rigorous. We have to be gathered together even for prayer. We live in crowds, think in crowds, and rarely have the happiness to stand with no fellow-creature beyond the range of suggestion. Even in this instance, it was still possible to spy other strangers of a kind on the pictured wall. Its fine sacred art told of things done long ago; yet these might still have been kept more in the key of repose. The too thunderous and tumultuous fellowship of the prophets, with their deeds of judgment, the excessively strenuous, though glorious, company of the apostles, with their energy of ministration, seemed superfluous in such a connection. The Founder in the wilderness, another founder under the tree, an apostle of quietism in his cell, would have been enough for that contemplation, "without form, likeness, manner, or figure," which is the all in all.

So Augusta just shut her eyes and began a meditation. She was sick at heart. Her grief for the death of Rose, long and deep, had gradually been merged in a sort of personal disappointment. She had come out to her new life with such high hopes, and it had all ended in this! At first she meant to accept the system and work it out on its own lines. This failed when she found that it ground out poverty, dependence, and depopulation as by a mechanical law. Then, fatuously, she aspired to reform it, and that hope was now buried in a grave. The system had triumphed over her more than over all the rest of them put together. The only part before her now was the insignificant one of leader of fashion and ornament of the countryside. What a business, to be forever setting an example in trivial things, as one of the great exemplars of a nation perishing of the imitation of its betters!

"The old order, the old manners, the old faith—piteous to have to smirk one's way through all their proprieties, feeling all the while how they have lost their shaping virtue for the men and women of the time. A day in Mr. Raif's school as a preparation for the shock of our modern battle of life! A day in Mr. Raif's church! Really, some religions are not much better than some stimulants. The Dutch courage of these rites for the ordeals of poverty, pain, and death! And most of them so dreadfully old-fashioned, as if the chief business of the science of all the sciences was not to be perpetually renewing itself with the larger outlook on nature, and the expansion of the mind and soul. Never has any church been the same thing, thank God, in any two ages, or even in any two generations. Man's religions are as the hairs of his head for number, and inevitably so. And Mr. Raif trying so hard to make us all letter-perfect in the prayer-book of the day before yesterday!"

The ray from the skylight, after illuminating the face of a pictured apostle, was now rendering the same service to a martyr. Nothing else had happened. The stranger kept himself to himself with a discretion beyond praise. He stroked his wounded hand from time to time, but he never once looked Augusta's way.

"And sometimes, to be fair," she mused, being still fancy-free, "the poverty of the discoveries, the mere islands under the lee that are mistaken for a continent! Our smart set touchingly busy under American leadership in applying the principles of the game of bluff to man's relations with his Maker—trying to will themselves into a good time, and the prolongation of it in earthly immortality. Religions that satisfy the sense of wonder, the sense of credulity, without making any troublesome demands on the sense of duty. Mere fancy patterns in believing, without even the tables from the Mount. Made-up mysteries of the great panjandrum, coupled with the right to do as you darned please. Life all apparatus. Automatic cures for drunkenness, and medicated baths for weakness of the will. Interesting quests for missing faculties stolen or strayed through the ages. Whole drawing-rooms full of Pointed Toes trying to think anemic glands into energy, in the hope of coming on the track of their lost tribes of sense. Why not make the best of those you have? Marcus took overmuch pains in the enumeration of his

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debts to the wise. He forgot his debt to the fools in teaching him what to laugh at and to loathe.

"Poor Points! on the issue of this warfare between them and the Squares turns the welfare of England, and of all human society. History is but a record of its varied fortunes. The Points had a merry time of it in the Italy of the Renascence, and, as we know, their symbol actually curled upward with the sense of successful aspiration to the mastery of life. But a time came!

"The time is coming here; and England 's going to win, and beat down its baser part under its feet. Let us have that faith in our race."

A fly buzzed, not without shock to the spirit of the scene. It was tumult of a kind. Augusta thought "shoo!" to it with the happiest results; and, after this triumphant exercise of will power, resumed.

Meanwhile the stranger had not been idle on his own account. He uttered no word, gave no outward and visible sign beyond the occasional stroking of the bandaged hand. He merely thought his thoughts, like his neighbor, but, by a law of sympathy which others may know how to trace, they flowed more or less in the same current as hers. For this is what he was saying to himself:

"Real superiorities anywhere the rarest thing. Whole sections in church and state perishing for the want of them, and the mere caretakers not likely to be of much avail on England's coming judgment-day. I mind me of a certain sheep's carcass seen outside a butcher's shop at Christmas-tide, with its card to indicate high honors at Islington. Yet the throat bore witness to just the same treatment as that of the common fellows alongside which had gained no decoration. And the pompous victim had no doubt been hustled to his doom and stretched on the rack as rudely by the fierce tireman with the knife. Fancy its ineffectual bleat: 'Mind what you are doing! I 'm a first prize at the cattle show!' At this stage, alas! it was but one sheep more."

In his next flight he almost touched Augusta mind to mind.

"America, best of actual nations, no doubt, as once was England before it. But ware breakers! What are you going to Americanize? Match factories and steam lines are nearly done; but social justice—how do you stand for that? America eaten up with the pride of life, with Europe waiting for a lead. Are you going to carry it and yourself farther, or only to sink back into mother's arms? Once the hope of the nations, now only their competitor and conqueror—a very different thing! Money the too universal test: preachers and poets filing their return of income for the newspapers, to show how well it pays. Not less riches or less comfort for all, but a better share for some. What are you going to do about the back premises?

"Come over and help as soon as you can, if only for the sake of helping yourself. Society everywhere apparently under sentence of death for ill-distributed wealth —pomp and privation both exceeding all healthful bounds, with resultant deadness of soul and stint of body. For the last see factories and 'far-flung battle-line.'

"Touching, yet foolish too, the idle rich everywhere, now so extensively resorting to cremation in the vain hope of giving the recording angel the slip. He 'll find the body, you bet. Discourage, if possible, by suitable remonstrances. Cremation a good thing, but must be loved for itself.

"Will anybody give England a new type of young man, the nation's pride? The government might offer a prize. High marks for modesty, simplicity, earnestness, book-work in the things that count, and the power of 'swotting' at the art of life. General aim—highest possible differentiation from the snipe. Class 1, Young Men of Family; Class 2, Officers and Gentlemen; Class 3, Officers; Class 4, Sons of Toil. Extra prizes for young women to match.

"A new sort of person wanted very much everywhere. Meantime, the counter-jumper may be of help. Strike, but hear. He is frugal, hard-working, obliging, and of a more than courtly civility. His whole life a training in these qualities, with their underlying self-denial and self-control. Has been under the harrow, no small part of it. A wise legislature should see that every child had a touch of this instrument at the start. It is far more important than the lancet; and, in this case, we might fairly abolish the conscientious objector. Similarly, little shop-girls (maids of all

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work, with ten in family preferred) quite the hope of the nation. No damn nonsense in them, and the country is perishing of that. They see life in its realities of labor, temperance, simplicity, low-pitched claim. Young ladyhood is killing the one half of us, and young sparkishness the other. Post-office and other clerical varieties of our modern miss, of great promise, but should be warned against being too sweet on themselves, and prayed with, morning and evening, against airs. Compulsory marriage between these and young navvies of good conduct worth considering as an extreme measure. Marriage with the merely muscular heathen in the boating and football line placed in the table of prohibited degrees.

"The absolute necessity of reorganizing our duffers in the interest of the social order. A possible revolt of them how awful! Think of their finding a second Spartacus, these failures in all departments, and rising on their lords and masters, the clever fellows! The feudal system no other than the clever fellows in their setting of age and circumstance. Muttered wrath of the duffers against these for their usurpation of all the best things of life as their fee for leadership. 'After all, we have our stomachs as well as you; and why make us suffer so fearfully for want of brains?' If they found no Spartacus, the defect might still be made good by mere weight of numbers—as though the sheep turned on the dog, on a deliberate reckoning of the cost in torn fleeces. Defeat in the end, no doubt, but what havoc in the course of it! Perhaps more economic in the long run, in every sense, to admit them to a larger share of the pudding. 'Let us in, or we will spoil your universe'—what a rallying-cry!"

Then Augusta struck in with a stray thought: "Beautiful on the mountains, Scottish or American, the feet of those poor students working as plowmen, stokers, packers, and cabmen in the intervals of their college terms. Surely Oxford might be restored to persons of this stamp without troubling Mr. Rhodes."

And thus the stranger again, still harping on England's daughter across the seas:

"New and serious attempt on the part of our writing clan to rediscover America, following in the wake of our modern Columbus of philosophical literature, E. J. Payne. More and Montaigne and Shakspere saw that the machinery of feudalism was outworn, and that we must cross the Atlantic for a new start in truth and nature, if not, as now, to re-teach its second crop of aborigines the lesson they are themselves making haste to forget. With all its faults, America still looming large as the land of ideas. We must pass through and beyond it to get to higher things. They beat us by their impertinent curiosity about everything under the sun, including their own souls. They are actually trying to make a new religion, and, though the attempt may not succeed, it must have precious results of the experimental order.

"That Easter-day metaphysic of a worthy bishop—sin and death abashed before a miracle, and utterly overthrown. He owns, to his sorrow, that 'the church is not in possession.' How can it be, good man? It does not meet the facts of modern suffering, modern discontent; and we want a new adjustment. Be not alarmed; there have been hundreds before, each more or less adequate, and therefore true for its hour. There will be thousands again.

"Try brotherhoods of social justice, but brotherhoods of the world instead of the cloister; sisterhoods—and more especially—as well. Anchorites of the warehouse and of the drawing-room, desperately concerned in finding out how a fine life should be led, and in bringing liberty, equality, and fraternity into every-day concerns. Beings pledged one to another by their vows—coöperators of the affections; trusts of the heart; contrivers of corners in magnanimity, self-sacrifice, self-control, leading the world's life, but even that to finer issues, and the soul's life in the temples that are also their homes.

"But not overmuch organization. The 'plan of salvation'—ill-omened phrase! It is all so pigeonholed and docketed nowadays in affairs of the spirit—so far in the fetching, so remote. Rome and Lambeth these bureaus of paradise! Less crimson tape.

"And give the men thus bred their chance of the land, and of every other good thing going. The land for the people, without a revolution of blood—unless you insist on it. Break the territorial aristocracy, old and new, and buy them out. Liddicot and his Grace of Allonby quite ready for heaven; Kisbye also ripe for a bit of a

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change in another sphere. The state as owner; and, as holder at a fair rent, anybody that can put the brown earth to good use in any quantity. Other ownership, other rent, of it, a crime, as between man and man."

Augusta was just getting ready for the antistrophe; and how much longer the silent choral might have gone on between them no man can say. But at this moment the attendant came in, and making a sign to her, held out his hand for the expected shilling, not in vain. It was time to go; the carriage of the Duchess of Allonby stopped the way.

The duke was waiting for her.

"I am in luck," he said. "I was looking for you in the drive, and I met the carriage." He seemed uneasy for all that.

"I have asked him for to-day, Augusta, just to get it over. Would you mind? There 'll be nobody else."

"And who is the somebody?"

"Well—Kisbye, you know!"

It was the sign of capitulation.

"As you please, Henry, of course," and she turned her head to save him the sight of a wry face.

There was a sense of something impending in the banners, the roll of traffic, the hum of the street. Was it the end of an epoch—the old order that had passed away, the new that had come to take its place? The omens were not all favorable. The sky became suddenly overcast; there was a threat of storm.

Another vehicle was at the gate, rather to the ducal coachman's disgust. It was a curious structure, mounted on a lorry, as though for repairs, and evidently much the worse for a late mishap.

Augusta at once recognized the yellow van. And, as she did so, the stranger, stalking forth erect, like a soldier taking his place for battle, nodded a marching order to the man at the horse's head.

Old Redmond stood confessed; and the van served as an introduction.

"You have met with an accident?"

"Hardly that, duchess." And he touched his cap.

She started.

"A broken head and what not; a house broken over it in a riot raised by the land-grabbers. We shall get both mended, and go on as before. Such things are among our rules of the road."

"Poor man!"

"I need no pity: we 'll have England for the English people yet."

All moved away—the battered veteran to his line of march, the Duchess of Allonby only to dinner with Mr. Kisbye! She sighed; it was impossible not to feel the difference in the dignity of their fates.

When last seen, the van was in a ray from a sunburst that parted the clouds.

THE END

TOPICS OF THE TIME

WORDS FITLY SPOKEN

IT cannot be denied that of late the soberest-minded men among us have been filled with a solicitude amounting to anxiety in noting the momentum of certain dangerous tendencies in American life. The trend toward mob law in various sections of the country; the increased violence of the aggressions upon the right of workingmen to labor unmolested; the revelations of public and private corruption, and especially of the buying and selling of legislation and franchises; the growth of the gambling mania among women as well as men; the vulgar rush for social prominence; the wide-spread system of "graft" and blackmail which has grown up in all classes in the haste to be rich—these familiar phenomena are crowding upon our attention, straining our optimism and shaming our national pride at the very time when we are called upon to exult in the commercial greatness of the country and its peculiar qualifications for redeeming the benighted regions of the world. It is indeed a day of humiliation, but it will not be without its uses if it shall become also a day of humility, and if we shall be brought back to the standard of an elder time when justice and private probity were more prized and praised than the agglomer-

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ation of national or personal wealth. The very excess of the wide-spread debauch of crime and of the vices which follow "the lurch to luxury" is likely to have a reaction which, at least, will be a warning to the coming generation.

In the midst of all this moral confusion there are not wanting sane and courageous utterances to recall men to their better selves, and to keep true and clear the standards of justice and right—a much more important result, by the way, than one's impeccable conformity to these standards. The fanaticism of lynch law alone has revealed a new group of heroes. Among these we count the father of the victim of the Wilmington murder, who, in the spirit of Whittier's "all revenge is crime," rose above the natural personal impulse to the higher plane of the good of all; the brave members of the Evansville militia, who fought the fight of civilization as truly as the men of Lexington and Concord; and the plucky sheriffs—Whitlock of Danville, Illinois, and Summers of Iredell, North Carolina—who have given examples of duty that exalt their office to its best estate.

Passing from the sphere of action to that of words, what a wholesome tonic to public opinion is found in Justice Brewer's denunciation of lynching as "pure murder," in Governor Yates's characterization of lynchers as "anarchists," and in Governor Durbin's use of the word "treason" in speaking of the action of labor unions in forcing their members to resign from the militia because they may be called upon to fire upon a mob. These epithets are a seasonable recognition of the fact that all government is based upon physical force regulated by law as opposed to physical force regardless of law.

The peonage cases have also given occasion to a Southerner, Judge Jones of Alabama, to make the most downright denunciation of the iniquity of the system, against which the best sentiment of the South is actively arrayed. What has been done in remote districts by a low class of men will now be suppressed by the leading citizens, from the combined motives of humanity and policy, for the South cannot afford to have the race question thus precipitated into public affairs. In this healthy state of opinion Judge Jones's timely words have been a rallying-cry.

Again, the demoralizing scandal of giving railway passes to members of Congress is brought to light by the refusal of a representative to accept one offered by a prominent company. In a well-reasoned letter a Brooklyn congressman speaks of this company as "an instigator of official misconduct." The phrase is an apt one, which ought to shame railway officials to reform altogether this custom of coquetting with legislators.

But in considering these timely words it must not be forgotten that it is both the privilege and the duty of every citizen to contribute in his own community to an honest and healthy sentiment on such questions. Public opinion is but an aggregation of individual ideas, and every citizen has as much responsibility for his influence as the judge on the bench or the governor in the State-house. The ignorant and selfish can only be overcome by the intelligent and patriotic through the active principle of free speech. But it is also well to make sure that one in no way—directly or indirectly—contributes to the malign forces which from many sides threaten the republic as, with one exception, it has never been threatened before.

THE CANT ABOUT "HARD WORK"

IF there is one phase of the reigning question of "commerce" that has had more attention than another, it is perhaps the condition of the laboring classes, men, women, and children, and particularly of those engaged in extra-hazardous employments. In the multitude of investigations of which they have been the subject, nothing was covered that has not been revealed. In consequence many wrongs have been righted and many more are in the way of being righted. The evils of child labor in the cotton-mill, the horrors of the city sweat-shop, and the exactions of the midnight mine have been duly exposed, and the results cannot fail to tell for a more wholesome and humane condition of things.

No one who comes in contact with affairs can fail to notice, however, as a sort of corollary to the enervation which comes to men of wealth through luxury, an increasing laxity of view among workingmen concerning labor, a tendency to regard the daily task as something greatly to be regretted and hastily to be escaped from. In

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some minds an air of sentimentalism pervades the whole labor problem, as though the millennium only waited upon large wages and short hours. The old-time love for one's work and the old-time pride in it as one's best reason for existence have yet to find any wide-spread and active propaganda in the conventions of labor. So far as we have observed, no labor leader has taken upon himself the conservative office of preaching to his followers the virtue of good work well done, not only as a duty to the employer, but as a service and inspiration to the workingman himself. The theories even of those who lead most wisely aim at the elevation of the individual through the class rather than the reverse. The general trend of the workingman seems to be away from hard work and good work. It is time that there was less preaching of rights and more of duties. Perhaps it would be easier to get the rights by a little more conscientious devotion to the duties.

As a matter of fact, and not of theory, no man can do a worse service to another, whether rich or poor, than to deprive him of the absolutely healthful joy which there is in hard work. Woe to him who does not like his daily work; for if one cannot have the work he likes, he would better learn to like the work he has. Polonius was right:

"No profit comes where is no pleasure ta'en."

That there is much discontent with work among the so-called middle classes in America is due in large part to the pampering of children, to the supplying of their natural and artificial wants, and to the sentimental idea that "their day of toil will come soon enough." In general, work is not a curse, but a blessing—a positive means of grace. One can hardly begin too early to impress upon children lessons of self-help by tasks appropriate to their age and forces, and to beget in them scorn of idleness and of dependence on others. To do this is to make them happy through the self-respect that comes with the realization of power, and thus to approximate Tennyson's goal of man: "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control."

One consideration that is making our people impatient of hard work is the example of quickly made riches through the semi-gambling activities. Men whose fathers would have died rather than live on bread they had not earned find themselves willing to be taken care of, by the government perhaps, or by "the party," or by their more fortunate or industrious relatives. Such drones know nothing of the satisfaction of him who "scorns delights and lives laborious days," who can hold his head high and say he has earned his right to live, and whose death is thus not a debt paid to nature, for he owes her nothing.

OPEN LETTERS

Verses of Amos R. Wells[1]

IT is not every day that God is drawn into jesting verses, but criticism of Christian Science is pushed to strange shifts and does not hesitate to commit even so great a breach. These verses that try to jest about God pervert the teachings of Christian Science and are capable of deceiving the ignorant who may desire to know. It is not the teaching of Christian Science that "God is I, and I am God"; on the contrary, the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker G. Eddy, states categorically: "Man is not God, and God is not man." It is not the teaching of Christian Science that "there is no matter," "there is no sin," and "there is no pain," unless these statements are qualified by the understanding that such statements refer to the real universe and the real man, created and controlled by God, whom the Founder of Christianity declared to be "Spirit" (St. John iv. 24).

The nature of God and man and the universe is not a joke. Sin and pain are not amusing, but if a method of destroying both has been discovered which explains their nature as metaphysically unreal, that is, indeed, a cause for great joy, praise, and thanksgiving, and evokes love and gratitude from the thousands

[1] "The Wanderings of a Bewildered Soul in the Mazes of Christian Science," in the July CENTURY.

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who have been healed, reformed, and blessed by it.

Christian Scientists shrink from criticizing persons, and will be glad to hear from Mr. Wells that his attempted jest was not about God; but as the verses appeared in the department of THE CENTURY entitled "In Lighter Vein," as the verses themselves certainly had a humorous turn, and as the name of God appeared in almost every one of his eleven verses, it must be conceded that the charge was not unfounded.

W. D. McCrackan.

REJOINDER BY MR. WELLS

MY verses are not a "jest about God," they are a jest about Christian Science; and the terms are not synonymous, at least in my mind.

To be sure, Mrs. Eddy does say ("Science and Health," page 480, line 19), "Man is not God, and God is not man." One can find in the book *any* arrangement of words on those subjects. But this statement is contradicted a thousand times, as I might show by many quotations.

If it is not the absolute and unqualified teaching of Christian Science that there *is* no matter, no sin, and no pain, but only an empty mirage of these things, Christian Science has no teaching at all. Probably there are not twenty pages out of the "text-book's" seven hundred that do not explicitly deny the real existence of matter, sin, and pain.

It would indeed, as your correspondent says, be a matter for joy, not for jesting, if a sovereign remedy for sin and sickness had been discovered; but when a set of solemn teachers shut their eyes and bid us be at ease regarding these evils because they do not see them, sober and sensible folk are inclined to think that a jest has been perpetrated, and not by themselves.

Amos R. Wells.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Hospital Fair

HE had nearly made the round of the tables, and was fifteen or twenty dollars poorer than when he came in, though of course that was a detail. He owned a large pincushion, a nut-cake, a packet of colored tissue shaving-paper, a three-pound box of fudge at a dollar a pound, a hand-painted wall-calendar, a cardboard scrap-basket tied with ribbons, an embroidered tobacco-pouch, and a huge bunch of roses. And he was trying to carry all these things, for they don't "send" at a hospital fair. *Her* table was nearly the last in the line, and she laughed outright when she saw him.

"Hallo!" he said, his eyes brightening as he came up to her. "Where 's your megaphone?"

"Oh, I don't spiel," she laughed. "I leave that for the girls at the other tables."

"They know the art," he said ruefully. "It 's done in better form than it is on the Midways, but just as effectively."

"I should judge so," she returned, with a survey of his laden arms.

"May n't I drop this armful behind your table and leave it there?" he pleaded. "You won't have to tell."

She shook her head. "Everything bought has to be carried away. It 's the penalty for buying."

"Then there are two penalties!"

"What 's the other?"

"The price. And two against one is no fair." She laughed again.

"It 's hospital fair," she retorted.

"Hospital fare is n't good."

"It is at our hospital.—A housewife, did you say?" She turned swiftly to a new customer, a portly lady in purple. "Yes, we have them. Here 's a pretty one at two dollars and a quarter. Oh, yes, I can make change. Thank you."

"They did n't make change at the other tables," he said, as she returned.

"You mean they would n't."

"They said they could n't."

"They meant they should n't."

"Let me put these things down," he begged.

"Will you take them up again by and by?"

"All but the roses. They 're for you."

"Oh, thank you. But you 'll take the other things?"

"If I don't forget."

"I 'll remind you."

"Thanks." He deposited his burden behind the table. "What do *you* sell?"

"Sewing-things. Housewives, for instance."

"I thought housewives were out of date."

"They 're coming in again."

"Are all these at two dollars and a quarter?"

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"Oh, no. There are several over two dollars and a quarter."

"I need one at some price," he said. "Laundries are poor hands at mending."

She picked up one in colored floss.

"This is three dollars and a half."

"I want something dearer than that."

She glanced at him.

"Well, here 's one at five dollars."

"Dearer still." His eyes were fixed on her face. She felt it flush brilliantly.

"This at six dollars is the most expensive I 've got."

"I want to pay more."

"How much?" It was an incautious question, and she knew it instantly.

"'All my worldly goods,'" he quoted solemnly.

"I must leave you," she suddenly said. "Those people want to buy something."

"I 'll wait," he said.

She was a long time with the new customers. Then she did not come back to his end of the table. He went over to hers.

"Are n't the rooms lovely?" she said.

"I want one from this table," he persisted.

"One what?"

"One housewife."

"At the price you named?"

"Yes."

Her glance meant mischief. "Does the price go to the hospital?" she asked.

He was taken aback. "Well, no," he said. "Not in this case."

"Where does it go, then?"

"To the housewife."

"That 's against the rules."

"Against what rules?"

"Against the rules of the fair."

"It 's not against the rights of the fair."

"Now you 're punning," she said.

"May I have it?" he pleaded. There was a light in his eyes.

"Have what?"

"I 've told you already."

She did not deny this. There was a light in her eyes too.

"There 's another customer," she said.

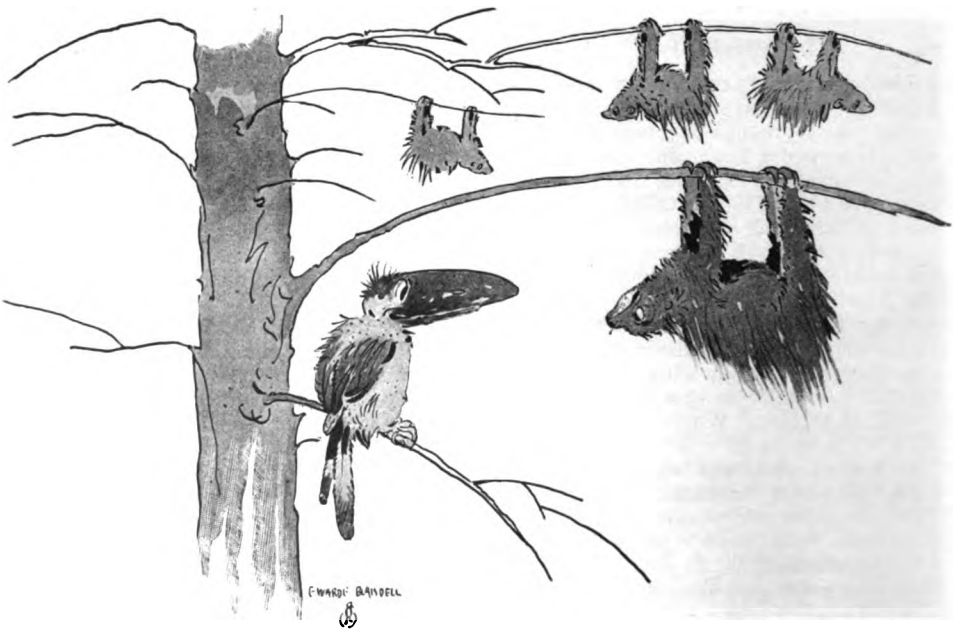
"Never mind the customer. Tell me."

"But I can't neglect customers. How would the hospital fare?"

"I 'm more interested in how *I* fare at the hospital fair."

"Well," she whispered, as she flashed away, "possibly I might sometime let you have one a little—dearer—even than the ones they sell at a hospital fair."

Edwin Asa Dix.



Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

TROUBLE AT THE SLOTHS'

TOUCAN: What 's the matter, Sam? You look nettled.
SLOTH: I am. This is my wife's cleaning day, and she 's got the whole household turned upside down.

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